

ONCE
A
WEEK







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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES

VOLUME VIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1871

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ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

The Christmas Number of Once a Week.

*** *A list of Contents is prefixed.*

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 183.

July 1, 1871.

Price 2d.

Z 27 ON THE FORCE.



ALK of the Pope, he is not so hard done by as the police; but I fancy I might as well let it alone. All the stuff

put into stories and plays about the force is swallowed like green peas; but I dare say the public will not care about the upright, downright, simple truth.

"My father was a barber, and first chop in his line. He had a hand steady as a rock, and could shave an inch beneath the skin without a graze. If it had not been for the invention of cheap razors encouraging people to do their own mowing, and for the fashion of letting the beard run to stubble and seed, my father would have put by a fortune instead of barely scraping a decent living. The old gentleman, who was a born philosopher as well as a shaver, used to say—'Jem, this world is topsy-turvy. Vice gets its deserts, but poor virtue goes a-begging. There are police, beaks, judges, juries, prisons, and hulks—in short, nothing and no expense grudged that thieves may get justice. But, Jem, what is done for those who act on the square? Does Government make any provision for giving justice to honest folk? No, my boy. Virtue is its own reward, and that is not always bread,

leave alone the cheese.' Since I have been in the force—and I did not put on the blue yesterday—I have many's the time said to myself, on my beat, 'James Stodge, Z 27, you may take a sworn affidavit that your dad's words are as correct as two and two is four, according to addition.'

"Why did I go into the force? It was not for the sake of the uniform, which is the ugliest and most uncomfortable casing ever put upon a body. What a pity it is we are not finished off the same as other animals, with natural clothing growing out of the skin. It would have saved a heap of money, worry, vanity, and catching colds. But since nature sends us into the world without our fur, we should make the best of the job, which is not done with the police. Just try a man in regulation boots. Of course, it would not be fair to have quiet-going understandings, and so take thieves by surprise. No doubt, our creaking, heavy boots are intended to be heard half a mile off. But why should our poor feet be so cruelly tortured? A set of bells hung round the neck would be warning enough. But the boots are not worse than the rest of the toggery. Do you want to reduce your weight? Wear our uniform for a week in the summer, and your fat will have evaporated to nowhere. There is always chaffing going on about the force being amorous towards cooks, with an eye to feeding. Being men and not angels, victuals is grateful; but a cook who takes to the police is an uncommon bird. Suppose you were in the box on your sworn oath, with penal servitude hanging over you as a consequence of perjury, could you say you ever came across a policeman walking with a girl? The army is not allowed to marry; yet a red-coat is never without a sweetheart, and a regiment of them in reserve. The force may marry, but we are not run after. Just look at our uniform? Do you wonder that female eyes are disgusted? Perhaps we are none the worse for the ugliness, and

being shunned by the opposite sex; but what of the torture? A convict's dress is not elegant, but I envy it.

"I suppose I became Z 27 because a better livelihood was not in the way; and further, from the idea that the work was genteel and easy. My father used to say that if people were married on a month's trial, there would be jolly few cases for life. If men were taken into the force on trial, police would be as scarce as native oysters in the dog days. 'Stodge,' says Mrs. Stodge, 'it is your line, and it is no use quarrelling with the line you are called to, because there is only a poor hard crust to the end of it. But, Stodge, rather than one of our boys should be in the force, I'd see him take the Queen's shilling with my own eyes, and go off to battle, without so much as a shudder or regret.'

"Domestic comfort is not to be thought of. You hear a good deal about putting down Sunday trading, and about the hardship of country postmen having a two hours' stroll before church time. Did you ever hear of a movement for giving the force their Sundays? It cannot be done—but that does not make it any better. Sunday might as well be called Saturday number two, for all the rest a policeman gets out of it. Really, if people would think, they would not call us so uncommon lucky. Here we are, out of doors all hours and all weathers, winter and summer, fine, fog, rain, snow, broiling heat, and obliged to move on, unless you want to be reported.

"Suppose, now, we let the day duty alone, we have the night duty, at which nature kicks. Fancy it, if you can, stomping the beat with nothing to do as a rule, and no amusement but frightening the area cats with the bull's-eye. Burglars do not turn up in the regular round; and unless the beat is West-end, there is no assisting gents to cabs, and that sort of thing. Drunkenness at the other parts of the town is very unpleasant. It means fighting, and the police are apt to be hit. Home and to bed when the rest of the world is getting up. As Mrs. S. says, 'Stodge, we might as well be in Australia—where, as I am told, night is turned into day; and better, because I should think if in that place it is six for the husband, it is also half a dozen for the wives.'

"Such is a policeman's domestic comfort. Pleasant for the policeman's wife. Will our abusers just go on night duty for a week?—

and then let them say if the police don't deserve a little more consideration.

"The public is never satisfied. And why? Because a policeman cannot be here, there, and everywhere, like a dog at a fair. The saying is, a policeman can never be found when he is wanted. Does it not stand to reason, that those who do what they ought to leave alone, take care the police are out of the way? Then, no matter what is going on—whether it is a fight with fists, or brickbats, or knives—the policeman is told to go into the thick of it. And those who tell us to go forward are always particularly backward. It is very little help a policeman gets when there is a trifle of risk. The police have medical attendance gratis—their assailants are 'quoded,' with hard labour—and the constable is rewarded by the gift of one or two pounds. Now, I put it to you—or any other party—whether you would consent to have the small bone of your leg fractured, or your skull cracked, or your eye gouged, on condition of free physic, the brute being sent to prison, and two pounds reward?

"Talk about the pluck of soldiers! The red-coat is in no danger at all unless there is war; and even then there is a pretty good chance of escape. But the police are nearly always at war, and very few of them are unwounded. Do they get a Victoria Cross? Kicks, and no honour, is the fate of the force. Did you ever hear of the Prince of Wales, or the Duke of Cambridge, or any other H. R. H. being an honorary Inspector of Police? Did you ever read of Lord So and So appearing at Court in the police uniform? At public dinners, the army, the navy, and the volunteers are toasted. Did you ever know the chairman to propose the police? Yet the police do their duty to their Queen and country. They risk their lives, and are wounded in the service. They have to be quite as plucky as soldiers. This snubbing of the police is not over-wise. Treat the force with honour, and the force would be superior to what it is—and that is by no means inferior.

"Of late, we have gone from bad to worse. Although we are not soldiers, we are drilled—and one and all of us hate the drill. Then, if we make a mistake, the magistrate and the press is down upon us in awful style. You have no idea what difficulty we have to keep out of hot water. If we were

to take one charge in ten that we are asked, the police stations would have to be as large as prisons. People are so mighty fast in giving each other into custody. On the other hand, if we refuse a charge that ought to be taken, you know what a row there is. There is the same fix in hunting up evidence. If we do not arrest on suspicion, we are called negligent, and the papers write about the waste of the ratepayers' money. If we do not get the evidence we expect, we are charged with stamping on the liberties of the subject. If policemen support each other in the witness box, it is called a case of police perjury. Is it not natural that one policeman should back up the evidence of his brother-policeman? The police are called stupid. Those who run down the police would be puzzled to do their work.

"The pay of the force is equal to about half the wages of a first-class mechanic.

"Well, we do get trifles for such affairs as pretending we are going to take into custody. If a gent is caught larking, we sometimes let him off for a 'tip.' No harm in that, for a gentleman may as well pay a crown or ten shillings at night to the policeman, as be locked up, and pay the same amount at the police court. Yes, sir, I do not deny that the publicans are liberal to the force. Not counting drinks—for we dare not do much in that way—I know of beats in which the 'tips' of the publicans are more than the pay. You may call this bribery, but we call it a fellow-feeling. Take away these little additions, and there would be no police, or else double police rates. There is no honour in being a member of the force; for there is no class more neglected, snubbed, and bullied. The policeman has a life of real hardship and constant risk. Who would wear the blue if he could make no more out of it than his paltry pay? Mind you, sir, in rural districts the perquisites are not worth much; but then, the men are by no means tip-top. Of course, some London beats are far ahead of others. Also, some men are more wide awake than others. By bounce and screw, they bleed the public to a fine tune. Well, sir, black-mailing is an ugly word, but it is the 'straight tip.' Just you think over the work of a policeman, that instead of being praised he is abused, that he gets pay that a skilled mechanic would spurn, and then you will not blame him for drawing some pay outside the regulations.

"Perhaps this growl may wake the parties concerned, which is the British public, who have something to lose, and then some one will bring in a Police Reform Bill. What do we want? Less hours, so that when we are on beat we are not sleepy as walking church steeples. Not being soldiers, we object to be worried and worn with drill. A little higher pay, so that we can feed ourselves and families without being dependent on tips. And perhaps it would answer to treat us as an honourable service. Let the Prince of Wales be Hon. Grand Inspector of the Metropolitan Police Force. Let the Duke of Cambridge be an Hon. Sergeant of the Z division. Let some of the princes appear at court in our uniform. Let us have decorations for wounds and valour. Do you doubt that such a change would put us on our mettle? But the matter of honour we must leave to the generosity of the nation. In the name of justice, and for the sake of the public, we ask for the other reforms above named.

"The police cannot air their wrongs, because it is contrary to discipline and the regulations. For this outburst, the odds are short that I shall be dismissed after twenty years of a wearing of the blue. I am too old for the army or navy, and I am not up in any trade. However, if the worst comes to the worst, the agitating business is open to me. I shall come up to Mr. Odger, if I do not equal Mr. Beales. But whatever happens, I can lie down on my mattress with the reflection that I have done my duty to the force and to my country. 'Drat the force, and the country too! What have they done for us and ours? Fiddle upon duty and patriotism! Give me the duty and the patriotism that looks at home, and takes care of a man's wife and offspring.' You see, sir, Mrs. Stodge will have her say. Well, if Job had been a woman and a policeman's wife, he would have flared out as strong as Mrs. Stodge."

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

BY SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER VII.

AT the words of introduction spoken by Edmund Brydon, Margaret started slightly, and an angry flush suffused her cheeks. She did not rise; but inclined her head as coldly as Wade bowed respectfully.

"I trust Miss Prestoun will forgive my boldness in thus seeking to renew an acquaintance which it has not been in my power to forget," said Wade, in the low, musical voice she could not choose but remember well.

"Mr. Brydon's friends are always welcome in my house, Mr. Wade."

"Then I count myself doubly fortunate in being Mr. Brydon's friend," he answered, in the same tone. "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Prestoun?"

"I fear not. I am much fatigued, and the room is so crowded and hot."

"Some of the company are already leaving," urged Wade; "and by and by there will be more space and less heat. May I not venture to hope for at least one waltz?"

"Come and ask me by and by, then, Mr. Wade; and if there is really plenty of room, and I am less tired, I shall have great pleasure."

"Thanks. I will come and look for you here, if you will allow me."

And without more words, Wade returned to the ball-room.

"Anything to get rid of me now, eh?" he muttered, as he left the boudoir. "You want to talk to Mr. Brydon! Ah, I know I need fear no rivalry in that quarter."

Margaret seemed relieved when he was gone, and, with a sweet smile, motioned Edmund to sit down beside her. He obeyed the gesture.

"Do you intend to remain in town for the rest of the season, Mr. Brydon?"

"Indeed, I hardly know. I surrender myself to a wayward fancy, and go wherever it leads me. I know nothing so pleasant as being tied to no plan, chained to no home; and to be able to go and come just as one pleases, and nobody to ask any questions."

"I hear you are to stand for our Riding at the next election. I hope you will be successful. I am sure, you will rise to a foremost place in Parliament."

"My dear Miss Prestoun, it is all a mistake. I assure you, I have no such ambition."

"I remember the time when you had. I remember well how you used to tell me all your plans and projects. There was no height to which you did not once aspire to rise. You looked with admiration, if not with envy, upon the great names so often heard of in the world of politics. You used

to tell me what you would have said on such and such a question; or how you would have upheld to the scorn and hatred of all men some mean and ignoble conduct, some shameful abuse, or wretched tyranny. Ah, you were full of fire and enthusiasm in those days!"

"Yes—I was, moreover, very young, and extremely green. I believed in all sorts of fine things in those days. I believed that scrupulous honour was the rule, and not the exception. I believed in the eternity of man's friendship—in the durability of woman's love. Time and experience have made me wiser; and in these three articles, I am a confirmed sceptic."

"Oh, you cannot be so really!" she returned, warmly. "You can have no right to judge so harshly of the world in which you move. Can you hope to be really happy while indulging in such bitter sentiments? No, Edmund Brydon—you, in the very prime of life, endued as you are with talents and with wealth, are capable of better things than playing the part of a selfish cynic. Come, let me help to restore the old and happier faith!"

Brydon rose from his seat by her side, and, standing before her with folded arms, looked coldly into her eyes—that were, for the moment, so full of fire.

"And you, Margaret Prestoun, can speak to me thus! Why, if I needed another argument to confirm me in what you are pleased to call my bitter sentiments, your language now supplies me with one. *You* preach this sermon to me! *You*, whose cold words, uttered a few months since, are still ringing in my ears! *You* accuse me of being harsh and unjust in my estimation of honour, love, and friendship, as we meet them in the world, when you yourself, the much-sought-after heiress of Estcourt, calmly tore to shreds the honour of promises made to me when you were poor, trampled under foot the remembrance of childish friendship, and scattered to the winds the love-words of riper age! No, Miss Prestoun—in such a matter, I fear I can hardly take you for a guide. If I am to relearn my lesson of life, it must be from other lips than yours."

Margaret bit her lip angrily, and rose from her seat.

"I understand you," she said, with a great effort to seem calm. "And to bear malice is probably part, too, of your creed."

"Oh, pardon me! What you call bear-

ing malice, I describe by the milder term of profiting by experience."

"And do you now dislike me so very much?"

"Oh, Miss Prestoun, how can you imagine such a thing? Dislike you—impossible!"

"Yes," thought Margaret, bitterly, "for you despise me." She added aloud—

"Forgive me for asking such a foolish question. We are friends, are we not, Mr. Brydon?"

"Oh! most unquestionably."

At this moment, much to Edmund's relief, for he was getting rather uncomfortable, Vipan Wade reappeared.

"Half the people are gone, and there is a waltz just beginning. Pray take pity on me, Miss Prestoun—that is, if you are sufficiently rested."

She turned towards him, and said, with her sweet smile—

"I am quite rested now, and shall be delighted to dance with you, Mr. Wade."

She put her arm in his; and saying how very glad she was to have the pleasure of renewing their acquaintance, she and Wade left the room.

"I don't think I left any chance of her misunderstanding me," said Edmund to himself. "There is nothing like plain speaking occasionally. Faugh! it's sickening, the way in which people run after me now that I am rich—people who scarcely cared even to nod to me while my brother was alive. Yes—Bartry Hall and Estcourt lie close together, and it has been the dream of parents to unite the estates; but I fear I can be no party to such a contract. You taught me a sharp lesson once, Margaret Prestoun, and I have not forgotten it, nor am I likely to. Bah! how I loathe the falsehoods and shams that meet me at every turn! Oh, for some innocent and unworldly heart where I might find a little peace and quiet! Rubbish! there's no such thing."

He threw himself on a sofa, and took up the paper which Chinnery had left there.

But as if in answer to his call, and in contradiction to his latest thought, a fair, fresh young face peeped into the room, and looked round it eagerly. When the eyes lighted on Mr. Brydon's face they paused, and a gleam of pleasure shot from them, and a soft blush mantled the cheeks. The young lady did not at first appear quite to know what to do; but common sense

triumphed, and she advanced, and said, in gentle tones—

"How do you do, Mr. Brydon?"

He had not observed her enter; and, at the sound of her voice, he threw down the paper and started to his feet.

"What!—no—yes—it is Miss Grey! I had forgotten—"

"My existence?" she suggested, smiling, as he took her hand.

"Oh, no!" cried Edmund, eagerly—"a thousand times, no! But I had forgotten you were in London, in Miss Prestoun's house. Ah! I suppose you have grown into a fine London young lady now, and have forgotten all about Switzerland?"

"Forget Schwartzbad! Oh, no, Mr. Brydon! My thoughts turn a hundred times a-day to the quiet home of my happy childhood."

"And your uncle, Mr. Winearls—I trust he is well? Have you heard from him lately?"

"Yes, I hear from him constantly; and, in return for my letters, he tells me all the gossip of the village."

"Ah! it was a sweet, peaceful little village, was it not, Miss Grey?"

"Indeed, yes. How I long at times to see the blue lake and the snowy mountains again! You can't imagine, Mr. Brydon, how astonished I sometimes feel that, when people are free to go to all kinds of lovely places in this glorious summer weather, they should deliberately prefer remaining in this blazing town."

"What! having tasted the delights of the season, you are still surprised at that? Then society has not altogether spoiled you yet."

"Spoil me!—how should it? Do you remember what were almost your last words to me before we parted in Switzerland?"

"I remember them well. I expressed a hope that I should not find you changed."

"And nothing has happened that could change me."

"No? Not the new life, Miss Grey?—the constant excitement, the examples daily set you of selfishness and heartlessness, the unquenchable thirst for fresh pleasures, the craving for all kinds of wild excitement, the luxury and self-indulgence that know no bounds? Have all these made no impression upon you?"

"Oh! yes, they have startled me—they have frightened me; but they have never made me look back with pity or contempt

upon my ch  let home. And I am thankful—oh! so thankful, Mr. Brydon, that I was not born to Margaret's position."

He looked into the depth of her clear gray eyes, and the wretched habits of suspicion his acquired wealth had brought with it made him ask himself—

"Now, is this girl speaking the truth, I wonder?"

"And I'll tell you a secret," she continued, happily. "Uncle writes that he thinks of coming over to England early in the autumn, and he wants to know whether he shall take me back to Switzerland for a month or so."

"And what shall you do?"

"Go with him, of course. I shall be able to make his evenings so pleasant, with all that I shall have to tell him. Poor uncle, how solitary he is without me!"

"Shall you think me impertinent if I ask why you ever left him?"

"He thought it best. You know, he is very poor; and, as I may have some day to become a governess, he thought it better that I should learn something of the ways of the great world; and so he wished me to accept Miss Prestoun's kind offer to bring me to England as her companion."

"And it is not pleasant to be poor and in a dependent position, Miss Grey."

"No, but I have no choice." Just then, a clock on the mantelpiece chimed two. "Two o'clock! This is very late for me. I left the ball-room a long time ago, and I have been upstairs reading. Indeed, I came in here just now, intending to say good night to Margaret; but I suppose she is busy with her guests. If you should hear her ask after me, Mr. Brydon, will you tell her I was very tired, and ran away to bed?"

"I will. Is there nothing else that I can do for you?" he asked, earnestly.

"Oh, nothing, thank you."

"I wish you could give me some harder task, that I might prove to you that I have not forgotten the calm and happy days I spent in the society of your uncle and yourself last year."

"Did you really enjoy them?"

"More than any days I have passed since," he replied, in a low and earnest voice.

"Ah, now you are beginning to flatter, and becoming like everybody else. So, I am sure it is time for me to go," she rejoined, smiling; and held out her hand.

"One moment," said Brydon, as he seized

her hand. "When are you and Miss Prestoun going back to Estcourt?"

"Very soon, I believe. I shall be so glad to get there. Good night, Mr. Brydon."

"Good night, Miss Grey. I cannot tell you how pleased I am to meet you again."

He seemed in no hurry to let go the small white hand he held. Had it been an ordinary leave-taking, their parting would have been unobserved. As it was, Margaret and Vipan Wade, advancing from the ball-room, saw Edmund and Lilian standing close together. Margaret paused, and started slightly, and an angry flush came over her face; and Wade noticed it quickly. Then, following Margaret's gaze, he saw that Edmund and Lilian looked at each other steadily for a moment; then Lilian hastily withdrew her hand, and, ignorant that any one besides Edmund was watching her, she hastened away—his eyes following her to the last. Then Lord Grasmere and Stalker came from an opposite direction to the ball-room, and entered the boudoir at the same time as Wade and Margaret. The angry look on Margaret's face had yielded to a hard, cold smile.

"You have treated me shamefully, Miss Prestoun—you have indeed. Only two dances! It really is too bad, you know."

"You have nothing to complain of, Grasmere," interposed Mr. Stalker. "I have not even had one."

"It is not my fault, Mr. Stalker, you must allow that," said Margaret. "If you won't come and ask me in time, what can I do?"

"We shall both hope to be more fortunate next time," said Lord Grasmere. "Good night, Miss Prestoun. A most charming evening. Your balls beat any in London—upon my soul and honour they do, you know!"

"I am delighted to hear you say so. Good night, Lord Grasmere. Good night, Mr. Stalker."

"Can I give you a lift, Brydon?" asked Grasmere.

"No, thank'ee. My brougham is waiting."

"Well, come and have a glass of champagne before parting, at all events," urged Stalker.

To this Brydon assented; and the three went out, and left Margaret and Vipan Wade alone.

He had seen the wild flush upon her face, the frown upon her brow, the cruel smile that played upon her lips when Lilian bade

farewell to Edmund Brydon; and he asked himself—

"Is the game in my hands now?"

"And so you have travelled a great deal, Mr. Wade?" said Margaret, apparently resuming a conversation which had been momentarily interrupted.

"I have seen something of most countries, certainly."

"And therefore, I suppose, your experience of mankind is large?"

"I may venture, without boasting, to say that it is perhaps wider than the experience enjoyed—or deplored—by most men of my own age."

She was standing by the table where Chinnery had found the miniature, and she took up some trifle and examined it carelessly, as she said—

"In the course of that experience, have you ever met with a woman who wished to avenge herself on account of insolence and contempt?"

A look of triumph flashed from his eyes—he saw his way clearly now, he thought; but he answered, calmly—

"No, Miss Prestoun—never yet."

"And yet I should not have thought it so uncommon an event," she rejoined, still playing with the ornament. "Suppose, now, a new chapter were to be added to your history, in which such a thing formed a leading incident—what then?"

Had she looked up, and noticed his triumphant eyes, would she have gone on?

He replied, quietly—

"I am not sure that I rightly understand you. You mean, if any woman who had been so treated asked for my assistance, what should I do?"

"Would you help her?"

"Well," said Wade, with a shrug of the shoulders, "that would depend upon the surrounding circumstances."

She flung the gilded toy upon the table, and turned round upon him, and exclaimed—

"Has the spirit of chivalry so utterly died out in the breasts of modern gentlemen, that they must pause and weigh nicely every consideration before they come forward as champions of the helpless? Or is it that they are content to take their places in the markets of society, always ready to be bought or sold?"

"You are unnecessarily severe, Miss Prestoun. There are men—I know of such—

who are ready, at a woman's bidding, to peril life and soul: men who would banish every scruple, so they could do one act which might please the woman they love!"

"Love!" she cried, contemptuously. "Can nothing be done without that stale ingredient?"

"No," he answered, passionately—"nothing! Ah, you can know nothing of it, that can call the one passion that makes life worth having by so base a name! Some day—it must come!—when you will learn it! When you—calm, cold, and passionless as you now seem to be—will feel the heart-throb, and the wild delight! When you, in your turn, will know the hopes, the fears, the smiles, the sobs that play across the heart, like lights and shadows in the early morn! Yes! as I gaze into the depths of those dark eyes, I seem to fathom all your soul; and venture to forecast your future, when Love shall claim you for his own!"

"Mr. Wade!" she exclaimed, shrinking from him, "you are strangely forgetting yourself!"

"You require some service," he continued, without heeding her remark. "One of society's chattering jackdaws has treated you with insolence and contempt. Give me his name—I ask no more—and I will give him cause to repent his conduct. His name!"

"Oh! you alarm me! I was not serious."

"You were! As serious as I am now, when I, the stranger—the adventurer, if you will—tell you that for one smile from your lips, one touch from your soft hand, I would brave the hangman! To you I dedicate my life."

"Hush, hush! Some one comes."

She darted to the door by which Lilian had left the room, and paused, irresolute. Wade stood beside her, with his arms folded. Edmund Brydon sauntered in, and said—

"Time to be off, Wade. We are really keeping Miss Prestoun up, for everybody but ourselves has gone." He happened to be beside the table, and he carelessly took up the miniature which had so interested Chinnery. "One of your ancestors, Miss Prestoun, I suppose. How well they did miniatures in those days! What a wonderfully sweet face it is, and how strangely like Miss Grey!"

Again the angry flush upon her face. Her bright eyes met Wade's full, and then flashed significantly towards Edmund.

"My friend!" he whispered.

"My foe!" her lips seemed to say, though he heard no words. Then, with a strong exercise of self-control, she calmly bade them both good night, and left the room.

THE LARK'S EVEN-SONG.

THE glow of sunset pales to sombre gray,
And the still woodland wraps itself in dews;
The busy hum of life has died away;
The dusky bat begins his noiseless cruise.
Now Philomela heralds in the night,
Loneliest and sweetest of the quiring throng;
Yet, hark! the lark, floating in viewless flight,
Disputes with her the sovereignty of song,
Carolling farewells to the dying day
Lost in the deepening zenith. First to rise,
Mounting the air to meet the dawning ray;
Noon finds him still exploring azure skies;
And evening closes in, yet still on high
The hymnist of the heavens pours forth his melody.

ON WAKEFULNESS.

AT the conclusion of our papers on "Sleep and Dreams," we stated that, at a future period, we should discuss the subject of Wakefulness. Although it has been long recognized as a symptom of various diseases, it is only of late years that its importance as an independent functional disorder of the brain, arising from excessive mental activity, has been sufficiently recognized. Those who overstrain their mental powers in literary, scientific, or commercial matters are especially liable to this affection.

Dr. Hammond, in his "Pathology of Wakefulness," expresses his belief that no single cause is so productive of serious disease of the brain as continuous deprivation of sleep; for not only is the brain prevented from obtaining rest, but it is kept in a state of irritability which, if not relieved, must end, sooner or later, in organic disease. He refers to the cases of Sir Isaac Newton and of Southey. Those who have read Sir David Brewster's "Life of Sir Isaac Newton" may recollect a letter written by the philosopher to his friend, Mr. Pepys, on September 13, 1693, in which he says—"I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind." His biographer also relates that about this period he was "kept awake for five nights;" and there can be little doubt that this symptom was due to an overstraining of his mental powers, for it occurred very shortly after the completion of his celebrated letters

to Dr. Bentley, "On the Existence of a Deity," which were written in addition to his ordinary scientific work. Southey laid the seeds of that disorder which terminated in total loss of intellect, by watching at the bedside of his sick wife during the night, after the excessive literary labours of the day; and Dr. Forbes Winslow, in remarking on his case, says—"No brain can remain in permanent health that has been overtaken with nightly vigils in addition to daily labour" ("On Obscure Diseases of the Brain," 1860, p. 609).

Dr. Ray, in his little book on "Mental Hygiene," treats the subject very judiciously. "No one," he observes, "can disregard the laws of nature in respect of sleep without, sooner or later, suffering for it in some of the chief organic functions of the body. The brain and nervous system are the first and chief sufferers. The consequences of a long-protracted vigil are too well known to be mistaken; and many a person is suffering—unconscious of the cause—from the habit of irregular and insufficient sleep. One of its most common effects is a degree of nervous irritability and peevishness which even the happiest self-discipline can scarcely control. That buoyancy of the feelings, and that cheerful, hopeful, trusting temper, which springs far more from organic conditions than from mature and definite convictions, give way to a spirit of dissatisfaction and dejection; while the even demeanour and the measured activity are replaced either by a lassitude that renders any exertion painful, or an impatience and restlessness not very conducive to happiness. Upon the intellectual powers the mischief is still more serious. They not only lose that healthy activity which combines and regulates their movements in the happiest manner, but they are no longer capable of movements once perfectly easy. The conceptions cease to be clear and well-defined, the power of endurance is weakened, inward perceptions are confounded with outward unhappiness, and illusory images obtrude themselves unbidden upon the mind. This kind of disturbance may pass, sooner or later, into actual insanity; and many a noble spirit has been utterly prostrated by habitual loss of rest."

Dr. Hammond very clearly points out that in wakefulness, not connected with any special disease, there is always an increase—either absolute or relative—in the quantity

of blood circulating in the brain. The former is the case when there has been no previous exhausting disease or other debilitating influence in operation, and the general health appears good; and the latter occurs when, from any cause, the system has been reduced, and when, while this condition prevails, a temporary activity takes place in the cerebral circulation. To the first of these forms he applies the term *active*, and to the second *passive*, insomnia. In the first, there is more blood in the brain than is normally present; while in the second, although there is less blood than in health, the quantity is increased over the amount to which it had previously accustomed itself.

In this over-active age, with a continuous and almost general "struggle for existence," cases of these forms of wakefulness—especially the active one—are fearfully more abundant than they were a century or two ago. No one but a mathematician can form the slightest conception of what would be the sensations of the early Fellows of the Royal Society, if they were recalled to life, and requested to read the last volume of the "Philosophical Transactions." The workers are now far more numerous than they then were, and the nature of the work is more transcendental, and, to the ordinary mind, incomparably more mysterious. In the commercial world, the changes are of a similar comprehensive nature. Need we, then, wonder that the class of cases we are now considering have increased to the appalling extent which now exists?

A few brief histories of special cases, if carefully studied, may serve to guard some of our overworked readers against allowing this somewhat insidious affection to make headway till it is too late to check it, and until it lands them in acute organic disease of the brain, and probably in insanity.

Case 1.—A gentleman, of high intellect and great power of mental application, spent from sixteen to eighteen hours daily in severe literary labour. He slept, however, soundly for six hours a-night, and seemed not to suffer from the extraordinary amount of work he performed. At length, as in Southey's case, his wife was taken ill, and for three weeks—till she was pronounced out of danger—he spent nearly the whole night at her bedside, sleeping only for about an hour towards morning. He soon found it impossible to resume his former habits. He could neither study nor sleep; and his

nights were passed in walking the floor of his room, or in tossing restlessly in his bed. There was no morbid symptom whatever; but ceaseless activity of the mind, and utter inability to sleep. Stimulants and narcotics aggravated his symptoms, and nothing gave him any relief. The danger of his situation was pointed out to him, and he was recommended to travel. He took the advice that Dr. Hammond gave him, and at once set out. Partial relief was at once felt; but it was several months before he felt fit for any literary exertion.

Case 2.—A gentleman, who was by profession a stock-broker, passed his days and a great portion of his nights in the New York Stock and Gold Rooms, during a period of great financial excitement; and thus kept his brain in such a state of prolonged irritation, that when he went to bed he could not dismiss his business affairs from his mind, and found it impossible to sleep. Calculations were entered into, and speculations were constantly being formed, with as great facility as during the day. When he was first seen by Dr. Hammond, he had not slept for six nights, although he had taken large doses of brandy, morphia, and laudanum. During the day he experienced no unpleasant sensations of any consequence; but the moment his head touched the pillow, and he tried to sleep, a feeling of utter discomfort would come over him, while his face and ears became hot and flushed. Tossing restlessly about in his bed throughout the night, he was thoroughly exhausted—both mentally and bodily—by the morning. A cold bath, and a breakfast of two large cups of coffee, beefsteak, and eggs, kept him pretty right through the day, till he returned to bed, when the phenomena of the previous night would be repeated. This case, which may be regarded as a typical one, yielded to the administration of bromide of potassium—a comparatively recent remedy—in doses of thirty grains, at six and ten p.m. He retired to bed at half-past ten, fell almost unconsciously into a quiet sleep, and did not awake till nearly seven a.m. So far from the drug producing any unpleasant symptoms, he felt strengthened and refreshed throughout the day. The next night he took a single dose about bed-time, and it produced a sound and healthy sleep; and on the following night sleep came on naturally, without the aid of the medicine.

Case 3.—We specially commend the consideration of this case to schoolmasters, and to the parents of boys preparing for competitive examinations. A healthy, well-grown lad, aged fifteen, with a good appetite, and nothing unusual in his appearance, beyond a slight look of weariness or anxiety in his face, was brought to Dr. Hammond by his father, on the 16th of August, to be treated for obstinate wakefulness, arising from severe mental exertion at school some weeks previously. Since the end of June, when he left school, he had scarcely slept more than an hour or two each night. During the day he felt no discomfort, and towards evening he always was intensely sleepy; but as soon as he lay down, he heard voices repeating parts of the lessons he had been recently learning, and his mind became occupied with imaginary scenes, in which the gods and goddesses of mythology and the heroes and poets of antiquity played prominent parts. Towards morning he fell into a short, uneasy sleep, from which he awoke more weary than when he retired to bed. Notwithstanding the obvious connection that existed between his present condition and his former intense mental application, he was allowed to continue his studies; and when he was brought to see the physician, he actually had a Latin Grammar in his hand, which he had been studying in the railway car!

Opium and other medicines had been tried without success; and he was now strictly ordered to leave off all studies for the present, to go to the seaside, and to indulge freely in bathing, fishing, and other recreations. The use of bromide of potassium, in small doses, for two or three nights, was also recommended. In a few days his health was reported as completely restored, but he was strongly advised to prolong his visit to the seaside for a week or two; and his father was cautioned to check the lad's eagerness for study, and advised to provide him with occupations and amusements requiring but little mental exertion. If the case had gone on unchecked for a few weeks longer, cerebral disease, and most probably insanity, would of necessity have developed themselves.

It has been already stated that the primary cause of wakefulness is an increase in the quantity of blood circulating in the brain; hence, any condition or cause capable of inducing this state of the cerebral circula-

tion may give rise to it. As these causes are more or less under the control of the individual, it is important that they should be generally known.

(1.) Excessive and long-continued intellectual action, or powerful mental emotions. These causes have been sufficiently elucidated in the preceding case.

(2.) Those positions of the body which tend to impede the flow of blood *from* the brain, and, at the same time, do not obstruct its passage *to* the brain. Many physicians have noticed the connection existing between bodily position and wakefulness. It is evident that the recumbent position is more conducive to a state of congestion of the brain than the erect or semi-erect. Dr. Hammond records several cases that have fallen under his own observation of persons who could sleep in a semi-recumbent position in a chair, but who became restless and wakeful the moment they lay down in bed. Conversely, the increased flow of blood to the brain occasioned by the posture of supination very frequently occasions a feeling of wakefulness and of clearness of thought. "Some persons," says Mr. Dendy, in his "Philosophy of Mystery," "always retire to bed when they wish to think;" and, in illustration of this assertion, quotes the cases of Pope, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, Brindley the engineer—who used to retire to bed for *a day or two* when he was reflecting on some great project—and of a young man* referred to by Tissot in his "Avis aux Gens de Lettres et aux Personnes Sédentaires sur leur Santé," 1768.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, Dr. Hammond, and several other physicians have noticed an increase in the number and intensity of hallucinations of insane patients, or persons suffering from delirium tremens, as soon as they assume the recumbent position. These patients have been found to sleep quietly for some time in an arm-chair, but to be annoyed by hallucinations as soon as they lie down.

(3.) Certain substances used as medicine or food. The chief agents of this class are alcohol, tea—especially strong green tea—

* Mr. Dendy makes a ludicrous mistake in translating a sentence from Tissot on the subject of monomania. The French writer describes a young man of merit, "*qui s'étant mis dans la fête de découvrir la quadrature du cercle, est mort fou.*" The translator freely renders the words printed in italics as follows: "*being put upon his head!*"

coffee, opium, belladonna, stramonium, and Indian hemp or hashish. Opium in small doses is often especially potent in inducing wakefulness. A single dose of half a grain has been known to keep a patient awake for three consecutive nights. All the so-called narcotics, in small doses, induce wakefulness rather than sleep.

(4.) To the above, Dr. Hammond adds a fourth exciting cause of insomnia—namely, functional derangements of certain organs of the body, whereby an increase in the amount of blood in the brain is produced. As, however, such cases as these are beyond the control of the sufferer, we need not discuss them here.

In all those cases of wakefulness dependent upon severe and long-continuous mental exertion—and these are the cases to which we especially wish to draw the attention of our readers—all means of relief will be utterly useless until the patient consents to give his brain entire relaxation for a time. Whenever it is possible, a course of travel through a romantic country, or a visit to the seaside, should be regarded as imperative. An early dinner, followed by a hearty supper of plain and nutritious dishes, is preferable to a heavy, late dinner; and a glass or two of good wine at both meals, or a glass of good whisky or brandy and water after supper, may often be taken with advantage. The value of physical exercise—and especially riding—in the open air, can scarcely be over-estimated, and should be carried on to the point of incipient fatigue. A shower bath in the morning, and a warm bath before retiring to rest, are useful auxiliaries; a somewhat high and not too soft a pillow should be used; and, if the feet are very cold, a hot-water bottle should be placed at the bottom of the bed.

If the preceding means—all or most of which the patient can try for himself—fail, recourse should at once be had to professional advice. If we had been asked a couple of years ago what was the most potent agent in the treatment of wakefulness, we should have answered, without hesitation, *bromide of potassium*. There is now reason to believe, from the researches of Dr. Clouston, that a combination of this salt with tincture of Indian hemp, in the proportion of half a drachm of the salt to a drachm of the tincture, is more potent in allaying nervous excitement in cases of insanity, and probably generally, than the bromide alone, even in

a far larger dose. The most powerful and irresistible of all sleep-promoters is, however, the new remedy known as *hydrate of chloral*, of which we gave an account in the pages of *ONCE A WEEK* for November 6th, 1869; and which, it is stated, has been prescribed successfully, and without a single accident,* in more than 100,000 cases in this country alone.

Writing in July, 1869, Dr. Hammond observes—and his words should be inscribed in letters of gold over the entrance of every competitive examination hall—that “the disposition of the age seems to be to ignore the fact that the nervous system can exhaust itself by excessive intellectual labour.” He proceeds to adduce the case of Admiral Fitzroy, the well-known meteorologist, who committed suicide in 1865. The *Spectator*, in commenting on this sad case, observed that “he had overworked himself of late; found that he was losing his memory; became sleepless, and resorted to opium, which only aggravated his symptoms. His doctor had warned him that he ran great risk of paralysis; but, from a false tenderness, did not at once compel him to give up labour.”

During the last few months, we have had two startling examples of the mode in which nature avenges the abuse of her laws, in the shocking death of two of our most eminent chemists—one of whom was seized with insanity on the occasion of his visit to the British Association, at Liverpool, and died shortly afterwards in a lunatic asylum; and the other, a few weeks later, committed suicide in his own laboratory. *Requiescant in pace.*

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “BAFFLED.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CRISIS.

CAPTAIN STANFIELD, having installed himself as head nurse, kept his post. He was accustomed to command—unaccustomed to be gainsaid. Everything that he did out of the ordinary way seemed as natural in him as it would have appeared extraordinary in another man.

“My dear madam,” he said to Mrs. Car-

* A few cases of death from chloral have been recorded since this article was written; but, on investigation, it has been found that, in these instances, the fatal draught had not been prescribed by a medical man.

teret, who endeavoured to remonstrate with him, "if I had not undertaken this task, you would require a hospital nurse, who, though she might be all very well—for I say nothing against hospital nurses—would certainly not take half the interest in the patient that I do. And as for any fears on my account, I'm fever-proof. I've had fever of all sorts, and got through within an inch of my life. Your son wants watching, madam—watching carefully; and no one will do it as well as I shall. Therefore, unless you decidedly drive me away, I shall not go. I am interested in the case; and as I know about as much of fevers as most doctors, and more than most nurses, you would not surely send me away at the moment when I can be of use, almost of importance, to your son. I will go as soon as ever the crisis is at an end, but you will permit me to stay until then?" And the blunt captain's voice became almost feminine in its persuasive gentleness. "Besides," he added, "fever patients are apt to disclose their heart-secrets in their ravings, and Mr. Carteret's words would be with me sacred as those of my own son."

What could Mrs. Carteret say or do? Captain Stanfield had inspired her with such confidence, that she felt to let him go would be at the risk of her son's life. Mrs. Penfold declared that he knew better how to manage Mr. Carteret than the doctor; and Alice, with whom Mrs. Carteret consulted, could give no satisfactory reason as to why he should not remain. Therefore the captain gained his point, and did not go away; and perhaps it was in a great measure owing to his care and assiduity that John Carteret passed the crisis of the disease, and began slowly to show symptoms of recovery.

Then Captain Stanfield relinquished his charge; but not before he had learned much through the sick man's revelations when the fever was at its height.

Bit by bit, scraps of his love story told how deep root it had taken in his heart. Now he pathetically pleaded with Diana that his love had never changed; then he blamed himself for wishing to keep her to an engagement with a poor man like himself; then he indulged in invectives against Jasper Seaton; and then, again, reproached himself for the distrust and suspicion he felt of his rival. Everything came out in incoherent shreds; but Captain Stanfield patched them very neatly together, though perhaps

there was a slight want of harmony in his arrangement.

"And this is my god-daughter's doing," said the captain to himself—"the heartless little flirt; and she's made a wreck of this gallant barque, that she may float down the tide in a three-decker in full sail, with the world's colours flying at the mast. It's the way of women, I suppose," and he sighed. "I may be wrong in looking out for Charles. He might be served just in the same way by some mercenary doll with a smooth face. I dare say he's better off as he is."

And then Captain Stanfield became reflective, and determined never to see Diana again.

"She was no credit to him. What right had she to get engaged, if she did not know her own mind? Certainly no heart—and with such a voice as she had;" and he remembered how he had listened to her singing. "Just a deluding little syren, luring men upon the rocks, only to leave them there"—he had been enchanted himself in listening to it—"as this poor fellow has been;" and he looked compassionately upon John Carteret, who was tossing uneasily from side to side.

"What can I do for him?" asked the captain, in meditation. "What fools men are in fixing their hearts upon what is not worth having, and letting better things go by"—here his thoughts reverted to Miss Wardlaw. "This world of love is a world of cross-purposes, tangles, and intricacies, past man's understanding, and upsets their equilibrium sorely. Perhaps Charles is wise. Mathematics may have done something for him; and he won't go in until he can prove his points, and see his way clearly. I shouldn't like him to be disappointed—for it's vexatious, if no worse. Blessed is the man whose love goes on straightforwardly. I don't know what I should have done if I hadn't found it plain sailing."

Just then, John Carteret opened his eyes.

"Ah, darling," he said, "you do not know what poverty is. Your Paradise is but a pleasant semblance of it. You will have to wait so long—so long!"

"Oh dear!" ejaculated the captain—"if I had only known about it, I'd have given her a portion. Money, money—what a curse it is."

"Money!" shouted John Carteret, starting up. "I would not take a portion. I could not live on Mr. Seaton's money."

"Quite right, my fine fellow," said Captain Stanfield—forgetting, in his excitement, John Carteret's situation. "Give us your hand." Then suddenly remembering—"Ah, I forgot, the man's not in his senses. Well, well, the sentiment is there, or it wouldn't come out; and it does him credit."

He smoothed the pillow, and laid John Carteret's head back as tenderly as any woman could have done.

"If things had only gone straight, as they ought to have done, this little difficulty could have been managed. There's many a rising man lost for want of a helping hand in his struggles."

Little did the honest captain imagine how much concerned he was in the catastrophe that had been brought about—how that, through his honest credulity, he had helped to part two hearts still so faithful to one another; else would his remorse have been greater than he could well have borne.

Meanwhile, Charles Stanfield was also receiving new lights. The present position of things caused him to be thrown much with Miss Carteret; and his interest in guns and machinery generally became so absorbing as to require him to remain at Marchington until his father should see fit to resign his patient.

As he and Alice Carteret became better acquainted, their conversation naturally turned upon Linthorp, and matters connected with it; and from Linthorp the transition was easy to Broadmead; and Alice was curious enough to hear Charles Stanfield's impression of the girl who had awakened so strong an interest in her quiet brother's heart.

Charles Stanfield, being of a mathematical and argumentative turn of mind, had arranged his gleanings and new insights with much more precision than his father had done; and, as Alice casually gave the date of the breaking off of her brother's engagement, Charles Stanfield at once perceived that, at the time of his own love episode, Diana must have alluded to her engagement to John Carteret, and not, as he had supposed, to Jasper Seaton.

And she had done so with an intimation that the fact was generally known—or, at any rate, very generally surmised; and he could not help feeling that there had been some mistake somewhere—for lights and shadows were springing up so transversely,

as to distort and disturb one another's natural effects.

And then flashed suddenly and even painfully upon him, though he scarcely defined why, his father's comments upon John Carteret the night of Miss Pycroft's party. Still, that Diana Ellis was now engaged to Jasper Seaton was an undeniable fact—since he had heard it positively from Dr. Crawford only a week or two ago. Indeed, the very time of the marriage was spoken of; therefore it was a matter placed beyond doubt. How it had all happened would remain for ever a mystery—as so much else that happens on earth will have to do, until the final time for the revealing of the mysteries shall bring all hidden things to light.

Meanwhile, Charles Stanfield was growing more and more interested in the acquaintances that chance—to use the world's phraseology—had so strangely thrown in his way; though why one incident or accident of life should be more the effect of chance than another he did not pause to consider.

"It might have been planned," he said to himself at a subsequent period—as did also Alice Carteret; and to neither of them did it ever occur that it was possible for the "might have been" to be changed, without impropriety, to a less doubtful tense of the verb.

However, this is forestalling events, since the consummation hinted at did not arrive at present. All immediate danger being past, and John Carteret awaking to a state of sanity, though much reduced, and with no promise of being himself for some weeks, Captain Stanfield was obliged reluctantly to give up his post, and he and his son returned to London. Yet perhaps, before they parted, a knowledge of what the end of their acquaintance might be had come to both Charles Stanfield and Miss Carteret.

Captain Stanfield, feeling that he had involved himself in bewilderments lately, deemed it wise to hold his peace; therefore he forebore making either comments or inquiries, and consoled himself with auguring favourably from the earnestness with which his son, on parting from Alice Carteret, expressed a hope that they might meet again shortly in town; "where," said Charles Stanfield, much to his father's amazement, "we are to remain for some months."

"I thought you were going abroad, Charles," said Captain Stanfield, after hav-

ing meditated during two-thirds of the journey home.

"I had some idea of the sort, but it is not so necessary now I have been to Marchington."

"Oh! You scarcely expected such results from your visit?"

"No."

"Oh!" said the captain. "Did you think well of the guns, Charles?"

"I was much interested."

"Ah!—I had other things to think of."

"Whilst I," returned Charles Stanfield, with a touch of casuistry, "had my time unoccupied."

The captain looked furtively at his son.

"There isn't anything, or he would tell me. Perhaps it's as well there shouldn't be. Yet I should like to do the best for Charles, or for Charles to do the best he can for himself." Then he said aloud—"Charles!"

"Yes, father."

"I suppose we must call on these Carretes when they return to town?"

"Yes—I suppose it will be only civil."

"Only civil!" Perhaps Charles Stanfield's taste for strategy was enabling him to keep well on his guard.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE LEGACY.

JASPER SEATON had gone to hasten preparations at the house he had taken in Cornwall. In another month he should be safe from all fear of changeableness on the part of Diana, or of any untoward circumstance occurring to prevent the carrying out of his plans.

He had been patient and persevering; and though his chance of success had been but small at the beginning, yet his indomitable will had carried him on upon an alternating tide of hope and discouragement, and one by one he saw each obstacle give way before him; and time, the ally in whom he had placed such confidence, had steadily befriended him. Now, as he looked over the wild sea, tossing and raging at his feet, he felt as exuberant in spirit, as triumphant, as guiltless of remorse, as the most reckless, unscrupulous Viking who had ever carried with a pitiless hand all before him.

And how had he accomplished it? "Not by destroying, but by upbuilding." So he said. "Not by devising, but by taking advantage of all that had already happened;

not by compelling circumstances, but by allowing circumstances to compel him." He had waited patiently, enduringly, despairingly sometimes; but the end had come, and he was rewarded.

And the seething waters scattering their liquid crystals upon the rocks, and loading the seaweed on the beech with sudden pearls—roaring, sparkling, foaming—made a music that sounded grateful to his ear, for in them he recognized how that discordant elements could be subdued into one great purpose—how the discordant voices that seemed to shriek aloud, were rolled into one mighty crash of sound as the giant billows heaved over. Grand, monotonous, wild, discordant blending into one surging harmony. Over and over, swelling, striving, struggling, never resting, never tiring, never ending. Perhaps a type of the spirit in its eternity. Uprose the wind, and shrieked its answer back; and still the cry he heard was victory. Perhaps the spirits waked that slept around Tintagel, grown weary with the long night, and wailing for the morn that should usher in the enchanted monarch's return to his forsaken kingdom.

Jasper Seaton folded his arms, and gazed out over the sea; and the white sails coming up in the distance, and swelling fuller and fuller, as, like great fluttering birds, they drew nigher to the haven, seemed to be emblems of his success; and he laughed aloud—a wild, exultant laugh, an outburst of the stifled heart that had so long beaten in subdued throbs beneath his despotic will. There was none near in that great solitude, else might it have been thought that Jasper Seaton was somewhat crazed. Only the sea-gulls heard him as they swept hither and thither, and the startled echoes answered him back.

Now, whilst Jasper Seaton was thus exulting in the success of his plans—or rather, in the success of his patience—Diana was wearily straying through the Manor House, visiting, as it seemed to her, the old haunts for the last time; taking leave of the past altogether, and preparing herself to begin a new life, which should have no remnant of the older one linked to it;—a complete wrench that should separate her for ever from her lost *Paradiso*, whose gates were closed upon her, and whose memory even she must try to blot out; and she must look for happiness to a Paradise regained—or rather, to be regained, if that were possible.

She had wandered up to her old rooms at the top of the house, and had sat down on one of the shabby chairs still left there, rocking herself uneasily backwards and forwards, and reading the story of Persephone over again upon the faded tapestry; drawing, at the same time, a fanciful parallel to her own case. She had lost her Orpheus. He had vanished to the higher regions, whither she had looked forward to winging her flight with him. He looked upon her, and then had left her in *Purgatorio*.

She walked to the window. She looked over towards the Marshwood beeches, stripped of their leaves, and forming a mass of brown against the western sky; and even as she gazed, the gray clouds cleared away, and showed the setting sun; and so she stood, to watch it once again, and think of the words that she and John Carteret had spoken to one another, time after time, when they had watched it together. Lower and lower it dropped, turning the sky beneath it brighter and brighter, until the branches of the brown trees turned into a delicate tracery over the glowing yellow; then all at once they seemed on fire, and all their boughs to vanish in the great blaze of the sun, ere it finally sank below the horizon. She knew now that she liked the sunset best;—it ended in quiet, in peace, in darkness.

Only a few weeks more of her old life, and then another—a fresh one in which all her interests would have to be turned into another channel. Jasper was very kind, very good; he had helped her through these two long years, and had been very tender and considerate. And now she knew that it was his love for her that had wrought the great change in his character; and it was a consolation to her to feel that she could do good to some one, and that she was fulfilling the last wishes of one who had first roused her to a want of something higher than the everyday life.

Thus she mused, and she turned from the window, and wandered downstairs, flitting hither and thither in the gloom, until at last she found herself in Jasper's study. No one would disturb her there; and it seemed as if it belonged to her, for all that was Jasper's would be hers soon.

The papers on the table were in some confusion; for Jasper had been clearing out, and had strewn them over his desk and in the waste paper basket. Yet no one dreamed of disturbing them in their confusion, since

he had given no orders for their removal. Even Diana would not have thought of destroying them.

She sat down; and leaning her head back, closed her eyes, and fell into a memory dream. Here, in this very room, had John Carteret refused the dower that Jasper had offered to settle upon her—the beginning, as she now saw, of that desertion that was consummated at Linthorp. And yet she could not have thought that John Carteret would care for riches. As she sat meditating, the servant went round lighting the lamps, one of which happened to be exactly opposite the door of Jasper's study; and the man coming in to close the shutters, seeing Diana, asked if she wished a light there.

"Yes, she would have one"—for it suddenly occurred to her that she could suggest no reason for sitting there in the dark, and she could put it out as soon as the servant had retired.

She was about to do so after he had gone away; but, as her hand was stretched out for the purpose, she drew it back, for her eye fell upon an envelope with her name, in Jasper's handwriting, written upon it. It was lying amongst the scattered papers; and he must have left it by accident, intending to give it to her before he went away. Only "Diana"—nothing more. What an odd chance that she should have found it so many days after his departure, when he had evidently forgotten it, as no allusion to it had been made in any of the letters she had received from him.

Instead, therefore, of extinguishing the lamp, she drew it nearer to her, and sat down to examine the contents of the letter. Some new proof, she supposed, of Jasper's kindness; and yet it brought no thrill of pleasure to her heart. It was certainly a satisfaction to her to think how necessary she was to Jasper's happiness. She was glad of that—and yet she sighed as she slowly unfolded the paper.

But, once unfolded, her apathy was gone. She sprang up, giving a half-suppressed cry—it might be pleasure, it might be surprise, it might almost be of terror—and for a moment she doubted if she had read the words aright. Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely hold the paper; her lips quivered with something of the old passionate quiver, and her agitation prevented her for some moments from looking again at the writing.

Only a few lines, in a weak, tremulous hand, but in writing that she could not mistake—Madame de Mouline's.

A request to her brother that, out of her property, a sum sufficient to ensure three hundred a-year might be settled on Diana. She felt too ill to meddle with her will again; but she trusted to her brother to see that her wishes were carried out, and she knew that he would see to its execution as faithfully as though it were a legal document.

Yes, she had read aright—it was Anne de Mouline's legacy, making her independent. A thousand thoughts crowded into Diana's mind, and so oppressed her, that for some minutes it seemed to her that she had lost her senses, and could not think at all.

Three hundred a-year.

Precisely what Jasper had offered to settle upon her.

Three hundred a-year, which was hers by right—her own money—that was her first thought. Why had not Jasper said so? Why had he not told her of it? What reason could he have for not letting her know of his sister's wish, when it would have been such a comfort to her to know how much she had been thought of, had been cared for.

And then her heart gave a great leap, as though she had been shot, and she held her hand against it to still the pain—for an agonizing thought had entered it, and, wild though it was, she could not still it.

"Perhaps, if John Carteret had known that she had had money of her own—her very own—and that there was no need of being indebted to Jasper Seaton, everything might have been different!"

She almost shrieked aloud. She started up—she paced the room. Was one of her old paroxysms coming over her—was she as wicked, as passionate as ever? She forced back the cries that were rising to her lips—she tried to quiet the throbbing of her heart. Instinctively she locked the door, and then instinctively unlocked it—for a flash of argument told her that it might appear strange should she be found locked up in Jasper's study. She seemed, in spite of her bewilderment, to have become sensitively alive to commonplaces; therefore, opening the door wide, she extinguished the light—and, with the paper in her hand, fled to her own room. There she should be safe—there she could think.

"John! John!" was the cry in her heart. For perhaps he had suffered, even as she

had done. A sense of something wrong of something incomprehensible, of something false, of something even treacherous somewhere;—for Diana was beginning to feel all her old distrust of Jasper Seaton aroused once more, and all her faith in John Carteret's faith and love for her revived. And yet he was going to be married—nay, *was* married by this time.

And was not she also going to be married? And might he not have argued even as she had argued, and have been led step by step as she had been?

"John! John!"

It was a cry of appeal, but it was too late—he could not hear it. Again she started up, the blood raging through her veins, her face white with passion and distress, and her heart maddened with the keen sense of her own powerlessness. The paper that she held in her hand was doubtless the one that Jasper had snatched away from her the night that it had fluttered to her feet.

She was waking up. Why had she been so deluded? Jasper had plotted, had schemed; she was sure of it, she had no doubt of it. Three hundred a-year! Just the sum, and no more, that he would have doled out to John Carteret as his own. Why had she not answered John Carteret's letter herself? Why had she disbelieved? Where was the faith that she had preached to him, had boasted of? What had he thought of her, what did he think now, and would always think of her? For it was too late now to explain—he was married.

And she? No—she was not married yet, and never would be.

"John! John!"

No, it was too late; she must not call upon him now, she must not think of him now. And yet through the night she waked with speaking his name aloud; then fell asleep, to dream of him again.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S ACCIDENTS.

JOHN CARTERET, slowly recovering from his attack, but wasted to a shadow so slight that one dreaded the worst for him, knew that his chances of long life were but slender. Therefore he had, as it were, been putting his house in order.

Mrs. Carteret had returned to town, and Alice was to follow with her brother as soon as he had gained sufficient strength to be moved.

"He must go south," said the doctors; "it is his only hope of ultimate recovery."

John Carteret smiled when he heard it; it was not the knell to him that it is to so many who hear that they are swiftly journeying heavenward. Earth, with most, has too many opening buds for men to care to leave them ere they see the flowers. And so they wish to linger on, although the flowers may disappoint their hopes; for life is sweet, they say in their happiness; and it takes years of clouds and sorrow to find out that there can be anything sweeter. And yet the preachers are for ever preaching about the vanities, the weakness, the wickedness, the temptations of the world, and exhorting men to cast off its yoke—to come out of it—to have nothing to do with the unclean thing, and to look to an abiding city; and using a variety of set phrases with regard to its utter hollowness and incompetency to satisfy the immortal instincts of man, which people listen to Sunday after Sunday—paying but little attention—as the utterance of these protests seems a necessary element in sermon-making. And the preachers give nothing in exchange for what they would take away. They do not, like that model parish priest,

"Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way,"

for, possibly, that is beyond the power of many of them to do; and so men shiver on, shrinking from the future—in one breath acknowledging death to be the portal of Heaven, and in the next devoutly thanking Heaven that they have escaped it! Incongruity of incongruities, as much of religion—so called—is.

John Carteret was differently constituted. He looked forward to a future, of which the present was the opening scene—to a future that was to be the perfecting of all truth begun on earth, of all beauty intensified. He regarded the present as the "*Vita Nuova*," whose seed should come to fruition in the Perfect Life, when the veil that hides immortality shall be removed, and Death—the healing Physician—put an end to all mortal blindness. He had, in fact, arrived at the state of mind in which St. Paul found himself; and there will be but little sound Christianity in the world until the world arrives at the same phase. When will that be? Perhaps it needs a miracle of preaching to accomplish.

John Carteret was slowly regaining a little

strength, and he and his sister had spoken to each other as people seldom do in health and prosperity. The shadow of another world seemed lying upon him; and in its shade, his heart had opened to tell his sister much of the past that she had not known. He had spoken to her of Diana Ellis—of his brief time of happiness—and of his unchanged love, that had, despite its disappointment, shed so pure a light upon his life, ennobling and lifting him above all earthly things. If he died, he should like to send her a parting message—such a message as he might have sent had she answered his last letter to her, and he had had the opportunity of writing one more farewell word of love to her. But that had been denied him, through the few cold lines that Jasper had written in answer to his letter. He had always looked forward to a time like this; and he had had his message written long ago—so that, should death overtake him as a thief in the night, yet Diana should know that, even at the last, she was not forgotten by him.

Now he gave the letter that had laid so long in his desk to his sister.

"You will see to it, Alice," he said, "in case anything happens suddenly. I shall feel more satisfied if it is in your hands."

Alice Carteret took the letter.

"She is not worth it, John," she said, almost indignantly.

He laid his thin, white hand upon his sister's shoulder.

"You do not know her, Alice. I lay no blame upon her. She was so young—scarce more than a child. She knew so little of the world. It was I who was wrong. Poor little Di!—I hope she will be happy."

"She does not deserve to be. How could she care for any one else if you loved her, John?"

He smiled gravely.

"Young hearts are changeable, Alice; and she must have waited for years before I could have married; and then, probably, it would but have been to poverty compared with what she was accustomed to. No, better it happened as it has done than that she should have linked her lot with mine, and have repented."

Alice drew nearer to her brother. She felt very bitter against Diana, for she knew how deep was the wound she had made in his heart, though John Carteret passed it over so lightly. Nevertheless, she took the

letter he gave her, and wrote the address on it according to his direction; and was proceeding to fasten it, when he stopped her.

"No—I shall want you to add a few lines when you send it."

There was a pause. Neither spoke for some minutes; but each knew what the other was thinking of.

Then John Carteret said—

"There is light beyond. The darkness is here, Alice—not there."

"John," said his sister, after another pause, "you are stronger to-day—I am sure you are. I may tell mamma so, may I not? You will soon be able to be moved home."

"Home!" he repeated, as though he were meditating upon something afar off, and had not altogether understood his sister. "Yes, I do feel a little better to-day. Yes, I shall be glad to get home."

And he laid his head back wearily; whilst Alice, turning away to hide her tears, wrote a few hasty lines to her mother. She put them into an envelope, which she thrust into the pocket of her apron.

"Shall you have time to read to me a little?" asked John Carteret, opening his eyes.

"Oh, yes—wait—I will fetch the book. I left it in my room."

And she sprang up, and, returning with it, sat down to read.

She had been reading for nearly an hour when Mrs. Penfold appeared.

"Have you any letters for the post, miss?"

"Yes," returned Alice, putting her hand into her apron pocket. "Ah! I have left it on my dressing-table—will you look, Mrs. Penfold? And I have no postage stamps. Will you get some for me?"

"Yes, miss."

Mrs. Penfold disappeared, and Alice went on reading.

"Are you not tired, John?" she said at last.

"No—but you must be, Alice; and it is getting dark. How soon the evenings close in. 'The night cometh in which no man can work,'" he murmured, in a lower tone. "Again I say unto you, Watch."

"John!" exclaimed Alice, "you must not say so. You are better to-day. You will never get well if you will take such a dark view of things. You are tired. I have read too long, and you will feel better after tea. I ought to have thought of it."

And she rang the bell.

Then she thought of something else she wanted to tell her mother. Perhaps her letter might not have gone yet.

She was hastening out of the room to see, when Mrs. Penfold met her in the passage.

"Has my letter gone?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, Joshua took them to the post an hour ago. I always like Joshua to put them in himself, and then I know that they are safe."

"Ah, then I must write another, if it is not too late."

"Oh dear, no—not for hours yet."

"Then will you let us have some tea as soon as possible?—and then I can write my note afterwards."

"Them!—they!—" she repeated to herself as she went upstairs; and instinctively she put her hand in the pocket of her dress, where she had put her brother's letter to Diana. She gave a terrible start—she flew to her room. Could she have taken it out, and left it on her dressing-table? No, it was not there. She went into the sitting-room again, to see if she had dropped it, but it was nowhere to be seen. Then she went to Mrs. Penfold.

"How many letters went to the post, Mrs. Penfold?"

"Two, miss."

"Two!" repeated Alice, in consternation.

"Yes, miss. One for home, and one for—I forget the name of the place."

"Miss Ellis, Broadmead," suggested Alice, in alarm.

"Yes, that was it. I knew there was two of them."

And Mrs. Penfold retired to her kitchen, and busied herself with the tea, leaving Alice in a state bordering on distraction. What had she done? What should she do? How could she have been so careless? She could not tell her brother. In his present weak state, it would agitate him too much; and she could only hope that he might not think of referring to the letter.

She must write a letter of explanation to Miss Ellis, asking her, as the two letters would probably arrive at the same time, if she had not already opened the first, to return it without reading, as it had been sent by mistake. There was just the chance that Diana might read this latter one before the other, as Alice wrote outside, "To be opened first."

"I have another letter for the post, Mrs. Penfold," she said, speaking in as calm and

unconcerned a manner as she could command.

But Mrs. Penfold noticed it.

"I hope Mr. Carteret feels no worse, miss?"

"Oh, no. I think he is better this evening. Will my letter be in time—I mean, in time to go by the same post as the others?"

But Mrs. Penfold was not up in postal arrangements.

"Joshua could have told you, miss, but I can't."

And Alice was obliged to content herself with hoping, on a very slender chance of success, that her carelessness might be retrieved.

If she could only put back the sun's shadow for two hours, how different everything would be. She went back to her brother, and endeavoured to ward off the conversation from any approach to Diana Ellis. In this she succeeded, for John Carteret was too weary to talk much, still less of a subject that interested him so deeply. Only, as he wished her good night, he said—

"If anything happens, you will remember my wish. There—I do not wish to speak of it again."

And Alice, alone in her bed-room, sat down to consider and to hope; and she felt as though she would like to take the night train, and travel down to Broadmead, if so she could intercept the letter. But that was impossible. She must continue to fear, to hope, to wonder, to despair, until an answer came from Diana Ellis.

Little did John Carteret—thoroughly wearied out, and sleeping peacefully—dream that his letter would reach its destination so much sooner than he had intended.

"THE MUMMY" AND THE KNITTERS.

FORTY-FOUR years ago—or, to be very precise, in the month of October, 1827—there issued from the press of Mr. Colburn, of New Burlington-street, a three-volume novel, price 28s. 6d., entitled "The Mummy: a Tale of the Twenty-second Century;" and it had for a motto the text, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" (1 Samuel, xxviii., 15). I have often wondered why this novel has never been reprinted, for its extreme originality would alone recommend it to the public taste; and

it is probably known but to few readers, and could not now be procured. No copy of it, for example, is among the 85,000 volumes of the London Library, St. James's-square. The date of the story is supposed to be in the coming period, 2126, and the hero is Cheops, revived, confused with the usages and inventions of the world in which he is placed, and contrasting his present experience with his past memories. Galvanism has restored him to life; and, like a second Frankenstein, he terrifies yet subdues people to his will, compelling them to be his slaves, and controlling the destinies of the world by the powers that have been vouchsafed to him on his resuscitation. In that year, 2126, England is represented as being ruled by an absolute Queen, elected by the people; and Ireland is depicted as governed by a native King. The Fenians would be pleased with this portion of "The Mummy."

Love and intrigue play their accustomed parts in this work of fiction; but it is in its representation of the ways and customs of the people that its chief singularity consists. It shows the government of England to have passed through divers changes of form, and the mechanical arts to have reached such a height of perfection, that nature has been wholly subjected to human control. Compulsory education has made such rapid strides, that the humblest cottager or the most insignificant citizen expresses himself in the strictly scientific language of a professor of anatomy, or a president of the Royal Society. Language is reduced to the nomenclature of the *savans*, and the arts are wonderfully advanced. Balloons have superseded the older railways; footmen and other domestic servants are ingenious machines that are duly oiled, wound up, and set going on their several duties; friends at a distance hold conversations through the medium of telegraphs (the date of January 1, 1870, with its extension of telegraphs to post offices, brings this prophecy still nearer to a perfect realization). Ireland and England are connected by a submarine tunnel; the old railways are used for the conveyance of houses and other weighty structures; percussion bridges are shot across the Thames; letters are enclosed in hollow balls, and discharged from the mouths of monster cannons and steam-guns; and, in short, although human nature is shown not to have changed, yet everything else is found to be very different in the

twenty-second century from what it is in the nineteenth. To a certain degree, many modern discoveries were shadowed forth in this remarkable novel of the year 1827, which combined scenes of terror and pathos with a considerable amount of humour.

"The Mummy" was an anonymous work; and what made its production the more remarkable was, that its author was a young lady. Her birthplace was not very far from my own; and many are the times that I have passed by the house in which she lived when she wrote "The Mummy." It was in the parish of Halesowen, Worcestershire, within sight of Shenstone's romantic Leasowes, but on the opposite side of the valley, and on the road to Hagley. As no mention is made of her in Murray's "Handbook to Worcestershire," I may here mention that this clever girl was that same Miss Webb who was afterwards so well known as a writer of another style of literature, under her married name of Mrs. Loudon. She died in July, 1858, at the age of fifty-eight; consequently, she was in her twenty-seventh year when "The Mummy" was published. Some of her later writings on the "Flower Garden" and the "Country House" have become standard works; and this, her first essay in literature, is worthy of republication among books of fiction. It powerfully grasped the idea of that astounding progress in mechanical invention which is being daily developed, and which is changing the aspect of so many fields of industry.

Already the farmer drives his plough by steam; and if the seamstress sings the song of the shirt, it is to the rapid movement of a sewing-machine. The gardener uses his lawn-mower; the laundress her washing-machine; and the servant lad his knife-polishing machine. There is even a Rawlings' patent boot and shoe cleaning machine; and now the Americans have sent us over a "family knitting machine." A Mr. Lamb was its inventor; and a company was raised for its manufacture at the close of the year 1869. The machine can be fastened to an ordinary table with thumb-screws, and its straight rows of needles will admit of any size of web being set up. By means of a crank, readily worked by hand, it can be made to knit an entire stocking, narrowing at the toe and widening at the calf, on precisely the same principle as that used by a lady with the ordinary knitting-needles; but with this important difference, that a yard of

plain work can be produced in ten minutes, and a pair of stockings can be completed in half an hour. What would our old-fashioned grandmothers say to this? It is, at any rate, an approximation to those mechanical devices for sparing human labour of which the clever authoress of "The Mummy" described so many specimens. I saw the machine at work last September, 1870, at the annual exhibition of the Worcestershire Agricultural Society, held at Blakebrook, near Kidderminster; and, during the three days on which the show was opened, the stocking-knitting machine was beset by a crowd of spectators, and proved to be one of the most popular sights in the machinery department. How pleased would the Worcestershire authoress of "The Mummy" have been to have witnessed the scene!

The Duke, in the "Twelfth Night," wished to hear the song that was chanted by "the spinsters and the knitters in the sun," and such knitters as these have long been favourites for the artist's pencil. Adrian Van Ostade, Gerhard Douw, Mieris the elder, Teniers the younger, and Rembrandt the great, all made crafty use of the knitters. And did not Mr. Alfred Elmore, in his picture of the "Invention of the Stocking Loom"—exhibited at the Academy in 1847, and since made familiar by numerous engravings—show us how captivating a lady knitter may appear while she nurses her baby, and deftly moves the needles as she makes her husband's hose? Instead of this picture of William Lee, expelled from St. John's College, Cambridge, for the crime of marrying that pretty woman, and musing how he may devise some plan to lighten her knitting labours, Mr. Elmore would now have to change the date of 1589 to 1869, and paint the American inventor meditating the production of the "family knitting machine." By the way, nine years since, a Mr. Owen projected—at Tewkesbury—a Patent Renewable Hosiery Company, which was to follow up the invention of the stocking loom by a further process that should do away with the necessity for darning. An immense factory for six hundred operatives was opened. Is it still in existence?—or must the poor wife of some Rev. Amos Barton either toilsomely wade through her pile of family stockings to be darned, or invest money in the purchase of a new knitting machine? The time was when, as Evelyn tells us, "the virgins and young

ladies of that golden age, *quæsierunt lanam et linum*, put their hands to the spindle, nor disdained they the needle;" nor did a young lady blush at being found mending or knitting stockings. They wore "stockings of homely blue," spun upon their own wheels; so says the old ballad of "When this old hat was new." They were the wearers of those articles of hosiery which—when afterwards worn by Akenside and Benjamin Stillingfleet—gave the name of "blue-stockings" to the learned ladies who met at Mrs. Montague's. But, as Lord Jeffery wisely said—"If the stockings be blue, the petticoat should be long." The knitting and darning is undoubtedly a tedious business; and if it can be facilitated by machinery, so much the better for the aching fingers of women, whose industry sometimes leads them to so greatly renovate a pair of stockings by successive mendings, that they at length resemble that celebrated pair of Sir John Cutler's, which, by continual darning, were gradually transmuted from silk to cotton. *Punch*, of May 1, 1869, exclaimed—

"Oh, that this present were my dwelling-place,
With one steam servant for my minister!"

And, if stockings are now to be mended and made by a family knitting machine, we may perchance be advancing to that age of mechanism depicted in "The Mummy," wherein the servants are ingenious machines, who only require winding-up and oiling, and where the professional functions of the bar-rister and doctor are discharged by clock-work automata.

TABLE TALK.

TOUCHING UPON a recent article in *ONCE A WEEK* on the "Philosophy of Birds' Nests," a Correspondent sends us a curious quotation from some observations on the migration of birds, which were read before the Royal Society in the November of 1823, and were afterwards published in the "Philosophical Transactions." The passage in question refers to the accordance between the songs of birds and the seasons of the day. It says:—"There is a beautiful propriety in the order in which singing-birds fill up the day with their pleasing harmony. The accordance between their songs and the aspect of nature, at the successive periods of the day at which they sing, is so remarkable, that one cannot but suppose

it to be the result of a benevolent design. First, the robin—not the lark, as has been generally imagined—as soon as twilight has drawn its imperceptible line between night and day, begins his artless song. How sweetly does this harmonize with the soft dawning of the day! He goes on till the twinkling sunbeams begin to tell him that his notes no longer accord with the rising sun. Up starts the lark, and with him a variety of sprightly songsters, whose lively notes are in perfect correspondence with the gaiety of the morning. The general warbling continues, with now and then an interruption by the transient note of the raven, the scream of the jay, or the pert chattering of the daw. The nightingale, unwearied by the vocal exertions of the night, joins his inferiors in sound in the general harmony. The thrush is wisely placed on the summit of some lofty tree, that its piercing notes may be softened by distance before they reach the ear; while the mellow blackbird seeks the lower branches. Should the sun, having been eclipsed by a cloud, shine forth with fresh effulgence, how frequently we see the goldfinch perch on some blossomed bough, and hear its song poured forth in a strain peculiarly energetic; while the sun, full shining on his beautiful plumes, displays his golden wings and crimson crest to charming advantage. Indeed, a burst of sunshine in a cloudy day, or after a heavy shower, seems always to wake up a new gladness in the little musicians, and incite them to an answering burst of minstrelsy. As evening advances, the performers gradually retire, and the concert softly dies away. At sunset, the robin again sends up his twilight song, till the still more serene hour of night sends him to his bower of rest. And now, in unison with the darkened earth and sky, no sooner is the voice of the robin hushed, than the owl sends forth his slow and solemn tones, well adapted to the serious hour." This is very poetical, yet there is withal much practical philosophy at the bottom of it; and we do not know but that there is as much a philosophy of birds' songs as of birds' nests.

WE ARE HAVING—at the time we write, at least—most extraordinary weather for June. We shall all of us, if this strange weather continues, be inclined to believe that there is something, after all, in the traditional Frenchman's description of an English summer as being composed of "three fine

days and a thunderstorm." But we have had some worse Junes than this. The people of Andover tell to this day of a certain 10th of June, towards the latter end of the last century, on which all the sheep in the district round about happened to be shorn. On the evening of that day it turned bitterly cold, and nearly the whole of the "shorn lambs" perished. The June of 1795, too, was an unfortunate one. On one day it snowed for about three-quarters of an hour at Windsor, and one hundred sheep died in Windsor Forest. On the 18th of the same month, the people in the neighbourhood of Salisbury lost one-fourth of their flocks by a sudden and unexpected hailstorm.

OUR COAL FIELDS are not yet exhausted, for all that the alarmists have said. A few years ago, a Royal Commission was appointed under the auspices of Sir George Grey, to inquire into the question of our coal supply. The labours of the Commission are now almost concluded, and the result is the demonstration of the pleasing fact that our coalscuttles will never be empty in our time, at least. Taking for granted a certain annual increase in the rate of consumption of coal, sufficient of the useful mineral exists in Great Britain and Ireland to last from 800 to 1,000 years. After this, we may stir our winter fires comfortably, and call for some more to be "put on," without fear of incurring immediate posterity, at least.

IF WE ARE to put any faith in the vaticinations of the author of "The Battle of Dorking," London is in danger of a sudden and perhaps successful invasion. But we doubt whether London will be quite so unprepared as Livy tells us the old Roman Capitol was, when the warning cries of the sacred geese informed the defenders, for the first time, that the Gauls were scaling the ramparts. Touching this story of the geese, some sceptical people have been pleased to pooh-pooh the whole affair as a mere historic fable, considering the goose to be too silly an animal to perform any such valuable service as that attributed to it. Geese, especially when their own safety is concerned—which perhaps solves the case of the Roman birds—are not so silly, after all. The wild goose is proverbially difficult to hunt, and its acuteness and watchfulness would seem to be characteristic of the bird

in its domesticated state. Professor Owen once wrote a letter to a correspondent on this very point, in which he says:—"Opposite to the cottage where I live is a pond, which is frequented during the summer by two brood flocks of geese belonging to the keepers. These geese take up their quarters for the night along the margin of the pond, into which they are ready to plunge at a moment's notice. Several times, when I have been up late or wakeful, I have heard the old gander sound the alarm, which is immediately taken up, and has been sometimes simultaneously followed by a simultaneous plunge of the flocks into the pool. On mentioning this to the keeper, he, quite aware of the characteristic readiness of the geese to sound an alarm in the night, attributed it to the visit of a fowmart, or other predatory vermin. On other occasions, the cackling has seemed to be caused by a deer stalking near the flock."

A *Times* LEADER once commenced an article thus:—"Comparisons," says Mrs. Malaprop, 'are odorous,' &c. And that lady has ever since, among most people, had the credit of this "derangement of epitaphs." But what Mrs. Malaprop did really say is to be found in act iv. scene 2 of the "Rivals," and her words were these:—"No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman." The real place, after all, of the expression "comparisons are odorous" is the common refuge of all quotations—Shakspeare. In "Much Ado about Nothing," act iii., scene 5, we find these words:—

Verges. Yes, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogberry. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

CLASSICAL QUOTATIONS are not so much in fashion now as they used to be, but good *jeux d'esprit* on the well-known passages of our boyhood are always amusing. This, for instance, is not a bad one:—"Cæsar captivos sub coronâ vendidit." "Cæsar sold the captives for less than five shillings."

A *New Novel*, entitled *GRACE SELWODE*, an old-fashioned Story, by Julia Goddard, will be commenced as soon as "On Silver Wings" is completed, and be continued weekly.

The authors of the articles in *ONCE A WEEK* reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

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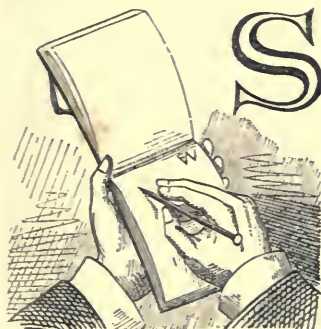
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SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY A GEOLOGIST.



SOMETIMES I have fancied that, of the good things of this world, the geologists get a sort of Benjamin's mess. There is, however, an important difference between their case and that of the Hebrew patriarch; for I imagine the latter could scarcely have benefited by his five-fold allowance. His brothers, no doubt, had quite as much as they could eat and drink, and it would have been no advantage to him to have over-eaten himself. The "Jolly Hammerers," however, are quite able to utilize all their large share of good fortune.

We have it on eminent authority that their science, "in the magnitude and sublimity of the objects of which it treats, undoubtedly ranks, in the scale of the sciences, next to astronomy."* It takes them far afield—along the sea coast, through winding valleys, into sombre ravines, and to the mountain's loftiest peaks—to give them glimpses of nature in her grandest and loveliest moods and aspects; it secures them plenty of exercise, fresh air, and good appetites; it constantly introduces them to "queer chaps" and "rum customers;" and it frequently lodges them in wayside inns—to encounter amusing adventures, to study local usages, and to exhume social fossils and remains of a folk-lore hastening to extinction.

* Sir J. Herschel's "Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy," par. 323.

I received my first lesson in geology at Lyme Regis, very soon after I had entered my teens. A labourer whom I was observing accidentally broke a large stone of blue lias, and thus disclosed a fine ammonite—the first fossil of any kind that I had ever seen or heard of. In reply to my exclamation—

"What's that?"

The workman said, with a sneer—

"If you had read the Bible, you'd know what 'tis."

"I *have* read the Bible. But what has that to do with it?"

"In the Bible, we're told there was once a flood that covered all the world. At that time, all the rocks were mud, and the different things that were drowned were buried in it. That there's a snake that was buried that way. There are lots of 'em, and other things besides, in the rocks and stones hereabouts."

"A snake! But where's his head?"

"You must read the Bible, I tell 'ee, and then you'll find out why 'tis that some of these snakes in the rocks aint got no heads. We're told there that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. That's how 'tis."

The lapse of seven years brought me a second time into contact with geology. A few of my brother villagers started a reading club, and I became a member. We met in a dame's schoolroom, at eight o'clock on every Thursday evening during the winter; paying no rent, but providing our own candles and fuel. Our practice was for one member to read aloud, whilst the others listened. One of our laws secured to any member the privilege of stopping the reader for the purpose of asking a question, stating an objection, criticizing, commenting, or amplifying; and the law was by no means a dead letter. Amongst other books, we read Rowland Hill's "Village Dialogues," Chalmers's "Astronomical Discourses," and

Dick's "Christian Philosopher." The last was the greatest favourite, and not only provoked much remark, but sometimes set us experimenting. I remember, on one occasion, a member, somewhat irregular in his attendance, coming late to the meeting, and finding us all, save one, standing round a large earthenware pitcher, each having his fingers in his ears, and between his teeth one end of a long stick, the other end of which rested on the pitcher; whilst the expected member was on his knees, speaking into the vessel itself. On entering the room, the new arrival exclaimed—"What on earth are you at? Are you all mad?" In order to satisfy our friend that, though appearances were undoubtedly against us, we were *not* mad, it was only necessary to read to him the following passage:—"Two persons who have stopped their ears may converse with each other when they hold a long stick, or series of sticks, between their teeth, or rest their teeth against them. The effect is the same if the person who speaks rests the stick against his throat or breast, or when one rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks; and the effect will be the greater the more the vessel is capable of tremulous motion."* We were putting the assertion to the test of experiment.

The "Philosopher" contained a Geological section (pp. 246—258). On reaching this the reader paused, announced what was immediately before us, and remarked that, as geology was very likely to be extremely dry, and as many good men thought it dangerous, if not decidedly infidel in its teachings, he would propose that the section should not be read. This was carried by acclamation; and the reader passed on to astronomy.

Whilst yet a young geologist, I gladly availed myself of an introduction to the late Professor Jameson, during a visit to Edinburgh. Finding that it was my intention to visit the Isle of Arran, he gave me much valuable information respecting its geology, and closed with the following hint:—

"On your return, I hope you will call on me again; when the first question I shall ask, will probably be, 'Did you write your notes on the spot, or at the inn at the close of the day?' If you reply, 'On the spot,' I

shall be glad to hear them; but if not, I am afraid I shall not think them of much value."

In fact, the Professor was a great forerunner of the eminent Captain Cuttle: in the most literal sense, his motto seems to have been, "*When found, make a note of.*" From that time I have acted on the suggestion. Hence the scraps that are here brought together.

SEEKING A DORMITORY.

I once spent a summer morning in a quarry of yellowish argillaceous deposits. The commencement of the day was fine, but not assured. Its beauty was somewhat enhanced by a suspicious indication of eventual rain, which was strengthened by the fact that several immediately preceding days had been very wet. About eleven o'clock it accordingly began to rain, but so gently as not to interfere seriously with my work; and as the sky for some time seemed not to have quite decided on its course of action, I continued to seek and extract fossils. Soon after noon, however, all hesitation was abandoned; the rain became so very decided and energetic, that there was nothing for me but to seek a temporary home. The nearest town was several miles distant; but I strode rapidly on, through the heavy rain and abundant mud, soon becoming thoroughly wet through, whilst my clothing failed not to testify to the colour of the deposits in the quarry where my morning had been spent. Had the question been put respecting my appearance, I must undoubtedly have replied that it was be-draggled, pitiable, and utterly unclean. My only thought, however, was that of reaching the town, in which, though an entire stranger, I knew there were plenty of inns. At length, I stood at the bar of the principal hotel, but was told that they were quite full, and could not make up another bed. Application to the next inn produced the same result, and so on to the sixth. The case had now become serious; and at length the truth flashed on me that my appearance was neither respectable nor assuring, and that my ability to pay was probably doubted. Acting under this idea, I placed ten sovereigns on my palm, and, with open and outstretched hand, proceeded to the next house which promised "Good entertainment for man and beast," and asked, "Can I have a bed?" The effect was magical. "Certainly,

* "Christian Philosophy." Sixth Edition, p. 405 (1834).

sir," was the immediate response. Everything was done to make me comfortable; and in a short time I was enjoying an excellent meal, and laughing over my adventure.

One evening, when about to enter a small village, delightfully situated on the right bank and near the mouth of a small tidal river, I was informed by a native that there were two inns, but that the Jolly Sailor was the better. To it, accordingly, my steps were directed. At the house, a man—who proved to be "mine host"—was operating on a large pig, which he had just killed, opened, and suspended in the doorway. Ingress was out of the question so long as the man retained his place; and as he seemed in no hurry to move, I asked—

"Do you suppose I can get a bed here to-night?"

"That you can, sir, and anything you like to eat and drink."

"That promises so well, I will, with your leave, go in and order a substantial tea at once, for I am tired and hungry."

"Certainly, sir. Do 'ee walk in, and take a seat in the kitchen. I would ax 'ee to go into the parlour, but you zee I've killed this 'ere pig, and my missus is in the parlour 'bout the puddens. Missus's mother 'll attend to you."

It must be understood that the "kitchen" of a village inn is the room in which the resident toppers spend their evenings, and where the innkeeper and his family take their meals. Usually, it is much more comfortable than the rarely used mouldy parlour.

Into this room I accordingly went, found "missus's mother," and making known my wishes, she soon placed a homely, substantial meal of ham rashers, eggs, butter, and home-made bread before me. The amount of butter placed on the table was the only defective part of the spread. It was certainly not larger than a walnut; and as I hesitated whether to transfer it to my plate at once, or to go through the form of "cutting and coming again," the venerable hostess, who saw and interpreted the situation, exclaimed—

"Don't 'ee be 'fraid of the butter, sir. There's plenty more in the 'ouze; but we like to have the scraps used up fust."

As soon, therefore, as I had "used up the scraps," she placed a fresh pound on the table, and pressingly said—

"Do 'ee take your filth, sir." (Provincialism for fill.)

On another occasion I found myself in a small fishing village, where there were but two inns. Repairing to the better of them—which, however, was very humble—and finding that I could have a bed, I desired to see the room. As it proved to be "double-bedded," I remarked to my conductor—

"Of course, no one is to sleep in the second bed?"

"Oh, yes, sir—another gentleman has taken that."

"Then I must go to the other inn, unless you can let me have a room to myself."

"I'm very sorry; but this is the only room we have."

"I'm sorry too, but it can't be helped."

"The other gentleman is Mr. Johnson, the Jew; and I assure you, sir, he is a very nice gentleman to sleep with."

"No doubt, no doubt; but I'll take your word for that. As I have not the pleasure of knowing him, I must decline to take the bed. Good evening."

I then proceeded to the other inn, secured a bed, which I occupied two nights. When I left, a few hours' walk brought me to a village adjacent to an enormous and famous slate quarry, which I proposed making the scene of my labours. Before visiting it, however, I went to the only inn in the village, where the following conversation took place:—

"Can you kindly accommodate me with a bed to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pardon my stipulating for a single-bedded room—or, at any rate, that I have the room to myself."

"I'm very sorry to say, sir, that our only room has two beds in it; and that one of them has been taken by Mr. Johnson, the Jew. He is an uncommon nice gentleman to sleep with."

"So I am informed; but I must go to the next village. Good day."

It proved that Mr. Johnson was a Jew pedlar; and I had unfortunately taken his route, and the period of his trade journey. Happily, I did not again encounter him.

With a companion, I, one summer evening, reached a very humble wayside inn in central Wales. Finding that the next was several miles distant, and that we could

have beds, we decided on going no farther. Our hostess was a kind, cleanly Amazon, who did her best to make us comfortable. On retiring for the night, as there was no lock on the bed-room door, I placed a couple of chairs against it, so that no intruder could enter without making sufficient noise to arouse me. Thanks to this arrangement, my first nap was broken almost as soon as it began; and, on springing up, I found the muscular landlady had effected an entrance, notwithstanding my barricade.

"What is it?" I exclaimed.

"I'm come to tuck 'oo in, sir."

"Oh, no, thank you—I never require it. Do go away, as I wish to go to sleep."

She at once withdrew; and, as I learnt next morning, made my friend a visit, with the same purpose and a similar result. In short, it proved to be the custom of the district for the mistress of the house to "tuck in" her guests every night.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER L.

AN UNEXPECTED ALLY.

DIANA, waking after her night of fitful slumber, her dreams half spent in realms of happiness and half in regions of despair, came at once to the remembrance of what had taken place on the previous evening.

It was too strongly impressed upon her mind for her to have the slightest doubt concerning her impressions—nay, she had even been unconsciously arranging her plans during the night. Her brain had worked on, despite the sleep that had laid her other senses to rest; and the first words she said to herself were—

"There is something definite to go upon; the Signorina will advise me now."

And on the whole—though she knew that John Carteret, through his marriage, was now separated from her for ever—she felt more contented, more settled, stronger, more hopeful of the future than she had done since her engagement to Jasper.

"I did not love him as I ought to have done. I was only trying to do right," she said; "and this is just one of those seeming accidents that mould one's path, and send one straight, and show one what to do. Nothing happens by chance."

And then she fell into a reverie—for the

thought brought up much that John Carteret had said to her.

"Every life planned," she murmured; "every hair of your head numbered. Not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed. Complete and minute supervision. In the millions and millions of human beings, each life isolated and individual—a perfect life in itself, fully chaptered out, fully recognized, fully dealt with. No massing together, no human distinctions made; each a soul, as important as all other souls, struggling its way through the world man thinks so great, so all-important, to the greater after-world he often thinks so lightly of."

She descended to breakfast. Mrs. Seaton was not coming down. She seldom did now.

"Mrs. Seaton had sent to see if there were any letters for her," said the butler.

"One, Smith."

Then Diana turned to look at her own three. One from Jasper, which she opened first. He would be at home in less than a week: by that time, he hoped that everything would be completed. And then he entered into a long description of the beauties of the coast scenery.

Diana tossed it aside with a half-contemptuous laugh. She should never go there. Her old antagonism was rising. She was beginning to hate Jasper; and yet throughout the letter there breathed forth such a pathos of passionate love, that the laugh ended in a half-sigh, and she said—

"Poor Jasper!—I suppose he likes me."

Then she took up one of the other letters, and looked for a moment at the address: it was in a hand she did not recognize. She looked at the post-mark—Marchington; and she wondered who could be writing to her from Marchington. It was a lady's hand. It must be some one whom she had met with when she was abroad. And without much feeling of interest, she opened it.

John Carteret's writing!

A short farewell letter, at the head of which was written, "To be sent after my death."

After death!

She trembled so violently that the letter fell from her hand, the blood in her veins seemed to cease flowing, and her heart scarcely seemed to beat. She sat speechless—senseless almost—for the blow was so terrible.

Dead! And he had loved her to the last.

Dead! Not married!

She could not understand. How should she? The letter told her nothing. Not one word of explanation. It simply brought the fact before her that he was dead—that his last thought had been of her—that he had loved her truly to the end. And now it was over!

She sat there in her misery—not moving, scarcely breathing—with no power to utter one single moan to relieve her overcharged heart. Her eyes were fixed in vacant horror on the fallen letter, which she was too much stupefied to pick up. Its envelope, however, still lay on the table beside the remaining letter. And all at once, raising her eyes, she saw it; and it struck her that the handwriting was the same. And, looking closer, she perceived that "Open this first" was written upon it. It might give her some information. And yet, what information could it give her but the account of his death?

It was a long time before she could summon up sufficient courage to look into it; and then she was afraid to read the sorrowful record that she knew she should find there. It was a long letter; and she turned to the signature.

"Alice Carteret!"

His sister! The girl she had seen at Thale. She covered her face with her hands, and tried to nerve herself to read the letter.

At length she began; and, as she read, her face grew brighter—her eyes eagerly devoured the contents—she hurried on—she read to the end. She paused, breathless, and burst into a passion of weeping.

Not dead! Thank God, not dead!—though very ill. There might be time. If she could see him once again before he died!

"By accident! The letter came by accident," his sister said.

No accident, Diana knew; but the sequel to the paper she had found the evening before.

She gathered up her letters; and before many minutes had elapsed, was on her way to the Neris' cottage.

The Neris were early people; their matins had been over long ago. Signor Neri was away at the organ, and Signora Neri was seated by the fireside, working at some beautiful embroidery she had learned to do among the nuns abroad.

"What is it, *carissima*?" she asked, as Diana flew into the room, throwing herself down beside her friend, and, after vainly trying to make her quivering lips frame the words she wished to speak, burst into tears, and sobbed so vehemently that Signora Neri was alarmed, and wondered what fresh trouble had happened to her. But she said nothing. She gently unfastened her mantle, and took off her hat; and then she stroked her hair soothingly, whilst fresh bursts of sobbing prevented Diana from yet speaking. At last she grew calmer and calmer; and then she drew her letters forth, and said—

"Read—read!" and she hid her face in the folds of Signora Neri's dress.

And Signora Neri read; and as she did so, the colour mounted to her brow.

"I was right," she muttered to herself—"there was treachery somewhere. Giuseppe was right. The spirit of the Sybil was aroused in a foreign land. The colder hearts of the north judge not as we of warm southern blood. *Poverina carina!—carina!*" she said aloud. "What can I do for thee?"

"Signora, I must go to him," said Diana, springing up. "I must go to him. May I not?" she asked, imploringly.

"Surely, *carina*—who would forbid thee?"

"Mrs. Seaton—every one—every one but you. But I must go. There is no time to lose. You must tell me, Signora—you are older—you know more of life than I do. *He* would not think I should not come. *He* loves me still, Signora. Shall I not go and see him once, when he is dying, Signora—dying?"

"Thou shalt go, poor child! Giuseppe and I will go with thee," answered Signora Neri. "None shall prevent thee."

And the quick Italian blood rose in the pale face, and Signora Neri felt the glow of youth come upon her in her fervent sympathy with Diana. Ah! could it have been only so with Ercolo and herself, what a life-consolation it would have been. If she had only heard him breathe once more "*Orsola!*" with his dying lips, she would have heard it still vibrating, like an angel-whisper, calling her to another world. But Ercolo had been married, and John Carteret was not.

And so John Carteret was true, and Jasper Seaton was false. She understood not how it had been yet—that was at present incomprehensible. But she felt that Our Lady

of the Sorrowful Heart had taken heed to the many prayers she had offered in Diana's behalf, though the answer was so sad a one.

"*Carissima*," she said, "the Good Shepherd hath pity on His sheep. He will lead thee tenderly. Our Lady hath heard me."

Diana, however, scarcely heeded the whispered comfort. Her heart was full of one thought only—she should see John Carteret once more; should speak to him, and hear him speak once more. The pent-up feelings that she had restrained through the strong principle that he had implanted in her soul had burst their bounds; the barriers of endurance that she had upbuilt were broken down. They had done their work—they had been strong walls about her soul—they had kept the wings that bore her onward uncrushed, uninjured; but now the time of waiting was at an end, the time of patient endurance over, the time for action had come. Another epoch of her life was ended, a cycle of suffering completed—perhaps only to give place to a still greater one.

And now for action.

She had travelled very little in England. She knew nothing of lines, and trains, and distances; and Signora Neri knew still less.

"Giuseppe will tell us. He will be at home soon."

But Diana was too restless to wait. She would go to the station, and make all inquiries, and they would start by the first train; and she left Signora Neri, promising to be back again without delay.

"But the station is far—thou wilt be weary."

"I could fly," returned Diana. "I can feel no fatigue."

"Our Lady be blessed for ever," ejaculated Signora Neri as Diana disappeared. "*Ave Maria!* who hast not been unmindful of my supplications for my darling. The truth is brought to life in spite of falseness. The enemy shall not triumph. Nay, Giuseppe, who had the keener sense, thou or I? And yet thy music told thee true—the child's heart is with her lover still, and hath been; and her soul's anguish hath been greater than I have reckoned. Now may all be well; and, in the last farewell, may the great peace that reunited souls shall know in Paradise, overshadow the wrongly parted ones."

Diana sped along, pale, agitated, yet full of sudden determination that would have

surprised even Jasper Seaton, well as he knew her. She was so absorbed that she did not notice the tall figure that, with stately step, approached her.

"Diana!"

And Diana found herself face to face with Miss Pyecroft. She had not seen her for a long time; there had been a mutual feeling of uncomfortableness, though perhaps neither could have satisfactorily accounted for it. But to-day Miss Pyecroft involuntarily stopped—for the look of distress, almost of agony, on the girl's face startled her. It was too real to pass unnoticed; and a throb of something more weak-minded than might have been expected from Miss Pyecroft's rigid exterior moved her heart. It was the first time that she had ever felt a sentiment of anything like pity for Diana; and, in spite of herself, this softer feeling took possession of her. She had never liked Jasper Seaton; and, by some strange intuition, Diana's visible emotion in some way connected itself with this dislike of hers.

"Poor thing!—perhaps she is not happy, after all," was Miss Pyecroft's inward comment, as she exclaimed—"Diana!"

Diana looked at her with a fixed, stony look. She only felt that Miss Pyecroft was a hindrance, and would have passed on. But the unusual look caused Miss Pyecroft to ask—

"What is the matter, Di?"

There was a gentler inflection in the voice than Diana had ever heard before, and somehow it inspired her with confidence; and a new idea flashed into her mind. Miss Pyecroft was a clever woman of business, and might give her the information she wanted better than it could be obtained at the railway station. Then, too, Miss Pyecroft was strong-minded, and had a certain share of common sense in worldly matters. And yet Miss Pyecroft was one of her antipathies. She looked up inquiringly.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Pyecroft, beginning to feel somewhat alarmed. "Any trouble at the Manor House?"

"No," quivered forth Diana's trembling lips.

"There is something the matter somewhere," said Miss Pyecroft, in a determined voice. "You are not fit to be going anywhere by yourself. You can scarcely stand."

For Diana suddenly brought to a pause, agitation supervened the excitement which had hitherto supported her.

Miss Pycroft laid her hand on her shoulder.

"Come with me," she said. "We are close by Brierly House. You can come in, and tell me what is the matter, and I will advise and suggest what is to be done."

At any other time, Diana would have rebelled against such a suggestion; but she was so completely overpowered, that she felt willing to be led by any one who could give her help; and the unfeigned pity which betrayed itself in Miss Pycroft's voice had its due effect. She suffered herself to be led along by Miss Pycroft; who, without saying another word, turned her steps homeward, and paused not until she had reached her own door.

"I'm glad Letitia and Sophia are absent for an hour or two," she said to herself. "They would otherwise fall into all sorts of untenable speculations."

Then she marshalled Diana into her private parlour; and, making her sit down, unlocked a cupboard, and taking a decanter therefrom, poured out a glass of wine.

"If you don't take it, you'll faint; and you must not do that, with all you have to tell me. Drink it."

Diana obeyed, and Miss Pycroft sat down opposite to her.

"Now, my dear, what is it?"

Miss Pycroft had assumed a magisterial and inquisitorial air; and yet with it was mingled a shade of tenderness that sat rather awkwardly upon her, and which, though real, gave her manner a certain constraint and unnaturalness. She waited for Diana's answer; and Diana, collecting her thoughts, and doubtful at what portion of her story to begin, began at the very end of it, and stammered out—

"I want to know the time of the trains to Marchington."

Miss Pycroft slowly put on her spectacles, and gazed at the girl, who looked up at her as if her life depended on the answer she should receive. Could she be in her senses?

"Marchington!" she ejaculated. "Who on earth wants to go to Marchington?"

"I do; and Signor Neri and his sister are going with me."

More and more incomprehensible, thought Miss Pycroft, not relaxing in her scrutiny.

"And what are you going to Marchington for?"

"Mr. Carteret is dying, and I am going to see him before he dies."

And the pale lips grew whiter, and the look of agony dilated the eyes. Diana gave a great choking sob, and then was still again.

Had Miss Pycroft been shot, she could not have leaped up more suddenly than she did at Diana's words. She was in many respects a shrewd, clever woman, in spite of the idiosyncrasies that closed her eyes to much that passed around her. But when her eyes began to open at all, she saw in a tolerably comprehensive manner, and she swept the whole of the last two years into a rapid epitome that would not have been unworthy of a higher genius. Then she gradually drew from Diana the main facts of the case; and though Diana could only tell her that things were as they were, without being able to explain why, and did not show to her, as she had shown to Signora Neri, the memorandum of Madame de Mouline, nor yet mention Jasper's name, still Miss Pycroft, waxing firmer in her prejudices against Jasper Seaton, had no doubt in her own mind but that he was in some way at the root of the matter.

"There is no train to Marchington," was Miss Pycroft's first and most unexpected observation, given in a meditative manner.

Diana clutched her arm nervously.

"No through train, I mean. Let me see," and she took up a Bradshaw. She had conquered Bradshaw, and felt it was no mean triumph; but it had been the result of hours of laborious study. She turned over the leaves. "Marchington—Overton—Rillsford—yes—starting from the station here at two—catch express—two hours to wait—Government train—stoppage—ten—twelve. Yes, that will be it—clear enough."

But it was anything but clear to Diana, who became more and more mystified.

"Yes," said Miss Pycroft, turning to Diana. "By starting away from here at two o'clock, we catch the mail train, wait two hours at Rillsford, then go direct to Marchington, with only one change. We get into Marchington at four o'clock in the morning. You can stand a night journey, I suppose?"

"I can stand anything," answered Diana, revived by the precision with which Miss Pycroft had sketched out the route; "and the Neri's will not mind."

"Pooh, my dear. The Neri's are not going. You can't be running all over England with foreigners who know nothing of our ways, either railway or social," returned Miss Pycroft. "It wouldn't do at all. I

shall go with you myself, and then no one can say anything against it."

"You, Miss Pyecroft!" was all that Diana in her surprise could answer.

"I. I have taken a retrospect of the past two years, and have determined that this is the right step to take. Mr. Carteret is a clergyman of the Church of England. I have misjudged him, but I know what is due to the clergy. Having made up my mind, nothing moves me. I go with you. I shall be at the Manor House, in the Broadmead fly, at one o'clock."

For a moment, Diana stood doubtful whether or not she should accept the proposal; but from Miss Pyecroft's decisions there was never any appeal; and as all the advantages it offered flashed upon her, she was inclined almost to fall into the heterodoxy of Miss Letty and Miss Sophia, and to have strong faith in Miss Pyecroft's infallibility.

"It is much better," said Signora Neri, surprised to see Diana so soon again. "You do not mind that woman *terribile*, who do understand travelling. With her can you not go wrong?"

And Diana went her way to the Manor House, half wondering whether all her life she had not been doing injustice to Miss Pyecroft.

CHAPTER LI.

THE LAST OF BROADMEAD.

A FRESH difficulty presented itself to Diana as she walked up from the dolphin-crowned iron gates to the Manor House. What was she to say to Mrs. Seaton, and how explain to her this sudden journey?

She was naturally a good deal agitated. She knew that she was taking a very decided and important step; and although she in no way drew back from it, she was not blind to the difficulties she should have to encounter.

Mrs. Seaton had not yet come down: she seldom did until luncheon time, so Diana went to speak to her.

"Where have you been all the morning, Diana? Prime says she saw you flying along the avenue directly after breakfast. You might have come to inquire how I was; and I wanted to say several things to you, for I had a long letter from Jasper, and there seem to be a good many things yet that we shall have to consider."

Diana sat down, for she trembled so that she could scarcely stand.

"You will bring on palpitations if you fly about in this ridiculous manner," said Mrs. Seaton. "I suppose you have been to the Neris, and have all but scampered across the fields. You really should be more dignified now that you are going to be married, Di. Besides, it is very injurious. Moderate exercise is all very well; but these violent exertions I don't approve of, and you will be quite ill when Jasper comes home."

"I shall be away when Jasper comes home," answered Diana, speaking very slowly, so as to ensure her words coming out clearly and steadily. "I am going to Marchington this afternoon."

And she looked fixedly at Mrs. Seaton.

"Are you mad, Diana?" asked Mrs. Seaton—noting, for the first time, the strange, agonized expression of the girl's face.

"No," replied Diana, her nerve rising now that she had made a plunge—"I am not mad. John Carteret is dying at Marchington, and I am going to see him before he dies."

Mrs. Seaton turned as white as Diana, and Diana thought she appeared as if about to faint.

"How do you know? What do you mean?" she stammered out.

"By a fortunate mistake," said Diana, gaining more and more courage, "a letter that I ought not to have received until after Mr. Carteret's death was posted by accident. A second letter from his sister explains it; and I learn that John Carteret is not married, and that he has never loved any one but me. He has been true to me—truer than I have been; and now he is dying, and I am going to him."

"Absurd—pray don't talk such nonsense, Diana. You are engaged to Jasper. You can't go. You must not go. I never heard of such a thing."

But Diana's old spirit had returned.

"I am going, and nothing shall hinder me. I love John Carteret with all my heart, and soul, and strength. I do not care for Jasper."

And she walked out of the room, leaving Mrs. Seaton in a state bordering upon frenzy. What would Jasper say? What would he do? What could Mrs. Seaton do to prevent it? Perhaps she could persuade Diana to wait until Jasper's return.

After awhile she rang the bell.

"Prime, tell Miss Ellis I wish to speak to her again."

Diana did not come immediately. She was heaping her clothes into a trunk, scarcely knowing what she was doing, and yet selecting with strange instinctive discrimination. When she had ended her task, she returned to Mrs. Seaton's room.

"I am sorry to hear about Mr. Carteret's illness, Di. But I dare say it is not so bad as you imagine. You had better wait until Jasper returns, and then he can go to Marchington, and see all about it. It is not proper for you to go alone."

"I am not going alone. Miss Pyecroft is going with me."

"Miss Pyecroft!—a meddling old goose. What right has she to interfere in other people's business?" asked Mrs. Seaton, waxing wroth again.

"She thinks I ought not to go with the Neris."

"With the Neris? I should think not. Then it is as I could well imagine. Those scheming, plotting, disreputable foreigners are at the bottom of this conspiracy to bring you and that poverty-stricken curate together again. It is shameful."

Diana sprang towards Mrs. Seaton.

"Silence!" she exclaimed, in so imperative a voice that Mrs. Seaton shrank back, muttering to herself—

"I believe she is a tigress."

"Silence!" repeated Diana. "Say nothing against John Carteret or my friends. I have been deceived, betrayed, imposed upon, and you know it, and Jasper too. Give him this paper when he returns, and tell him to think no more of me, for I am almost beginning to hate him again."

She tossed Madame de Mouline's memorandum, which she had enclosed in an envelope, upon the table, and was turning away.

"Stop!" said Mrs. Seaton. "I wish you to understand one thing—if you leave my house in this extraordinary manner, you do not return to it."

"I have no wish to do so," replied Diana. "I do not intend it."

And yet, until that moment, this necessity had never occurred to her. Now it seemed all at once clear to her that the Manor House could never be a home for her again, and a feeling of wonder passed across her mind that she had not thought of it before. Even now she did not realize how much

was comprehended in that necessity; the evil of the present being all-sufficient to overpower every thought of the future. Her indignation, also, at her own suffering and at John Carteret's suffering—brought about, as she now firmly believed, through Jasper and Mrs. Seaton, though she understood not how—drove away every sentiment of gratitude that she might otherwise have felt for their long care of her. Grief, fear, perplexity, anxiety, had wrought her up almost to madness.

"I never wish to see Broadmead again," she said, passionately.

"And I never wish to see you here again," returned Mrs. Seaton, as warmly. "Unruly, passionate, insolent, ungrateful to the end; turning against your benefactors, when you should remember that to them you owe food, clothing, shelter, everything. Even the very money that is enabling you to perform this act of insubordination has been furnished by my infatuated son."

They were bitter words—the more bitter for the truth they contained. Diana drew out her purse, into which she had crammed all the money that Jasper had so liberally supplied—and so delicately, that she had never thought of it in this aspect before. She laid it on the table beside the letter, and walked out of the room.

"I have no money," she said to Miss Pyecroft as she entered the fly. "Will you lend me some?"

"I have thought of everything," answered Miss Pyecroft. Then, turning to the driver, "Drive slowly," she said, "to the station. I have allowed sufficient time for you to proceed carefully."

And so Diana left Broadmead.

In the whirl of excitement she realized nothing, cared for nothing, thought of nothing but John Carteret—dying, perhaps dead, before she could reach him. And she sank back in the corner of the carriage in a sort of lethargy.

Miss Pyecroft, on the contrary, was in her element. She had undertaken a mission; she was of importance. Things had been rather dull of late at Broadmead, and there had been no special occasion on which she could assert the superior force of the Pyecroft nature. Moreover, she felt an unwonted sentiment of pity for Diana—wherefore she could not imagine, unless it were that Miss Pyecroft experienced a certain twinge of self-reproach at the possible share

which she might have had in bringing matters to their present position. She hoped she had been in no way an accessory, and yet she was not altogether easy in her mind. So they travelled on.

And Mrs. Seaton sat down, and wrote to her son.

An incoherent letter, and not accurate as to facts, though it carried a true impression. "Mr. Carteret has written to Diana, and she has left Broadmead, and gone to him." Later on, it occurred to her to telegraph; but the telegram contained no explanations; it simply said—"You are wanted at Broadmead at once. Come home."

And, owing to his having wandered away, and not returning to his hotel until late the next day, Jasper received the telegram and the letter together.

He started home at once, travelled without stopping, and reached Broadmead, pale and haggard, on the evening of the second day after Diana's departure.

"Where is she?" he asked his mother.

"At Marchington. Perhaps this will explain."

And she gave him Diana's letter.

He opened it, but found only his sister's memorandum.

"The ——! Where did she get this? How could I have been so confoundedly careless! It ought to have been destroyed long ago. I should have made it all right without this to remind me. She's had as much and more spent upon her, and all in the end would have been hers."

So he justified himself, in answer to what he knew her thoughts must be.

"I told her so," said Mrs. Seaton, vaguely, supposing that some allusion to money was made. "Her purse is heavy enough, but she would not take it."

"And she went without money! How could you let her do so, mother?"

"How could I let her go?—the ungrateful, wilful creature! I always said she was a heathen. I believe it now. She's gone; and, thank goodness, she's not coming back again."

Jasper groaned. He laid his head upon his hands, whilst Mrs. Seaton went on vituperating Diana to her heart's content. Her son seemed not to hear her at first—then he suddenly looked up.

"Mother," he said, "be silent. I love her."

Mrs. Seaton paused in surprise. If he

had not been her son, her idol, she would have asked, "Are you such a fool?" As it was, she said—

"Now? Still! And are you going to Marchington after her?"

"To what end?" he answered, bitterly.

And then a new idea arose.

"Is she alone?"

"No. Miss Pyecroft, of all people, went with her."

"Miss Pyecroft!"

"Yes—Miss Pyecroft accompanies her to see her dying lover," returned Mrs. Seaton, with a slight sneer.

"Dying!"

"Yes—dying or dead, he may be, from the fuss that was made. He may be dead, for all I know."

"Dead!" repeated Jasper, a sudden inspiration of hope returning once more. He had triumphed over every obstacle, so far; why might not fortune still favour him? If death should come to give him one more chance, he might even yet triumph. "Yes, he would go to Marchington. He ought to go. He was Diana's guardian. He could explain his own way. He had committed no actual fraud. Diana would have her legacy. She had had it already, in one sense. He had no intention of withholding it. And as for John Carteret, with regard to him, he had only repeated what he had heard. And if John Carteret had chosen to give up Diana without sufficient inquiry, was it any fault of his? Yes, he would go to Marchington. Dying, dying—perhaps dead!" he muttered to himself.

And his face lighted up, and his heart leaped up fiercely; for, with all his shortcomings, he loved Diana fervently, passionately!

CHAPTER LII.

AT REST.

AT Rillsford, Miss Pyecroft insisted upon Diana's taking some refreshment before they proceeded upon their journey. Miss Pyecroft had made some miscalculation, or—as she would not admit that possibility—there must have been some change in the trains, which would throw them out, and which obliged them to stay longer at Rillsford than she had expected; consequently, it was past nine o'clock the following morning before they reached Marchington.

Cold, raw, miserable. Diana shuddered

as she looked from the windows of the carriage—everything seemed so dreary. They drove from the station to an hotel. Diana, restless and anxious, would have gone on at once to Belford-street; but Miss Pyecroft, having studied the letter, decided that the danger was not immediate—that John Carteret might be in a hopefully critical state—and that any sudden shock would be dangerous. So she delayed going for a time.

"I had better go first and prepare him, and then return for you."

But to this, Diana would not listen. She would not let Miss Pyecroft go without her.

"I will wait in the fly until you have explained," she said; "but I cannot stay here alone."

So they started; and as they left the better streets, and turned into the less imposing ones, Diana's heart sank to think of where John Carteret—without one word of love from her—had been dwelling these two years, whilst she had revelled in luxury.

Belford-street!

John! John! Was he alive? She seemed to breathe with difficulty.

But Miss Pyecroft was a host in herself.

"How is Mr. Carteret to-day?" she inquired of the servant who opened the door.

"A little better, ma'am."

Miss Pyecroft turned to Diana with the welcome news. "Stay here, my dear," she added, "until I come for you."

So Miss Pyecroft, asking to see Miss Carteret, entered the house; and Diana nestled back into a corner of the fly, and took a survey of the humble residence in which John Carteret had lived, and from whence he had gone forth to his labours.

Perhaps for a moment she remembered what he had said to her about poverty, and felt how hard a thing it must be to bear; but the next instant she knew that she could have borne it cheerfully, willingly, thankfully with John Carteret;—that she could, with him, have realized the great truth put forth by the Master, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesses." When that truth is understood by man as a truth, and not merely as a sublime utterance, then, and not until then, is man a monarch, and the world a conquered country at his feet.

She peeped out cautiously, noting each belonging of the house, that seemed to her wealth-accustomed eyes all the poorer from the neat and respectable air of everything

about it, which gave it a stamp of something higher, suggesting a sort of defiance of the humble means of the indwellers, and planting a prouder standard above them. And, as she gazed thus furtively from her corner, wondering which room was occupied by John Carteret, there suddenly appeared at the lower window a white face, which looked out listlessly, and then vanished.

Diana shrank farther back. *He* must not see her. And she remained as one fascinated—her eyes steadily watching the window, to see if the face appeared again. But it did not. Diana was in a dream. She sat motionless. She had seen John Carteret. She had uttered no cry. She had received no shock. Something had deadened all her faculties, and made her very quiet; and she neither seemed to hear nor see, though her eyes were strained after another glimpse of the vision.

It must be hours, she thought, since Miss Pyecroft had entered the house. How long it seemed! Perhaps *his* sister would not let her see *him*. The idea fastened upon her strongly. Perhaps their meeting might be prevented, and she should have all the old pain to go through again. If she could only see him, only speak to him once. And she was so near. Would it be forbidden?

Her eye fell upon the street door, which was very slightly ajar. Perhaps, if she had weighed her impulse, she would not have acted upon it; but it took her by surprise. She opened the door of the fly, sprang out, and, gliding up the steps and into the passage, found herself with her hand upon the door of John Carteret's sitting-room.

The contact with the cold knob startled her, and she was drawing back, when a feeble voice said—

"Come in."

His voice! She hesitated no longer. She opened the door, and in another moment was at John Carteret's side.

"John!"

The colour came into the pale face, and then died away, as he gazed in wonder at the vision before him. Could it be real, or was it only a dream?

"Diana!"

She nestled closer to him. She threw her arms around him.

"John, John, it was not true—you do love me!"

But he did not answer. His head had fallen gently back, and his eyes were closed.

"John!" she almost shrieked, "speak to me!"

For an awful thought oppressed her—the sudden shock might have been too much for him.

But it was only a momentary faintness that had come over him. He opened his eyes slowly, and looked at her with the old look that she had thought of night and day.

"Di!" he said, wonderingly. "My own darling!"

"I have frightened you, John. I have come too suddenly. I ought to have let them tell you."

"It is over now," he said. "You must tell me some time how it all is. I only know that you are with me—that you are mine again—that it is all right for ever and ever."

He drew her closer to him; and, in one long kiss, their hearts met, and understood each other, never to misunderstand again.

Then there was a silence, but neither asked the other of the long parting that had come between them. It was at an end now: it was but as a thunder-cloud that had rolled over the heavens, to clear the way for a brighter, purer sunlight.

At rest. Even on earth there comes a rest at times, when the soul has struggled through doubts and difficulties, and, like the dove, has found the surging waters of the flood abated, and a dry place made upon the earth—a place of blossom, where the olive yields her fruit, and over which the rainbow casts its glowing splendour. And in the divine stillness of the peaceful hush, a voice is whispering in the heart of peace and joy, and man seems for a moment nigh to Heaven.

Miss Pyecroft and Alice Carteret talked on, engrossed in explanations that took longer than they were aware; and they were not yet fully through them when Miss Pyecroft suddenly exclaimed—

"Dear me! I had quite forgotten. That poor girl is sitting waiting. Will you go and see if your brother is able to see her?"

And Miss Pyecroft went to tell Diana of the result of her interview.

Alice hastened to her brother.

"I know your errand already," he said, smiling at his sister's astonishment. "Di found her way to me without the help of any one."

Alice Carteret turned towards Diana, who had sprung up at her entrance, and now

stood facing her. And she became more and more astonished, for the face was quite familiar to her. Where had she seen it before? Then all at once she remembered the girl she had seen at Thale.

"We have met before," she said, as Diana's shy, appealing glance met hers.

"At Thale," answered Diana. "Can you forgive me?" she added, impulsively. "It was not quite my fault." And then her eyes dropped down, and she asked, timidly, "What must you think of me?"

Alice Carteret glanced for a moment at her brother, into whose face such sudden light had come, and then into Diana's beseeching eyes. But she made no reply. She stretched out her arms, and Diana was in a moment clasped to her heart. She had found a sister.

Miss Pyecroft, looking in in search of Diana, withdrew hastily. A great sob—such as had not risen in the Pyecroft throat since the day of her father's funeral—choked the utterance of any speech with which she might have felt it her duty to improve the occasion. Therefore she retreated to the little back parlour; and, in spite of the dignity of the Pyecroft pedigree, the force of character on which she prided herself, and the innumerable proprieties which had surrounded her as moral and social *chevaux de frise*, Miss Pyecroft sat down, and had a regular good cry.

And, what was singular, when she recovered herself, she felt none the worse for it—indeed, rather the better. Possibly, too, Miss Pyecroft felt that, of all the missions she had undertaken in her life, this might not altogether be the most unsuccessful, and might be a crown twined of such grateful flowers that their fragrance would last and last into far distant days.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE "VITA NUOVA."

WINTER fled by on snowy wings, bearing Diana farther into the "new life," which had begun for her on that Sunday when she had first seen John Carteret.

Like the child-Dante gazing on his Beatrice, and gathering into his heart, through her, visions of fame, of glory, of beauty ineffable, and of perfection to be striven after—so had Diana awaked to a longing after something higher—awaked to a knowledge of herself, through the divine influence of soul on soul, until she came to

echo the words of Thekla, and to say also—

“— His alone

Is this *New Life* which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I,
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?”

There had been a wedding—a very quiet one, for the bridegroom was yet in feeble health, and the bride an orphan, without kith or kin. But a frank-hearted seafaring man had given the bride away, and settled upon the married ones a dower sufficient to meet their simple wants. The worthy captain accounted himself a stepfather to them now, through the approaching marriage of his son with the bridegroom's sister—for Charles Stanfield had fallen once more in love, this time to meet with a more successful issue; and Captain Stanfield was thoroughly satisfied with his choice.

Diana's wedding was perhaps a little hasty and premature; but it settled all difficulties—especially the important one as to home and guardianship.

Jasper Seaton had been persuaded to give his consent, through the last person he had ever thought would influence him. A circumstantial letter, written by Miss Pyecroft, which developed her knowledge and ignorance, moved him to make the best of what was ultimately inevitable, and had prevented his making his appearance at Marchington, to claim his ward.

He wrote to Diana. He pleaded his love in extenuation of all he had made her suffer, and he besought that he might convey to her Anne de Mouline's legacy.

At first, Diana refused; but again he urged it earnestly. “The money,” he said, “would cling to him like a poisoned robe—would sting him if he touched it. Would she not relent, and let him have the satisfaction of acting in accordance with his sister's wishes? You do not refuse my gift,” he concluded, “but you refuse hers, if you will persist in preventing my carrying out her last request. It may be that what you have been to me may yet bring forth fruit, even as she hoped. That remains for the future to reveal. Or it may be that my hopeless life may strand me more irretrievably on the shores of despair. One thing alone is certain—that I shall never feel you have forgiven me unless you let me fulfil the intention of her who, in life and in death, was the truest, most loving friend and sister that man ever had.”

And so Diana's pride gave way, also her indignation.

“Poor Jasper!” she ejaculated. And the remembrance of all his good deeds, his kindness—selfish though it had been—brought blinding tears into her eyes, that wiped away the stains that clung to him, and then passed from her mind for ever. For had she not regained her *Paradiso*, and was not her golden harp too well in tune to give forth one discordant note?

Then, too—as was her wont—she began to reproach herself, and to feel that there had been shortcomings on her part towards those who, in spite of these later misdoings, had lavishly bestowed upon the orphan all the luxuries of life, and given her a home without her having any tie upon them. She had written to Mrs. Seaton a long, grateful, and penitent letter, which Mrs. Seaton had thrown into the fire, saying—

“She never was like other girls, and I'm glad she has gone. If Jasper doesn't take it to heart, I shall be thankful that things have happened as they have done. And if Jasper is not a fool, he will soon find some one worth half a dozen of her.”

So argued Mrs. Seaton, so agreed Dr. and Mrs. Crawford; and Jasper went abroad again—his restless, irritable spirit not allowing him to settle down calmly at Broadmead.

It was in a cottage nigh the sea shore, in one of the southern counties, that John Carteret and his wife began their married life—how soon to end, none knew. But many shook their heads as they looked on the frail figure and spiritual countenance of John Carteret.

Yet, who could tell?—for the bruised reed oftentimes rears up its head, and the voice of the angel gathering in the harvest might yet be far in the distance.

“What thinkest thou, Giuseppe—will he live or die?” asked Signora Neri of her brother. “The child is so full of joy, of hope, of life, that one trembles; for it seems to me that Mr. Carteret fades before our eyes. What thinkest thou?—thy music can be no prophet here.”

Signor Neri looked grave.

“Who knows, my Orsola, what the end may be? But what matter! This life is but a short one at best, and the souls have met, and understood one another on earth; so that, in the long future of eternity, they shall not be separated.”

"Giuseppe, is not this strange doctrine?" asked his sister.

"I know not," he answered; "but as one grows older, and travels along the road that draweth nearer and nearer to the unseen country, one learns by the wayside many things that, at the outset, one was too thoughtless to perceive. But now, to me, the unseen seems more real than the seen, the future more our own than is the present; the present fleeting, the future everlasting; the world a shadow, and the golden city, with its jewel-flaming walls, substantial. Nay, but as travellers in an uncertain night, with failing strength and with frequent storm, do we grope onward. Were it not for the celestial rays that beam in the distance, our hearts would fail, and our footsteps falter. Nay, Orsola, to the unseen land alone do I look forward now. This earth lacks voices I have heard, and faces I have loved—souls that have given back response to mine; and I am yearning to find them *there*. So comes this longing to us all in time; until, in the last days, when the sun, and the moon, and the stars be darkened, we become impatient, and weary to go home."

Signora Neri looked at her brother in surprise. The old man's eye was lighted up with an expression such as she had never seen there before.

"What matter," he continued, "whether the one shall cross the river a little sooner than the other? The darkness on this side will be but for a while. Up from the gloom will rise a purer light than ever—a light luring onward, upward; for soul shall feel the mystic influence of soul, until at last it mounts on Silver Wings to Heaven!"

THE END.

OLD TEXTS AND NEW SETTINGS.—

No. I.

ON SOLON AND CRÆSUS.

I HAVE ever been of opinion, since I first read Fénelon's "Lives," that the anecdotes narrated of the Seven Sages do not always show these philosophers in their best light. Either their really good things have been lost, or else they never said any at all, and were mere humbugs and windbags; while the things actually recorded of them are always priggish, and often ill-bred. Diogenes bidding Alexander stand out of his sunshine was simply a prig. Solon's behaviour when,

with a party of excursionists from Athens, he was taken over Cræsus's picture galleries and palace, was ill-bred as well as priggish; for instead of admiring the good fortune of the King, and being thankful at the sight of so much Art, he fell to groaning, and threw a damp over the spirits of the rest by firing off that celebrated aphorism of his that no man was to be counted happy till he was dead.

The rest of the story we all know from dear old Lemprière, friend of our school-days. For Cræsus, some time after, having the audacity to defend himself against Cyrus, came to grief; and, in accordance with an interesting and humane custom of the period, was laid upon a pile of wood, with a view to assisting personally in a bonfire of rejoicing. While waiting for the torch to be applied, he cried out, mindful of the sage, "Oh, Solon, Solon!" Cyrus—thinking, perhaps, that he wished to ask a conundrum—ordered him to be brought before him; but, instead of a conundrum, got the story as I have told it. Thereupon he received Cræsus into favour, made his bonfire—so as not to disappoint the people—with a minister of state instead of the King, and they all lived happy ever after.

Of course, Solon *never said it*, nor did Cræsus tell the story to Cyrus; for if he had, the conqueror would instantly have ordered him back to his logs. It is the invention of some well-meaning Boswell, whose memory had grown shaky in his old age.

"Count no man happy till he dies." Then is there no happiness in the sunshine, because the rain follows; or in summer, because the winter is not far off; or in love, because passion dies out; or in friendship, because some friends are insincere; or in health and strength, because we are always liable to disease and weakness.

Happiness, on the contrary, lies in the actual present. If we enjoy, we are so far happy. It may be a fool's Paradise, and very often is—resting on no solid basis, liable to be shattered and destroyed; but it is, nevertheless, while it lasts, a garden of delight. The wedding bells tinkle; Phyllis and Strephon come out from the porch into the sunshine; and all the world is golden. Are we to count them unhappy because the day is inevitable when Strephon will swear at the cold mutton?

Or we are happy in memory. There are even days, single days, which throw a light

and glory over the rest of life; there are seasons of such perfect happiness, that no subsequent sorrow can efface their memory. It is a comfort and a joy to Heloise to think of the past, gone for ever; it is a happiness for the solitary old man to live his days over again in memory. Croesus was, of course, a great deal happier in captivity for the days of his splendour; and Dante was never more wrong than when he said that there is no greater misery in sorrow than to think of past joy.

Everybody knows that people who are poor, but have had losses, are very much happier than people who have always been poor. Misfortunes confer dignity on a whole family. Thus, Mr. Solomon Pell prided himself on his wife's lofty connections, because her uncle failed for eight hundred pounds as a law stationer. Dethroned kings are a great deal happier than people who have never had the luck to wear a crown. We all know that it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. And though the wisest will only set their hopes on things imperishable, we are not all in the front rank of wisdom; and, while we continue to be men and women, we shall go on loving each other, and craving for the things that make life comfortable.

When I was a child, I used to have a tendency, and have still, in the same direction as Croesus; that is, I used to desire things of a perishable and fleeting nature. My governess, whose bent was more towards the philosophy of Solon, was wont to impress upon me that I should be no happier if I had them. This was rubbish, and I knew it. I should have been a great deal jollier had I had, in larger measure, the things that make a boy's life jolly—ponies, more country air, shorter sermons and not so many of them, and more freedom of life.

Now we are grown up, it is just the same. Life is narrowed by lack of what Croesus had. I want my Phyllis, and I dare say she wants me—whoever she is, the dear girl. I have not yet met with that appreciation of my genius which is necessary to my happiness. I want honour and dignity. If I had these things, I should be a very great deal happier. If they were all to go away again, I should still be happier than I am, because the sense of power and the self-esteem which they confer would not go away.

It is always a pity to destroy without building up; and therefore I beg to offer

the following aphorisms as worthy the attention of my philosophic readers, in place of that of Solon the Frig. They are all good, solid maxims, quite new, and warranted to wear:—

I esteem him the happiest who has most of what I want.

Better a sunny summer and a cold winter, than a cold summer and a warm winter.

Troubles always recur; joys, never. Therefore, be as happy as you can, while you may.

Pilgrims have to travel in all weathers. He is the happiest whose pilgrimage is performed with a warm wind and a summer sun, and in the time when the strawberries are ripe.

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

BY SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE season was over. Money-seeking mothers and heiress-hunting sons were warned by the emptiness of Bond-street and the solitude of Grosvenor-square that they must take their wares and wiles to other markets. My lords and gentlemen of the House of Commons were dismissed from their legislative labours; and they complimented each other warmly on their vast capacity for talking, and the proportionate results thereof. And one and all packed their portmanteaus, shut up their town houses, and in a remarkably short space of time were scattered over the face of Europe, with their wives and families, diffusing intelligence, and practically illustrating their insular and national habits.

Miss Prestoun's house in Belgrave-square looked bleak and deserted, and dingily yellow, as if it had been exceedingly dissipated for the last three or four months, and had now wrapped itself up in newspapers and brown holland for a long autumnal sleep after its fatigues. The West-end was dull, dusty, and deserted; and, in the blazing August weather, the great city looked generally unhappy and discontented, as if all its efforts to amuse had been unavailing, and as if all the world had snubbed it.

But down in Yorkshire, things were very different. At all events, there was nothing gloomy about Estcourt. Its fair mistress was at home; and the great flag on the tower flapped idly in the gentle breeze.

The local journals—taking the hint from the *Morning Post*—intimated that a succession of distinguished visitors was to be entertained during August and September, for the grouse and partridge shooting over the well-stocked moors and manors of Estcourt. The only distinguished guests, however, that had arrived in the second week in August were Lord Grasmere and his faithful companion, Mr. Stalker, without whom my lord would have been as unhappy and lost as without his valet; and one lovely morning found him and his friend and Lady Dobcross sitting in the library.

It was a famous old room, this library; and the proud ancestors of Margaret Pres-toun looked down—somewhat disdainfully, perhaps—on their degenerate children, who never wore armour, or breakfasted at dawn off the boars' heads and gigantic shapes of beef, washed down by stoups of foaming ale and flagons of generous Burgundy, as is popularly supposed to have been the domestic habit of ladies and gentlemen in the good old time. How nice it is to think of those grand old days! How poetry and enthusiasm kindle in the imaginative breast when we contemplate our sires and their noble dames! But what an intense nuisance it would be if, with a full recollection of our present condition, we were suddenly turned into people of that period! Fancy going out hunting on a snorting war horse—great plumes tickling one's nose, and a huge brass trumpet over one's shoulders! Or going out deer-stalking, with an immense bow, and a sheaf of arrows, each a cloth-yard long, rattling about in a heavy quiver, and occasionally sticking into one's side or back! And how very uncomfortable, to say the least, it must have been to have indulged in the practice—common to the knights at Brankholme—of drinking the red wine through the helmet bars. They must have wasted a good deal of precious liquor over their bushy beards, one would think.

It is possible that some such reflections passed through the not particularly fertile brain of Lord Grasmere, as he swung idly in a rocking-chair, and stared at the portraits—which, to do them justice, returned the compliment in the most uncompromising manner.

The soft, fresh morning air stole in deliciously through the great open windows

that opened to the ground and gave upon the garden terrace, bringing with it the fragrance of the flowers that now bloomed in their full beauty to welcome their young mistress, the fairest flower of them all. Ah, how much lighter to bear were the dew-drops that sparkled in their many-coloured bosoms, than the jealousy and anger that hung, like a heavy cloud, about her heart!

"Let me see—what's to-day?" demanded Lord Grasmere, lazily.

"Tuesday," replied Stalker, without looking up from his paper.

"What on earth do people do in the country on Tuesday, I wonder? What a blessing it is to-morrow is the twelfth! Why the doose the grouse can't be ready to be shot as soon as we are ready to leave town, I can't imagine!"

"What should you be doing if you were back in town, Lord Grasmere?" asked Lady Dobcross, by way of making a little conversation.

"I should probably be comfortably in bed. Why, it is only ten o'clock, and we finished breakfast half an hour ago. Good gracious, Lady Dobcross, what is a fellow to do till lunch?"

"Read a book," suggested my lady.

"But I don't know how to read—I mean, I don't think I feel equal to the strain upon my intellect."

"Get an appetite," muttered the practical Stalker.

"But how—how?" exclaimed Grasmere, almost in despair. "I can't take a walk merely for the sake of taking a walk, you know. I have a perfect horror of taking what people call a 'constitutional.' The idea of a man's moving his legs about more than is absolutely necessary!"

"Now, let me show you about the gardens," said Lady Dobcross. "I know you have not been round them yet; and there is really much to see. I will show you the vineries."

"Don't, Lady Dobcross—I really couldn't do it. Anything in the paper, Stalker?"

"No—nothing. There never is, beyond a little print. Oh, yes! here's some news: 'Scandal in High Life!'"

"Call that *news*?"

"Oh, fie, Lord Grasmere! How can you be so sarcastic! Pray don't read it, Mr. Stalker."

"I won't. It's very shocking."

"You are reading the *Times*, I think,"

said Lady Dobcross, laying down her work. "Where is the *Post*, I wonder? Ah! here it is."

Lord Grasmere watched Lady Dobcross scanning the columns; and when he saw her settle down to a paragraph, he said—

"Tell us all about it, Lady Dobcross, do. It's about Lady Boadicea Bobadil, isn't it?"

"Yes, poor thing!" sighed Lady Dobcross, "I am afraid it is."

"Bolted, eh? I thought she wouldn't stand harness long. Who's the man?"

"Oh, don't ask me. I never could bear that Captain Heavitree."

"Heavitree has backed the wrong horse this time," observed Stalker. "Bobadil is going in for divorce, and costs against the co-respondent."

"But the whole thing is a plant. Don't tell the Queen's Proctor; but Bobadil has given Heavitree five thousand, and guaranteed all the legal expenses. I expect I am right."

"How very dreadful!" exclaimed Lady Dobcross, in pious horror. "Can such things be?"

"They can," returned Grasmere, laconically.

Further discussion of the scandal was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mr. John Chinnery through the open windows.

"Well, good people!" he exclaimed, cheerily, "I hardly expected to find you up."

"John Chinnery! Why, where did you drop from?" asked Grasmere.

"I have an aged relative living close by—an aunt, in point of fact; and I am in the wilds of Yorkshire for a week or so. Miss Prestoun has been good enough to ask me to join you on the moors to-morrow."

"If Brydon is at home, he is to come too, I believe," observed Stalker.

"And I suppose he will bring Wade with him," said Chinnery.

"What! the nobody-knows-who is in the wilds also, is he?" said Grasmere. "I can't think why Brydon takes him up so. They have been inseparable lately in London."

"He is very handsome," remarked Lady Dobcross.

"And doosid sharp," added Stalker. "By George! you should see him play *carté*—it's enough to make your hair curl, it is indeed. As for billiards—well! play with him, and put a pony on, and you'll see."

"Put a pony on!" exclaimed Lady Dob-

cross, in amazement. "What! on the table, Mr. Stalker?"

"I beg your pardon," said Stalker, hastily. "It's a—a—a commercial expression. I did once see him play for a monkey," he continued, turning to Grasmere.

"Did he win it?" inquired Lady Dobcross, evincing considerable interest.

"He did indeed."

"What did he do with it?"

"Sent it to the Zoological Gardens," interrupted Chinnery. "Stalker's language is expressive, if not always intelligible, Lady Dobcross."

At this moment, Margaret and Lilian entered the library from the garden.

"Still in doors!" cried Margaret. "I am astonished at you all. Ah! good morning, Mr. Chinnery. You, at all events, have had a good walk. Tell me—you are nearer to Bartry than we are—do you know if Mr. Brydon has come home yet?"

"He arrived yesterday or the day before."

"I was afraid he would not be here for the twelfth. He promised to come over, if he was at Bartry in time. Has he a party staying in the house?"

"I believe not. There is only Vipan Wade with him, I think."

"Mr. Wade—indeed! They seem to be fast friends, do they not?"

"We were just talking about them when you came in, Miss Prestoun," said Stalker. "You see, Brydon is so good-natured, he is ready to be taken in by anybody."

"Taken in!" repeated Margaret. "Surely I don't understand what you mean, Mr. Stalker! You cannot mean that Mr. Wade takes him in; for I really have quite as high an opinion of him as of Mr. Brydon."

"So much the worse for Brydon," thought Chinnery.

"I've put my foot in it again," muttered Stalker, as he collapsed in a large arm-chair. "How the doose was I to know she liked this infernal Wade?"

"It seems so odd," said Lilian. "I have heard so much about this Mr. Wade."

"Indeed!" interrupted Margaret. "From whom?"

"I mean, I have heard his name so often mentioned," continued Lilian. "He was at Schwartzbad when you were there; and he called two or three times in London—and yet I have never seen him."

"Well, you are not likely to forget him

if once you do see him," said Grasmere. "I think he is like a bad dream."

"Yes, infernally bad!" murmured Stalker.

"And I think he is a gentleman who, at least, does not abuse his acquaintance in their absence," exclaimed Margaret. "How can you remain in this stifling room?" she continued. "Lady Dobcross, do come out in the garden."

The benignant *chaperone* laid aside her work, and, taking up a parasol that lay near the glass doors, meekly followed her impetuous charge.

"Stalker," observed Lord Grasmere, "if you read much more paper, you'll get confused. Come and play at billiards."

"For a pony?" asked Stalker, jumping up with alacrity.

"No, my dear fellow—for love. It's much prettier. Besides, I never play for money unless I am quite sure I am the best man."

And, having delivered himself of this piece of wisdom with a self-satisfied chuckle, the hereditary legislator left the room, followed by the faithful commoner, leaving Lilian and Chinnery alone.

"And so you have not yet met Vipan Wade, Miss Grey?" asked the latter.

"No; and I do not think—I hardly know why—that I should very much care to meet him."

"And you are right," returned Chinnery, gravely. "I have reason to believe that he is a bold and unscrupulous man. Have you observed that Miss Prestoun seems inclined to defend him?"

"That is a woman's chivalry, Mr. Chinnery. She always likes to take part with the weaker side."

"Well, I hope it may be nothing more than that. What a charming old house this is! It ought to be choke-full of ghosts at Christmas time. Have you ever met any of the ancient Prestouns taking advantage of the midnight hour, 'when churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead?'"

"No—I cannot say I have. Besides, I don't believe in ghosts."

"No more do I, much. Still, I don't think I should be surprised at seeing that Satanic looking gentleman of theirs, in ringlets and cavalier costume, passing noiselessly through the long gallery upstairs, contemplating the poisoning of say that lady over the fireplace. Good heavens!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a start, "that picture there!

I have not seen it since I was quite a boy."

"It was found hidden away in a lumber-room," said Lilian, surprised at his vehemence; "and a picture cleaner, who was down here in the winter, said it was a good work of art, and advised Margaret to place it where it now hangs. Why do you look so often first at it and then at me?"

"Miss Grey, there is a most strange coincidence in this. Do you remember my drawing your attention to a miniature in Miss Prestoun's house in town?"

"Perfectly—a portrait of Lady Catherine Prestoun, Margaret's grandmother."

"Do you remember, further, the family history I related to you about Lady Catherine's two daughters?"

"Most clearly."

"That portrait over the fireplace represents Lady Catherine's eldest daughter, the one who married the officer in the army."

"Well, but what makes you seem so astonished?"

"I hardly know how to say it, but the living image of that mother and daughter stands before me now."

"Stands before you now! How do you mean?"

"In you, Miss Grey."

"In me!"

"A more striking resemblance than your face affords to that miniature and that picture, I never saw."

"Your fancy is a fervent one," said Lilian, smiling at his earnestness. "Come up with me to the Long Gallery, and I will undertake to say that I shall find more than one picture there in which I shall discover as strong a resemblance to you."

"I will take you at your word," he answered. "I have not been in the Long Gallery for years. Rest assured, Miss Grey, you will find no such resemblance among the pictures there to me, as I find in that portrait yonder to you."

She laughed merrily, and led the way upstairs.

There was nothing ghostly upon the Long Gallery on that bright summer morning. If wicked old Prestouns were indeed in the habit—as legends said they were—of dismally tramping and moaning about this, the oldest part of the house, they made a great mistake in confining their perambulations to the night—supposing, that is, that they had rather more liberty than Hamlet's un-

fortunate father; for if they could have walked in the Long Gallery at ten a.m. upon a summer's morning, and enjoyed the happy sunlight, and a good view across the gardens and undulating park, they might, perhaps, have felt less disposed to frighten nervous folks at night, and more inclined to behave like the reasonable beings we may charitably suppose they were.

"It's no use, Miss Grey," said Chinnery, as Lilian scanned the pictures—"they are all too poetical, or too melodramatic, to resemble in the least such a very ordinary individual as myself. But, tell me, have you ever fully explored this old house? I have heard that there are all sorts of dark passages, and dungeons, and secret doors: wonderful hiding-places, much needed by turbulent Prestouns in troublesome times."

"Yes; we have found out two or three such places. Only last winter, Margaret's lawyer was here on some business or other, and he incidentally expressed a great curiosity to go all over the house; and he and I penetrated into some very odd places. The old gentleman peered about in every hole and corner, in the strangest manner; declaring he was a great antiquarian, and hoped to find old coins, or something of that sort."

"He had his suspicions, then," thought Chinnery. He added, aloud—"I am a bit of an antiquarian too, Miss Grey. Could you show me any of these mediæval eccentricities?"

"With pleasure. Now prepare to be astonished."

She went to the farther end of the gallery, and counted the oak panels till she reached the thirteenth; then, after some little search, she touched a concealed spring, and a cunningly hidden door was slowly opened. Motioning Chinnery to follow, they entered a short, low passage; then she opened another door, and they found themselves within a small, low chamber, which no housemaid's ruthless hand had touched, it seemed, for years.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lilian, in horror at the sight of the thick dust that covered everything. "I told Margaret about this room, and she said it should be properly cleaned; but I suppose she forgot all about it. What do you think of this, Mr. Chinnery? Except for the dirt, isn't it delightfully mysterious?"

"Quite charming," he answered, rapidly glancing round. "It only wants the skele-

ton of a murdered victim to make it perfect. I don't even see any coins."

"But, look here," said Lilian, pointing to an antique table—"look at this work-box, and old inkstand, and dried-up pens. See, there is an unfinished piece of embroidery lying on the sofa! It seems as if the person who had last occupied this room had left it hastily, and it had never been entered since, till the lawyer and myself found it out."

"And you found nothing of the least importance here?"

"No—nothing. Stay, there is something else I should like to show you. The lawyer found it out."

She pressed a curious piece of carving over the mantelpiece, and discovered a small receptacle, some eight or ten inches square.

Chinnery looked curiously in.

"Unfortunately, it is empty," he said. "Did you not find anything in it?"

"No, nothing at all. The lawyer thought that was just the place to find some forgotten money; but he searched in vain."

"It is curiously ornamented inside, as far as I can make out," said Chinnery, as he thrust his hand in, and groped about. "What can have been the object of that, I wonder?"

"I assure you there is nothing there," returned Lilian. "We examined it carefully."

"Nothing here? No, apparently there is not. And yet—ah, Miss Grey, you and the lawyer were deceived by the appearance of this hole in the wall, as I have no doubt many persons have been deceived before you. Nothing here!—what do you call this?" And he produced a packet of letters.

"A bundle of papers!" she cried. "Why, Mr. Chinnery, you are a conjuror! Where did you find that?"

"I thought the interior ornamentation required some explanation, and I felt carefully all round. One of those small carved knobs is another spring, and there is an interior receptacle, and thence my hand drew forth these letters. Let us go back into the long gallery, Miss Grey, and examine them in a better light."

They hurried back, carefully closing the secret doors behind them.

"Why, these letters are no very ancient documents," exclaimed Chinnery. "They are addressed to Miss Prestoun; and the post-mark takes us back no farther than five and twenty years ago. Is it not strange? These must be letters addressed to that very lady whose portrait now hangs above

the fireplace in the library. What remarkable handwriting!"

"Let me see them," said Lilian.

She took them from him; and, after looking at them for a moment, started violently, and then leaned against the wall for support.

"What is the matter, Miss Grey? It is not possible that you recognize the handwriting?"

"Not recognize it!" she answered, faintly.

"Oh! Mr. Chinnery, what can all this mean? This handwriting, as you say, is most remarkable. There is only one in the world like it. See how marvellously it resembles this."

She drew a letter from her pocket, and thrust it, with the discovered packet, into Chinnery's hands.

"Read," she continued. "See, on mine, 'Miss Grey, at Miss Prestoun's, Estcourt.' Compare it with the others—the 'Miss Prestoun' and 'Estcourt' are, letter for letter, identical."

Chinnery examined them eagerly.

"And your letter is from—"

"My uncle, Andrew Winearls."

"Andrew!"

Chinnery appeared for a moment to be lost in thought, gazing at the letters he held in his hand.

"Miss Grey, there is a mystery here; but I do not think that it is difficult to solve. Indeed, I believe I understand it all most clearly now. Your uncle, Mr. Winearls, remembered my name well when we met in Switzerland, and my family; but he would not enter into any details. He spoke, too, I recollect, in a strange manner once of the Prestouns of Estcourt. He implored me to be your friend if anything should arise which might place you in a difficulty. I understand now his strangeness and his earnestness. These letters will confirm my opinion. Open one of them, and tell me by whom it is signed."

With trembling eagerness she took the packet, drew out one letter, and unfolded it.

"It begins, 'Darling Kate.' It is signed by Andrew Fordyce," she said.

"The name of the gentleman who married Lady Catherine's eldest daughter," said Chinnery, calmly. "Now, tell me, is that word 'Andrew' as your uncle—as Mr. Winearls writes it?"

"Letter for letter the same."

"Add to that, the strange resemblance between yourself and that portrait in the

library, the behaviour of Andrew Fordyce's wife, his almost broken heart, his retirement from the world, the alleged death of himself and child, the imperfect testimonials as to those deaths which the lawyers detained when Mr. Prestoun's will was to be acted upon, the doubts that evidently still oppressed Miss Prestoun's lawyer when he was here last winter. Need I say more?"

The colour fled from her cheeks, and her breath came thick and fast, as she stared at Chinnery; and in a moment the strange truth flashed across her mind.

"I see what you mean," she gasped. "Andrew is not my uncle."

"He is Andrew Fordyce, your father, who married Catherine Prestoun, the eldest daughter; and you are the true heiress of Estcourt!"

Lilian sank into a chair.

"You must not allow yourself to be overcome," continued Chinnery, eagerly. "In the excitement of the discovery, I have said too much. Remember, Margaret Prestoun is in possession, and our surmises will have to be substantiated by strict legal proof."

With a strong effort she recovered her self-possession, and said, as calmly as she could—

"Mr. Chinnery, you have always been most kind to me—I have now one further favour to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

"Most assuredly, if it is in my power."

"Give me your solemn promise to say no word of this discovery to any one—that you will take no steps whatever in this matter, till I give you permission?"

"I can have no interest in it, Miss Fordyce—"

"No, no!" she cried—"Miss Grey still."

"—Miss Grey, but your own. I promise."

"I thank you. I knew you would. By and by, Mr. Chinnery, I will talk to you again. I shall need your advice. Will you leave me to myself a little?"

"Certainly. I shall at all times be ready to give you the best advice in my power."

She held out her hand to him. He pressed it respectfully, and left her alone in the Long Gallery.

For some time she sat there, her face buried in her hands. By and by, she rose from her seat, and, going to the window, gazed out upon the scene before her.

"Can it be true?" she murmured, "all this is mine?—the grand old house, the park,

the farm stretching out as far as I can see! What if it is? I care not for it. No!—I only care that I have found a father, and am now Edmund Brydon's equal. But I will say nothing. Poor Margaret—how terrible it would be for her! How bitter the disappointment, to descend again to poverty from her high position. Oh, it would break her heart! And you, my father—my long-suffering, deeply injured father! Have I not ever loved you as a daughter? Can I ever love you more than I have done? You, too, wish to guard this secret. Be it so: I will still be Lilian Grey, the niece of poor Andrew Winearls."

She went to her room; and when she felt sufficiently recovered, and thought her face bore no traces of her recent emotion, determined that no suspicion that anything unusual had occurred, she returned to the library.

TABLE TALK.

A GREAT trial is progressing at the present moment, the "points" of which we have neither right nor inclination to discuss. But it may be curious to note how often, in these great causes, the *non mi ricordo* principle crops up. In the trial of Queen Caroline it was exhibited in strong force. But it is not, perhaps, generally known, that during the famous trial of Warren Hastings, which Macaulay has so eloquently described, there was a certain witness who ever after went by the name of "Memory Middleton." Mr. Middleton was a civil servant of the East India Company during the reign of Warren Hastings. His evidence on the trial partook so strongly of the *non mi ricordo* style, and "his memory failed to serve" him on so many important points wherein it appeared to bear more than its just share of blame, that he acquired and retained the *sobriquet* of "Memory Middleton."

APROPOS OF A SALE OF *bric-à-brac* at Christie's the other day, we may say that a well-known collector, during the latter end of the last century, was a gentleman who rejoiced in the very inelegant nickname of Dog Jennings. He was a well-known collector of works of *virtù* in his day. Henry Constantine Jennings, to give his baptismal name, was born in 1731, and was the son of a gentleman possessed of a large

estate in Oxfordshire. He was educated at Westminster School, and at the age of seventeen became an ensign in the first regiment of Foot Guards. He held his commission but a short time; and, on resigning it, went to Italy in company with Lord Monthermer, son of the Duke of Montagu. While at Rome he commenced his first collection of *virtù*; and ever after obtained the odd nickname of Dog Jennings, in consequence of a little anecdote, which is best told in his own words:—"I happened one day to be strolling along the streets of Rome; and perceiving the shop of a statuary in an obscure street, I entered it, and began to look around for any curious production of art. I at length perceived something uncommon, at least; but being partly concealed behind a heap of rubbish, I could not contemplate it with any degree of accuracy. After all impediments had been at length removed, the marble statue I had been poking for was dragged into open day. It proved to be a huge, but fine dog—and a fine dog it was, and a lucky dog was I to discover and to purchase it. On turning it round, I perceived it was without a tail. This gave me a hint. I also saw that the limbs were finely proportioned; that the figure was noble; that the sculpture, in short, was worthy of the best age of Athens, and that it must be coeval with Alcibiades, whose favourite dog it certainly was. I struck a bargain instantly on the spot for four hundred scudi; and as the muzzle alone was somewhat damaged, I paid the artist a trifle more for repairing it. It was carefully packed; and, being sent to England after me, by the time it reached my house in Oxfordshire it had just cost me eighty pounds. I wish all my other bargains had been like it, for it was exceedingly admired—as I well knew it must be—by the connoisseurs, by more than one of whom I was bid one thousand pounds for my purchase. In truth, by a person sent, I believe, from Blenheim, I was offered one thousand four hundred pounds. But I would not part with my dog. I had bought it for myself, and I liked to contemplate his fine proportions, and admire him at my leisure; for he was doubly dear to me, as being my own property and of my own selection." Owing to a sudden change of fortune, Mr. Jennings's collection was sold by auction in 1778, when the famous dog of Alcibiades was knocked down for a thousand guineas to Mr. Duncombe, M.P., and is now at

Duncombe Park, the seat of Lord Faversham. As for poor Dog Jennings himself, his latter days were spent in King's Bench Prison. He died within the rules of that prison, in 1819, at his lodgings in Belvedere-place, St. George's Fields.

ADVERTISING, ACCORDING to Mr. Barnum, whom we may reckon a good authority on the subject, is the secret of success in business. And it is curious to notice what an art advertising—or, what advertising often means, “puffing”—has become. The origin of this word “puffing” is curious. In France, at one time, the *coiffure* most in vogue was called a *pouff*. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horsehair cushions, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the tastes and history of the wearer. The Duchess of Orleans, for example, on her first appearance at Court, after the birth of her son and heir, had on her *pouff* a representation, in gold and enamel, most beautifully executed, of a nursery. There was the cradle, and the baby, the nurse, and a whole host of playthings. Madame de Egmont, the Duke de Richelieu's daughter, after her father had taken Port Mahon, wore on her *pouff* a little diamond fortress, with sentinels keeping guard. Such is the origin of the word *puff*.

A CORRESPONDENT: In a recent article on the “Letters of Junius,” mention was made of “Single Speech Hamilton” as one of the accredited authors of the famous epistles. The title of “Single Speech,” as applied to Hamilton, although generally taken for granted, is hardly correct. The Right Hon. William Gerard Hamilton was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, and at one time represented Wilton, in Wiltshire. He died, in Upper Brook-street, at the age of sixty-eight. The speech which obtained Mr. Hamilton his *sobriquet* was made on the opening of the session, November 13, 1755, when, to use the words of Waller, “he broke out like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when nobody was aware or in the least suspected it.” No copy of this celebrated speech, so far as is known, remains; but of the great impression that it made abundant proof is afforded in one of Horace Walpole's letters—of which any one referring to the works of Horatio, Earl of Orford, can judge for himself. But there is some mistake in saying that he

only made *one* speech. Upon looking into his work entitled “Parliamentary Logic,” will be found “two speeches delivered by him in the House of Commons of Ireland, in November, 1761, and February, 1762, and other pieces.”

A CORRESPONDENT: A sceptic wrote to the *Times* recently on the subject of centenarians, throwing considerable doubt on the veracity of cases where some “oldest inhabitant” is now and then reputed to have passed into his second century. In illustration of his arguments, he gives three particular instances of so-called centenarians who turn out, on investigation of the parish registrars, to be no centenarians at all, but simply respectable patriarchs something over ninety. But that people often come near to the magic hundred before they shuffle off this mortal coil cannot be disputed, as any one who studies the obituary columns of the daily papers can testify. Some families are proverbially long-lived; and a curious instance of this was given in a paragraph in the *Western Daily Mercury*, of October 28, 1864. It says:—“A child was christened on Sunday last at the Sennen parish church, who was of the fifth generation of the Matthew Nicholases, of Sennen Cove—a name well known throughout the country side for the last century; and the christening caused the font to be surrounded by those who showed the five generations to be still represented. The babe Matthew Nicholas had his uncle Matthew Nicholas near him, his grandfather Matthew Nicholas, his great grandfather Matthew Nicholas, and his great great grandfather Matthew Nicholas. This might be only a singular instance of rapid reproduction; but to show the longevity of the family of this ilk, and the wholesomeness of the Land's End climate, we will add that the child has two grandfathers and two grandmothers, three great grandfathers and a trio of great grandmothers, and two great great grandfathers, alive and well. All witnessed the christening. The great grandfather Matthew Nicholas is eighty-eight. How old must the great great grandfather be? This oldest inhabitant, great great grandfather Matthew Nicholas, has one sister and two brothers living, and their united ages are three hundred and forty!”

The first chapters of GRACE SELWODE will appear in our next number.

ONCE A WEEK

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STRAY THOUGHTS ON JOKES.



ACCURACY of the supposition that man is the only creature capable of appreciating the risible may reasonably be doubted by any one who has watched the merriment of horses

released from work, and turned out to play in a grass field. The gambols of two friendly dogs also carry with them a great air of humour, and a subtler perception of each other's meaning than can ever be fathomed by their most devoted human admirer. But—inasmuch as all animals, save man, seem to lack the intellectual power involved in suddenly striking out a felicitous idea, and the facial muscles necessary to manifest a just appreciation of it by laughter—we must regard the capacity of joking as an essential part of human nature. Parrots may occasionally appear to suggest the former requisite for intellectual hilarity; and that Australian bird, the laughing jackass, has a certain monopoly of the latter one; but in man alone are the two faculties always present. His hours of relaxation are cheered by mutual merriment; and the more peaceful and settled the form of government under which he lives, the more laughable and unrestrained are his sallies. Who could fancy Curius Dentatus or Themistocles unbending from the duties of citizenship to make a joke? The raillery of the English civil wars, of the Covenanters, and the French Revolution, was of the grimmest. As soon as the Empire became Peace in very deed, under

the firm rule of the late Emperor, French wit—which had been sadly *spirituel* under the shadow of the guillotine—quickly burst into the riotous guffaws of *Charivari*; while with us, even our comic journals are altogether insufficient to minister to our laughter-loving propensities. With all his sensitiveness to taxation, John Bull can be led anywhere, and induced to consent to almost any measure, if it be put before him in a jocose style. This was the secret of Lord Palmerston's statesmanship, than whom no one better understood the national character.

Archæologists are daily making us more familiar with pre-historic man; his food, weapons, habits, and appearance are vividly conjured up from the fragments of bone, and the rude stone implements found in his sepulchres. How dreary must have been the merriment of those long-forgotten days. Fancy a parcel of brachy-cephalic savages—some naked, some clad in skins fastened to their gaunt frames by the pins of bone so often discovered in the barrows at present—fancy them crouching on their haunches in a sand-hollow on the bleak coasts of Caithness, sullenly waiting for their turn to suck the jaw-bone of a child*—for such is the picture archæology gives of our ancestors. What ghastly jokes must have been uttered over the cannibalish feast? If the companions of Æneas were reduced to eat their trenchers, and could yet find room for a smile at it, these were brought still lower—literally, down to their marrow-bones; but there would doubtless be a ferocious kind of merriment amongst them. With wolfish eyes they would point to a sleeping friend, and whisper to one another the refrain of some comic song of the period—

“We've nothing to eat, so let's eat he!”

Or, in the absence of that rude beer with

* See Laing's “Pre-historic Caithness.”

which Herodotus tells us that the Scythians—who were every whit as primitive—were wont to solace themselves, they might gloat over the life-blood of a comrade who was *stout*. But hold—we ourselves are fast relapsing into savagery. If any one wishes to see what primitive jokes were, in their mildest and earliest civilised form, let him look into that ancient collection of Greek jokes styled “Scholasticus,” and try if its perusal, even in his merriest moods, can provoke the ghost of a smile. For the edification of the unlearned, we extract a joke of the same calibre from Lord Bacon’s collection—which he seems to have thought, to say the least of it, a respectable one. “A company of scholars, going together to catch conies, carried one scholar with them which had not much more wit than he was born with; and to him they gave in charge that, if he saw any, he should be silent, for fear of scaring them. But he no sooner espied a company of rabbits before the rest, but he cried aloud, ‘*Ecce multi cuniculi*,’ which in English signifies ‘Behold many conies;’ which he had no sooner said, but the conies ran to their burrows; and he, being checked by them for it, answered, ‘Who the —— would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?’”*

In truth, to our sharpened wits the jokes of our ancestors seem very tame. To go no further back than the last generation, the men who travelled by coach, and retailed traditional stories to beguile the tedium of the way; and who seem, in these days of express trains, almost as far removed from us as their painted sires who ran wild in the woods—it might be asked, in all seriousness, whether their humorous tales were not intended to send each other to sleep. For instance, that “fine old crusted” story of the man who upset a bottle of Macassar oil on a deal box, and on waking next morning found it a hair trunk; or that other equally celebrated one of the absent man who came home after a severe shower of rain, carefully put his wet umbrella into bed, and hung himself up behind the door—how much merriment do they provoke at present? *Risum teneatis amici?*—if another laughable story of this period were related, would not you all straightway begin to yawn? Perhaps these tales contain, however, a certain latent humour appreciable to unsophisticated

ears, but which finer senses are too subtle to catch immediately. Let us try the experiment. Here is a conundrum of those primitive times: “What does a 74-gun ship weigh on leaving her moorings?” Answer (you are not expected to laugh yet): “Her anchor.” After some minutes’ reflection, the muscles round the corners of the mouth still preserve their gravity. Is it possible that there is a joke here? Doubtless, sufficient time has not been given for the process of incubation. A fair specimen of the witty man of the last generation—who had, by some freak of nature, been suffered to linger amongst a new race who had quicker faculties and read *Punch*—occurs to our recollection as a case in point. A joke—a very small one—was made to him by a witty youngster of the new *régime*. He looked sapient, raised his eyebrows, gave a forced laugh, and passed on. After ruminating on it for some twenty-four hours, it was our good fortune to see him all at once strike his leg with his fist in the street, halt a moment, and exclaim in rapture—“Hurrah! I have it now!” The unfortunate man had only just been able to penetrate to the point of the witticism.

There are good reasons why the wit of the present day should be more sparkling and evanescent than that of the past. We do not care to insist upon the fact that Englishmen, as a rule, are now drinkers of claret and light wines rather than beer and port—thanks to Mr. Gladstone and the French treaty. But education has increased enormously of late years, and intelligence expanded in a corresponding ratio. Even country bumpkins, after their work is over, will now laugh at a joke which is other than a practical one, and will ere long cease to be adduced as the embodiment of pudding-headedness. Then, again, everything else has moved onwards at a marvellous rate in the last twenty years; social characteristics have acquired a totally new form and character; our way of life has become more swift and hurried; and, in the general advance, our perception of wit and humour has quickened and developed into extreme sagacity. There is no lack of matter for it to work upon. Periodicals, and short-lived literature of all kinds, feed the appetite. Steam diffuses the dainty diet far and wide. A good story reaches the country the morning after it has been told at the West-end clubs. It is laughed over in Cal-

cutta in a shorter time than it formerly took to reach Cornwall.

From the first unfolding of the national character, wit and raillery have always crystallized round certain subjects. Take Shakspeare, for instance; and in every play, the most superficial student may recognize a perpetual making fun of two or three prominent features of the social life of his time. If we take a wider view of the humorous literature of the past three centuries, and of the floating traditions still current, we shall find that these stock subjects arrange themselves much in the following order. From the natural propensity of inferiors to gird at their masters, against whom they dare not openly rebel, the first rank may be assigned to sarcasms against authority. These are mostly weak, as representing the revenge of petty minds; but they can often, as is the wont of venomous things, leave a sting behind them. The Duke, in "Measure for Measure," is by no means the first or the last who has had to complain.

"O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies."

Politics form the bulk of the weekly fardel which the comic papers produce for the delight of their numerous readers. Public men are fair game for satire to play upon, so long as that satire does not deepen into libel. Whatever rancour and bitterness may be aroused by wit at a time of general discontent, it must be matter of general satisfaction that, at present, it is only used to minister to laughter and grotesque fancies. In this manner wit may be used, as has been intimated, for a measure of the nation's progress.

Another favourite object for the shafts of wit to fly round is the character and position of the clergy. Doubtless, this is a remnant of the ancient quarrel between the seculars and regulars, intensified by popular sympathy with the style and failings of the preaching friars. All ill feelings, however, between the lay and the clerical elements—thanks, amongst other causes, to the softening influences of humour and raillery—have long since faded out of the laughable anecdotes with which the former are wont to ply the latter. A clergyman's sermons, his habit,

his clerk, his riding horse, the distance at which he stands from ordinary men, in one sense, and his familiarity with them in another—all these are points wherein the clerical armour may be pierced by the merest witling. The lichen-covered gargoyles of many an ancient church bear witness, in their hideous caricatures of the human face divine, to the animosities of rival clerks in past ages, and the little sympathy such manifestations meet with in the present day. The parson can good-humouredly listen to his squire telling him, after church, "how much he has *always* liked the sermon just preached;" and retaliate with the story of the churchwarden who was sorely perplexed for the reason why so many clergy came together for a visitation, until a brother-official told him, "Oh, the parsons meet thus once a-year, you know, to exchange their sermons." To which the newly enlightened one replied, "Ah! all I can say, then, is that our old parson gets always terribly cheated!"

Marriage is, and has ever been, a matter of raillery. Its mischances, incongruities, foibles, the numerous points in which it challenges comparison with celibacy, are deeply ingrained in human nature as never-failing subjects of merriment. The fox which has lost its tail is just as ready to exult over its long-tailed fellows as they are to throw their fancied superiority at him. This mutual merriment much enhances the harmless pleasures of life, and rubs off any hard corners which might mar either the single or the married state. It gives free vent to any discontent which might otherwise rankle in a man's breast; and, by the gentle force of wit, induces acquiescence and self-satisfaction. Here, again, is seen the civilizing power of wit. If marriage softens men, wit lightens the yoke of matrimony—like learning, as the grammar used to teach. (I wonder if the time-honoured axiom remains in the Public School Grammar, which now causes boys such anguish—

"*Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.*")

How much of our usual talk is taken up with marriages and with comments thereon, more or less humorous! When "young Dicy, and young Mr. Deep-vow, and Mr. Copper-spur, and brave Mr. Shoe-tie, the great traveller, and wild Half-can" meet at the club, as they used to do at the Mermaid, from the politics of the hour their witty

tongues soon turn to matrimony and its victims, past, present, and to come. By my troth, good gentlemen, you have merry hearts. I pray they may ever keep you on the windy side of care!

The dinner-giving and wine-bibbing of social life form further topics for everyday railery. How refined, to touch on the latter point, is the humour conveyed in the story of the married couple who were both fond of claret. The husband took care always to give his wife the first glass of each bottle—which was probably slightly corked—saying, "My dear, my first thought is ever of you!" After drinking the rest of the bottle himself, he would suddenly bethink himself of her in time to give her the last glass as well—which was sure to be thick—adding the delicate compliment, "And here is also the last glass for you, dear—a symbol that my last thoughts will always be of you!" The fragrance of this witticism is positively as refreshing and evanescent as the *bouquet* of the St. Emilion itself.

A peculiar form of wit—which may, in practised hands, become a vehicle of much merriment—turns on brogue or dialectal peculiarities. How invaluable, for instance, at a dull dinner party is the agreeable young man who can take off an Irishman, and who volunteers, *apropos* to likes and dislikes, to tell the story of the Paddy who tasted olives for the first time at a tithe dinner. "Me Lard! me Lard!! me Lard!!!—Unweeling as I am to deesturb the hilarity of the *avening*, I must inform ye that some dirty fellow has put salt water into the swatemates!" It will create "a very praty divar-sion." Then, again, a witty story told in "Zunimerzetshur" or the Pogmoor folks' dialect, by a humorous reciter, is a certain provocative of laughter. Who ever heard the account of the Devonshire jury's deliberation on the wife poisoner without holding his sides? The juryman who said, "Hanging o' he won't bring back she;" or the other who inquired, before condemning him, "If we hang he, what about the rates?"—are touches which call forth a smile, just because they are so inimitably true to the nature of Devon farmers.

All this time we have treated wit and humour as identical; strictly speaking, they ought to be carefully discriminated. Wit may be compared to a point, humour to a line. A witty man gives forth many scintillations of laughter; a humorous one seems

made up of fun—a steady burning effulgence of merriment. The ebullition of wit results in a pun; that of humour in a jocose, risible, good-natured character. A witty man is not often a humorous one; but a humorous man is frequently a witty man as well. The *Spectator* is the incarnation of humour; Swift's letters bristle with wit. A witty man is a pleasant companion for an evening; you can live contentedly with a humorous one for a lifetime.

The great names of history have uncomfortable, grim modes of showing their perception of the ludicrous. Louis XI., with his two ministers of vengeance, as portrayed so inimitably by Sir W. Scott, never smiled so sweetly as when he scented blood. Other men have joked in their last moments—as Dr. Dodd, who smilingly adjusted the rope round his neck, and said, "Now for the great secret;" or the punster, whose habit of verbal witticism was so inveterate that, when given over and on his deathbed, he could not forbear asking in faint tones, when the doctor was called out of the room to attend a man who had tumbled down the well, "Here, I say—did he kick the bucket?" and, with that, fell back and died.

Practical jokes manifest the degeneracy of wit—or rather, they testify to its absence. Springing from high spirits and well-knit sinews eager for action, they are generally left to the hands of youth. The sons of the Conqueror throwing water over their brother, Prince Robert, are only symbols of the fun found in every family when the boys are home for the holidays. When the practical joking is continued after manhood is attained, it cannot be too much reprobated. Many are the scandals and cashierings which have resulted from indulgence in it in the army and navy. Though we smile at the anecdotes recorded of Walton, the lamented naturalist—to whom, even in old age, nothing was so dear as a practical joke—we cannot but deem it derogatory to his character, and find ourselves speculating on the sanity of scientific men in general, wondering whether they have all of them "a bee in their bonnet," as we hear of him hiding himself beneath a table-cloth in his hall, and growling like a dog to terrify his visitors.

Perhaps the greatest anomaly, however, in the history of joking is, that all the best jokes should be popularly ascribed to Joe Miller. This can only be done on the

lucus a non lucendo principle, for that worthy actor never made a joke in his life, and was noted for the gravity of his disposition. The incongruity between his usual speech and the jokes ascribed to him gave currency to the phrase "a Joe Miller," which, strangely enough, has lived for half a century. This incongruity is at all times a necessary ingredient of the ludicrous. It never struck us so greatly as on a recent occasion, when we were inquiring of a little girl, well known as the village dunce, why she was so often head of her class at the parish school—

"Oh, please, sir," was the reply, "teacher puts me head of the class because I have *the best blacked shoes on.*"

Nothing related in the reports of the School Commissioners, during their late investigations, can exceed this in absurdity.

If good-humoured personal raillery is the most prominent feature in English wit, as seen in modern times, French and Continental wit generally is eminently political. The earnestness which is there refused an outlet in public, escapes to do its purpose even more effectually when veiled in sarcasm and buffoonery. Yankee humour, on the contrary, is like humour bewitched: it deals largely in exaggeration and ludicrous opposition of ideas, as wide apart as the poles. It is only a degenerate kind which—as in Artemus Ward's writings—condescends to phonetic spelling and transposition of letters and figures to form "goaks," and which follows the best style, as truth is always accompanied by its shadow. What rollicking fun is there in the American fiction of their trees being so tall that it requires two men and a boy to look up to the top of them; or in that still more celebrated story of the mule that never would stay in its owner's field, always jumping the fences into the neighbour's land, until its master hit upon the ingenious plan of first taking it into a neighbour's field, and suffering it to leap thence into his own, when it was satisfied! Yankee wit in many respects excels ours—reflecting the progressive character of the New World, and revelling in a more bracing atmosphere than our homely natures seem able to breathe; but it is also in many respects vastly inferior to it in kindness, good-nature, and sympathy. We take up Haliburton's works for the relaxation of a hearty laugh after working hours; but Steele, Addison, Hood, Dickens, and the rest of the English humorists are the

cherished books of our fireside, the friends we never part from, the utterances that lie closest to our hearts.

According to all precedent, a theoretical disquisition on jokes should be supplemented by a few practical rules on joking. We shall only inflict one word of advice upon our readers; that is, be sure, in venturing upon a joke, that you do so in sympathetic company, else you may experience an unpleasant reaction in your sentiments. Upon a late occasion, when all present were as dull and flat as their own fens—this was in Lincolnshire—in an evil moment it came into our mind to venture upon a joke for their amusement. Watching for an opportunity when one could be fired of a calibre suitable to their capacities, some one remarked that Miss So-and-so was about to marry a Mr. Allsopp.

"Ah!" we observed, with the requisite smile, "Miss So-and-So runs thereby the greatest risk of marrying a bear!"

"Indeed!" said every one, incredulously. "How so?—he is a very nice young fellow!"

"Why, it stands to reason," we replied, "that an Allsopp must be always a *bruin*!"

No one's countenance relaxed its severity; there was no rippling laughter, so grateful to the punster. The auditors looked doubtfully at each other, opened their eyes wide, then their mouths; finally, centred their gaze upon the unhappy joker, with lack-lustre glances that spoke volumes of the vacuity within their brains.

"Is it a joke?" said one.

"I do believe it was so meant," replied another. And then, once more, as it dawned upon their comprehension—

"They looked with great eyes, and laughed with alien lips,
As th' Ithacensian suitors in old times."

From this one microscopic *mot*, we obtained the reputation of an accomplished punster; and, needless to say, we never ventured upon another in that Bæotian country.

EAST AND WEST.

BLITHELY he stepped along the way;
The sea breeze swept across his breast;
His face was turned towards the west,
Where glowed the farewell of the day.

The purple rocks, like gems of earth,
Rose from the wet sand fresh and bright;
The wavelets shone with sapphire light;
The reef was musical with mirth.

His step was quick, his heart was free,
His cheek tinged by the coloured cloud;
And, drunk with joy, he sang aloud
A challenge to his destiny.

"Come well, come ill, I care not—I,
Either my strong right hand can meet;
Come well, come ill, for both I greet—
The good will live—the evil die.

"My heart is light, my arm is strong,
I care not what the fates may give;
Let child and coward fear to live,
And tremble at the chance of wrong."

So sang he. And the sun was gone,
The pile of colour faded fast,
The night breeze whistled sadly past,
The stars came slowly—one by one.

His heart beat low—he turned him back:
Dark loomed the rugged rocks before,
And all along the sad gray shore
Roared loud the breakers, stern and black.

No more he sang, but sadly thought
Of life and death, and sickness pale—
Of how the stoutest arm may fail,
The truest heart may sometimes doubt.

"Yes, fate—some part is in thy hand;
The prize not always crowns the brave;
The tide is turned, up rolls the wave;
We build our pride upon the sand.

"The strength will go, the weakness come;
The years with doubtful issues wait;
We know not what may be our fate;
We know not where may be our home."

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD, AUTHOR OF "THE
SEARCH FOR THE GRAL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TREATS OF SOME MEMBERS OF THE SELWODE
FAMILY.

AS it is usual, in writing the history of any famous person, to give an account of his family and his position in society, in order that the reader may have a proper idea of the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and the effect such influences were likely to produce on his life and character; it is my intention, in humble imitation of this practice, to take occasion to mention something of my immediate relatives, in order that those descendants into whose hands these papers may fall may not be wholly ignorant of the source whence they are sprung.

And this I do not out of vanity; for truly the Selwodes were but a plain set of people, and had nothing to boast of in the way of noble alliances until this present generation, when my father's sister had married the

Honourable Mr. Furnaby, and his youngest brother had been honoured with the hand of my Lady Betty Touchwood, the seventh daughter of the old Earl of Caverwell.

Now, by reason of there being a sort of balance running through most matters that concern our worldly estate, I may here observe—as my Lady Betty will be in her grave long before this diary of mine comes to light—that her ladyship is many years older than my uncle Humphrey, that she is but moderately well-favoured, and lastly, that she brought no dowry with her. Yet beauty is but a short-lived benefit—so the wise ones tell us—and riches oft make to themselves wings, and flee away; therefore it is a folly to set one's heart upon either; and though my Lady Touchwood brought neither wealth nor beauty, she has made my uncle a prudent and thrifty wife, and has taken good care of the fortune left to him by his godfather, Sir Timothy Luttrell. Indeed, Daneshill, my uncle's house, is kept with greater show than ours at Selwode, though my father has the larger income. But what with repairs and improvements, and building of new cottages on the estate, and giving in charity, to say nothing of my father's having to make a fair appearance in subscription lists as member for the county, we find that, somehow, money goes very quickly. Besides, my mother understands not the grand ways that people of fashion are accustomed to; therefore it happens that the Squire of Selwode lives in a plainer manner than his younger brother.

But this difference begets no envy in my father; who has, on the contrary, a secret satisfaction at the manner in which my uncle Humphrey has married.

"Lady Betty Selwode," I heard him muttering to himself one day, as he paced up and down the nut-walk. "It hath a goodly sound. The Selwodes have done well in this generation."

Then he gave a gentle sigh, as if suddenly recollecting himself, and added—

"Poor Hetty!"

In this he alluded to my aunt, Mistress Hester Graeme, whom I had never seen; but if the portrait that hangs up in my bedroom be a good likeness, she must have been a comely maiden, and it was no wonder the Scotch preacher fell in love with her—though when and where she met with him is a wonder, seeing that the Selwodes were of the high Tory party, holding all Presby-

terians, Cameronians, and the like, as but the instruments of Belial against the true and lawful authority of kings and governors. And doubtless, when my father prays so heartily against schismatics and seditious persons, breakers of the peace, unruly, heady-minded, he is thinking of my aunt, Mistress Hetty, and grieving that he has to condemn those of his own flesh and blood. Nevertheless, for example's sake, he must needs do it, lest others of the family—perhaps I myself—should go astray. But of this I think there is no danger.

Uncle Oliver is the only one who might chance to prove a renegade, for he mixes much with men whose politics my father says are of the evil one. He lives in London, near the Haymarket, in a lodging up two pairs of stairs, just as Mr. Addison did—not that he has ever been in such straits as that great and accomplished scholar; and as he only comes down to Selwode now and then for a breath of country air, he has not much opportunity of hearing my father's anathemas. And indeed, when he does hear them, he but smiles, and says—

"Tush, tush, brother Ralph, wherein is the wisdom of fretting over other men's conscience matters? Leave each to gather in his own harvest, and do thou attend to thine own crops."

Then my father shakes his head, and answers—

"Thou wert ever a bookworm, Oliver, and cared nought for these weighty matters of Government and party."

"Plague take all parties—the King and the Commons to boot!" replies my uncle.

"That is treason, Noll," returns my father, gravely.

"Not so, Ralph," says my uncle, "seeing there is no King on the throne at the present time."

"Though there ought to be," begins my father.

Whereupon my uncle stops him by saying—

"God save Queen Anne," and telling him that he has turned the tables on himself.

But my father pleads that he should have been allowed to finish his sentence.

"Nay, spare me that," cries Uncle Oliver. "I have no turn for politics, and I care not who is in power, so that they leave me and my books in peace; and, so far, nobody has had a mind to disturb them or me."

And then Uncle Oliver turned towards me, and asked "if I had construed the passages he had marked for me, and whether I had gotten the irregular verbs by heart?"

Whereat I blushed, lest he should think me idle when I said—

"Indeed, uncle, I have had but little time to spare for learning since you were here."

He looked at me somewhat incredulously, as much as to ask—

"And what had you to do, Mistress Grace?" when my father came to my rescue.

"The child had her duties to perform, brother Oliver. She hath had to learn—as every woman should do—the art of conserving, pickling, making of pastry, stitching of tapestry, beside other sewing, making, mending, patching, darning of fine lace, knitting, spinning; also somewhat of chirurgery, such as the dressing of wounds, the putting on of leeches, the making of poultices, the applying of plaisters. Then there is the drying of herbs, the making of summer drinks, the—"

"Spare me," says Uncle Oliver, holding up his hands, quite overcome by my father's category. "The child must be a bond-slave in Egypt! She must have a holiday whilst I am here, and we will flee into the wilderness of ancient times, away from the flesh-pots, when maidens had not so much to do as they have nowadays."

"Penelope!" said I, softly, aside, for I thought he failed a little in his argument.

"Besides," continued my father, "I do not think it seemly for a girl to learn Latin, and I know not what. It half frets me to think she can read and write. A woman's place is at home, minding the household, and not filling her head with notions and learning only fitting for a man."

"Yet," said Uncle Oliver, "there have been good women who have taken delight in learning and art. Let me but mention the Lady Jane Grey and the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, one of whom became the wife of the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon. Then there was pious Mistress Anne Killigrew; and, in our own time, there is the Lady Mary, daughter of my Lord Duke of Kingston, witty as she is beautiful, and beautiful as she is witty, who not only learns Latin, but the Greek tongue also."

"I take not my Lord Duke of Kingston for my pattern," quoth my father, very stiffly.

"Too sour milk to swallow," returned Uncle Oliver, laughing again. "The very dregs of Whiggism. What matter? Leave off studying the present times, Ralph, and take to Tacitus. He is better reading, and stirs not up one's spleen. We reading men have a great advantage over you acting ones. We review the past in a calm, you see the present all in a storm. Depend upon it, one must wait for the whirlwind to blow by before one can judge whether it has been for good or evil. Whilst it is passing, it makes one stone-blind."

My father looked unconvinced, as was ever the case when he and my uncle came to argue. And my mother appeared a little uneasy, as knowing my father's somewhat hasty temper; so she put her hand on Uncle Oliver's shoulder, and said—

"Doctors differ sometimes, but they need not take each other's medicine. Let each follow his own prescription."

"Mistress Patience," replied my uncle, with a low bow, "you are a wise woman, and we will take your advice. And, by your leave, Grace and I will have an hour or two in the yew tree bower for recreation. I warrant, she will be none the worse housewife for a little brain-practice. Mr. Steele says—"

"Mr. Steele be ——" burst forth my father; but my mother placed her hand upon his mouth, so that none ever knew what was to have been the ending of the sentence—which was quite as well, as my father was a justice of the peace, and it would undoubtedly have been some very strong expression of disapprobation; for my father hated Mr. Steele and his party with all the hatred that men felt in those days towards their adversaries—for party feeling ran very high, and my father was a member of the October Club.

And whilst my mother was trying to coax my father back into his ordinary humour, my uncle drew me away towards the yew tree arbour.

"Learning will not spoil thee for a toast either, any more than it hath done the Lady Mary, Mistress Grace," said my uncle, when we had got out of earshot of my parents. "Why, child, thou hast grown at least two inches since I saw thee last."

"Is my Lady Mary, then, so very beautiful?" I asked—not thinking what inference he might draw from my speech; and, indeed, I wanted much to hear about her.

"Is it of the Lady Mary or thyself that thou would'st hear?" asked Uncle Oliver. "We must get Mistress Fanshawe to send for thee up to London, and get thee a sight of the Court, and the grand world, and let thee learn its judgments."

"Nay, my father says there are too many Whigs about the Court," I answered, demurely. "He cares not to pay his respects there until there is a change in the Ministry."

"Tut, tut!" says Uncle Oliver; "is the girl going to be her father over again? I tell thee, Grace, the young Whiglings are no whit different from any others—they dance as well, they talk as well, they flatter as well; and favour goes with ladies by a man's face and a man's tongue, and not his politics. I warrant me, thy sister, Mistress Clarinda, thought nought of politics when Harry Fanshawe came courting her in his laced suit and gay sword-knot, bringing with him a copy of verses in praise of her charms, writ by some starveling of a poet at eighteenth-pence the set, and dear at that—Venus, and Cupid, and Jove, and Corydon, and Phillis, and Mars—Pan, Thestylis, the Muses, and half a score others besprinkled over the page, as though the writer had tossed his proper names out of a great pepper-castor, and filled in the spaces indifferently with the rest of the parts of speech:—

"By Venus moved, the son of Mars
Bestirs him on a fond campaign,
Fair Phillis to besiege—but, ah!
He finds his usual armour vain.

"Sore pierced is he in every part,
Whilst Phillis, Jove-protected, stands;
All skilfully directs her darts,
And cruel wounds with beauteous hands."

So began one of them. Could anything be more execrable? Son of Mars, Harry Fanshawe—an allusion to his military profession; Phillis, Mistress Clarinda; Jove, my brother Ralph. And yet I remember they were all taken with it; and my modest young soldier took the praise that was due to the versemaker. And you will be pleased with similar nonsense some day, Mrs. Grace, and never inquire whether the writer be Whig or Tory."

"Harry Fanshawe was on the right side," I answered, a little quickly—for I thought that my uncle was too lenient to the adverse party.

We had paused beneath a wide-spreading oak during this last speech of my uncle's,

and had not perceived my mother—who, having appeased my father's anger, had stolen after us. So we both started when she said—

"Is this the learning of the ancients, brother Oliver?"

"Why, truly I may answer yea," he replied, "since it is the constant theme of all ages."

Yet I saw that he was a little put out.

"Then I think it is as well for the child not to study it at present," quoth my mother. "She is too young to have her head filled with such idle fancies."

"It was but a slip," returned Uncle Oliver. "The girl is so grown, that I had forgotten she was only little Mistress Grace Selwode. And then, talking of the Lady Mary set me thinking of such things. But we will pursue our lawful studies henceforth."

And with that we entered the yew tree arbour, that was shaped into a semblance of the gateway tower of some grand castle, with two turrets, and a sentry on either side of the entrance, clipped out of two smaller yews.

And then my uncle drew a Virgil from his pocket, and we fell to work in earnest.

CHAPTER II.

MY MOTHER'S STORY.

I WAS interrupted in my account of our family by my narration of Uncle Oliver's disputations with my father, the like of which constantly take place when they come together; and yet there are not two brothers in the country that have a heartier affection for one another, or a better estimation of each other's qualities.

But my uncle has gotten some strange fancies into his head, which my father thinks he must have received from those men of letters with whom he is acquainted, who are too many of them Whigs to be altogether safe companions for one of such simple, guileless nature as my uncle. And doubtless they have him in leading strings; though hitherto he has given the vote he holds in this county, as 'twas fitting he should do, in favour of my father.

I rejoice to say that we have no unseemly contests in our village at election times—no bribery, and no corruption of any kind, such as take place in other parts of the country, and which is most shameful to think of. My father looks well to the opinions of his

would-be tenants; for, says he, "if we agree not in politics, we had better not be neighbours." And so it happens that we are all of one mind at Selwode—except, indeed, one or two who have of late set up to have opinions of their own, and whom my father has more than once had a mind to turn off as schismatics and seditious; but, as they are honest, steady-going men, and do their work well, and withal have no votes, my father has argued, and with much wisdom, that they will do less damage at Selwode than if they were let loose upon the world.

We are afraid that Uncle Oliver takes rather too much notice of them when he is down; for one of his new ideas is, that if every man was a scholar, the world would be better, and affairs would go on well. But I am not sure that he is right, for we have not a servant at Selwode that can read, and we have no fault to find. My father says, Uncle Oliver's new-fangled notions come from the Whigs, who are never content but when they are devising mischief. I hope learning will not lead Uncle Oliver astray. But, sure, he would never turn against his own brother.

It is very proper and becoming that I, the daughter of the Squire of Selwode, should read poetry and learn Latin; but that Thomas Hodgett should be studying "Paradise Lost"—which I fear Uncle Oliver helped him to—is manifestly wrong, especially as my father holds Mr. Milton to have been a dangerous person.

But here I am writing of my uncle's opinions, when I had intended to begin at once the strange story of my mother's coming to Selwode, which I cannot but think will be interesting to those who may happen to read it.

And first I must make mention that my mother did not come of what is called "gentle blood," her parents being only respectable tradespeople in the City of London, who had carried on the business of silk-mercers for many years with some success, and who had a numerous family, of whom my mother was the youngest daughter.

Sometimes it seems to me that, if she had not been my mother, I should have wondered how my father, who thought so slightly of trade, should have come to marry one of such poor parentage; and then, again, when I look into my mother's face, the wonder ceases. Nay, I even begin to marvel how such a wonder should ever have arisen in my mind; for of all sweet, gentle women

she is surely the pattern, and her wisdom and virtues are as great as those of the virtuous woman in the last chapter of the Proverbs of King Solomon.

Yet this is no part of my mother's story, nor of how she came to be linked in marriage with the heir of Selwode—which I must tell in her own words, for she has told me the tale over and over again, and each time I have listened as though it were all new, though I already had it by heart; and now I write it down with as good a memory as I can bring to bear in the narration.

* * * * *

"It was nigh the ending of the year of our Lord, 1664," said my mother, "when grave rumours began to fly abroad that the end of the world was at hand—that the cup of wickedness had been drained to the dregs, and that the Lord was coming to judge the earth. And it was credibly reported that signs and tokens of the approach of the last day had been perceived. Some spoke of portents and fiery crosses; and certain it was that a wonderful star, with a tail of marvellous brightness, was seen by many. Others affirmed that apparitions were visible nightly to those who had occasion to pass by the churchyards; and those who had seen these spectres described them to have a threatening aspect, and gave as a proof that their sight had not deceived them, that ever after there rang a cry in their ears of 'Woe, woe—woe to all flesh.' For thus it seemed the phantoms had cried unto them.

"Now, in the beginning of that year, 1664, my father, having prospered in his trade, had moved into a new shop in a better thoroughfare; for the old one, in which he had hitherto carried on his business, was now too small for him, as also the house part would not conveniently accommodate his family.

"I remember well the day the new shop was opened, and how my father and mother, and my elder sisters and brothers went across to the opposite side of the street, in order to get a better view of the brave show it made, that might well tempt the passers-by, with money in their purses, to come in and spend at Master Jonathan Whyte's.

"In those days, there was much encouragement to trade. The Court was a gay one, and the lords and ladies not over-careful of their fine suits, which oft wanted renewing; and there were as many as a hundred thousand

silk and riband weavers in London parishes alone—mostly in Shoreditch, Stepney, Whitechapel, and Bishopsgate about Spitalfields. So my father drove a thriving trade, and was feeling very easy in his mind, and was beginning to lay up for the future—as it was his intention, when he and his wife should get advanced in years, to retire into the country, and give up the business to his sons.

"We were a happy family, and never happier than that year; for my father's cheerfulness at his good prospects seemed to spread itself to all members of the household, even to my youngest brother, who was but three years old; but even children can soon perceive the effects that an easy state of affairs and a freedom from anxiety brings, as it casts about them an atmosphere of peace and good temper that makes them, they know not why, less peevish and fretful themselves.

"Yet, how soon was that state of happiness to be brought to an end! Towards the Michaelmas of that year, it was said that two men had died of the plague that had come over from Holland; and this set people fearing, though none ever thought of what was coming to pass. Yet there were not wanting those who created alarms; for some turned frantic, and ran about the streets crying out that they should all surely perish, and that the wrath of God had fallen upon them.

"And now some of our neighbours, who could conveniently do so, began to think of moving into the country, and they tried to persuade my father to do the same, or at least to send the children away. But, said he, 'A man must live, and how can I neglect my business? And the sickness may die away, and perhaps not visit the city, as it has done the out-parishes.' Then, again, all his people lived in Cumberland, and that was too far to go, and there were none he knew of nearer to whom to send us.

"This might be in April or May of 1665; and now the deaths were becoming more and more numerous; and in June, my father began to feel that he must loose his hold on his shop and his property, from which he had been so loath to part, and flee with his family for life, even as Lot had done from the City of Sodom.

"And so it was devised that, as soon as we could get things together, we should bolt, and bar, and lock up the house, and make

it as proof against thieves as possible; and that we should make the best of our way to some convenient place afar off, where we should remain until all fear of danger was over.

"But it takes some time, and a good deal of labour, to prepare for the moving of a large family; and my eldest sister, having over-fatigued herself, took to her bed; and on the physician's coming in to see her, he acquainted my father that the plague-mark was upon her, and that nought could save her.

"Then said my father—

"Mother, thou shalt go away with the rest, and I will stay with Hephzibah until she dies."

"Nay," said my mother—"and leave thee, too, to die alone of the plague! That were no wife's part."

"Think of the children," answered my father, "and remember that a mother hath also her duty."

"Who knows but that they may be stricken already," quoth she; "and what is a lone woman to do with them on the road? Nay, Jonathan, I will not leave thee: three and twenty years have never seen us parted, and we have tasted the sweet and bitter together. I will not go. Let us trust in the Lord; and if Hephzibah be taken, after her death will we all go forth together."

"Verily, wife," saith my father, "thou fliest in the face of Providence. There is a way open for thee, and thou shouldest take it."

"But nought that he could say availed, and all the answer she made was—

"Jonathan, I am not able. I cannot leave thee."

"And doubtless even then she had begun to feel the clutch of the enemy; for that evening she also sickened, and died not many hours after my sister.

"It was for my father now to think of saving the lives of the others; and he had made ready to start after the dead-cart should have carried away the bodies of my mother and Hephzibah—his wife and his first-born!

"But it was too late now. Time had sped on faster than he had reckoned. It was the beginning of July, and the orders published by the Lord Mayor and aldermen had come into force, and we were now prisoners in our own house, upon whose door a red cross had been marked, and the words,

'Lord, have mercy on us!' writ in large letters.

"For it was quickly known that two in our house had died of the plague; and no one was permitted to go out of it. Two watchmen were set to guard it—the one by day, the other by night—and they were to purchase for us all the food or necessities we required.

"Then said my father—

"Children, ye must all be patient, and say your prayers, for the Lord only knows whether we shall any of us escape this fiery trial."

"And at that moment we heard in the street the awful voice that we had heard before at midnight, crying—

"Woe! woe! woe! The harvest is ripe. The angel hath thrust in his sickle. The blood of the wine-press doth fill the sea of wrath. There is no mercy. Woe! woe! woe!"

"And then the sun went lower, and the bell of the dead-cart began to ring with a doleful clanking, and the voices of the men were heard calling—

"Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!"

"And my father fell upon his knees—

"The Lord have mercy upon us!" He could say nought else.

"We little ones—that is to say, my two younger brothers and myself—crept close together, and began to cry. We were so affrighted, that we knew not what else to do.

"Presently, the younger one fell asleep; and I put him into bed, and laid the other beside him—who, putting his arms round his brother's neck, and once or twice calling out 'Mammy, mammy'—as though he saw some one—also closed his eyes. And I sat down beside them to watch.

"There was a heavy thudding sound of footsteps up and down the stairs, and I put my hands over my ears, so as not to hear it. For I knew what it was. They were taking my mother and Hephzibah away.

"Presently I turned to the children, who seemed uneasy in their sleep. They had tossed the clothes away; and I, stooping down to put them straight again, saw certain blue spots upon their uncovered limbs. This made me give a loud scream; and my father running up to see what was the matter, I could not speak, but pointed to little Bill and Harry.

"Then says he—

"Poor lambs! The Lord hath taken them from the evil to come!"

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY A GEOLOGIST.

TRESPASSING.

It is unnecessary to say that geologists are frequently trespassers on other men's lands. Sometimes they remain in happy ignorance of the fact; but, when it is made known to them, they generally find the simple statement that they are geologists and strangers sufficient to secure a free passage. Occasionally, however, the battle is not so easily won; but, if it is ever lost, it may, in all probability, be ascribed to defective tactics.

A tempting cliff having once detained a companion and myself so long as to render it improbable that we should reach a neighbouring railway station in time for the last train to the town whither we were going, we committed the trespass of walking on the railway, by which the distance would be shortened fully one-half. When within sight of the station, our way was barred by a stop-gate, at a point where the common road crossed the rails. The gatekeeper who presented himself possessed a countenance so far from assuring, as to satisfy me that he would, at least, turn us back. Resolved, however, to make a push for it, I addressed him thus:—

"Of course, you have power to turn us back, if you like to do so; and, though we shall lose the train and be put to great inconvenience, we will retrace our steps at once, if you say we must. If, however, I can read faces, you are much too good-natured a fellow to do anything of the kind. Which shall it be?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "I'll open the gate for you this time; but don't trespass again. And let me say that, though I like a little *butter*, I hate *grease*."

"Thank you," said I. And we passed through.

"I think you're checkmated, old fellow," said my companion.

"Never mind that. Whether *butter* or *grease*, it did the work I intended."

A friend and I once spent a good deal of time in studying a very long and fine cliff section of the *Keuper*, or Upper New Red

Sandstone. We had proceeded in the direction of the *Dip*, until we had reason to believe that the famous *Bone Bed* was so near at hand that a short distance farther would bring it to the level of the beach, so that we should be able to investigate it easily. Unfortunately, however, before this point was reached, the entire section was concealed by the *débris* of a great and famous landslip, which extended a considerable distance along the coast. There was nothing for it but to ascend the cliff at the first point at which a path could be extemporized, and to seek the outcrop of the bed at the summit. Having gained the top of the cliff, we found it necessary to cross a hedge, on which I accordingly got, and was about to descend on the other side, when a gentleman standing just below me, and whom we had not previously seen, said—

"You can't come here."

"Why not?"

"This is my property; and I allow no trespassing."

"Is the land on this side your property also?"

"No, that belongs to —."

"Well, I'm very sorry; but it can't be helped."

Then, turning to my companion, I remarked—

"We must give up the search, that's all."

And I jumped back to the ground I had just left—intending, nevertheless, to get permission to cross the hedge, and, if possible, to find the stratum we were seeking.

The owner of the adjoining land walked leisurely away from the cliff, keeping near the hedge which separated us; and we did the same thing on the other side.

At length I ventured to say to him—

"Allow me, sir, to congratulate you on your property; and pardon my adding that I really envy you—as you are the fortunate proprietor of the *Bone Bed*."

"What *Bone Bed*?"

The question was asked in a tone and manner that showed a desire for information on it; and I proceeded to explain the leading characteristics of the stratum, its position in the geological series, and the chief fossils it had yielded. It was obvious that our new acquaintance had some knowledge of geology, and that he was interested in the statements to which he had listened. We accordingly felt that he was

disarmed, and would speedily strike. Having put a few pertinent questions on the subject, he pointed out a comparatively low part of the hedge, and said—

"I think you can cross there, without doing any harm. I wish you luck in your search for the *Bone Bed*. Good day."

"Good day, and thank you."

With this, he left us. We returned to the cliff, were very soon on the *Bone Bed*, and extracted a large number of fossils from it.

On one occasion, the discovery of fossils of a remarkable and interesting character in a new locality tempted me to prolong my search to a later hour than I intended. At length, just before sunset, I started to walk to my temporary home—fully eight miles distant. Being familiar with the country, I knew that by crossing a couple of fields, at least a mile would be saved. That this had been frequently done, a well-worn path assured me; and that it was a trespass was rendered equally clear by an announcement to that effect on a board erected on a pole at the point whence I diverged from the highway. I had almost cleared the distance, when, to my dismay, the farmer who occupied the land—a thorough John Bull—was standing in the path awaiting me. Putting a bold face on the matter, I marched on, as if his presence in no way affected me, until well within earshot, when he roared—

"You must go back."

"Go back! Why?"

"You 'm trespassing."

"Trespassing! I'm extremely sorry."

"Sorry! Ees, I reckon. You know you 'm trespassing. Sorry, eh!"

"What makes you say so?"

"Dedn't 'ee zee the board back there?"

"I saw the board on the pole, if you mean that."

"Ees, I do mean that. I know'd you'd a zid en safe enough. Ded 'ee read what's upon en?"

"My dear sir, pardon my saying so, but are you not going too fast? Should you not first prove that I *can* read?"

"Oh! oh!—that's good, that es! A man like you not able to read! Oh! oh!—that's uncommon good. Beat's cock-fighting all to fits. Oh! oh!" And his sides shook with laughter.

Having succeeded in making him laugh,

I knew he would not turn me back; so I said—

"I have to go to L—— to-night; and that, as you know, is a long step. Nevertheless, I'll go back at once if you insist on it; but if you'll allow me to go on, I shall feel much obliged."

"Well, I dont s'pose you'll do much harm, zo you may go on now you've got zo var; but 'tez uncommon hard to have a lot of trespassers 'pon your ground day arter day. 'Ees, you may go on now."

"Thank you very much. Good evening."

When I had got some distance from him, he shouted after me—

"Holloa! I say!"

"What is it?"

"B'ant you a Methoday passon?"

"Oh, dear, no. You flatter me too much."

I presume that he felt he had lost the battle, and sent his question after me as a parting shot.

RECKONING.

The geologist frequently gets far away from tourists' tracks, and from the comforts and tariff which spring up along them.

I once found a domicile for a couple of nights in a very humble inn, where everything, though very clean, was very meagre. I had taken two breakfasts and two teas in the house, and when about to leave asked the landlady—

"What have I to pay?"

"Pay, sir? Why, s'pose we set down and reckon?"

"By all means."

"There's two beds. What shall we zay for they? You wudn't think sixpence a-piece for 'em too much, p'raps?"

"Certainly not, if you are satisfied."

"Well, then, that's a shilling. And there'th bin fower mayls, I think."

"Yes, four."

"Well, what shall we zay for the mayls?"

"You are the best judge of that."

"S'pose we zay eightpence a mayl? Wud 'ee think that out of the way?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"Well, four times eight's thirty-two. Thirty pence is two and sixpence; so that's two and eightpence; and a shilling for the beds makes three and eightpence altogether. I hope you don't think I'm impozin' upon 'ee?"

"By no means."

I gave her two half-crowns; and when

I declined to take the change, remarking, "That's for attendance, you know," the good old creature seemed rather hurt than gratified.

Once, soon after mid-day, I found myself at a lone wayside inn, and encountered a forlorn-looking hostess with a black eye, of whom I asked—

"A crust of bread and cheese, and a glass of beer."

"Can't 'ave it, zur."

"What!"

"You can't 'ave it, zur."

"Why not?"

"'Cause me and my old man 'th valled out."

"I'm sorry for that. But what has it to do with my having refreshment?"

"I tell 'ee, we've valled out, and he 'th carr'd away the kay; zo you can't 'ave it. You may 'ave some of they there orts"—whortle-berries—"if you like; but there's nort else."

I declined the "orts," and proceeded on my journey, which, after a walk of twenty miles, brought me to an inn where the host and hostess lived amicably. Finding that a bed was obtainable, I ordered tea, with ham and eggs, adding—

"Be so good as to give me a glass of beer in the meantime."

Slipping off my collecting basket, but leaving my hammer in the belt in which it was carried, I took a seat on the "kitchen settle," and thereby joined three men, apparently masons who had just "left work," who were enjoying a glass and pipe before going home.

They all eyed me intently; but for a time no one spoke. At length one of them took the pipe from his lips, and emitted the accumulated smoke in that long thin thread which seems to betoken a desire to make the most of a good thing. When his lips were at liberty, he said—

"Ax your pardon, sir, for making so bould; but what trade be you?"

"I can't say I have a trade."

"'Cause of your hammer, sir, I took the liberty."

"Oh, my hammer! I can only say, I break stones on the road."

The trio exclaimed in a chorus—

"We won't believe that."

"If you'll open my basket, you'll see the stones I've broken."

I had spent the day before in a richly fossiliferous greensand district, and had collected many very fine specimens; whilst the rocks of the locality in which the inn stood were, so far as was known, utterly destitute of fossils.

Taking me at my word, one of the masons opened the basket, and took out the first stone that came to hand. It proved to be a piece of greensand, with an unmistakable shell firmly embedded in it, yet standing out in bold relief. Instantly their pipes were snatched from their lips, their mouths fell open, and they all stared at the specimen as if they would at once penetrate the mystery connected with it. Never had I seen looks in which ignorance, wonder, and admiration were so obviously blended and so strongly pronounced. At length one of them exclaimed—

"Why, how did thekky"—a provincialism for that—"shell get there?"

Obviously, fossils, with their wondrous teachings, were new to them.

My attempt to reply to their question eventuated in a sort of conversational lecture; and, so far as my experience goes, no audience was ever more attentive or more interested. The discourse was at length cut short by the landlady's announcement—

"Your tea's ready, sir."

And she intimated that I was to adjourn to the adjoining parlour—which, however, was within earshot of my audience. As I took my place at the table, the following flattering remark reached me—

"Lord! what a scholar he ez! I reckon he writ'th a booteful hand, ef we cud zee it."

Before my meal was over, they had left the house; and I have never seen them since. This, however, seems to have been no fault of theirs—as the following incident shows. On finishing my breakfast the next morning, I told the hostess I wished to pay my "reckoning;" to which she replied—

"My maister wishes to spaik to 'ee 'bout that, sir, plaize. May he come in?"

"Oh, certainly. I shall be very glad to see him."

But what it all meant, I had no conception.

The landlady at once withdrew; and the master of the house very shortly entered, apparently very ill at ease. He shuffled into the room, constantly shifted himself from leg to leg without advancing, giving

himself the appearance of a ship rolling in a heavy sea which struck her on the beam; then he bit his nails; and, finally, scratched his head. In short, his appearance, when translated into words, was to the effect of—"Dang me if I know how to begin." To help him, I told him it was a fine morning. He seemed grateful for the information, assented to its truth, and then said—

"Where be gwain?"

"I am about to walk to M——."

"Be in a hurry for a day or two, or a week?"

"I can scarcely say that I am in a hurry; but I wish to get there to-night."

"The men was very much plained with what you told 'em last evening.

"I thought they were interested."

"Oh, ees—uncommon, I'sure 'ee. I hope no offence, sir; but ef you'd stop 'ere for a foo days, or a week, and talk to the men in the evenin's, you shud be welcome to meat, drink, washing, and lodging free gratis. I'm sure lots o' men wud come an' hear 'ee, and I shud zell an uncommon zight o' beer."

"Your offer is extremely handsome, and most tempting; and I am much obliged to you for it. But my plan was to reach M—— to-night, and I don't like to make any alteration. Thank you very much; but I must get on."

I was accordingly allowed to pay my "reckoning," and to proceed.

Once, when gradually emerging from the region of bye-ways, I arrived, late at night, at a village inn on one of the great highways of the county, and had gone to bed, after a humble supper of bread and cheese and beer. My request for breakfast next morning was met by the question—

"What will you please to have for breakfast, sir?"

My experience for some time before had gone far to humble me; nevertheless, I resolved to "make a bold stroke" for a meal, and therefore replied to the waitress—

"Tea, ham and eggs." Adding, in an aside—"Don't you wish you may get it?"

The girl disappeared with a "Yes, sir;" but almost immediately returned, and in tones of entreaty said—

"Oh, please, sir, wud' ee 'ave some beef-stakes?"

I assumed a manner of dubitation, in

order to impress her with the idea that in acquiescing in her suggestion I should be conferring a favour; and, after some time, replied—

"Well, I don't care if I do—that is, if you can certainly recommend the steaks."

Having exclaimed, "Oh, sir, they be booties," she disappeared; and I went on with my writing, at a little table near the window.

In due time the announcement was made that breakfast was ready; when, turning to the table, the following scene met my delighted gaze:—A dish with four splendid and well-cooked steaks, a couple of eggs, a tempting-looking cake, a plate piled with neatly cut bread and butter, a new loaf, a fresh pound of butter, and a glass vessel containing some tempting-looking clotted cream. My recent enforced asceticism had the effect of enhancing the picture and nerving me for the attack. On calling for my "reckoning," it proved that for this opportunity of making a meal the demand was no more than eighteenpence.

This occurred at the very time when tourists were deluging the newspapers with complaints respecting the high charges at hotels they visited; and my conscience has never been quite easy under the fact that until now the world has not been informed of my cheap and excellent breakfast.

I should not have thought it necessary to state that I did not eat all that was comprised in the spread just described, had I not recently been informed, at an hotel in a watering place, that a gentleman, who for many years has made an annual visit of a week to the house, invariably at his breakfast disposes of a sole, two mutton chops, two kidneys, two eggs, and a dish of buttered toast—to say nothing of bread and butter. My endeavours to learn what he was charged were unavailing.

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

By SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER IX.

LILIAN found the library empty; and she took up some trifle of worsted work, and sat down, and her fingers went almost as rapidly as her thoughts at first. But soon the work was suffered to fall into her lap; and, throwing herself back in her chair, she was soon lost in reverie.

From this she was aroused by footsteps on the terrace. She hastily gathered up her work; and a gentleman entered from the garden, exclaiming—

"Miss Grey—all alone! Good morning. Why, I thought you had a houseful of people here."

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Brydon. No, we have by no means a houseful yet—only Lord Grasmere and Mr. Stalker, besides Lady Dobcross. I am sure I don't know where they all have vanished to. Shall we go and look for them?"

"Not just yet—there is no hurry. I can endure their absence a little longer with great equanimity. I have just walked over from Bartry, and am not sorry to sit down in the cool. It is pleasanter here, I think, than in the garden. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think it is, perhaps," replied Lilian, now very busy with her work.

"Of course, if you are not sure about it, we will go out of doors at once," said Edmund, as he settled himself in a chair close to hers.

"Oh, no—I think this is very nice."

"So do I. For us two to be sitting together in the cool, on a sunshiny morning, quite reminds us of old times—doesn't it, Miss Grey?"

"When we were in Switzerland, you mean—yes."

"I am glad to have this opportunity of talking quietly to you," said Edmund, with an earnestness in his voice that made Lilian's heart throb in an unaccustomed manner. "I never got a chance of talking to you in London, as I should have liked to have talked to you. One can't talk so pleasantly in Rotten-row, or in ball-rooms, as on the mountain sides in Switzerland—can one?"

Possibly, the reply was so obvious that Lilian did not take the trouble to make it. Her lips moved a little, and the worsted got all wrong, and she was obliged to bend over it and fight with it to make it come right. This, too, was very likely the reason why such a pretty colour came into her cheeks.

"Those were charming walks we used to take," he continued. "Do you remember how suddenly I left you?"

"Quite well," she answered, in a low voice.

"And the reason of my departure?"

"Yes, I remember that too."

"Up to that day, I had been strangely blind; but then my eyes were opened. Do you ever read Shakspeare?"

"My uncle used to read plays to me sometimes at home."

"Do you recollect the casket scene in the 'Merchant of Venice'? On the golden casket was written, 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.' But on the leaden one was inscribed, 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he has.' Like the dusky prince in the play, I thought to gain what many men desired, and was deceived by the outward show. Ah! there needs no gold or silver crown about the brows of love. There, there is no need of glittering jewels or brave attire; and he who loves indeed must be prepared to give and hazard all he has, Lilian."

She looked up, surprised—not angry though, as of course she ought to have been.

"May I not call you Lilian? I believe I ventured on as much, once or twice, when we were in Switzerland."

"But you used to say my name in a very different tone."

There was certainly something very odd about the worsted this morning—it kept getting into the most extraordinary knots.

"Yes—for I had not rightly caught the music of it then. It did not echo in my heart then with such soft melody as now, Lilian!"

There was an accent upon the "Lilian" this time that finally dissolved the fiction of the worsted work. She flung it aside, and, looking him full in the face, exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Brydon! what are you saying? I must not listen to you, if you talk like this."

"Why not? What is there in this wide world to prevent me from speaking to you thus? Why should you not listen to me? What is there to hinder me from telling you that you are never absent from my thoughts?"

"Oh, hush, Mr. Brydon!—pray hush! Remember the wide difference there is between us. You, the wealthy gentleman—I, the poor girl, subsisting on charity almost. Oh, don't say words that might separate us!"

"Words that might separate us, Lilian Grey!" he answered, passionately. "Oh, no! The words that I would say would bind us

two together for evermore. Listen. I love you, Lilian. Will you be my wife?"

She started from her seat, and shrank from him; but in an instant he was close beside her.

"Your *wife!*" she echoed, as though she could not believe that she had heard rightly what he said. "Your *wife!* I—the paid companion of Miss Prestoun!—the common girl brought here from Switzerland to please a lady's whim! Mr. Brydon, think again."

Had either of them been less excited at that moment, one or both would have heard footsteps on the terrace. As it was, Margaret and Vipan Wade stood silently without, and looked on at what followed unobserved.

"No!" exclaimed Edmund, "I need think no more. When I saw you at Miss Prestoun's ball, I was at first surprised at the intense pleasure that meeting gave me. I wondered at it less when I remembered how happy I had been with you in our mountain rambles. I saw you several times afterwards in London, and I found my delight to be by your side increase. When I came down to Bartry, two days ago, I determined to seek you, and ask you to come there as its mistress. Ah, Lilian, you do love me a little, don't you? You think there is a wide difference between us. If there is, may I not bridge it over with a little golden span about this finger?"

He took her left hand significantly in both of his, and drew her gently to him. Her beaming eyes met his for one instant, and he read his answer there. She suffered her head to rest upon his breast, and he touched her forehead lightly with his lips. Then she sprang away from him.

"Mr. Brydon—Edmund—forgive me if I cannot answer you at once. Give me but a few days."

"I understand—you wish to write to your uncle. You are quite right, Lilian. I will wait as long as you desire."

"And, till I hear from him, you will be the same as you have always been—merely a friend, and nothing more?"

"If you require it—yes. But it will be very hard to act such a part, and you must forgive me if I don't do it very well. But one word, Lilian—you *do* love me?"

"Edmund!"

And he held her in his arms again.

Of course, her conduct was very absurd

after her recent stipulation, not to say inconsistent; but most people act absurdly and inconsistently under such trying circumstances, and this time it didn't last long.

"Dear me, I am afraid I am forgetting my part already," muttered Edmund, as he released her.

"He takes me as I am," she thought, as she tore herself away. "You are thrice welcome to Estcourt, Margaret!"

And she hurried from the room.

Edmund Brydon, feeling gayer and happier than he had felt for a long time, left the library by the opposite door, which led into the drawing-room, expecting to find Lady Dobcross and the others there.

The silent spectators of the love scene then entered the library from the terrace—Margaret first, impetuously; Wade following calmly, with a half-suppressed smile of triumph on his lips.

"You saw and heard it all!" exclaimed Margaret, furiously. "Here, beneath my roof, she allows herself to be embraced by him! She, the low-born peasant girl, whom my insane folly brought to England, has succeeded in entrapping Mr. Brydon, of Bartry;—and thinks to become my wealthy neighbour, doubtless! Well, he is your friend, have you nothing to say?"

Wade shrugged his shoulders as he replied—

"The young lady has played her cards well. Courage and ingenuity deserve to meet with victory. I shall take an early opportunity of congratulating her upon the prize she has been so fortunate as to win."

"Not in this house, if you please! Besides, *she has not won him yet!* You, with your keen wits and experienced mind, find me some way to choke this innocent love, and crush her fond hope of marriage, and I—"

"You pause."

"Listen to me, Mr. Wade," she pursued, in calmer tones. "You have confessed to me that you are a mere adventurer—a man who has had to battle with his fate; one who has seen much of the darker side of life. You must be weary of such a hand-to-mouth life as you have described to me. You are a man of the world, and I do not fear that I shall hurt your feelings in what I am going to say. Aid me to prevent this marriage between Edmund Brydon and Lilian Grey, and name your own reward."

She had turned her face away from him

as she said these last words; but she felt that his large dark eyes were bent upon her with a terrible earnestness, as he replied—

"You speak plainly. I will be equally candid. I will aid you; but the price that I shall ask will be a heavy one."

With a gesture she bade him proceed.

He looked cautiously out upon the terrace and round the room, and then, close beside her, whispered in her ear—

"I, and I alone, know a secret which, if once divulged, would not only break off all thoughts of marriage between these two, but would leave Bartry empty and deserted. I have but to say the word, and ruin and desolation light on Edmund Brydon's head."

Astonished beyond measure at his words, she could not help turning towards him, and meeting his expressive eyes.

"The price of this secret—the price!"

"Not all the broad acres of Estcourt—not all the gold that you could raise, told ten times over—can buy it of me. The price that I demand for my secret is—you yourself!"

She started angrily, and exclaimed—

"Mr. Wade! I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" he asked, passionately. "What do I mean? Could I have expressed myself in plainer words? What is there in them that you should shrink from? You ask me to aid you in some scheme. I tell you that I will do so joyfully; for—I love you!"

"Oh, silence—silence!"

"No, I will not be silent! I have earned the right to speak;—earned it by my long and voiceless adoration—earned it by the age of suffering I have endured when absent from you—earned it by lavishing on you a flood of passion, which startles me to know what human love can be. I saw you, and the wretched life I had lived rose before me like a barren spectre. I saw you, and looked within myself, and found that I had energy and talent still. Speak, Margaret—may I not yet atone for mis-spent years, and rise to a level with yourself?"

She made now no effort to check him; but wondered if she were mad to listen to his eloquence.

"Oh, do not take from me the hope that, bursting on me now, seems to flood my future life with glorious hues, and bathes existence in radiance all divine! You are not happy—nay, I know it well. Your

heart is empty, and you cannot bear the solitude. Oh, give me the right to fill the void—to strew your path with roses that bear no thorns—to shield you from the tempests of the world—to guide you into life-long happiness and peace!"

He seized the white hand that hung drooping by her side, and which for the moment offered no resistance, and covered it with kisses. Then she drew it angrily away, exclaiming—

"Mr. Wade—let me go! How dare you? Speak to me no more like this. One more such word, and we never meet again."

His whole manner changed, and he answered calmly, in his low, deep voice—

"I have done. I have laid bare my heart to you. You know all now—my agony, my aspirations. Silent for evermore, until you bid me speak."

"Go—go—leave me to myself."

"I obey. Remember this: Edmund Brydon's fate is in my hands!"

Without another word or look, he passed into the garden.

What strange spell was it that this man exercised over her, that she could listen to his passionate language for a moment? She remembered how, almost from their very first meeting, he had addressed her in a manner that was strange to her. Yet, while she shrank from him, he had seemed at times almost to fascinate her.

"And he has dared to touch me with his lips! Oh, shame—shame! And yet, what wonder? Have I not shown him my desire for vengeance? Have I not entreated him to become my accomplice? And I could not have chosen a fitter instrument. What, shall this girl—this Lilian Grey, whom I am learning rapidly to hate—win the prize I lost? Am I to spend my life—unwedded, perhaps—compassionated, it may be, by them—in witnessing the happy family at Bartry? No! Edmund Brydon; I will not spare you!"

Little dreaming of the storm that was impending, Lilian softly entered the library.

"Oh, Margaret—I have been looking for you everywhere. Why, how pale you look! You are cold and trembling! Has anything happened?"

Margaret snatched away the hand that Lilian sought to take; and drawing herself up to her full height, said, with flashing eyes—

"Suppose I were to ask *you* that question, Lilian Grey, what would be *your* reply?"

"She cannot have discovered!" thought Lilian. "What can you possibly mean?" she asked, in amazement.

"You know what I mean! Your guilty conscience brings the blood into your cheeks."

The voice in which these words were spoken roused Lilian's spirit.

"What have I done, Margaret, that you use this tone to me?" she demanded.

"What have you done? Listen to this guileless girl! Have you not employed your seemingly artless eyes in laying snares for one who is far above you? Have you not made use of your position beneath my roof to inveigle a rich gentleman by your fascinations, and think to persuade him to wed you, Lilian Grey? Don't attempt to deny it! I was at that window, and saw the parting between yourself and Mr. Brydon."

"Deny it!" exclaimed Lilian, indignantly. "Deny it! I am proud to acknowledge it. It is my greatest joy and pride to know he loves me!"

"And you dare boast of it to me!"

"Why should I not?" answered Lilian, smiling proudly. "Wherein have I ever forfeited my woman's right to glory in the love of a true and honest gentleman? When have I surrendered my freedom to give and accept an honourable passion? Mr. Brydon has asked me to be his wife. I wait but my uncle's consent to give my own."

"And where will you wait for it, if you please?" asked Margaret, furiously. "Not in Estcourt—for I will drive you from the house. It may be that you will go to Bartry straight."

"Oh, shame, Margaret—to insult me thus!"

"Insult, indeed! Listen, you noble and immaculate Lilian. Come what may, you shall not wed Edmund Brydon."

"If my uncle, to whom I owe obedience, sees no objection," answered Lilian, calmly, "I shall marry Mr. Brydon as surely as I am speaking to you now."

"Will you!" exclaimed Margaret, in a voice almost inarticulate through concentrated rage. "You don't know all that I know, Lilian Grey. I have but to lift this little hand—I have but to give one sign—and on your lover's head I launch misery and ruin!"

A strange smile played upon Lilian's lips as she returned, as calmly as before—

"But you will not lift that hand—or make that sign."

"I will—I *will*! On the day on which he publicly announces that you are to be his wife, he shall fly from Bartry, ruined and dishonoured!"

"At *your* command?"

"At *mine*."

"Then mark *my* words, in your turn. Whatever may be the meaning of your dark speech, mine is no vain and idle threat. Let but one breath of slander go forth against Edmund Brydon—let but one shadow fall across his path—and the fate you have prophesied for him shall be your own!"

Margaret laughed scornfully.

"Laugh while you may!" pursued Lilian, as she raised one white hand menacingly, her eyes dilating as if she were some propheticess of old. "Is Edmund Brydon in your power? *You* are in *mine*. Will you indeed exercise that power? Then first go up to the roof of the tower, and stand beside the flagstaff, and gaze round upon the fair lands that now you call your own, and bid farewell to all! For the poor, despised Lilian Grey will wrest them from you!"

"Why—she must be mad!" gasped Margaret.

"You will return to that humble sphere whence you were suddenly lifted to this high position. You will—at my bidding—yield up the wealth and honours that are not your own, to her to whom they of right belong."

"And who is she, pray?"

"Myself—Lilian Fordyce—the heiress of Estcourt!"

Margaret sank upon the sofa. An ashy paleness overspread her countenance; but she never took her eyes off Lilian's face.

"In Edmund's defence," pursued Lilian, "I have told you a secret, which otherwise, in all human probability, you would have never known. I will send Mr. Chinnery, and he will tell you whether I have spoken the truth or not; and then, plot against Edmund Brydon if you will!"

With the same proud and calm bearing she had used throughout the scene, she left the room.

TABLE TALK.

THE hay harvest this year, thanks to the continuous wet weather, has been a failure; so, at least, agriculturists say. And

if the clerk of the weather is not more propitious shortly, we are afraid that our corn-fields will show but a poor return this autumn. Late corn-harvests, however, are not altogether unprecedented. In the north of England and Scotland the reaping-time is always far behind that of the more favoured southern countries; but it is not very often that harvests are gathered so late in the year as at Christmas time. Yet such has been the case more than once. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* quotes a letter from the *Suffolk Chronicle*, published in December, 1860, which is at least curious. It says:—"Your agricultural readers in Suffolk may be interested to hear that the last field of wheat in the neighbourhood of our county town, containing about five acres, was commenced being cut last Tuesday, the 18th inst., belonging to Mr. Gray Marriage, at Springfield, about two miles from Chelmsford, on the Colchester-road, near the White Hart Inn. I understand it is expected to be cleared so that a party may be able to glean about Christmas Day. I have a specimen of the corn, and I never expect again to see such a sight at such a time of the year; and perhaps no person living ever witnessed such a circumstance before." Another perhaps more remarkable instance than this of an extraordinary late harvest, is that in which a field of wheat in the parish of Lindridge, in Worcestershire, which is generally not a late part, remained partly uncut at the commencement of January, 1861. We can only trust that Ceres will this year be a little more propitious.

TRAMWAYS ARE NOW becoming generally adopted, in substitution for the old nerve-shaking mode of conveyance by means of omnibuses. A discussion has often arisen, in our own experience, as to the origin of the word "tramway." The word "tram" has often been taken as a corruption of the name of the father of the Indian general, Sir James Outram, who was the founder of the Butterley Ironworks—now, perhaps, the largest ironworks in England. He was a man of great ability, and of ready and fertile resources; and he was the first, in connection with these works, to lay down an iron way. But whether he was the first to originate the idea of a tramway is another question; as likewise whether the word "tram" itself is derived from his name. Several years before Mr. Benjamin Outram

began to construct his improved tramways, Mr. Homfray obtained an Act of Parliament for the construction of "an iron dram-road, tram-road, or railway, between Cardiff and Merthyr Tydvil." The real truth appears to be that the word is a local expression peculiar to the north of England; and consequently, like most other local expressions, rather difficult of explanation.

WHAT A MARE'S NEST has been made by the newspapers with regard to the discovery of the pulpit sand-glass at the Chapel Royal, Savoy! Instead of its being a recent introduction, it was allowed to remain there—by her Majesty's express wish—when the chapel was restored some three years ago; and it has been used ever since. The papers call it "a twenty-minute glass;" but we fancy that its exact measure is eighteen minutes. It is a comfort to think that the royal sanction was not given to an hour-glass like to that which formerly was a fixture on church pulpits, and which Daniel Burgess, the Non-conformist divine, when preaching against drunkenness, tilted up, with the remark, "Another glass, and then!"—a witticism which he may have borrowed from the print of Hugh Peters, in Dr. Young's "England's Shame!" When Bishop Burnet was preaching against Popery, at the Rolls' Chapel, the sand in his hour-glass ran out; upon which he held it up, and set it running again, and continued his sermon for another hour, to the great delight of his congregation, "who almost shouted for joy;" so says Sir Joseph Jekyll. But congregations were accustomed to such lengthy sermons, and, in those days of no newspapers, even demanded them; so that George Herbert recommended his Country Parson to "exceed not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency." Although hour-glasses were invented in Alexandria about the third century, yet they do not appear to have been introduced into England till the year 1564, when one was fixed up in St. Katharine's Church, Aldgate. In the frontispiece to the Bishops' Bible, 1569, Archbishop Parker is represented with his pulpit hour-glass beside him.

A CORRESPONDENT: In reference to the wakefulness of the goose, mentioned in your "Table Talk," p. 22, I may remind you that, when a fox or thief has attacked the poultry yard, the goose's cackle has been the first

signal to put the poultry on the alert. Dryden makes the goose to be even more wakeful than the watch-dog:—

“Nor wakeful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace.”

A CORRESPONDENT: Your recent article on the “Letters of Junius” reminds me of the letter of a Calcutta correspondent which I saw in the *Delhi Gazette*, of March 6, 1855, in which he says:—“You must have seen in the Calcutta newspapers a controversy, or at least a series of articles, about a document that is to unveil the real author of Junius’s letters, and reveal in Calcutta a secret which has perplexed the reading world of England for the last seventy or eighty years. It turns out that this document is in the hands of a man named Jones, who, as I understand, states he is lineally descended from some person who was employed in Lord Chatham’s household, and into whose possession the paper came, with several others now on their way out from England to authenticate the main instrument. Just imagine the powerful, mysterious, sarcastic, and *trenchant* Junius being at last stripped naked and turned out in the world in his real personality by—Jones!”

SOME PEOPLE are fond of discovering, or fancying they discover—which is almost the same thing—similarities between certain passages of authors of different periods. These similarities are sometimes called plagiarisms; but, by the better believers in literary honesty, coincidence of ideas. A well-known couplet, however, in Goldsmith’s poem, “The Traveller,” is worthy a passing word. Goldsmith says—

“Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.”

Garth, in his “Claremont,” says—

“Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good.”

An earlier poet, however, than either Garth or Goldsmith—namely, Hildebrand Jacob—wrote in one of his poems, entitled “Chiron to Achilles”—

“Learn, gen’rous prince, what’s little understood,
The Godlike happiness of doing good.”

SOME OF OUR chief engineers are discussing, at the present moment, the possibility of constructing a tunnel between England

and France. It may not be generally known, however, that this project was mentioned in a song published nearly fifty years ago, called “Bubbles of 1825,” to the old tune of “Run, neighbours, run.” In one of the verses it says—

“A tunnel underneath the sea from Calais straight
to Dover, sirs,
That qualmish folks may cross by land from
shore to shore;
With sluices made to drown the French, if e’er
they would come over, sirs,
Has long been talked of, till at length, ‘tis
thought a monstrous bore.”

LONDON IS FAST losing its old landmarks. It is interesting, therefore, to make a note now and then concerning some of the best known localities of the great city. All of us who have been any time in London know the Angel at Islington—“Merry Islington,” as it used to be called. During the reigns of James and Charles the First, Islington was a favourite resort on account of its rich dairies. In that part of the manor of Highbury at the lower end of Islington, there were, in 1611, eight inns principally supported by summer visitors. We read that, in 1628—

“—Hogsdone, Islington, and Tothnam Court,
For cakes and cream had then no small resort.”

“NOBLESSE OBLIGE,” says the old French proverb; and we have often thought that no more frequent obligation falls upon great personages than that of laying foundation stones. Be the building about to be erected a hospital, a church, or a Foresters’ hall, it is always considered necessary by society at large, for the ultimate stability of the building, that the Queen, the Prince of Wales, a bishop, or at least some noble lord, should lay the first stone. The custom of laying foundation stones is not so modern as may perhaps be generally imagined. The ancient Romans had very much the same practice. Godwyn, in his “Roman Antiquities,” published in 1633, gives an account of the laying of the first stone of a temple in the old Latin days. After describing the preliminary ceremonies of dedication, he says:—“This being done, the prætor touched certain ropes, wherewith a great stone, being the first of the foundation, was tied. Together with that, other chief magistrates, priests, and all sorts of people, did help to pluck that stone, and let it down into its place, casting in wedges of gold and silver

which had never been purified or tried in the fire. These ceremonies being ended, the Haruspex pronounced with a loud voice, saying:—"Ne temeretur opus saxo, aurove in aliud destinato"—that is, 'Let not this work be unhallowed by converting this stone or gold into any other use.' We are reminded strongly in this paragraph of the modern custom of depositing the current coins of the period under the base of the foundation stone.

THE PUBLIC TASTE in the matter of amusements is always changing. Some years ago, Ethiopian minstrels were the order of the day. In the more aristocratic hall, negro melodies charmed the audience with their dulcet praises of "the land where the cotton grows;" in the public streets, bands of "niggers"—from Whitechapel—who had been duly Ethiopianised by the adventitious aid of burnt corks, would awake the sentimental feelings of the crowd with touching references to "Uncle Ned" and "The Old Folks at Home." Negro music, however, may be said now to have had its day. Certainly, one company of "nigger" minstrels, which invariably advertises itself as "never performing out of London," holds its ground pretty fairly; but the public generally are beginning to lose their former interest in the joys and troubles of their black brethren. It may be curious to note, however, the personage who first gave an impulse to the whilom popular rage for negro melodies. The *Western Fireside*, a Wisconsin paper, of the year 1857, tells us that the principal writer of these songs was a certain Mr. Stephen C. Foster, the author of "Uncle Ned," "Oh, Susannah," &c. Mr. Foster resided near Pittsburgh, where he occupied a moderate clerkship, upon which, and the per-centage on the sale of his songs, he depended for a living. He wrote the poetry as well as the music of his songs. The first was "Uncle Ned." This was published in 1846, and reached a sale till then unknown in the music publishing business. Of the "Old Folks at Home," 100,000 copies were sold in America alone, and as many more in England. "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Dog Tray," each had a sale of about 70,000; and all his other songs were equally successful.

DURING THE LATE Franco-Prussian war, if we mistake not, the celebrated astro-

nomical clock of Strasbourg Cathedral was destroyed in the bombardment. It would seem, however, that we ourselves had an opportunity, more than a century and a half ago, of being able to boast a still more remarkable timepiece; though, for some reason or another, it appears—judging by present facts—that the original idea was not carried out. In an old newspaper, *The Affairs of the World*, for October, 1700, we are told that Mr. Tompion, the famous watchmaker in Fleet-street, is making a clock for St. Paul's Cathedral which, it is said, will go one hundred years without winding up, will cost £3,000 or £4,000, and be far finer than the famous clock at Strasbourg. We do not know how often the present clock at St. Paul's is wound up; but one thing is certain, that the chronometer in question is not the worthy Mr. Tompion's.

THE USE OF PARSLEY as a victor's crown is amusingly connected with a myth of our nurseries. Hypsipyle, nurse of the infant Opheltes, left the baby for awhile lying in a parsley bed, and on her return found him killed by a serpent. In memory of this disaster, the conqueror at the Nemæan games was rewarded with a crown of parsley.

WE ALL KNOW that glorious John Milton became blind, and we also know that he had anti-dynastic notions; though we doubt whether he was ever a Communist at heart. The reason for his blindness, however, is given unhesitatingly in a broadside published in 1660. The document in question is surmounted with a portrait of Praise-God Barebones, and entitled "The Picture of the Good Old Cause, drawn to the Life; containing several examples of God's judgment on some eminent Engagers against Kingly Government." The name of the poet appears third in the list. "Milton, that wrote two books against the Kings and Salmasius his Defence of Kings, struck totally blind, he being not much above forty years old."

PUNS UPON CLASSICAL quotations are common enough; but we know few better, than the epitaph once written upon a favourite deceased cat—"Micat inter omnes."

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.
Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

ONCE A WEEK

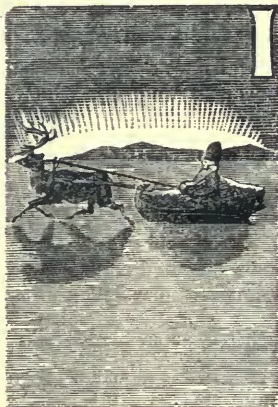
NEW SERIES.

No. 186.

July 22, 1871.

Price 2d.

FRESH FIELDS FOR TOURISTS.



IF you will go, give my love to the North Pole," said a friend to Captain Hutchinson, when he announced his intention of going to Lapland for his summer excursion.

"Try Lapland," embodies the result of the brave captain's and his braver

wife's experiences in that interesting country of snow, Lilliputians, and reindeer: one of the very few spots in Europe still unvisited by that ubiquitous and omnivorous biped, the British tourist. The time of the year—though, in the face of such a rigorous June, we can hardly add the season—has arrived when our adventurous fellow-countrymen, from Chief-Justice Bovill downwards, desire to quit their daily toil, and for a few weeks disport themselves in fresh fields and pastures new, where the pursuit of pleasure can be made a business, in the place of the other everyday business left behind. Notwithstanding the anger of Count Jaubert, who growls in the Assembly at the infamous number of "*trains de plaisir*" formed to bring to Paris a host of English desirous of contemplating our miseries," English people will flock to the erst gay city in crowds. And although it cannot be denied that the reason why Mr. Briggs rushes off to Paris is simply because he wants to "see how Paris looks after it all," the angry Count and ex-Minister should not forget that those trains of pleasure of which he complains were preceded by trains of succour; and, whatever may be the verdict of history as

to the Government, that verdict will declare that the people of England did their duty by their French brethren in their hour of need. And to the trading classes of Paris, the British and American tourists, who now throng the Boulevards much as they did of old, are as welcome as rain in the desert.

Then Rhineland and Italy will have their share of British gold, and many more will visit that land of mountains, freedom, and exorbitant hotel bills—

"— Where Alpine solitudes ascend ;"

and with the poet—

"Sit them down a pensive hour to spend ;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear."

But, attractive as are these well-trodden paths to those who have plenty of time, sound legs, and a love of sport for sport's sake, we would say, with Captain Hutchinson, "Try Lapland."

With two small portmanteaux, weighing thirty pounds a-piece, a travelling bath—some fifty pounds more—a bundle of rods and umbrellas, a gun case, and some rugs, £50 in English money, and £100 more in circular notes from Coutts's, Captain and Mrs. Hutchinson started from the London terminus of the Great Eastern Railway. They stayed at the Lord Warden at Dover one night, and then crossed to Calais.

With the adventures of our travellers between Dover and Stockholm we need not trouble ourselves, as the route is pretty well known. Between Copenhagen and Stockholm, however, we may mention that they halted at Jonköping, a pretty little town, with a large hotel, but most moderate tariff; even "the poor foreigner" being let off with this light bill:—

"JONKOPING HOTEL.

	s.	d.
Room with two beds	4	0
Two teas, with bread and butter ...	1	2
	<hr/>	
	5	2"

We propose to show the curious diminishing ratio of the hotel bills from Dover northwards—the same accommodation at the Lord Warden having cost our tourists fifteen and eightpence!

The Swedes are nice people enough, and “particularly careful in their eating; everything is scrupulously clean, and there is an absence of grease about their compounds truly delightful.”

“Smörgos” is their peculiarity. Literally, it means “buttered goose,” so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as goose does not appear in it at all.

The Smörgos is placed upon a side table, and consists of a numerous collection of small glass dishes, containing all kinds of eatables—generally *raw*—such as dried fish, raw herrings, tiny slices of smoked salmon or sausages, dried reindeer, scraped cheese, spise-brod (barley bread), and other varieties of black bread and biscuit. In the centre of the viands stand two large decanters, one of gin, the other of weak curaçoa.

The custom of the country is to walk up to this sideboard with the Smörgos on it, and spoil your appetite for breakfast with raw herring and cheese parings, washed down with neat gin.

It not unnaturally struck our travellers as looking “odd to see a lady take a piece of bread with her fingers, lay it on the palm of her left hand, spread it with butter, and plaster on the top of this a raw split herring,” devour it, and then rush off to the large table, and sit down to her breakfast or dinner, as the case may be. Captain Hutchinson spoke to many Swedish gentlemen about Smörgos. They were unanimous in abusing it; but added, “it was a custom of the country, and would never be given up.” These Swedish gentlemen, though “native there and to the manner born,” seem to have considered the practice anything but ladylike, and not likely to advance the growth of polished manners in their countrywomen. Under the circumstances, they behaved as Dr. Johnson did to Mrs. Thrale’s mother’s spaniel, that had not the luck to possess good breeding—“Because one must not wish ill to the lady in such cases, one curses the cur.” And because these Swedish censors could not, with gallantry, wish their wives a fit of indigestion, they heartily wished ill to the custom of Smörgos. The journey to Stockholm cost £30; but had it been made by sea from

London to Gothenburg, and then by the Gotha Canal, it would only have cost £12. Here our friends purchased tins of soup, of beefsteak, and other necessities. They also laid in a stock of rum and Swedish sherry, and bought a number of Swedish Testaments from the depôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Copies of the Bible are highly valued in lands where there is no facility for purchasing them. Many of the people Captain Hutchinson met had never in their lives held a copy of the Holy Scriptures in their hands. He says:—“I well remember the delight of a powerful young Norwegian who, on receiving one, far away in the interior, said he would sooner have it than money.”

On another occasion, in the Black Forest, he saw a man seated by the roadside, so eagerly reading a book as not to be alive to what was passing around him. On being asked what interested him so deeply, he held up a copy of “the Gospel of St. John,” which an Englishman, whom he had been driving in a carriage, had just given him. The value of the work done by the British and Foreign Bible Society in diffusing copies of the Scriptures, in the vulgar tongue, throughout every country in Europe where they are needed, can scarcely be over-estimated. It is in lands like Sweden and Norway, where the country parts lie distant from any centre of civilization, and where the people are primitive, and not given to travelling far from their homes, that the value of the Society’s labour is seen to most advantage.

Quickjock was the goal of Captain Hutchinson’s ambition. Lulea was the starting point, and Quickjock is two hundred miles up the country. He was at Lulea, which is in the same latitude as Iceland, on the 17th of June. The weather was very hot. A small ash in the churchyard, in one day, changed from a bare tree to one covered with opening buds—so rapid is the progress of vegetation in these northern climes when summer once begins. The town of Lulea serves one bad purpose. The people who cannot get intoxicating liquors up the country come there for it; and our travellers saw many drunken men in the town, but not one during the whole time they were up the country. Having purchased some other necessities for the journey at Lulea, they started for their upland journey, arriving on the first night at Edefors, a vil-

lage of three houses. Here they saw, for the first time, that strange phenomenon, to southern eyes, the midnight sun. "We found our small room very hot. The sun shone the whole time. Midnight sun, always on hand, is sometimes a bore." From this remark, penned on the occasion of his first experience of the inconvenience, it will be seen that our author is no sentimentalist.

"Ping! ping! What is that sound? Alas! alas!—there could be no mistake. Here was the veritable mosquito—no large English gnat, but the real genuine article." A 4s. 6d. bottle of Patent Preservative, from Bond-street, was immediately uncorked, and smeared over the hands and faces of the travellers; but the insects were not incommoded by its use. They were obliged to shut the windows, and set to work and kill all the mosquitoes in the room with a leathern flyflapper. Next morning, they started again on their journey; their bill for tea, bed, and breakfast being 4s. 4d.: "in Lapland the outside charge, with which they are always more than satisfied."

That day two boatmen rowed them and their luggage twenty-one miles for 6s. 6d. Then came a ride over a terribly bad road in a pony trap:—

"More than once our harness gave way; another time, a shaft would subside as we were trolling along, and descend suddenly as far as the pony's knees; again, a sudden shy at a screaming owl, darting out of the forest, would place us in the ditch."

But the spirited little animal which drew the gig was as tractable as good. The people have a magical word of command that instantly stops their ponies. They say Ph-u-r-r-r, "and at once the animal is motionless." "In Lulea," says Captain Hutchinson, "I saw an old lady being run away with downhill; she was by herself in a gig, with a rein in each hand, vainly endeavouring to stop the brute as he galloped along with the bit in his mouth. Just as I expected to see her thrown out, she cried Ph-u-r-r-r, and he at once came to a dead stop."

The various stations on the way have their guest-houses for the reception of visitors, as is the case in Norway. In the winter, the settlers leave their own abode, and occupy the visitors' house; but in summer, it is kept for the accommodation of the few travellers who in that short season pass through the station. The Swedes are a

very kindly people, hospitable and courteous, and our travellers were everywhere well treated. In Sweden, everybody shakes you by the hand at parting, even your boatman or driver proffering his hand when you have no further need of his services; and strangers should always conform to this custom, as the omission of this friendly action is the certain occasion of offence to these primitive people.

In due course our travellers arrived at Jockmock. This town is a curious place—having, in the summer season, about thirty inhabitants and three hundred houses, chiefly rude huts, built for the Lapps and their reindeer in winter. When Captain Hutchinson was at Jockmock, these houses were empty, as the Lapps had gone to the mountains, driving their reindeer before them to feed on the summer mosses.

At the inn at Jockmock there were three rooms—a kitchen, and two bed-rooms opening into it. Everything was scrupulously clean, the floors of the rooms being strewn with jumper shoots. There was no meat, so mine host was ordered to purchase a lamb. The price was 4s. 4d.

The churches have the peculiarity that the bells are in a separate tower or belfry, some little distance from the church.

At Jockmock, our tourists saw their first real Lapp—an old gentleman, clad entirely in reindeer skin, ornamented with beads, buttons, and silver thread. "He was in great glee at having shot a duck, which he carried in his hand."

Next day, two "forbuds," or messengers, had to be sent forward a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. "One forbud was a man, who received 4d.; and the other, a woman, had 8d." for walking perhaps five and thirty miles.

Such prices for labour astonish us; but the wants of the peasants are few, and the cost of living very small; still, for a messenger to be satisfied with receiving a farthing a mile for a long and not easy journey, seems wonderful to strangers visiting the country.

After some inconvenient, though not altogether unpleasant adventures—putting up at a dirty hut; cooking their supper, a bone of lamb, on a broomstick—Captain and Mrs. Hutchinson at length arrived at their destination, Quickjock. Brandy is as powerful an incentive to render services—not to be obtained by other means—with the Lapp as

with the Red Indian. One evening, on the way to Quickjock, two young Lapps were wanted by our travellers to row them to the next station; but, being very tired and sleepy, they refused to obey their father's commands, or to be tempted by the promised reward.

"Money had no power; though I showed the almighty dollars to the weary slumbers, they turned away with a grunt. Then—happy thought!—I recollected the brandy. This was quite another thing. Pouring a glass of the fiery compound (it was native brandy) down their throats, they put on their coats, and followed us like sleepy dogs; but in a few moments were rowing us like heroes."

At the town of Quickjock, which is picturesque and interesting, the inhabitants turned out to see the new arrivals. The pastor received the strangers at his pretty house, and here they remained his guests for the space of a fortnight. They enjoyed their visit to these northern regions immensely. All was new—and novelty is ever charming. There is no illness; "the champagne air of the North invigorates the system, and *ozonifies* the spirits." The Lapps—it is said there—are never ill until just before they die. At Quickjock they are two hundred miles from a doctor; and that doctor, who dwells at Lulea, "is almost in despair at the want of patients."

Mrs. Hutchinson, who was unable when she left home to walk more than a quarter of a mile without being tired, "could now tramp through the forest for a couple of hours with but little fatigue."

There is good fishing, and shooting also, later in the season.

There are mountain passes and heights worthy the attention of the Alpine Club; and a life so primitive and unartificial that strangers can hardly credit it.

The only drawback to a summer sojourn at Quickjock, in Lapland, seems to be the attacks of the mosquitoes—which insects are very abundant and troublesome.

In September, on the Fells—within two hours' walk of Quickjock—an ordinary shot may bag his thirty brace of ptarmigans, and as many hares as he likes, in a day. Add to this prospect that there is no licence to shoot wanted, no game laws known, and no such thing as trespass—and here is a perfect paradise for sportsmen.

It was with a heavy heart that our tourists

bade good-bye to their reverend host and his kind family, and started on their homeward journey; with which, as we have detailed some of the more prominent incidents of the journey to Quickjock, we need not concern ourselves.

A day may come when a trip to Lapland will be no more uncommon than a trip to Rome. But while all is fresh—while the people are yet unsophisticated and simple—while all is new to English sightseers—to such intending tourists as have time, money, and courage to undertake the journey, we would say, with the author whose interesting narrative has furnished us with these notes—

"Try Lapland."

"Home again, after an absence of two months. Never had we spent a more thoroughly enjoyable time. Health and spirits were recruited; and, though our pockets were lighter by one hundred pounds, we shall always look back with satisfaction and delight on our Arctic trip, and remember with gratitude the advice given us to 'Try Lapland for your summer holiday.'"

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONTINUATION OF MY MOTHER'S STORY.

"AFTER the death of my little brothers, there were seven of us left alive in the house—my three elder brothers, my sister Joan—who was next to me, being nigh twelve years of age—my father, myself, and the old servant, who had been with my parents almost ever since they were married.

"She was the one next stricken, and then my eldest brother fell sick. He died hard, raving and calling upon us to kill him, and end his tortures at once.

"Then Joan's turn came; but she went very peacefully. She said—

"It was but lying down to sleep, to wake up in Heaven instead of in the fearful city."

"And all this time my father was growing older and older with agony of heart; his hair grew whiter and whiter; his face had a gray look upon it, and the skin seemed drawn tight over it. His lips were quite thin and colourless, and his hair had grown long, which gave him a wild look; and alto-

gether he was a woe-begone man to look upon.

"Yet he did not sicken as did the others; the plague seemed to seize upon his soul rather than his body. Of the food that the watchman brought us he ate but little; yet did he in nowise decrease in strength—nay, he appeared to be endued with supernatural power.

"After the death of my sister Joan, for the space of four days there was no token of illness upon any of us; but towards the close of the fifth, my two remaining brothers began to complain, and in due time they also died and were carried away.

"Then were left but my father and myself. How desolate the house was! I wandered up and down, and thought of all that had happened in those three weeks, that seemed like years and years. And after a time—but not just at first, for my eyes seemed all scorched—I sat down and wept.

"I cannot weep," said my father, as though he envied me.

"Then I roused up, and tried to comfort him; but I was so young—only ten years old—and how did I know how to help him? So we were soon silent, and, if anything, graver than before. At last he said—

"What would become of thee, if I were taken and thou wert left?"

"Yet he seemed scarcely to say it so much to me as in answer to something he was thinking of. Then again he spoke—

"Canst thou be a brave girl, Patience?"

"I could try," I answered.

"Then," said he, "we must escape from this place."

"But there is the watchman at the door," I answered; "he will not let us go hence."

"Then he explained to me that we must get away in the night, without the watchman knowing—

"For I dare not stay here, lest I should have to leave thee in the house alone. If we were out in the open country, and death overtook me, there would be a chance that some would take pity on thee; but to leave thee here would be to leave thee to a terrible time."

"Child as I was, the horror of the position he feared pressed vividly upon me, and I fell into his plans of escape heartily. Said he—

"There is a way out of neighbour Giles's yard that has not been used for years, and the door has been blocked up;

but if we could reach it, I could manage to climb over it, so that we could pass into the back alleys, and so get on our way."

"But neighbour Giles's is six houses away."

"We shall have to get out at the garret window," said he, "and creep along by chimney and parapet. Thou wilt not be afraid if I am with thee?"

"I shuddered when I thought of the height above the street. But then, it was a way out of the tomb in which we were enclosed; and so, by nightfall, I had composed my mind to obey all my father's directions.

"He put what money there was in the house in his pocket, and filled a leathern-covered flask with wine. This, with some slices of bread that we took about us, was all that we could carry, for it was needful that our hands should be at liberty.

"It was a summer night, and even at midnight there was but a gray darkness upon the earth; yet, fortunately for us, there were more clouds than usual, so that it was darker than ordinary.

"I was ready to cry out for fright when we had clambered out upon the roof; but my father said—

"Fear not; keep your eyes upon me, and look not below."

"With much trembling, I followed his directions; and being used to climbing, I managed to scramble along till we came to the third house. Here the roof was lower, and there was a broad parapet. My father jumped down, and then lifted me after him; and so we got on to the fifth roof, when we heard the watchmen challenging each other as they went their rounds.

"Keep still," said my father. And we crouched down in the shadow of a tall chimney.

"If it had not been that we were escaping from so terrible a prison, I should have been more frightened at my situation; but it was so blessed to be out in the open air again, that it revived me, and gave me courage."

"After a time, the steps of the watchmen died away, and my father said—

"Now!"

"And with that we got upon neighbour Giles's roof. And then I noticed, for the first time, that my father had been dragging something after him, which turned out to be a coil of strong rope, with a slip-knot at the end.

"This he fastened firmly round a chimney, and then let it dangle down till it reached the roofs of some buildings in the yard, that were but one storey high.

"Get upon my back, Patience," said he; 'and put thy arms round my neck. Hold tight, girl; but not so as to strangle me. Shut thine eyes, and open them not until I tell thee.'

"I did as he bade me; and suddenly I felt a jerk, and then we were swaying to and fro, and my father was holding his breath. I seemed to have closed my eyes for hours, when my father told me to open them; and, as I did so, I felt quite dizzy.

"Thanks be to the Lord!" ejaculated my father.

"He might well give thanks, for it was a perilous descent, and one that none, had he not been in desperate extremity, would have cared to undertake.

"We were now in neighbour Giles's yard; and after waiting awhile to listen if there were any persons about, we clambered over the old door, and got clear into the back alleys.

"And here I thought we must be lost, as we wound in and out so many times; but we came at last to a quiet place, where we stopped for a few minutes, and my father, taking a draught of wine, bade me also take some; and then we went on. Many were the dismal cries and shrieks we heard on every side as we stole cautiously along; for there was not a house in which there lay not the dead or dying. It put me in mind of that terrible night in Egypt; but there only the first-born was slain, whilst here whole families were swept away.

"We walked on quickly, for we must get as far away from the city as possible before the morning broke. And so, with many stops and hidings, we got along—skulking like thieves, and keeping in a westerly direction to where the better houses and fine gardens were to be seen.

"But without describing each let and hindrance and narrow escape, I need but say that at length we got clear of London altogether, and wandered for several days through the country, sleeping at nights under haystacks and hedges—for it was warm weather. We avoided the villages as much as possible; being afraid of being turned back, as so many were.

"At length we stopped at the prettiest village we had yet seen, and there we bought

a loaf of bread; yet dared not sit down to eat it in the shop, lest the people should begin to talk to us, and so we should be suspected. So we walked on till we came to the churchyard. Then my father said—

"This is God's acre, Patience—we may rest here, and sure none will disturb us.'

"So we sat down on a green grave, and I would have begun to eat at once—for I was very hungry—when my father said, in a strange, sweet voice that did not quite sound like his own—

"We have come to the end of our journey, Patience. The Lord hath brought us out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage; and we are in sight of the Promised Land. I see it afar off, with the everlasting hills—all glory, glory!"

"I looked round to see of what my father was speaking; for it seemed to me that the great yew trees shut out all view. And when I turned back again, I saw that my father had rested his head against the gravestone, and that he was quite white, and had a look such as I had seen on so many dead faces lately.

"Good-bye, Patience," said he, faintly; 'thou art safe. The Lord be with thee!'

"And with that his head fell back, and he was dead.

"I had seen too much of death not to know it; and I flew shrieking from the churchyard for help.

"Help—help! My father is dead."

"And one or two followed me, and I sat down and took my father's head in my lap, and kissed his face, and wept over him.

"Poor child!—where dost come from?" asked one.

"From London," said I, sobbing. 'We fled away from the plague.'

"And when the women heard that, they screeched aloud, and ran away; and soon it was noised abroad in the village that one in the churchyard had died of the plague, and that it would be spread amongst the people.

"And soon a crowd got together outside the gates, hooting and shouting; and a man cried out to me—

"Thou must begone. Quick! take thyself away.'

"But I heeded him not.

"Then he drew nigher; and after him came a rude mob of men and boys, with sticks and stones, yelling loudly; so that I, trembling with fear, darted through another gate that I saw opposite to the one by

which my father and I had entered. And I flew onward, half blinded with terror, not knowing whither I was going, and only trying to escape from the angry people, who shouted—

“Away, away—out of the village! Away!”

“As I said, I knew not whither I was going, nor saw that not a hundred yards more would bring me to the brink of a deep river; but the people knew it, for I heard a cry—

“Drowning’s the only end of such vagabonds!” And on I panted.

“Then a stone hit me, and I tried to run faster; but my strength was failing me, and the shouts of my pursuers waxed louder and louder.

“I had given myself up for lost, when up rode a youth of about sixteen. He looked at me—a poor, shivering, wretched-enough object—and placed himself between me and the crowd.

“‘What’s the matter?’ says he, fronting them.

“‘The plague!’ said some. ‘A dead man,’ said others. ‘The little un’s got it!’ ‘Drown her!’ ‘Make an end of her!’ ‘Vagabonds bringing death to honest folk!’ and many more such sentences—making so great confusion that the youth could understand nought of their meaning, save that they were threatening me, and I was running away from them; and at such unequal odds his eyes flashed scornfully, and the blood came scarlet into his face.

“‘You cowards!’ he shouted, ‘are you not ashamed of yourselves?’

“I had somehow unconsciously felt that he would protect me; and I had crept as nigh to his great horse as I dared.

“He looked down at me.

“‘Can you give a spring?’ says he, stooping, and reaching out his hand. And, in another moment, I was sitting in front of him.

“There was a sudden hush in the crowd. They fell back as though a great awe had fallen upon them.

“‘You cowards!’ says he, taking advantage of the silence; ‘I’ve saved some of your necks from a halter.’

“‘She’s got the plague!’ shrieked the crowd, with one voice.

“Truly a great fear had seized them. For this was the young squire; and what if the deadly sickness should be brought to the great house?

“I felt my preserver give one start, as though he would put me from him. Then he said—

“‘A man can die but once. I have done my duty.’

“And, turning his horse, he galloped away—but not home.

“We came again into the road by which my father and I had journeyed—past the churchyard where his body was lying, and then stopped at what I afterwards learned was the parson’s house.

“‘I have not got the plague,’ I said; ‘and father has not died of it. He died for sorrow.’

“And so it was. And when the body came to be buried, the doctor said there was no sign upon it. Neither was there upon me; though I was kept by the good parson’s wife in a sort of quarantine for many days. She had no children of her own; and that was why young Master Selwode had taken me there, instead of to his own home among his brothers and sisters; nor would he go home himself for many days, lest there should be danger of infection.

“And when all fear had passed away, and I had told my doleful story, and it was found that I had no relatives but in Cumberland, and that of them I knew nothing, it was settled that I should stay at the parsonage, and be a daughter to the parson and his wife—who were fond of children, and had taken a fancy to me. Indeed, all seemed to take pity upon me; though they might well have hated me for what I was so near bringing upon them.

“But the young squire was the one I liked best of all; for he had delivered me from a cruel death. And he, on his part, seemed to feel that I belonged more to him than to any one else, because he had saved my life. And this, I suppose, made him take the interest in me that he always did; otherwise it would appear marvellous that in years to come he should think of making me his wife, when there were many ladies of family in the county who would willingly have been mistress of Selwode.”

This was the manner in which my mother always ended her story; and if my father happened to be by, he would say—

“Tush, Patience—thou art but a hypocrite.”

Though he knew, as well as we knew, that such was not the case.

I think my brother Jack, who comes in age betwixt me and my sister Clarinda—*Mistress Fanshawe*—was the one who used to listen to the story with most eagerness. And ever at the part where my father rode up to the mob, and put my mother on his horse, he would call out—

"God save papa! He is better than the King."

And then he would clap his hands, and wish there could be a plague again, that he might do the like.

But my mother said—

"We ought to be thankful that there was no such scourge in our day." And then, if my father were not present, she would add, "Yet it had its good effects as well as its evil ones; for I have heard since that, in that terrible time, people of all sects and parties crawled into the churches to worship together, and none thought whether his neighbour were Churchman, or Presbyterian, or Quaker, or what not—that was all forgotten in the great calamity that had befallen them. Perhaps it will be even so in the greater day that is coming, and we shall have no other pleadings than 'The Lord have mercy upon all of us, miserable sinners.'"

In this train of thought, I think I can perceive that my mother hath a great tenderness towards my aunt Hetty, and likes to give us a side-hint that it may not be so hopeless with her as my father's prayers would make us believe.

But I cannot tell if she is right here, and I see that she hath not quite proof enough to make it certain; for there are many against her. So she waits, and never mentions my aunt Hetty's name, as my father hath forbidden it.

Still, sometimes, when she has been looking pensive for a time, she will say—

"There is some good to come out of everything—it may be even out of evil. See how the great fire that destroyed the city, and spoiled so many of their property, cleansed the place from all impurity, and cleared the way for a handsomer city, and for that noble new *St. Paul's* whereof I have lived to see the finishing! So that those niggardly aldermen who refused to sacrifice their houses to save the burning town were made the instruments of good in spite of themselves. Things work and struggle together wonderfully; one evil effaces another; and from both the hand of Pro-

vidence draws forth that which is just and right."

My mother is somewhat grave and meditative—perchance her early experiences have made her so; yet is she not rigid or austere, and she is less inclined to take up any party strongly than my father—

"For," says she, "there may be good in all."

Then my father—

"*Mistress Selwode*, you mistake."

To which she answers—

"Perhaps so, for womenkind are not good at politics."

"The Duchess," say I, in a low tone. I dare not to add, "of *Marlborough*."

But my father replies, quickly—

"Thou art out there, *Mistress Grace*—for he understood to whom I alluded—"her ladyship is no good discerner of politics, else would she have kept to the right side; but, being a woman, she has gone wrong—as is ever the case when women intermeddle with matters that don't concern them."

"But cannot there be, as well as a good Tory politician, a good politician on—the other side?" (I did not like to speak the word Whig.) "One may argue well, and be clever, and think the right is on the wrong side as much as on the right, can one not?"

"The thing is impossible," says my father.

And then I see my mother signing to me to say no more. For my father gets hot in argument. But I can talk to Uncle Oliver as much as I please about these things. I wish I knew some of Uncle Oliver's friends. I should like to go to London, and pay Clarinda another visit, and hear and see something of the world, and what is going on. I was too much of a child when I was there before: it would profit me more now.

I wonder what has put this wish into my head; for I find I have been thinking a great deal of going to London since Uncle Oliver has been here.

I think it would be even better than reading *Virgil*.

CHAPTER IV.

OF MYSELF.

I HAVE been thinking much of Uncle Oliver's speech that he made when we were on our way to the yew tree arbour, and it has put many thoughts into my head, I know not whether altogether for good. Yet perchance they are such thoughts as arise in the minds of most women at some

time or other; and so it may be that the sooner they come to me, the sooner I may set them aside as vanity that is not worthy to be entertained.

What my uncle said in connection with the Lady Mary Pierpont's beauty has set me to looking in my glass a great deal oftener than I have done heretofore; and I have taken into more serious contemplation what I have seen therein; and I find that the longer I look the more highly I rate it, which gives me, at the same time, an agreeable content, and a secret dissatisfaction at the pleasure I feel.

I fear also that, by reason of this new employment, I have not thought so much of my learning lately; nor cared for much reading, beyond certain verses of Mr. Waller, writ in praise of the Lady Dorothea Sidney; also some of the poems of Sir John Suckling, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, and others of that style; which, methinks, have a deeper grace than I had hitherto noticed in them. And many verses of Mr. Herrick's—which I have but seen of late—have been running in my mind, to the dispersion of certain fine passages in Mr. Milton, and the parting of Hector and Andromache, which used to have such a hold over me. There seems to me, in the former writers I mentioned, something that comes near to my heart, and that has an ineffable beauty and tenderness that I understand without being able to explain.

Nor do I need Uncle Oliver's assistance, as I do in most matters of literature; for I believe that he could not help me so well as I can help myself.

But now, as to what I saw in my glass. 'Twas but the vision of a foolish maiden; and yet, as I would write truthfully, and give a just account of myself, I will even put it down.

Imprimis—An oval face of tolerable complexion, and dark, shining eyes. I think Herrick's Julia must have had dark eyes; and then I look at mine again, and find myself repeating these lines from his "Night-piece"—

"Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee."

And Julia's must have been brighter than any of these!

Will any one ever write a sonnet to me, I wonder? And then I gaze—thoughtful,

melancholy, hopeful, joyful into the glass—until I burst out laughing to think of the acting I am going through in order to learn of what my eyes are capable.

Yet I feel a twinge of conscience, and something says—

"Mistress Grace, what would thy mother say if she saw thee?"

Yet Ben Jonson's words cleave to me:—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

I give a little sigh. For it all has begun to have a fresh meaning that is useless here, where one sees no one from year's end to year's end; and it is all so quiet, that it would matter not if I wore a stuff dress, or a shabby farthingale, or if I went like a milkmaid instead of as a squire's daughter.

'Tis a pity!—for I have some pretty-fashioned dresses that Clarinda sent me from town, in which I am beginning to perceive that I look more than indifferently well. Clarinda has good taste, and I notice that she has an eye to what colours suit my complexion, which is a subject which I have only of late come to understand.

By the contemplation of these vanities I have smothered conscience, and so turn to the glass again, and go on with the inventory of my attractions.

Hair moderately brown, with a shading of yellow and ruddy gold, that shows to great advantage when it is drawn off my forehead, as is the fashion nowadays. It hath also a natural wave in it, which has a tendency to give it a yet brighter appearance—especially the long, heavy curl that falls over my neck on the left side. My nose is straight; my mouth, though not exceeding small, is well shaped; and I have a dimple in my chin. All this I am copying down from the mirror, which must needs give a correct likeness.

When Jack was at home last, he said—

"Grace, you have rare little feet." And then he quoted—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."

"Mistress Grace, you would do well at a ball, dancing with some of the gallants."

I did not take much heed at the time,

for I thought he was teasing me, which is greatly his habit; and also I had a very pretty pair of new buckles, which took up my thoughts. But now it all comes back to me; and, may be, there was more earnestness in Jack than I gave him credit for.

But I could sit down and cry with vexation when I ask myself, of what use are feet that can dance, when the only chance mine have is once or twice a year, at Christmas-tide, when we have a family meeting, and perchance two or three strangers that one would not care to see again. My father's friends or Uncle Humphrey's are much too old for me to take interest in. I think Jack might have asked some of his brother-officers down; but perhaps I should have been too frightened to speak to them. It would be very different now.

However, Jack's abroad now with the Duke, and there's no telling when the fighting will be over, though there's not so much doing at present. My Lord Galway's ill-fortune at Almanza seems to have stricken the allies with dissatisfaction, and those at home also.

These wars cost a great deal; money and life are both squandered, and I don't know that any one's the better for them when they are at an end. Yet it's surprising how elated one feels at news of a victory, and how little one thinks of the dead and wounded, if one's own are not of the number. And there's something stirring in the sounds of martial music, and in a grand triumphal procession. I felt as gay as a lark when I saw the standards and banners taken at Ramilies carried through the city. Jack was one of the twenty-six gentlemen who carried the standards, and I was proud of him when he looked up at us as we stood on a balcony in the Strand. The Queen was watching the procession also. I wonder if she noticed Jack among the others. She might have done, for there was not a comelier face among them.

My father went red with pleasure, and said—partly on Jack's account I think—that—

"If my Lord Duke had only kept to his first leanings, there wouldn't have been a man in England he should have thought better of. It was a pity, after he and his Duchess had kept her Royal Highness the Princess Anne aloof from the Dutch intruder, that he should have changed his politics by the time the Princess became

Queen. Surely her Majesty and the Duchess would be falling out before long, since they both took opposite sides so violently."

Indeed, they had not been far from it already; and though things were now tolerably smooth on the surface, it was not likely that the Queen had forgotten or forgiven the Duchess, especially as she had carried her point, and my Lord Sunderland had superseded Sir Charles Hedges.

"There will be a grand flame bursting out some day," said my father, "though it may smoulder for awhile; for we all know that her Majesty is a staunch Tory—God bless her!—and has a will of her own as strong as any Duchess's; and is of the good, true, High Church party, with zealous Bishop Compton to aid her."

I don't think there was any one huzzaed for the Queen that day like my father. There's no fear of his being arraigned for want of loyalty. I believe he would even kiss the hem of her state robe in the excess of his loyalty.

To me she seems but an ordinary woman, and one for whom I should feel no enthusiasm. The Duchess has, to my mind, a queenlier look, though somewhat overbearing. Indeed, 'tis whispered that her Majesty is beginning to tire of her airs, and that even my Lord Duke's brilliant victories scarce suffice to make them go down, though they cover them at present. The Queen scarce loves the Duke so well as the nation does. The people are enthusiastic with their idol; but, says Uncle Oliver sometimes—

"Trust not the fickle temper of the people. One turn of ill-luck will outweigh a multitude of services. A favourite must never know any fortune but success."

So it seems that princes and people have the same failings, since we are advised, "Put not your trust in princes." From which we see that both are human, and moved by veering circumstances.

"As the wind blows,
So favour goes."

And thus I go on musing upon matters that I don't understand, and which have carried me away from contemplation of myself and my vexations. And looking out from the window, I espy my mother and Uncle Oliver walking up and down the terrace, in earnest conversation.

'Tis a glorious day in May. April hath wept all the tears the spring had to shed, and

May hath been smiling ever since. How blue is the sky, how delicate the green earth, and the lilac blossom perfumes the air. The daffodils have nodded away all their golden petals, and I could even believe that the white Narcissus flowers had turned pale and drooping, through grief for their faded companions. Ah, were I a poet, what pretty pastorals I would write of flowing brooks, and babbling waterfalls, and mossy banks, and music-haunted groves! And then I fall again to thinking of the courtly poets who writ in favour of their lady-loves; and my eyes take another glance at themselves in the mirror, and I see myself blushing—for though I have spoken no word, the question is in my heart—

“Mistress Grace, will any ever write verses to thee?”

And I cover my face with my hands; for, indeed, I am ashamed that this should be the end of all my learning.

ON LIBRARIES.

IN this age of books and of universal reading, the library is daily becoming a more important institution. In every well-ordered mansion, the library is as much a necessary part of the establishment as the drawing-room or the conservatory. The politician, the lawyer, the student, and the *diletante*, each has his collection of books, and looks lovingly on the shelves which contain, in the objects of his fancy, the wit, the wisdom, or the learning of the world's great intellects. Even in some wayside cottage, far away from the din and smoke of the town, the humble tenant will have his little library of old familiar authors, who are perhaps more thoroughly read and more truthfully appreciated there than they ever were by my lord squire, sitting in his easy chair, and surrounded by phalanxes of books which have been handed down to his care through successive generations. Some of these old country libraries, like old country picture galleries, are invaluable; and there is little doubt but that many a rare book, priceless because unique, moulders away unnoticed and unknown, which would find a more fitting place in a public collection. The collecting of books is a passion with real scholars; and, in fact, if it had not been for this worthy impulse, the world would never have had any libraries at all. It is only, however, by means of public libraries that people

in general can derive any real advantage; and it is on these that we propose to make a few passing notes. On the history of libraries, a whole library has been written. In a German work on libraries, by Vogel, the mere titles of books on the subject fill up five hundred and forty pages. When the first library was founded is a matter which must always remain in doubt. The book, which is emphatically called “the book”—the Bible, is itself a collection of books of different kinds, poetry, prophecy, and history of different ages, from the time of Moses to the time of Malachi. In the middle ages it was often called the “Library,” the “*Eibliotheca*,” and it probably constituted, among the early Hebrews, the whole library of the Synagogue. Osymandias, one of the ancient Kings of Egypt, is said by some to have been the first to found a library. This collection probably contained works of very remote antiquity, and also the sacred books of the Egyptians. All these, however, perished during the Persian invasion under Cambyses. There was also, according to Eustathius and other ancient writers, a fine library at Memphis. From this place, our old friend Homer was accused of having stolen the “*Iliad*” and “*Odyssey*,” and palmed them off as his own.

But the noblest library of ancient times, and that which people have heard most about, was the Alexandrian library, founded by Ptolemy Soter. The Ptolemies who succeeded enriched it by many valuable additions; and each of them adopted, it is said, some rather off-handed measures in the furtherance of the good work. All books imported into Egypt by foreigners were seized, and sent to the Museum. Here they were transcribed by clerks appointed for the purpose. That done, the copies were delivered to the proprietors, and the originals were deposited in the library. The career of this famous library was always precarious. More than once it was plundered, or partially destroyed by fire; until it was at last utterly destroyed by the Saracens, under the Caliph Omar, A.D. 642.

To show the wonderful extent of the Alexandrian library, it may be mentioned that the volumes of parchment or papyrus were distributed to the four thousand baths of the city; and such was their incredible number, that six months hardly sufficed to burn them. Amrou, the victorious general, was strongly opposed to such an act of

wanton destruction; but the fanatical Caliph was inexorable. "If," said he, "these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they do not, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." Next to the Alexandrian library, that of Pergamus was most conspicuous; and, according to Plutarch, contained two hundred thousand volumes. This library was presented by Mark Antony to Cleopatra, as a nucleus for a new library at Alexandria. When Constantine the Great transferred the seat of his empire to Byzantium, he ordered minute search to be made for any books that might perchance have escaped the fury of the Pagan persecutor, Diocletian, and formed the whole into a library at Constantinople. The number of volumes was small in the beginning; but, being successively enlarged by later Emperors, it was augmented to one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. Of these, however, more than one-half were burned by the command of Leo III., whose object was to destroy all the records and writings that might militate against his own ideas in favour of idolatry. In this library was deposited the only authentic copy of the Council of Nice. It is said also to have contained the poems of Homer, written in gold letters on the entrail of a serpent; together with a magnificent copy of the Four Gospels, bound in plates of gold, and enriched with precious stones. All these, however, were lost in the fire. The ultimate fate of this library is a subject of much dispute. On the fall of Constantinople, the learned men of Greece were dispersed over different parts of Western Europe. Mohammed, however, gave orders that the imperial library should be saved; and, according to some accounts, it was closely preserved in some apartments of the seraglio. Ultimately, it is said, Amurath II., in a fit of devotion, caused it to be destroyed. Others think that it fell into decay from ignorance or neglect. A curious discussion has arisen, however, as to whether the library of the Sultan does not contain some valuable Latin and Greek manuscripts, the last remaining fragments of the library of Constantine. Tischendorff, writing in 1845, thinks "that the seraglio of the Sultan conceals ancient and valuable MSS., though complete obscurity prevails as to their contents;" and he asks who, in our day, would have believed in the existence of "walled-up" libraries; yet a walled-up

library was lately one of the mysteries of Cairo. We are afraid that Tischendorff is too sanguine; for the intimate relations of the Western Powers with the Sublime Porte, which have been brought about in recent years, could hardly have failed to settle the long-mooted question. Between the fall of the Roman empire and the revival of letters, about the middle of the fifteenth century, we hear little of libraries. Those were the "dark ages;" and intellectual progress, if not quite extinguished, was at least dormant. To the monks, however, must be given the honour of preserving what monuments of ancient genius and wisdom yet remain to us.

The monastic order most distinguished throughout its history for love of the arts and sciences is that of the Benedictines. Other orders of monks sank low in moral status; but the disciples of St. Benedict maintained the even tenor of their way. They combined love of study with piety, and thus they were the truest of scholars; and, at a long subsequent period, in producing the illustrious congregation of St. Maur, a service was rendered to learning which neither had, nor is likely to have, any parallel in monastic history. Monte Cassino has been called the Sinai of the middle ages. From this centre, a series of learned communities were spread all over Europe—amongst others, our own more celebrated monasteries, such as those of Yarrow, Wearmouth, Bury St. Edmund's, Croyland, Whitby, Reading, St. Alban's, and others equally distinguished for the pains taken in them about the collection and transcription of books. In fact, it is to this system of transcription that we are alone indebted for all that remains of ancient learning.

We now come to the first formation of modern libraries. The revival of learning is generally agreed to have commenced in the fifteenth century. More than half a century before the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, the learned men of the city—plainly foreseeing the impending fall of the empire—began to emigrate into Italy, where they opened schools, and consequently kept alive the interest in the classical writers of Greece and Rome.

The appetite for books thus gradually increased, and neither labour nor expense was spared in accumulating them. Learned men were despatched in all directions throughout Europe, Western Asia, and Africa, to collect manuscripts; and, in the course of a few

years, most of the well-known authors were brought together in the libraries of Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, Vienna, and Paris.

The invention of printing, too, it must be remembered, has done more for libraries and the perpetuation of the literary treasures of antiquity than could ever have been possible otherwise. By giving to the issue of an edition of a standard work a degree of importance several hundred times greater than that which belonged to the transcription of a single copy, the art of printing has called forth a larger amount of diligence and research in the work of revision and emendation of disputed passages in the old authors.

There were some good libraries—or, at least, foundations of good libraries—in the middle ages. In the hundred years between 1365 and 1465, Charles V. of France had already won renown as a collector of choice manuscripts. Within this period, too, the imperial libraries of Paris and of Vienna, the Laurentian library at Florence, and the library of the Vatican, were founded. We must not forget to mention that our old friend, Sir Richard Whittington, made liberal gifts of books to the Franciscan friars of London.

The patron saint of British book-lovers, however, is Richard Aungerville, Bishop of Durham. Aungerville was a passionate lover of books. In the midst of his lamentations at the supremacy of the lust of power and gain over the old love of knowledge, he quaintly recalls the almost tumultuous pleasure with which in his youth he used frequently to visit "Paris, the paradise of the world, where are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics, and flourishing green-houses filled with all sorts of volumes."

His admiration of the "paradise of the world," like our own at the present day, lessens by degrees; for he afterwards says—"The admirable Minerva once deserted Athens, and then retired from Rome. She has, in like manner, given the slip to the Parisians, and has at last happily reached Britain, the most renowned of islands."

Richard Aungerville is the first recorded donor of books to the University of Oxford. Several other eminent personages followed his example; but all their good gifts were destroyed in the stormy days of the Reformation.

In fact, it cannot be really said that this country could boast of even a "Royal

library," worthy of the name, until the reign of James I. In Queen Elizabeth's time, which was especially an epoch of literature in this country, Sir Humphrey Gilbert vainly pressed upon the notice of the Queen the superior advantages which men of letters enjoyed in other countries, and the necessity of a Royal library upon an adequate scale. But the fulfilment of the enterprise was at last due to private persons.

In 1580, Clement Littill laid the foundation stone of the library of the University of Edinburgh; and, about eight years afterwards, Sir Robert Cotton commenced the famous collection of manuscripts which is named after him.

The national library which this country boasts at the present moment—namely, that of the British Museum—is an agglomeration of collections obtained from time to time, and continually added to. It owes its immediate origin to the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, whose collections were purchased by Government for the public use. The library has since been enriched by various additions—until it is, at least, one of the finest in the world.

There are, of course, numberless other libraries in the country. The universities and colleges have libraries of their own—some of them very valuable.

Nearly all the deans and chapters in England possess libraries of more or less magnitude, and many of them are now liberally opened to the public, under certain regulations. But at St. Paul's Cathedral, as also at Westminster, outside thirsters after knowledge are met with the generous announcement that the library is accessible only to the members of the chapter.

There are some cases, however, in which cathedral libraries are really of some public use and advantage. The library of Durham, for instance, is a laudable example. A writer in the "Edinburgh Review," writing not long ago on cathedral government, gives an anecdote which speaks volumes in itself. He says:—"We cannot resist giving publicity to what has reached us as having happened in one of the richest and best-cared-for of the cathedrals within the past year—a cathedral, too, in which the library is not allowed to be useless. A minor canon is said to have observed that the jackdaws flying over his garden at times carried in their beaks what seemed like rolls of paper. On one occasion, he was fortu-

nate enough to have one of these rolls dropped at his feet. He took it up, and was surprised when, on examination, it proved to be an ancient Anglo-Saxon manuscript. Inquiry was made as to the favourite haunts of the jackdaws, and it was found that they had obtained undisputed possession of a muniment room in which sundry old manuscripts were preserved, and had got into the expensive habit of using these manuscripts to build their nests." The Greek monks mentioned by a recent traveller were wiser than the canons of this cathedral—for they employed their manuscripts for their own convenience, and did not give them to the jackdaws; but used them, instead of hassocks, to defend their feet and knees from the damp stones.

We have not sufficient space, in these few passing notes upon libraries, to enter into the subject of more recent libraries—especially the free libraries which are rapidly becoming a feature in almost all large towns throughout the kingdom. The libraries of the present day we all know—by name, at least; but, concerning the old ones, much interesting information yet remains to be written.

A curious fact, not generally known perhaps, is that there are several church vestries in the kingdom which contain libraries which have been formerly left to them by bequest, or some other means. The original fashion was to chain or fasten the books to the shelves. The vestry of the church of All Saints, at Hereford, may be taken as one example. It possesses an almost unique evidence of the middle ages, when books were chained to the shelves, and a money pledge required before the sacred volume could be obtained for perusal. This collection, which goes by the name of Dr. Brewster's library, probably after the name of the donor, was given to the parish in the last century. The books have only been removed once from their holding. This method of diffusing knowledge was only short-lived—occurring, as it did, in the time of a thrifty and generous churchwarden, who sold the books to a London biblioplist at what was deemed a long figure, and the profit was intended to be carried to the year's receipts. The *Hereford Journal*, however, took up the matter in correspondence, and the books were saved from the impending confiscation. They have since remained on the shelves of the vestry. There are

some interesting works in the collection, and a catalogue of them was published in the same paper at the time of their sudden removal to London. Luther's "Common-place Book" is one, and it affords an interesting memento of the great reformer. Another valuable book is a fine specimen of early printing in the year 1541, in rubric and black letter. The books, however, are too thickly covered with dust to invite any one but an enthusiastic searcher after old volumes to attempt unearthing whatever other treasures may be there concealed.

DAWN.

THE robin wakes him from his early nest,
The lavrock mounts him in a sweet unrest,
And dawn grows brighter on the purple hills;
The dark woods point their summits with the first
Cool flush of brilliance in the sunrise burst,
And morning voices prattle in the rills.

By land and flood the night and morning meet,
The sun goes glinting down the city street;
And be it by the breezy mountain side,
In quiet hamlet or on open down,
Or on the early smoke-wreaths of the town,
A newer dawn is ever opening wide.

So comes the sunrise on the waking earth,
So all things are unfolded in the birth
Of newer hopes and sorrows on the way;
The world moves on with ever strong increase,
And men and cities, or for strife or peace,
Reck only lightly of the yesterday.

And so the newer day shall grow and grow,
Onward and onward to the noontide glow,
Till grayly falls another gloaming soon,
Till once again, the halcyon voices gone—
Till once again, the toil and trouble done—
The wide world sleeps beneath the silent moon.

And thus all things are dowered with decay,
And men fret on from weary day to day,
Still yearning ever to the harvest time;
And so the generations work and weep
For that sweet morn when on the last great sleep,
Immortal dawn shall wake th' immortal prime.

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

BY SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER X.

SUNSET in the Long Gallery. The red splendour of departing day flushed through the lattice windows, and illuminated the dull hues of the ancient pictures, and threw some life into the faded eyes of gallant knights and courtly ladies, as they kept their silent and solemn assembly there, where, years and years ago, each in their turn had laughed and loved. Could the

originals, who had long since crumbled into dust in the crowded family vault in the ancient Norman church hard by, have descended from their tarnished frames, many of them would have recognized the pieces of old tapestry, and the high-backed chairs, and the curiously carved cupboards; and more than one, perchance, would have been reminded of some sad passage in their earthly life, in gazing on that pale figure that now sat beside an open window at the end of the gallery.

How long she had been sitting there, Margaret scarcely knew. She had seen Chinnery, and he had told her all. He had brought her to that place; shown her the secret chamber—the hiding-place where her aunt Catherine had put away the letters from her lover; had shown those letters to her, had allowed her to compare the handwriting with that of a letter signed by Andrew Winearls; and had briefly reminded her of the family story, of which she was not altogether ignorant. She had performed her part listlessly—almost in a dream. She needed no proofs; Lilian's words had been enough—she knew not why—to convince her of the terrible reality. For hours she had sat alone by this window, unmindful of everything that passed within the gardens below her, heedless of how the time passed by. The deep sound of the dressing-bell made her start slightly; and, with an effort, she collected her thoughts, and for the first time endeavoured to think rationally what must be her conduct now.

"Oh, what a terrible day it has been! How am I ever to get through the evening in company? What can I do—what can I do? And it is all true, this story I have heard. I feel that it must be true. I remember how anxiously the lawyers sought for further proofs of the deaths of Andrew Fordyce and his daughter. And now I see the striking resemblance between the portrait of Catherine Fordyce and Lilian Grey. I remember, too, at that ball in London, how Edmund Brydon was struck with the miniature of my grandmother, and said it was so like Lilian. Why have I been blind to all this so long? Back to misery and poverty! What fate was it that threw her across my path, and made me bring her here, to my own destruction? Well, well—it is done now, and this evening shall end it all. But not in triumph for her and Edmund Brydon—no! Shall I, then, unlock the lips of Vipian Wade? Why should

I hesitate? What am I now that I should look down on any man? Oh, how weary I feel of everything! Let him take me—take me far away from this place, which has grown a torment to me. I will believe him true; and if he, too, is false, I can but die."

She rose wearily from her seat, and faintly traversed the Long Gallery. She paused at the last window, near the door, and looked out once more upon the tranquil evening. The radiant glories of the calm sunset seemed but to mock the black shadows that hung around her heart. She thought that they were like the wealth and luxury with which, for twenty months, she had been surrounded, but which had brought her neither peace nor happiness. Farewell all! The dream was over now.

Somehow or other, the day, in spite of its cloudless brilliancy, had not been particularly inspiring to anybody at Estcourt—except, perhaps, to Brydon. Certainly, the heat, and the changeless azure of the sky, had bored my Lord Grasmere dreadfully. Billiards, tobacco, and iced drinks had managed to keep that youthful peer's body and soul together, in a manner; and the sound of the dressing-bell was to him delightful music, only to be equalled by the dinner bell. He completed his elaborate toilette with more alacrity than usual; and, on arriving in the drawing-room, found that, for a wonder, he was the first down. It was one of his agreeable maxims that it was much better that he should keep twenty people waiting for their dinner than that one should detain him.

"Thank goodness! it's nearly dinner-time at last. The day has been about a week long. Three days of shooting here, and then on to Scotland. No good my stopping here any longer. Can't make love to the heiress. Margaret Prestoun is not my style at all. She's too clever. Can't bear a more than moderately clever woman. They trip you up when you least expect it, and never beg your pardon if you fall on your nose."

Further confidential communications of this nature, made to his reflection in a mighty mirror, were cut short by the entrance of Mr. Stalker.

"What in the world have you been doing all this blessed afternoon, Stalker?"

"Trotting out all the horses," replied that gentleman, promptly. "There is one that will just do for me for next season. The very animal I want. I have squared it with

Miss Prestoun's coachman, and he is going to advise her to sell it cheap."

"Pon my soul, Stalker, I believe you horsey fellows would swindle your own mothers, with a deal of pleasure, in any transaction that had to do with horseflesh. Can't you be honest occasionally?"

Stalker evaded a direct reply by saying—

"I tell you what it is, Grasmere, my boy—honesty on the turf not unfrequently takes in people a great deal more than dishonesty; simply because no one ever expects to meet it there."

"Is Brydon coming this evening?"

"I fancy so. I heard Miss Prestoun tell Wade this morning, in the garden, that she should expect them both to dinner."

Lady Dobcross was the next person to put in an appearance.

"Well, Lord Grasmere, a long day comes to an end at last," she said. "I am afraid you have been sadly bored all day."

"Oh, dear, no—pray don't think about it. Not more than usual, I can assure you, Lady Dobcross. And I don't mind it—I really don't mind it."

"In fact," interposed Stalker, "he is so thoroughly and entirely used to it, that he couldn't be happy without it."

"Now do you think, Stalker, that nature intended you to be jocose?" inquired Grasmere.

"I am not prepared to say," answered Stalker, airily. "My idea is, that when nature produced me, she had not quite made up her mind about me; and, consequently, I have never been particularly decided in my views. I think, however, I may go as far as to say that, if I was not exactly intended for a Joe Miller, I was never meant for an undertaker."

"Don't talk of such horrid people, Mr. Stalker," said Lady Dobcross; "they ought not to be allowed. Have you been out riding with Margaret, Lord Grasmere?"

"No, indeed. I have not seen our fair hostess since breakfast. Happy creature! She evidently has found plenty to do. Even lunch had no charms for her."

"I suspect she has got the sporting papers up in her boudoir," observed Stalker; "I can't find them anywhere. No—no, I forgot—of course, she couldn't care about them. They are not exactly in her line, are they, Lady Dobcross?"

"Really, Mr. Stalker, I am not acquainted with the journals to which you allude."

Mr. Chinnery was then announced, and entered forthwith.

"Good evening to everybody. Lady Dobcross, I congratulate you on not being any the worse for the elevation of the barometer. I suppose you have all been pretty well baked this afternoon."

"It has, indeed, been terribly sultry," said Lady Dobcross.

"Quite depressing," observed Lord Grasmere. "Makes me feel as if something was going to happen."

"I have been feeling for some time as if something *ought* to happen," remarked the prosaic Stalker. "I want my dinner dreadfully. I feel as if several harrows were being drawn up and down inside of me."

"Oh! Mr. Stalker, how can you?" exclaimed Lady Dobcross.

"Stalker's illustrations are coarse," murmured Lord Grasmere; "but they convey his meaning."

"Like Stalker himself," observed Chinnery. "If you want to see a good type of the true Briton—or rather, what is called a true Briton—cast your eyes over Stalker. That florid face, betokening plentiful supplies of the national beef and beer, yet betraying no symptoms of that deadly foe to human happiness, dyspepsia. Those chestnut curls and laughing eyes—"

"Come, I say, Chinnery—don't," pleaded the blushing Stalker.

"Signs of an irrepressible good-nature, and a not over-sensitive soul. That square, low forehead, which tells of gigantic intellect within; which, however, has not been suffered to attain undue proportions at the expense of that manly form."

"Hang it!—look here—gently, Chinnery."

"I will say no more. His delicate interruptions prove his native modesty."

"Ha, ha!—Stalker all over," laughed Grasmere. "Come, now, take my photograph, Chinnery."

"Couldn't do it," said Chinnery. "There are some things that pass even my powers of description."

"Well, but, I say—you needn't call me a thing."

"You know, Grasmere," returned Chinnery, gravely, "we never paint the rose. We can but hold up a turnip to our gaze, and say, 'That is a turnip'—we can do no more."

Mr. Brydon was then announced.

"How d'ye do, again, Lady Dobcross? I really was afraid I was late. I waited ever

so long for Wade, and then was told that he had set off walking across the fields. Indeed, I have not seen him since this morning. Has he not arrived yet?"

"Hav'n't seen him," replied Grasmere, yawning.

"Possibly he is gracefully reclining in a ditch, the victim of a sunstroke," suggested Chinnery.

"In which case, it would be absurd to wait dinner for him," added Stalker.

The door which communicated with the library then opened, and Margaret came in, magnificently dressed; but her eyes looked worn and weary, and her cheeks were strangely pale.

Lady Dobcross hurried up to her.

"My dearest Margaret, where have you been hiding yourself all day? I have been hunting for you everywhere."

"It has been so dreadfully hot," she answered. "I had a headache, and thought that I should be better if I kept away from every one till evening. I have been suffering, rather."

"Yes," thought Chinnery, as he glanced keenly at her—"you have been suffering, no doubt of that."

"I must apologize for my friend's absence, Miss Prestoun," said Edmund. "Wade took it into his head to walk across the fields instead of driving with me; and, consequently, he has not yet arrived."

"I have no doubt he will be here in ample time," returned Margaret, coldly.

Almost as she spoke, the door that led into the hall was thrown open, and a servant announced Mr. Wade.

Just as he came into the room, Lilian entered from the library, and almost unobserved. She had hardly crossed the threshold when she caught sight of Wade's face. She started slightly, paused, and fixed her eyes intently on him. Wade merely bowed to Lady Dobcross, nodded to Grasmere and Stalker, took no notice of Brydon; then advanced to Margaret, and stood silently beside her, stroking his long dark moustache. Edmund barely observed his strange demeanour, and went to Lilian, and took her hand. She withdrew her gaze from Wade's dark countenance, looked up into Edmund's happy face, and sweetly smiled. Margaret saw this; and, after one brief struggle with herself, looked full into Wade's face, and exclaimed, passionately—

"Speak!"

Her strange tone and demeanour made them all start.

"Ah!" said Wade, in accents of a terrible joy—"you bid me speak, and I obey, be the consequences what they will! Stand forward, Edmund Brydon! I have kept your guilty secret for a year. I kept it—for I knew that I should one day get my price for it; and now she bids me speak!"

"Why, Wade!" exclaimed Brydon, in astonishment, "you are raving!"

"What! You thought no human eye beheld your crime! You believed that, as suspicion had once been lulled, it never would arise again—least of all did you suspect the quarter from which the accuser's voice should come! I sought you for the purpose—I knew you were within my grasp; and, at her bidding, I close my hand, and crush you!"

"This man is mad!" said Edmund, looking round in blank amazement. "What do you charge me with?"

"Go back in memory, all here present," pursued Wade, in a terrible voice, "to those hotel gardens in Switzerland, where we all were a year ago. Remember the blue lake that rippled in the moonlight beneath the frowning cliff. Then turn to Edmund Brydon, the now rich master of Bartry, and ask him—'Where is your brother?'"

The sudden and awful nature of the charge—which none could misinterpret—made all, save Lilian, shrink with horror as they glanced at Edmund's pallid face. But Lilian held his hand in hers, and gazed firmly on the accuser, who seemed not to notice her.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Edmund, as he put one hand to his forehead, "this is too terrible! You villain, would you dare to say—"

"That you murdered Matthew Brydon—yes. I saw the brief struggle on the precipice. I heard the one despairing cry of the lost man. I saw the figure of the murderer disappear among the rocks—and that figure stands before me now!"

Lilian withdrew her eyes from Vipan Wade's face, and gently said to her lover—

"My Edmund, do not let the horror of this tale unnerve you—I know your innocence." Then, turning upon Wade, with flashing eyes, she cried—"In your turn, stand forward, Vipan Wade! Look upon me well, and tell me, if you dare, when last we met."

Wade looked at her curiously for a moment, and then answered in a hoarse voice—"We have never met till now."

"We have met, and upon that very night of which you dare to speak. Now, listen all. I was in the garden too. I, too, heard that despairing cry, but knew not what it meant. Then, as I stood within the dark shade of some shrubs, I heard footsteps approaching. The light of the full moon streamed upon the figure of a man hurrying from the cliff—a man who looked about him like a guilty thing, or worse: his face all pale and haggard, his knees trembling as he passed towards the hotel. For one instant he looked back, and caught my eye. You *do* remember it! Unsay your words, you false accuser, ere I find a name for the murderer of Matthew Brydon."

This sudden recoil upon himself of the charge which he had made so boldly against another—this starting into existence of what he, at the time, had thought but the fancy of his excited brain—deprived Wade of his self-possession for a moment; but, when he looked around, and saw the unutterable horror upon all the faces round him, and noticed that Margaret had shrunk from his side, his tongue found utterance again, and he cried in an agony to her—

"No!—by the God that made me, I am innocent! Nay, you shall hear me! The dead man threatened, as I owed him money which I could not pay, to expose me to you—to *you*, whom, even then, I wildly loved—and bade me seek him on the cliff. At the appointed time I went—fury and hatred raging in my breast; and I know not what I meditated. But, as I drew near, I heard the cry and saw the struggle I have told you of. I crept back to the hotel. My vengeance was forestalled; and I believed he had fallen a victim to his jealous brother—who, I knew, loved you almost as I did—and I believe it still."

"Retract your lies!" thundered Edmund. "I tell you, I was far away!"

"I retract nothing," answered Wade, fiercely. "Who can prove that you were absent?"

"I can!" said the calm voice of a man who had entered the room some minutes previously, and had stood by the door, an unobserved spectator of the scene. "I can prove it!"

With a cry of joy, Lilian threw herself into the stranger's arms. Wade seemed half

stupefied, and rested against a chair for support.

"You have just arrived in time, Mr. Fordyce," said Chinnery, advancing, and grasping his hand warmly.

Mr. Fordyce started, and looked wonderingly at Chinnery; but the one sweet word "Father!" whose music he had for years foregone, told him that the history of his mournful life was known.

"Oh, my darling, you have discovered all! Be it so—it must be for the best." And he lovingly caressed the golden head which now nestled to his heart.

"You can clear Mr. Brydon of the foul crime this man imputes to him, can you not, Mr. Fordyce?" asked Chinnery; "and help to bring the true criminal to justice."

As he said this, he and Stalker advanced to where Wade was standing, as if ready to pinion him at a moment's notice.

"I thank Heaven for the impulse that made me leave Schwartzbad suddenly, and come straight down here, without waiting to apprise Lilian of my intentions—since I am in time to save a noble and honest nature from the pain of labouring under suspicion for a moment. I can resolve your doubts about the murder of Matthew Brydon. Bad as yonder man may be," he continued, pointing to Wade, who now raised his head, and seemed to listen, "he, too, is guiltless of the crime—as guiltless as is Edmund. A few days since, a wretched man was executed for a cruel murder perpetrated in the canton where I reside. Before his death, he confessed that a year ago he threw an Englishman over the cliffs into the lake at Schwartzbad. He had been skulking in the twilight near the hotel gardens, and, possessing some knowledge of English from having been a guide, he heard Mr. Brydon bid some other person bring him some thousand francs. The ruffian, when he afterwards saw the Englishman on the cliff, believing that he had this sum about his person, pushed him over the precipice, and afterwards pretended that he found the body in the lake. No murder, as you will remember, was then suspected. It was supposed that Mr. Brydon had missed his footing in the imperfect light."

It need scarcely be said that Lord Grasmere had been for some time in a state of hopeless bewilderment. That Wade should have chosen the very time when everybody was anxiously waiting dinner to bring about

such an unpleasant explosion, and effectually take away everybody's appetite by his sensational behaviour, was in Lord Grasmere's eyes a most unpardonable crime. To accuse a gentleman of murder, in such coarse terms, in a lady's drawing-room, was a breach of good manners, to say the least; and when he subsequently made this remark to Stalker, he added—

"Why the doose Wade couldn't wait till we were all comfortably in the smoking-room, and have it out then, I can't imagine."

As it was, he was extremely indignant. He stuck his glass in his eye, and advancing to Vipan Wade, he surveyed him coolly, and said—

"Under all the circumstances, don't you think you had better go?"

Wade took not the slightest notice of him. His eyes were now fixed on Margaret, who stood white and motionless as a statue.

"You don't seem to have heard what Lord Grasmere said," added Stalker. "I certainly agree in the advice he gave you. You had really better go."

But Wade remained impassive as before.

Lilian left her father's side, and timidly approached her cousin, and tried to take her hand.

"Leave me," groaned Margaret. "Oh, if you have one spark of pity for me, leave me—let me be!"

Lilian hesitated for a moment; but the despairing and imploring expression upon Margaret's face showed her that it would be worse than useless to attempt a reconciliation then.

And so, signing to the others, Lilian and they left the room; and Margaret and Wade were alone.

One solitary lamp cast its dim light over the great drawing-room—for the twilight had been suddenly obscured by great clouds that had come up from the west. The bright sultriness of the day had summoned the electric storm, and far off the distant thunder began to roll.

Wade approached the drooping figure, and said, in a subdued voice—

"My secret was no secret at all; but I swear that I believed him guilty. I kept that belief hidden, determined to use it, should he seek your hand. Better, far better as it is! What right have I beside the heiress of

Estcourt? All hopes have vanished—farewell for ever!"

"I am not what you take me for," she murmured, faintly. "I have no more right to be within this house than you have."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Wade, amazed.

"I am not the heiress of Estcourt; that title is of right Lilian's. I, too, must go forth into the world again, friendless and alone."

"Is this the truth? Then, Margaret, I may speak once more. If at first I was attracted to you by your wealth, I have learned to love you for yourself alone. I love you a thousand times more now that I know you need some one to cherish and protect you. Give me that right, and you never shall repent your gift. Listen. Only two days ago I received the offer—through an old college friend, who has never forsaken me throughout my wild and thoughtless life—of a good appointment far off in America. I had hardly seriously considered it; but now I close with it, if you will go with me. There, in the far west, we may bury bitter remembrances, and lead a new and happy life. Oh, Margaret, come!"

He stood close beside her. A brilliant flash of lightning for one moment lit up her face; and in that brief instant he saw a sweeter smile upon her lips than he had ever seen before, and a calmer radiance in those gray eyes. He drew her gently to him, and whispered, softly—

"Mine!—by the right of conquest!"

The dream of generations was realized: the estates of Barry and Estcourt were united. Mr. Fordyce lived at the latter place—saddened sometimes by the bitter-sweet memories of youth; but generally happy with his books, botany, geology, and his grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. Brydon made Barry the pleasantest country house in Yorkshire; and it was not long before Edmund forgot his cynical notions, and became a hardworking and able member of Parliament. At long intervals, Lilian received letters from her cousin Margaret; and from them she and her husband learned with joy that Vipan Wade and his wife had made a happy home, and that the former was a prosperous and rising man.

In this world, the cousins never met again; but in Yorkshire there is a fair-haired Margaret, and in America a dark-eyed Edmund,

who may some day meet together lovingly, knowing nothing of the romance of the heiress of Estcourt.

THE END.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY A GEOLOGIST.

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

IN the village in which I was born and bred, I knew every individual, from the worshipful the Mayor down to the scavenger, and was not uninformed respecting the amount of their incomes, their rates of expenditure, the letters they received, where they bought their new garments, what they cost, and who made them; whether they lived on the fat of the land or on the barest gleanings; and, in short, their general domestic arrangements and concerns.

Though the births greatly exceeded the deaths, the amount of population seemed to have been stationary from time immemorial. Hence there was a continuous current of migration setting outwards from the village in all directions; so that in my rambles I occasionally—and sometimes very unexpectedly—found myself in the neighbourhood of some old friend or acquaintance, on whom I called as a matter of course.

Whilst spending a short time in a rural district, I learned that a woman whom I had known intimately in her girlhood, and whose parents lived at that time very near mine, had married a thriving artizan, and was now “keeping a very respectable day-school near the Green.” Going to the Green to see my old acquaintance, I found with her a lad about ten years old, who had an air of suffering. She presented him to me as the eldest son of her sister, whom I had also known; and when I gave him a hearty shake of the hand he actually screamed. On inquiring the cause, his aunt stated that he had fallen a few days before, and had ever since complained of great pain in the side, especially when moving or when drawing a deep breath. On my suggesting that he had probably broken a rib, and should be taken to a surgeon without the least delay, she replied—

“I’m afraid ’tis something of the sort; but he’ll be all right again in a day or two, as I took him to Mr. L—— to be charmed yesterday and the day before, and I am to

take him again to-day. Mr. L—— says he must charm him three days running, and then he’ll do very well.”

I made careful inquiries about Mr. L——, and found him to be a “gentleman farmer” of the neighbourhood, and a lay preacher amongst an important body of religionists. What became of the unfortunate patient, I have never heard.

I one day learned that my road lay within a couple of miles of the rectory of my old mathematical friend D——. We had been great friends when he was a curate in a distant part of the country, but had not met for several years, during which he had been advanced from a curacy of about £80 to a rectory of £200 per year and a residence, in a very secluded district. My time was very short; but, for *auld lang syne*, I decided to sacrifice a few hours. On reaching the house, Mr. and Mrs. D—— were fortunately at home, and received me with their wonted kindness. The salutations were barely over, when I said—

“It is now six o’clock; I must reach W—— to-night, and as it is said to be fully eight miles off, and I am utterly unacquainted with the road, and with the town when I reach it, I cannot remain with you one minute after eight o’clock.”

“Oh, very well,” said D——, “then we must improve the shining hours. Jane, my dear, be so good as to order tea.”

Having so said, he left the room. In a few minutes he returned with a book under his arm, and his hands filled with writing materials, which he placed upon the table. Opening the book, he said, “This is Hind’s “Trigonometry, and here’s a lot of examples for practice. Let us see which can do the greatest number of them by eight o’clock. I did most of them many years ago, but I have not looked at them since. Suppose we begin at this one,” which he pointed out, “and take them as they come. We can drink our tea as we work, so as to lose no time.”

“All right,” said I; though it was certainly not the object for which I had come out of my road.

Accordingly, we set to work. No words passed between us; the servant brought in the tray, Mrs. D—— handed us our tea, which we drank now and then, and the time flew on rapidly. At length, finding it to be a quarter to eight—

"We must stop," said I, "for in a quarter of an hour I must be on the road."

"Very well. Let us see how our answers agree with those of the author."

It proved that he had correctly solved one more than I had. This point settled, I said, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Do come again as soon as you can. The farmers know nothing whatever about trigonometry."

We parted at the rectory door, and have never met since; nor shall we ever do so more, as his decease occurred several years ago. During my late long walk to W——, my mind was chiefly occupied with the mental isolation of a rural clergyman.

PARTY POLITICS.

I once spent a couple of days in a village which, though very small and far out of the world, was nevertheless the home of a sufficient number of voters to make it the duty and policy of candidates for the representation of the county to remember its existence. My visit was made during the busy preliminaries of a contested election; and about two hours before my arrival, the Liberal candidate had left, after having spent some hours in canvassing and speechifying. Of course, his visit was the general theme of conversation. He appeared to be very popular; and more than one "free and independent elector" assured me that he had made some "bootiful spiches for the country."

There were but two inns—hence, of necessity, they were of opposite political views; and it happened that my temporary home was in the tent of Liberalism. Mine host, not being a man to do things by halves, had placed over his front door the following happy thought:—

"J. T. A. R. * * * * *
May he have a place in Heaven for ever."

I ventured to rally the good man a little, by reminding him that his political opponents wouldn't in the least object to his pet candidate taking immediate possession of his heavenly place. I am sorry to say he didn't take it in an amiable spirit, but did his best to silence me by asking—

"Are you a vote for the county?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"Then I don't see what difference it can make to you."

I cannot deny that, when I ventured to

poke fun at the landlord, the speech of Glendower to Hotspur was in my mind—

— "As oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you,
His cheeks look pale; and, with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heaven."

"Henry IV.," Part I., act iii., sc. i.

There were in the village several erections decorated with boughs. They usually consisted of two boats' oars in a vertical position, and having their upper extremities connected by a single oar placed horizontally. In defiance of Euclid, the erections were termed *arches*; and it must be admitted that the attempts to conceal the angularities of the skeleton by the arrangement of the boughs were not quite unsuccessful.

On the evening of the second day, whilst sauntering near one of the structures, I overheard, and was duly pained at, the following conversation between the fisherman and his wife to whom it belonged.

"Betty, I zee we must take down the arch to-morrow."

"What vur?"

"The branches be so daver'd" (faded).

"Well, take down they; but let the arch bide, for K——" (the Conservative candidate) "will be sure to come in a voog days, and then you'll 'ave to put en up again."

"I dare say you be right—zo I'll let en bide."

Alas for political morality!

TABLE TALK.

SAM ALIVE OH! at first sight, would hardly strike one as a Christian name or names. But I once believed that I had baptized an infant by this name, peculiar as it looks in print. In a Warwickshire village, where I was the curate for many years, there was a charitable custom among the ladies of lending bags of linen and other necessities to the sick poor. When the bag was returned, after an addition to the family circle, the benevolent lady was requested to "pick" a name for the little stranger. This was considered the proper compliment to pay on all such occasions. One Sunday afternoon, a fine infant was brought to me at the font. The sponsors were the father, a collier, a friend of like calling, and the baby's mother. All went on smoothly till I said to the godfathers and godmother, "Name this child." With hearty voice all three shouted out, "Sam Alive Oh!" To make

sure, I repeated my question, with like result. The name was not inappropriate to the bouncing boy I held kicking and struggling in my arms. I had, however, some difficulty in preserving a proper and decorous gravity; but controlled my rising smile, and duly christened the little fellow "Sam Alive Oh." The registering puzzled me; and I asked who it was who had chosen the name. The godfather, being well nudged on the arm by both parents, at last spoke out boldly—"Miss B., sir, picked the name." My own daughter call a baby by such a name! I was now more puzzled than before. On my return home, I asked for an explanation. "Oh, papa," said my daughter, "I can easily account for the mistake you have made. When Mrs. L. was ill, I read a little book called 'Ivo and Verena' to her; and then, as Ivo was a character that charmed us both, we agreed to have the baby christened after him. The father's name, Samuel—which they pronounce Sam'l—has been added to our former choice; and now you see why you have christened poor baby 'Sam Alive Oh!'"

CAPTAIN HUTCHINSON, in his book on Lapland, gives an amusing account of a very fat lady he saw in Sweden, to whom he gave the name of "Gampo." "She was so round, fat, and heavily clothed, that, after once being comfortably settled down, it required at least two persons' assistance before she could rise from her pillowed seat." She was, with great difficulty, squeezed into a gig or cart, the driver sitting at her feet, as Gampo filled the seat herself. The most cross-questioned man in England, to the best of his belief, weighs twenty-six stones; but both Gampo and "The Claimant" are outdone by a lady cabby No. 10,662 was summoned for refusing to drive. Her weight, it was stated in evidence, was forty stones. Clearly, these prodigies of fatness were intended to walk.

AN ARTICLE recently appeared in our columns on "Scottish Humour," in which the writer referred to the pathos of Burns. And this reminds us of a slight anecdote from across the Border which may be worth giving. Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke once delivered a lecture, at the Philosophical Institute in Edinburgh, on Burns; and, commenting especially on the pathetic power of the Ayrshire bard, he quoted, as what

he considered the finest example of this, the lines from his song of "Jessey"—

"Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside, Jessey!"

After the lecture, a supper given by the directors took place in one of the rooms attached to the institution, at which the president for the night took the chair. During the supper, many compliments and remarks were passed to and fro concerning Mr. Clarke's estimate of Burns. One of the speakers—a very young man—modestly questioned Mr. Clarke's dictum as to the passage he had quoted in his lecture being the finest example of Burns's pathos; and, to support his opposition, recited the following verse from "Mary Morison"—

"Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:

"Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said, among them a'
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'"

The opinion of Hazlitt, however, was a sufficient endorsement of that of the opponent Mr. Cowden Clarke, wherein he says:—"Of all the productions of Burns, his pathetic and serious love-songs, in the manner of the old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines to Mary Morison."

A GENTLEMAN OF St. Peter's College, Cambridge, under the signature, "O.M.F.," has written a good, though brief, treatise on the game of croquet. This universally popular out-door game is played too much by rule of thumb; and for the clear statements of some of the scientific principles on which success at croquet depends, every reader of "Hints on Croquet" will feel thankful to the author of a handbook the want of which has been felt by all lovers of the game.

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ONCE A WEEK

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ARE OUR PIPES TO BE PUT OUT?



WE have three times published articles about tobacco in the columns of *ONCE A WEEK*. We have treated the subject severally from an economic, a scientific, a commercial, and an historical point of view, and yet we can find something fresh to say about it. In

its turn, and according to the prevailing fashion among medical men, almost every commodity that appears on our tables has been attacked as poisonous; while tar-water and bark have been regarded by the wisest men as almost a panacea for every human ailment.

These controversies are well-nigh abandoned—these elixirs of life forgotten; but tobacco is still a bone of contention, and there seems to be no reason why it should not remain so. Four new publications* on our table are either devoted to the fair discussion of the question, avowedly aimed at the suppression of tobacco smoking, pub-

lished to advance its use, or deal in some shape with the subject.

Nor is the matter under discussion unworthy the importance attached to it. The population of Europe might be, not improperly, divided into those who smoke tobacco, and those who do not; and when the ladies have been eliminated, it is the common opinion that smokers would be in a very large majority. As a staple necessity of civilized life, tobacco ranks fourth. We do not desire in this article to plunge into statistics, but we shall make one quotation of this kind which is new and trustworthy. It is from the "Food Journal":—

"In 1801 the number of dealers in tobacco in Great Britain was 83,493; this rose in 1833 to 167,785, having about doubled in thirty years; and in 1841 the total was 185,131; and it is clearly within the mark to assume that at present more than a quarter of a million of persons are engaged in the retail tobacco trade, while so long back as 1853 the whole amount consumed was the product of more than five millions of acres of rich land. The representative tobacco plant is the Virginian, growing to the height of perhaps six feet. No plant has so wide a geographical range; and fiscal reasons alone have prevented its extensive culture in Great Britain. This, however, is hardly regrettable, for tobacco exhausts the soil *fourteen* times as much as wheat, carrying off in what will make a ton of dried leaves no less than 500 cwts. of fertilizing matter, while it takes 14 tons of wheat to effect as much. In Europe, indeed, it is not unlikely to work those baneful effects which are already exhibited in extensive tracts of worn out waste lands in America. The consumption of tobacco exhibits an unparalleled rapidity of increase and extension. In 1689, the United Kingdom received 120,000 lbs. of tobacco, and it is questionable whether even that amount was actually smoked. In 1857, suppressing intermediate

*1. "Smoking and Drinking: the Argument stated For and Against. With a Chapter on Tobacco, by Dr. B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S." Sampson Low and Co.

2. "Third Annual Report of the North of England Anti-Tobacco Society." Manchester.

3 "Cope's Tobacco Plant." July, 1871: Liverpool.

4. "The Dietetic Reformer." London: F. Pitman.

returns, the amount had risen to very nearly 33,000,000 lbs.; and in 1865, even this enormous total had *doubled*, being 66,000,000 lbs.—an increase far in excess of that of population; and political economists may dwell thoughtfully on the fact that England now spends about as much per diem for tobacco as she does for bread! Such has been the marvellous diffusion of what facts compel us to recognize as a prime staple of ordinary life. Corn and cotton excepted, tobacco stands first in commercial importance. About 1858, nearly 6,000,000 of acres were devoted to tobacco culture; the average crop being some 800 lbs. per acre, which, at an uniform rate of only 2d. per lb., yielded a gross value of £37,000,000! The hop, on the contrary, which is a most representative English plant, according to the distich, which says that—

‘Hops, Reformation, bays, and beer,
Came into England in one year,’

and worth six times as much as tobacco per pound, only yielded a value of £4,000,000. The following amusing little story, told by the author of the article above quoted, may be employed in the argument both for and against the use of tobacco. Were one sure that some day it would be one’s fate to be shipwrecked on a Cannibal shore, it would be policy to begin smoking strong tobacco at once; while an opposite fore-knowledge would lead to different action.

“The following anecdote confirms the truth of the physiologist’s assertion that persistent indulgence in inordinate smoking results in the absorption of the actual essence of tobacco into the very tissues.

“Captain Wilkes, in an exploring expedition, interrogated a native of the Fiji Islands as to the fate of the crew of a vessel whose shattered hull still lay upon the beach.

“‘All kill,’ replied the savage.

“‘What did you do with them?’ asked Captain Wilkes.

“‘Eat ’em. Good,’ returned the Cannibal.

“‘Did you eat them all?’ inquired the half-sick captain.

“‘All but one,’ holding up a finger.

“‘And why did you spare one?’

“‘Cause him taste *too like tobacco*; couldn’t eat him no how.’”

After this, even Dean Close, the zealous President of the North of England Anti-Tobacco Society, will admit that the herb has one other use besides that of killing the aphides on his rose bushes. And the savage

was right, on the authority of Dr. Edmunds, who says:—“If a person steeped a cigar in boiling water, and then drank the liquor, he would die in a few minutes. A little tobacco tea, made in that way, will kill an animal almost as quickly as prussic acid.” So it will be seen that eating the smoker was not altogether a matter of refined taste. He was not so wholesome as his brother salts.

We may state that the Anti-Tobacco Society intend to establish an organ of its own, to be issued monthly at a penny. In his report, the secretary of the society says:—“It may not be generally known outside smoking circles, that nearly a year ago a costly magazine for smokers was started by a wealthy tobacco manufacturing firm at Liverpool. The toned paper, the number of original comic illustrations, the sensuous romantic tales and poetic effusions, and, not least, the insidious literary articles *essaying* to prove that all the world’s wise and good are inveterate smokers, demonstrate that no expenditure is spared by interested capitalists to extend the consumption of tobacco, and to win over the youth and manhood of Britain to this sensual and enervating vice.”

Like most of the effusions penned by the secretaries of benevolent associations, this language is—to employ a mild term—enthusiastic. The “Tobacco Plant,” described by Mr. Frank Spence as a “costly magazine,” is sold for a penny; and to-day “toned paper” is as cheap an article in the market as white.

Mr. Cope is an honest man, and would doubtless plead guilty to the charge of the society’s secretary that he is an “interested capitalist;” but he would deny that he had sought “to win over the youth and manhood of Britain” to smoke by the dissemination of “sensuous romantic tales,” though he must admit the occasional employment of “poetic effusions.” We do not think, however, that such verses as these will do much harm to anybody:—

“Man’s life is consumed like the weed in a pipe:

Then, aloft his essence goes;

And his ashes finds rest in old Ocean’s breast,

Or down where the daisies grows.

Some cigars is like owners and captains o’ ships;

Another brand still is a mate;

We tars has a ‘roll,’ whereby we’re the quids;

And we’re pretty well chawed by Fate.

It’s a great consoler is ‘Bacca, though!

So, till o’ this life I’m rid,

I’ll keep my heart stout, and go cruising about,

And chawing away at my quid.”

Or such a wild perversion of the nursery rhyme as this, make children substitute "smoking" for "sixpences," or "weed" for "rye":—

"Sing a song of smoking,
A pocket full of weed,
'Bacca sets me joking—
Makes me blythe indeed.
When my pouch is empty,
Very low am I,
And done, just like a blackbird,
That's bakèd in a pie."

We have been unable to find, in the "Tobacco Plant" before us, any of the "sensuous romantic tales" spoken of by Mr. Spence in his report. Of the "poetic effusions," our readers can form their own judgment from the specimens we have given.

Of course, in a journal expressly published to speak well of the habit of smoking, we may expect to find that most of our great men were and are smokers. But in advancing these statements, Mr. Cope is certainly both moderate and fair; for though we are told, in the "Tobacco Plant," that Ben Jonson loved tobacco, it is admitted that we have no evidence that Shakspeare smoked. Though Hobbes smoked pipes innumerable, and Milton had tobacco in his eye when he spoke of Adam's "temperate vapours bland"—though Sir Isaac Newton was smoking his pipe when he saw his apple fall—though Addison smoked, and Fielding both smoked and chewed, yet Wellington shunned it; so did Peel; Goethe did not smoke, nor did Shelley; and so on through a long list of names, in which it must be confessed that, if the smokers have the best of it, they have not much advantage in the roll of fame displayed in a journal retained for special pleading in the cause of tobacco.

But it may not be uninteresting to observe how everything touched by the writers in this journal turns perforce to tobacco. In estimating the value of the poet laureate's genius, we are informed that "Tennyson is a poet of the age of thought;" and after a not injudicious medley of quotations, we are asked to accept the suggestion that it is "true that in the composing and aromatic fumes of which the poet partook" he found the inspiration of his finest flights. So much for what is aimed at by "Cope's Tobacco Plant" on the one hand, and by the Anti-Tobacco Society on the other. Whether the society's efforts will be crowned with sub-

stantial success is a very open question. Fashion will do more than preaching to make men of the upper and middle classes leave off smoking. Less than a century ago, generally speaking, men of fashion took snuff; now the habit has been suffered to fall into desuetude; and the young man who drew from his waistcoat pocket a gold and enamelled box, painted with nymphs à la Watteau, and filled with the choicest Regent's mixture, would be regarded in a modern drawing-room with astonishment and disgust. And at this moment it is quite exceptional to see a man in any rank of society pull out a snuff box. For evidence of the universal use of snuff, we need not look further than the literature of the last half of the eighteenth century; or to the pretty toys, in the shape of boxes for the *polvo de tobacco*, to be seen in the windows of the pawnbrokers, in the glass cases at South Kensington, or among a bachelor grand-uncle's treasures. No young man of taste and fashion now would begin to take snuff. The dictum of fashion forbids its use by the polite. Snuff-taking accordingly dies out.

If half a century hence no man of taste or fashion were ever seen to put a pipe or a cigar in his mouth, no young man with pretensions to breeding would begin to smoke tobacco; and so the habit would fall into disuse—commencing with the higher classes, and gradually descending in the social scale. This has been the case with snuff-taking. In Johnson's time, there were six or eight shops principally dealing in snuff in Fleet-street alone. The business of the street has increased a thousand-fold since 1770, but now there is only one old-fashioned shop which can be called a snuff-shop, or where any variety or extent of snuffs is kept—and where old-fashioned people still manage to get their wants supplied. Jeannie Deans stops in "London town" with her aunt, who keeps a snuff-shop. At the period to which "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" belongs, they were common enough: to-day, you could hardly find such a shop, or such a wooden Highlander, in London. But fashion, which would be all-powerful in putting out our pipes, exercises her imperious and unquestioned sway in favour of tobacco; and everybody smokes. We have, however, such unhesitating faith in the good sense of Englishmen, that we feel confident, if it could be established that

smoking tobacco is really injurious to the constitution—that every pipe or cigar does more permanent harm than it does present good—a majority among smokers would discontinue the practice.

We live too fast. The hard-worked man of letters, the barrister in great practice, the physician, the statesman, the merchant, all try to crowd into their working day too much thought, too much labour. Tired, and often anxious, they discover that nature requires a “whip”—something to give them energy, or deaden the sense of fatigue. In alcohol and tobacco these remedies for exhaustion are to be found: by their moderate use the fagged body is refreshed, and the wearied mind regains its elasticity and vigour. This is the present good: what is their after-effect? Let us confine ourselves to the subject of this article, and consider the effect of tobacco on the system. Dr. Richardson, who is a high authority, says that these effects may be briefly described thus:—

“1. The effects that result from smoking are due to different agents imbibed by the smoker—viz., carbonic acid, ammonia, nicotine, a volatile empyreumatic substance, and a bitter extract. The more common effects are traceable to the carbonic acids and ammonia; the rarer and more severe to the nicotine, the empyreumatic substance, and the extract.

“2. The effects produced are very transitory, the poisons finding a ready exit from the body.

“3. All the evils of smoking are functional in character; and no confirmed smoker can ever be said, so long as he indulges in the habit, to be well. It does not follow, however, that he is becoming the subject of organic and fatal disease because he smokes.

“4. Smoking produces disturbances: (*a*) In the *blood*, causing undue fluidity, and change in the red corpuscles; (*b*) on the *stomach*, giving rise to debility, nausea, and in extreme cases, sickness; (*c*) on the *heart*, producing debility of that organ, and irregular action; (*d*) on the *organs of sense*, causing in the extreme degree dilatation of the eyes, confusion of vision, bright lines, luminous or cobweb specks, and long retention of images on the retina; with other and analogous symptoms affecting the ear—viz., inability clearly to define sounds, and the annoyance of a sharp ringing sound,

like a whistle or a bell; (*e*) on the *brain*, suspending the waste of that organ, and oppressing it if it be duly nourished, but soothing it if it be exhausted; (*f*) on the *nervous filaments and sympathetic or organic nerves*, leading to deficient power in them, and to over-secretion in those surfaces—glands—over which the nerves exert a controlling force; (*g*) on the *mucous membrane* of the mouth, causing enlargement and soreness of the tonsils—smoker's sore throat—redness, dryness, and occasional peeling off of the membrane, and either unnatural firmness and contraction, or sponginess of the gums; (*h*) on the *bronchial surface of the lungs* when that is already irritable, sustaining the irritation, and increasing the cough.”

Further, Dr. Richardson considers that the statements that tobacco smoke causes specific diseases—such as insanity, epilepsy, apoplexy, or organic disease of the heart—are not supported by facts or trustworthy evidence; and that smoking is most injurious to boys, as it stops growth, produces premature manhood and physical degradation.

In conclusion, Dr. Richardson says, in favour of tobacco:—“That, of nearly every luxury, it is the least injurious. It is innocuous as compared with alcohol, it does infinitely less harm than opium; it is in no sense worse than tea or sugar; and by the side of high living altogether, it contrasts most favourably. A thorough smoker may or may not be a hard drinker, but there is one thing he never is—a glutton; indeed, there is no cure for gluttony, and all its train of certain and fatal evils, like tobacco.”

From these remarks it will be seen that, in the opinion of a high and eminently scientific medical authority, tobacco is not so poisonous in its effects as the apostles of the Anti-Tobacco Society would have us believe.

Those of our readers who would pursue this phase of the subject further, we must refer to “Smoking and Drinking,” the pamphlet from the appendix to which we have quoted Dr. Richardson's opinions. A series of pamphlets under the title “Both Sides”—of which the one we have quoted is the first—is, we believe, to appear at intervals. The pamphlets will be edited by an eminent writer, distinguished as much for his love of doing justice to “both sides” of a question as for his high ability: hence the title of the series.

After all, in the matter of smoking, the

patient must minister unto himself. There are many constitutions that are certainly not injured by the moderate use of tobacco; there are some that are absolutely benefited by it; others again are injured by the use of narcotics. A man must judge for himself as to whether smoking is good for him or not.

One thing, however, must be borne in mind in determining the question, "Are our pipes to be put out?" Directly any ill-effect is felt from the use of tobacco, a man may make up his mind that it is time to leave off smoking. But, on the other hand, so long as no ill-effect is experienced, so long as tobacco has only a pleasant and soothing influence over him, he may conclude that his pipe does not hurt him—and go on smoking a limited number of pipes a-day, until he is of opinion that it is doing his health a mischief.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

PERHAPS my mother was talking of Aunt Hetty, for when I came up to her I saw that there were tears in her eyes, and I heard her say—

"Young people oft do imprudent things, brother Oliver."

And of whom else could she be thinking? For surely Aunt Hetty must have been incautious in the highest degree, or she would not have let her heart be taken by one that she should not so much as have looked upon.

When I came nearer, my mother gazed fondly upon me, and said—

"Thou seemest in good health, child. I do not think thou needest change of air to improve thy looks."

I felt myself going scarlet, for it almost was as though my mother must have understood all that I had been saying to myself. Perhaps even she had discovered that I had been looking oftener into my mirror of late, since I had adjusted my dress with more care than ordinary.

"It does not do to let young maidens get out of leading strings," she said, turning to Uncle Oliver. "Grace is but seventeen."

And she made a little pause, as if she thought of something suddenly, which con-

vinced me that she had been talking of Aunt Hetty; for Aunt Hetty was just eighteen when she was married, and had been living up in the north with my grandmother's sister for a year or more. Indeed, 'twas from her aunt's house that she was married—this aunt being a woman lax in her principles, and of the very low church, which was afterwards discovered; but relatives living so far apart know but little of one another.

And Aunt Hetty never so much as breathed a word of the Scotch preacher until she was Mistress Graeme, which was not over upright or dutiful on her part. My father was for proving the marriage illegal, but my grandmother said—

"Let be, meddling makes matters worse."

And no one of the family has seen Aunt Hetty since, excepting Uncle Oliver.

"Mistress Fanshawe is prudent and staid, as is seemly for a young matron with three children," said my uncle, in answer to my mother's words.

And by this I knew that I must have had something to do with the discourse, and that Uncle Oliver had been asking for me to go up to London. And perhaps that brought about my mother's thinking of Aunt Hetty. But she need have no fear of me. I am a true Selwode; and as for Scotch preachers or Whig revolutionists, my mind is not like to be set upon them.

"Clarinda has enough to do in looking after the children," answered my mother.

"Well, then," replied he, "you must go yourself. You must take lodgings in town, and let the girl see something of life. Ralph has been slack in his parliamentary duties of late. He must be more at his post, for these are stirring times; and even I, in my quiet rooms, have been waked up a little, though 'tis against my will. But one can't help listening at the clubs to what the wits are saying; and truly, Mistress Grace, the Whigs make a brilliant array against us with their play-writers, their poets, their statesmen, and their great general—to say nothing of their Duchess, though she's a powder magazine that will explode some day."

"Uncle Oliver," said I, "you're getting treasonable. Remember, the Queen's a Tory, and so am I."

My uncle laughed.

"Mistress," said he, "the enemy are in good force. Take care of yourself."

And just then, one of our men came to

tell Uncle Oliver that there was one Mr. Philip Lydgate inquiring for him.

"Lydgate," repeated my uncle, as though he had forgotten the name. Then, after a moment, "Ah, Lydgate, my Oxford scholar," quoth he. "A firebrand of a young Whig, and an unfledged poet to boot, Grace. The son of Sir Simon Lydgate, of Cottenham," and he turned to my mother. "You remember him, Patience?"

We walked towards the house—I wondering whether my dreams were coming to pass all at once. My brains were in great confusion—so many thoughts running in and out, that I never so much as remembered I had on my new blue taffetas; and going heedlessly by some brambles, it caught upon one of them, which made a great rent, and so brought me to my senses.

Therefore, when my mother and Uncle Oliver went into the oaken parlour to greet Mr. Lydgate, I had to go to my own room and put on another suit—which was provoking, as the blue became me finely. I know not how it was, but I never was so long in dressing before. Everything seemed to have gone astray, nor could I easily find anything I wanted; and when I had found it, my hands trembled so that I could not tie the strings, or fasten in the pins easily. Then, too, my hair had gotten all blown about with the wind; and I dare not wait to do more than smooth it a little, for I feared lest this Mr. Lydgate should go ere I could see him. And, to my knowledge, I had never seen a poet—at any rate, I had never spoken to one—and I longed to see what he was like.

They were all in earnest conversation when I entered the room, and my father was there also. (*Mem.* What a handsome man he is for his age.) I slipped in so quietly that no one saw me as I stood in the shade; and so, for a moment or two, I had the opportunity of noting Mr. Lydgate's appearance.

He was not in the least like a firebrand. Tall, slight, rather delicate-looking—perhaps from over-study—with fair hair, and eyes that were full of softness now, and a voice that had a deep, clear, musical tone in it.

"And you were at the play the last benefit night?" said my mother. "It must have touched all hearts. I wonder pretty Mrs. Oldfield could play her part out."

'Then I knew what they were talking of,

for we had all heard of the melancholy death of Captain Farquhar, just when his last and best comedy was being played with such success.

"And his wife and children are unprovided for?" continued my mother.

"Geniuses seldom make money," said Uncle Oliver. "Wealth appears to be provided for fools, whilst men of brains must work themselves to death to win a share of Fortune's favours."

"Captain Farquhar perhaps had an idea of the same sort," replied Mr. Lydgate—"where he makes Archer, in the play, say to his friend, 'Fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their own industry.'"

"Because they have a nobler possession than she can give them," quoth I, quite forgetting, in the interest I took in their words, that other than my own family were present.

Mr. Lydgate, who had turned towards Uncle Oliver, gave a slight start, and looked in the direction the voice came from.

"So ho, Mistress Grace," said Uncle Oliver, "and how long have you been listening? Let me introduce to you Mr. Philip Lydgate, Bachelor of Arts, of Merton College, Oxford, scholar, poet, and politician—will be a wit presently. Mr. Lydgate, this is my niece, Mistress Grace Selwode, who has read some of our English authors, and can construe fairly a passage in Latin."

"I am pleased to make the acquaintance of so well-informed a lady, and regret that she will find the gifts Mr. Oliver Selwode has so bountifully bestowed upon me are but imaginary," said Mr. Lydgate.

And he made me a courtly bow; whilst I was so foolish, that I could do nothing but blush and make a curtsy. As for saying anything, I might just as well have been dumb.

If I had only seen a little of the world, I should not have been so bashful, and should have been able to answer Mr. Lydgate after his own fashion.

Uncle Oliver seemed determined to be as malicious as possible. Said he—

"My-niece has a great mind to go up to town and see some of our great men, and our play-writers and actors, for she has never seen a play in her life."

"Indeed!—has she not?" returned Mr. Lydgate, with surprise. "Then, indeed, Mistress Selwode, you must make haste to see one, for we have some fine actors now.



Drawn by]

[E. Fitzpatrick.

"I HAVE HEARD ALL—I REJECT YOU!"—PAGE 95.

There's Mr. Betterton, though he's an old man, can fill the parts in Shakspeare so that none of our younger men can come near him. Then for comedy we have Mr. Wilks, Mr. Doggett, and Mr. Cibber; and Mr. Congreve's favourite, Mistress Bracegirdle, with whom half the audience are always in love; also pretty Mrs. Oldfield, who bids fair to be as great a favourite."

"I have heard of Mistress Bracegirdle," said I, "and of the parts that Mr. Congreve and Mr. Rowe have writ for her."

For I had gathered up courage during his speech, and was glad that he should see I was not so wanting in manners as I seemed to be.

"This will be a gay year," he went on. "Every one will be in town. 'Twill be a memorable one too, for Mr. Defoe has been busy about the Union, and we shall have the first united Parliament of England and Scotland."

I saw my father's brow knit at this mention of Mr. Defoe, whom he looked upon as no better than a seditious impostor. And, as regards my father, he was truly so, for my father had read "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," and had pronounced it the best book that ever was writ, excepting the Bible; that it deserved to be printed in letters of gold, and was for making a subscription to put it into the hands of every man in England who could read; and had said so much about it, that when the real meaning of the work came to be exposed, and Mr. Defoe was put in the pillory, he felt foolish enough for a time, and even now scarce likes to hear his name mentioned. To-day, however, he seemed as though he would bring himself to speak with calmness.

"It is not like to prosper well," said my father, "if Daniel Defoe has had much to do with it—an arrant knave as he has proved himself before this. But the law gave him his just recompense."

I saw Mr. Lydgate's face flush.

"And the people gave him his due also," quoth he; "for the pillory was dressed with flowers, and Mr. Defoe's health was drunk, and not one in the crowd lifted a finger to point at him."

"The mob!" said my father, contemptuously—"his friends the mob!—fitting associations for him."

"He is a friend of mine," replied Mr. Lydgate, a little warmly.

"No good company for thee, young man,"

returned my father; "and not such as thy father would choose, if he be the Simon Lydgate that I knew him."

He was the Simon Lydgate such as my father knew him, and "more so," as my uncle afterwards told us; and so fortunately it drew a smile into Mr. Lydgate's face.

"My father thinks as you do, sir."

"Then your father's a sensible man," replied my father, not seeing the inference.

I think Mr. Lydgate did, but he answered nought; and Uncle Oliver observed—

"The Queen seems to think well of this Mr. Defoe, and he is also a friend of Mr. Harley's, Ralph. What do you say to that?"

"That Mr. Harley would stand a good deal firmer if he'd leave such pestilential vagabonds alone. He's for shaping here and allowing there, and bring in this and that to meet the other, instead of throwing every one overboard that isn't a good honest Tory."

"And get thrown out of office himself," said my uncle. "Depend upon it, a statesman's policy when he gets a place is to keep it at the expense of everything else."

"Not if he be honest," I ventured to say.

"Honesty's a rare article among politicians," answered Uncle Oliver. "The very word politics savours of double-dealing and expediency. If a man's politics are his party's, then he's bound to them like a Jesuit to his superior, and has no conscience of his own; if they are his own, he turns them to his own advantage the first opportunity, and has no conscience for his neighbours."

"You are too hard, Mr. Selwode," says Mr. Lydgate. "I could mention some honest names. My Lord Somers—"

But here my father, who had been occupied with his own train of thought, and had evidently not heard Mr. Lydgate's words, spoke—

"We want more rousing measures," said he. "There's scarce a man to be depended upon for thorough-going zeal. If Mr. Harley would take the advice of us loyal subjects meeting at the Bell in Westminster, and would hearken unto his true friends, he'd carry things his own way, hang all the Whigs that dare oppose him, and give us a fair chance of preserving our constitution intact. He's got the Queen at his back, Bishop Compton at his elbow, and his own talents at his command; and if it were not for that Lucifer of a woman who keeps the Court in a constant uproar with her airs and her in-

solence, he might be prime minister. A woman setting the country at defiance! But Lucifer overstepped himself, and so will she. She'll fall from the heights of her ambition as he did, only in the one case an angel fell, in the other 'twill be the fall of one without anything of the angel about her—one ready-made to the title that Lucifer now goes by—to phrase it politely, since 'tis of a lady we're speaking. Her Majesty surely can't put up with her intemperate Mrs. Freeman much longer; and when Mrs. Freeman goes, Mr. Freeman goes, and his party with him. We shall triumph yet, and send the Whigs a-begging—a set of seditious schismatics, never satisfied with anything, and always crying out for improvement and amendment. We don't want improvement; the constitution's good enough; and if men want a better one, let them go to heaven to find it."

"That is precisely what Mr. Defoe would advise," quoth Mr. Lydgate, so softly, that my father did not hear him. But I did; and I know not but that he spoke ironically.

He caught my eye fixed upon him; and my father and Uncle Oliver continuing their altercation (by the way, my uncle Oliver is strangely altered since he associated with these wits at the coffee-houses and the clubs), he turned to me, and began to ask me somewhat of my studies.

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER CONCERNING MR. LYDGATE.

"**H**OLDING converse with the great minds who have gone before us, and with our own modern writers, one can never be dull," said Mr. Lydgate, "even if one lacks society."

Mr. Lydgate had moved round to where I was standing as he said this, so I knew that it was meant for me to answer. Yet I was not quite sure what I might say with truth; since, within these last few days, I had begun to feel that I wanted something more than I could find in my books.

"That is, if one is a poet," I replied, qualifying his words, which I did not care directly to answer.

"Which means that books are not altogether sufficient, Mistress Selwode," said he.

"I think one wants more, sometimes," I said, venturing to look up, to see if I could gather in what estimation he held me; but he

was looking half dreamily at me, as though he saw me not.

"Yes," said he—"one wants nature itself, as well as what man writes of it. Nature—fresh, living, full of life and sunshine! But this you have in perfection at Selwode, especially at this season of bursting blossom and feathered choristers—a voice speaking from without to the heart within."

Again I looked up, but I did not speak; yet he gathered my answer by my face.

"You are right again," said he. "More is wanted, a living communion of spirit that makes life—living. Man is a social being, and must find his fellows. One wants an interchange of kindred soul with soul; and one sometimes pines for it, even with the fairest landscape in sight. Is it not so?"

"I like the country," said I; "and I have always felt that I wanted nothing more until this year. Perhaps it is because I have been reading more of late, and so it is the communing with wise minds in books makes one wish to see their owners face to face."

For, truly, I was not sure what it was I wanted.

"And you would like to go up to town, Mistress Selwode? Have you never been there?"

"Oh, yes; but only for a day or two at a time. And then I never saw any one—that is to say, I did not know if I had seen any one, excepting her Majesty and Prince George, and his Grace of Marlborough. But I have never seen a wit or a poet, and I fear I never shall; for Uncle Oliver says they are mostly among the Whigs, and we are Tories."

I suppose I spoke this in a melancholy tone, for Mr. Lydgate laughed, saying, in a mock serious tone—

"How very sad, Mistress Selwode!"

"What is sad?" I asked.

"Well, I am not quite sure," said he. "I have got into a perplexity about it, and scarce know which way the difficulty lies—whether it is in the wits being Whigs, or in Mistress Selwode's being a Tory. Is it to cause as great a breach as the Montagues and the Capulets?"

"I don't know," said I—"faction is very strong. It is a pity all people cannot be of one mind, it would save a great deal of trouble, and make everything go smoothly. Why can't every one belong to the party the King or Queen affects?"

"The King or Queen is not the constitution," returned Mr. Lydgate.

Which seeming to me a disloyal speech, I answered—

"I am a loyal subject of the Queen, Mr. Lydgate."

"So am I!"

"How can that be?" I asked.

"Because the Queen is the necessity of the English constitution which I uphold," he replied.

"Is there much difference between us?" quoth I—for I had no clear ideas of such matters, excepting that one side was right and the other side wrong, and that I was on the right side. And this is, I believe, as much an idea as many have upon the subject.

"I hope not, Mistress Selwode," said he; "for I have no desire to quarrel with you."

There was something in his mode of saying it that made me blush the least in the world; and fearing lest he might misinterpret, I said, in as indifferent a manner as I could—

"We are not friends yet, Mr. Lydgate."

"Nay, what then?" said he—"not enemies, I hope."

"Nor yet enemies, since we have not fallen out."

"You are pleased to be witty, Mistress Selwode. May I ask in what relationship we stand to one another?"

"In none at all," said I. "We have yet to make acquaintance."

"That shall I be well pleased to do," he returned.

But there being just then a pause in my father's altercation with Uncle Oliver, my courage—that I had been wondering at all this while—ebbed away, and I had no words to answer him. Perhaps it was as well; for it seemed to me afterwards that I had been marvellously pert, on so short an acquaintance, with one so well endowed as my uncle had described Mr. Lydgate to be. And, besides, I saw my mother looking a little grave.

Then my father, turning to Mr. Lydgate, asked him if he would like to see the Selwode oaks, that were well known in this part of the country for their age and size.

"Your father had many a sport beneath them, and in their branches, when he was a youngster; and they are worth a poet's praising."

"A pretty pastoral might be writ," said

my uncle, "if the oaks could but speak, and whisper the many secrets that have been told beneath them."

Mr. Lydgate looked towards me, as my father led him from the room, as much as to say—

"Are you coming also, Mistress Selwode?"

But my mother said—

"Grace, I have an errand for you."

And so I was constrained to wait her bidding. I looked a little disappointed—as, indeed, I felt, for there was something very pleasant in hearing Mr. Lydgate talk.

Presently, Uncle Oliver came back.

"Come, Grace," said he, "three are poor company. Your father holds Master Philip in such earnest converse touching forty years ago, that I can't get in a word; and I must have some one to talk to."

"I cannot come," said I; "mother has need of me."

"Nay, I can manage, I dare say, without thee," said my mother, in answer to my uncle Oliver's look of appeal.

And so I went; and on our way my uncle said—

"You did very creditably at parry and thrust, Mistress Grace."

"Didst hear what I was saying?" I asked, in alarm.

"Only through dumb show," he returned.

"I forgot he was a poet," I said, deprecatingly.

Uncle Oliver laughed.

"Thy conscience smites thee, then?"

"Wherefore?"

"Nay, that I leave thee to answer to thyself."

We walked on in silence for awhile, for we had come up to my father—who was giving Mr. Lydgate a long account of how matters stood when he was a youth; and was asking all manner of questions about Sir Simon, and whether he ever was to be met with in London.

"My father leaves home but rarely now," said Mr. Lydgate. "He says we must happen on better times ere he can leave Cottenham, for what he sees without angers him too much."

"I am pretty much of his mind," answered my father.

And then Uncle Oliver, fearing lest he might be led off again to politics, began to ask Mr. Lydgate of this literary matter and that, and so drew the discussion upon lighter

subjects. So the conversation lay chiefly between him and Mr. Lydgate; for neither my father nor myself was equal to giving an opinion.

"'Tis a pity if he gets into bad company," muttered my father, doubtless thinking of Mr. Defoe.

He was well pleased, however, with his old friend's son; and, after luncheon, pressed him to stay until the next day. But Mr. Lydgate said he must be in town that evening, for he had business of importance.

"Aye," said my uncle, after he had gone, "'tis easy to know what business that may be."

"And what is it?" said I, though 'twas no affair of mine.

"A masque at my Lord Sunderland's, and the Lady Mary is to be there."

"What Lady Mary?" I asked, a little sharply.

"There is but one Lady Mary who is learned, witty, and beautiful," replied my uncle.

It was, then, the Lady Mary Pierrepont, of whom I had so often heard.

"Every poet nowadays," continued my uncle, "has his divinity, whom he worships as Mr. Waller worshipped Saccharissa. Mr. Philip Lydgate has long wooed the Lady Mary in verse, and writ of her in sonnets and pastorals, and I know not what; thinking himself well paid for a week of sleepless nights—wherein he has written half a score of lines that he thinks worth keeping, and half a score hundred that are thrown away as worthless—if so be that her ladyship deigns to cast her eye over them ere she gives them to her maid for curl-papers. And even if she so employ them, the poor fool thinks his verses honoured by being twined among her tresses; and forth comes another sonnet, telling the world that he has crowned Melissa's brow with a garland of the poet's weaving, or some other equally absurd conceit."

"Melissa!"

"That is the name by which he designates her. 'Lines to the Lady Mary.' 'On the Lady Mary flirting her fan.' 'On the velvet riband round the Lady Mary's throat.' 'This would be too glaring—all the world would read his secret. So 'tis—'To Melissa's shoe-buckle.' 'To Melissa's love-lock.' And he has writ, and writ, and drawn pictures in rhyme of this transcendent maiden in all conceivable circum-

stances. He has a good opinion of my judgment, so brings me his verses to look over. He left a copy of some with me to-day, which—if thou canst keep a secret—thou may'st see."

Here Uncle Oliver put a paper into my hands, which I could do no less than take, though inwardly resolved not to look at the trumpery thing.

"A piece of pure imagination," said my uncle, in reference to the lines. And then he went away, humming a tune.

Why should all this that he has told me of the Lady Mary anger me so? When I got into my own room, and had locked the door, I sat down before my glass to look at the features that had so well pleased me not long since. And then I saw that my face was hot and flushed, and that there was a frowning wrinkle across my forehead.

"The Lady Mary must be very beautiful," I say to myself, giving a little sigh.

Yet what matter to me? Only that it was pleasant to be admired—or to think one's self admired—as I had just had the vanity to think; and there was some mortification in finding one's self undeceived. Mr. Lydgate must think me but a rustic chit in comparison. And I could have cried with vexation.

"The Lady Mary does not seem over propitious to her adorer," quoth I. And it gave me a certain feeling of satisfaction.

Then I said to myself—

"I may as well see what kind of trash Mr. Lydgate writes."

So I opened the paper, and read as follows:—

FAIR MELISSA.

Fair Melissa, through the grove
Listlessly was straying;
Thinking of her absent love,
Promised tryst delaying.
"Fair is false, and false is fair,
Men deceive us everywhere,"
Quoth Melissa, sighing.

Tripping came a little maid—
"Maiden, where dost wander?"
"But to find the crock of gold,
Where the bow stoops, yonder!"
"Fair is false, and false is fair,
Hope deceives us everywhere,"
Quoth Melissa, sighing.

Next drew nigh a pensive youth—
"Whither art thou hieing?"
"Lady fair, to search for truth,
In the deep well lying!"
"Fair is false, and false is fair,
Truth she dwells not anywhere,"
Quoth Melissa, sighing.

Plucked she roses from the hedge—

Lo! a thorn among them
Cruel tore her dainty skin;

Quick away she flung them.

"Fair is false, and false is fair,

Beauty is a cruel snare,"

Quoth Melissa, sighing.

Lo! an arm around her thrown;

Lo! a deep voice pleading!

And soft kisses—not her own—

Stop the wound from bleeding.

"Doubt and fear flee far away,

Hope, truth, love, I've found to-day,"

Quoth she, without sighing.

"A pure imagination," had my uncle said.

"Truly, I should think so, Mr. Presumption," was my comment when I had finished reading. "Unless, indeed, he may picture some fortunate rival; for 'tis not likely to happen that the daughter of a duke will deign to look with favour on the son of a simple country gentleman."

And yet Mr. Wycherley married the beautiful Countess of Drogheda!

And he was but a poet!

COURT GOSSIP IN LAMBETH.

COTTAGE-PLACE, the subject of our sketch, is a closed court in the Vauxhall district of Lambeth. Some three years ago, it was one of the most wretched of the courts that abound in this poor and dirty locality. The tenants of the eleven cottages and two converted stables consisted of costermongers, mechanics, charwomen, and needlewomen, who lived in an atmosphere of foul drains and a heap of offal which graced the entrance to the place. Here you might see poor half-clad, slipshod women picking their steps through the dismal swamp of mud, with their kettles in their hands, to the abode of some more fortunate possessor of clean water—that on their own premises being wholly unfit for human consumption. The poverty still remains, and the approach to the court continues to be flanked on each side by a marine store and a manufactory of perambulators; but a good deal of the dirt has disappeared. Not long since, a most interesting family took up their residence in one of the two-roomed cottages. The other tenants in the court designated them by the title of "The Cadgers," on account of the members of the family going out by daylight with empty carpet-bags, and bringing them home, towards nightfall, apparently

replenished. The boys were the exact counterparts of the Artful Dodger in their attire and their habit of mysteriously *finding* out-of-the-way things—such as jackets and hats. Truly charming was it to see these old boys enjoying their *siesta*, and smoking disreputable-looking short pipes, on the dust-heap outside their dwelling, after their day's labour. Where they slept, or how, have always been problems, as the family consisted of at least a round dozen. On inquiring of the Cadger mother—a dirty-complexioned woman, with restless eyes, who looked as if she had been steeped in logwood and spoiled in the dyeing—she assured us that—

"My 'usband were a marble sculptor, wot died in Thomas's Hospital; and but for them boys bringin' me 'ome a few things—wich they picks hup—I don't know as 'ow I should live. They keeps themselves, too, by pickin' hup crustés. My Susan is a-haltering a weskit for the littlest boy, wich they brought 'ome this morning."

Unfortunately, the Cadgers were *non est* one fine morning—disappearing before a more intimate acquaintance with them could be cultivated.

In this court resided a receiver of stolen property from the workhouse. The articles were brought out of the union by a pauper nurse, and the receiver pledged them—the tickets being afterwards sold to people in the neighbourhood for threepence each. The things were perfectly new, and consisted of shawls, sheets, and underclothing; showing that the thief must have had some very direct mode of obtaining them from the workhouse stores. In this typically dirty parish, small property holders abound, in the vestry and out of it. If a complaint is lodged with the Board of Health, the tenant has the choice either to abate the nuisance complained of himself, or to give up possession. An unfortunate sweep, in Cottage-place, complained about an offensive drain. Mr. Bowwow, the landlord, forthwith gave him a week's notice to quit; and, not waiting until the expiration of the term, he put in a levy in the course of three days, and pounced on the sweep's goods. The latter had just returned home with a sackful of soot, which he at once emptied on the floor, and threw up a sieve or two of it in the room, in the charitable hope of smothering the landlord and broker. The landlord stood his ground, but the broker beat a retreat at once. An

arrangement was effected, and the tenant paid the broker out. As soon as this was done—

"Now," said Mr. Bowwow, "hout yer goes!" And he at once proceeded to eject the poor family.

"I hope you will allow the 'old woman and child to sleep for this night in the empty house, as we are unprovided with a lodging?" pleaded the eldest son, referring to his mother and little sister.

"Not if I knows on it," retorted the genial Bowwow. "Get hout, or I precious soon putts you. I'll do away with complaints against my property!"

He thereupon locks up his pigsty, pockets the key, and walks off—leaving these poor people to spend a winter's night in the streets.

A near relative of Mr. Bowwow's—also a landlord—was so indignant at an evil report that got into circulation about his property, that he wrote to one of the newspapers in the following strain:—

"This the amiable Bowdler will say. that he can Prove to the satisfacion of the world as far as he is Concerned. that there is not one wurd of truth in the Villinus Malicious wicked Lying Libeleleous Paragraph if all Property in this Great Metropolis and other Large towns were in as good a Condition as the amiable Bowdler Property is there would be no Cause to Camplane the whole Malicious statement is a Frabrication of wicked Evil Disposed Persons."

Not long since, a landlord gave a tenant, who had occupied the same house for upwards of fifteen years, notice to quit, owing to the tenant being unable to pay his week's rent—four shillings. The poor old man's business was that of selling fried fish and baked potatoes; and, on this occasion, he had been ill, and unable to pursue his calling. The week following the notice, the landlord came with his broker, and seized, for eight shillings, a kitchen range, value one pound! And calling a police constable off the beat, he desired him to put the tenant out, which order he at once executed, by lifting the aged man out of his chair bodily, and throwing him into the road. The few articles of furniture belonging to these poor people were treated after the same manner; and in order that this might appear to be a perfectly legal arrangement, the landlord whispered to the constable, and pulled out

a piece of dirty paper, which the policeman filled up for him.

"I does all in a lawful, legal manner, yer see," said the landlord. "This 'ere paper is the magistrate's warrant for a hejement, signed by this 'ere policeman!"

This old couple are now living and sleeping under a railway arch off Lambeth-walk.

Formerly, we have been led to believe that the police confined their attention to the capturing of little boys' hoops and cats; the hoops being afterwards chopped up at the station and sold for old iron—the proceeds going towards the augmentation of the Police Pension Fund. But now, nothing can exceed the energy and activity of the more youthful members of the force; who, according to their instruction book (p. 54), "Study to recommend themselves to notice." Not only are the hoops and balls seized, but the little boys themselves are now whisked off to the station. In the instance recorded, we see that a constable had the temerity to tackle even an old man!

But to return to Cottage-place. White-wash and bricks and mortar have done wonders to improve the appearance of this once squalid and filthy court. The pathway leading up to the dwellings continues to afford a picturesque effect, owing to a few trifling ponds interspersed here and there. Through the taste of the poor mechanics and labourers, every cottage has its little patch of ground before the door—no longer "a careless ordered garden," but cultivated, and made blooming and refreshing with sweet flowers.

These gardens, and a most interesting account—read during a summer's holiday—of the rise and progress of a flower show of window plants, cultivated by the poor working men and women in some of the back streets and alleys of Bloomsbury, suggested to us the desirability of a similar exhibition in the poor district of St. Mary's-the-Less, Lambeth. A "People's Flower Show" was proposed to the Rev. Canon Gregory, the vicar, who at once gave his consent and—as usual with him—his hearty co-operation. The management and trouble of the details of the experiment were volunteered by the Rev. George Bromfield; and our operations commenced without delay. The flowers were to consist of geraniums, calceolarias, fuchsias, and other plants—such as the creeping Jenny, nettle plants, &c. The prizes offered for the best plants were 6s., 4s., and 2s. 6d.

for the lowest. As this was our first venture, the gardens were selected from Cottage-place and Garden-cottages; and the prizes for the best cultivated gardens consisted of useful articles—an iron folding bedstead, a set of gardening tools, and a set of china. It was finally arranged that the show should take place on the 15th of July, in the St. Mary's School, Prince's-road. Accordingly, the poor people brought in their flowers and plants early on the Saturday morning—some carrying them, while others, having shares in

donkey-carts and costermongers' barrows, did the thing in style. At ten o'clock, a gentleman's gardener, from Dulwich, arrived as umpire. He took each class of plant, and each kind of plant, individually, separating the finest, and selecting the prize plants from these. We then went round the gardens with him.

The first prize garden in Cottage-place belonged to a navvy. It exhibited good taste in the adornment of the little plot—some eight or nine feet square. A pretty rockery



COTTAGE PLACE, LAMBETH.

had been erected in one corner of the garden, with stones and scallop shells, overrun with creeping Jenny. The garden was bordered with edging tiles, from one of the potteries. The flowers were very simple, with the exception of one very handsome fuchsia in the centre; but the colours were well combined, and the whole effect good.

The next best garden would have really been *the best*, had it not been too much of a good thing. It belonged to an ex-police-sergeant, who combines the incongruous occupation of a military accoutre-

ment maker with that of mangling. This garden was literally crammed: rose-trees, fuchsias, balsams, geraniums, and all sorts of things appeared to rear their diminished heads in a vain struggle with a gigantic lilac tree occupying a central position in the wilderness of plants. The other prize garden belonged to a carman of the name of Green, who resides in Garden-cottages; but it had not been so well attended to as the others. On entering the school, one could not but feel wonder and admiration at the size and beauty of some of the plants, knowing so

well the condition of many of the exhibitors who had reared them, and to whom—in miserable and wretched abodes—they must have afforded a grateful pleasure. The show lasted from two till nine o'clock, p.m., and it was an entire success. At six o'clock, Mrs. Gladstone and several ladies arrived, when—after a short speech from Canon Gregory, congratulating the people on the show and their gardens—the names of the successful candidates—an old woman of eighty among the number—were called out; and they ascended the platform to receive their prizes from the hands of Mrs. Gladstone, who, at the conclusion of the ceremony, said that it had afforded her great pleasure to come to their flower show, and hoped that it would not be for the last time. Several voices from the crowd called out that they were very much obliged indeed to Mrs. Gladstone for coming amongst them; and it need scarcely be said that the ovation that lady then received was a perfect specimen of “universal suffrage,” in a popular sense.

To judge by the pleased and happy faces of all the working people in the crowded room, this first Annual Flower Show in Lambeth has afforded them a treat alike novel, innocent, and delightful.

LORENZO.

A FALLING star upon an autumn night,
A burst of moonlight through a stormy cloud,
A wild bird's song ere yet the winter's past—
Have most of passing beauty to the soul,
In that the charm is all too quickly gone.
And so a face of loveliness, perchance,
In some erratic moments of our lives,
Has met us as we mingled in the crowd:
An instant seen—then lost; but evermore
Henceforth to leave a happy memory,
In strange unrest, through all our later lives.
Thuswise it happened, in a day long past,
To one, a simple artist, as he strolled
One summer's morning, at his own light ease,
Basking his fancies in the fresh, warm sun,
A-through the busy peopled streets of Rome.
The city was awake, and many a face
Of beauty crossed him in his random stroll.
And many an eye, alight with love's sweet glow,
Looked on him as he passed. But one of all,
With cast Madonna-like, and eyes more pure
Than is the first blue breaking of the dawn,
Passed on in silence; and the angelic face,
As 'twere some glimpse from heaven, a moment seen,
Then gone for ever, vanished evermore.
But the sweet vision went into his heart
And fancy; and, as some chance grain of seed,
Dropped by the passing sparrow in his flight,
Sinks to the fruitful earth, and waxes green
By slow degrees into a goodly bloom,

So sank this dream of beauty to the soul
Of young Lorenzo. And for many a day
The germ of glorious beauty grew and grew
Through all absorbing hours of rapturous thought.
Yet still no fruit. The glory of the oak
But cometh after many a winter's storm,
And many a day of sunshine and of shower:
So came the image of the angelic face
To lend a touch of magic to the hand
And pencil of Lorenzo. Till one morn
Men came, and looked, and wondered at the work
Of him, the unknown limner of the town;
And cried aloud—“Nay! surely this is one
Beyond all others whom we yet have seen;
For never maid nor mortal stood so fair
On painter's canvas in the world before
As this sweet, saint-like face of holy ruth.”
And they who knew not how the wondrous work
Was but the work of weary-hearted love,
Sang peans to his praise, and gave him fame.
But deeper far the holy thought had sunk
In sacred silence to Lorenzo's breast.
And while he toiled with still increasing fame,
He recked but sadly of the vision gone,
Of one sweet face—lost, lost for evermore.

OLD TEXTS AND NEW SETTINGS.—

No. II.

ON THE DUTY OF CONTENTMENT.

THERE are certain duties—formerly inculcated in ancient homilies and in moral pocket-handkerchiefs, and still taught in school copy-books—which I have long thought, ought to be expunged from the tables of moral law. For, as the world goes, they would certainly, if carried out, prove injurious to the prospects of every rising young man; and, moreover, they never are, by any chance, even attempted. Among them may be quoted meekness, humility, lowliness, and—the most signal example of any—contentment.

The teachers of the world—who have always had a conservative tendency, and, therefore, are ever to be found ranged on the side of order—have never ceased to enforce the duty of being contented with one's lot. Horace, for instance, recognizes the universal craving after something better with the nearest approach to a sigh that he could muster. “How is it,” he asks, plaintively, of his Mæcenas—probably himself the most discontented man in Rome—“how is it, my dear friend, that nobody is contented with the lot that the gods have assigned to him?” Horace had not the advantage we possess of being instructed in childhood by the Church Catechism—otherwise he would have been taught from that work the great principle that contentment is an absolute

moral duty. The precept occurs in that long answer which I never could remember, and the sight of which, even to this day, recalls memories of physical suffering, indignation, and anxiety. It is a precept which we learn in youth, but never practise in manhood. Indeed, it is fortunate that we do not. The contented nation is that which sits down and does nothing. Happy enough in itself, it desires no change, and learns no lessons. Presently comes a restless, discontented, grumbling race, which turns out the former, takes possession of its fair lands and goodly pastures, and alters the face of the world. By the blessing of Providence, every Briton is a grumbler. England's greatness is due to the discontent with which an Englishman regards his own position. Discontented with our means of locomotion, we invent railways; discontented with the slowness of working with our own hands, we invent machinery; discontented with our chances at home, we colonize and found new nations. Our colonists, it is true, are just as unsatisfied as ourselves; but as they go on pushing out their branches in a restless and uneasy way, and do not come back to us, it is better that they should be unsatisfied. Content means stagnation: discontent means progress. Content means ignorance and selfishness: discontent means a knowledge of better and higher things, and a vehement desire to achieve them. Content means acquiescence in moral as well as material pigsties: discontent means an attempt to clean them out. All the good ever done in the world comes from discontent: all the evil from content. Had that thorough conservative who wrote "Your duty towards your neighbour," in the Catechism, considered the matter in a truer light, the passage would have run as follows (I hope I am understood as not interfering with any points of doctrine):—"To learn and labour truly to get on in the world, and to be discontented with whatever sphere of life I am born into."

It is a relic of the old mediæval spirit, this preaching of content. When men were divided into classes, and could not pass from one to the other, it was certainly foolish, if not culpable, to groan and grumble, and desire the unattainable. For if a thing cannot be cured, it must, of course, be endured. And if one were so unhappy as to be born a Prussian—one of that nation of sweetness, and light, and Junkerism—without the *Von*, which is alone the passport to honour and

distinction, one might be justified in ceasing to aspire, and at the same time, perhaps, pardoned for using a strong word condemnatory of luck. But in England and America there is no closed career. The boy who sweeps the office has risen to be a judge; the rail-splitter has become President; the "ranker" has become General; the little ragamuffin, with twopence for all his capital, who sells the *Echo* outside a dining-room, may die worth millions; the lad who can get learning may rule provinces in India; an archbishop may be the son of a baker; and Alma Mater gives her wealth by thousands to those whose brains are strong enough for her work. To preach content to a world of freemen is to preach the stifling of genius and the hiding of talents. Better to hold out the torch that lights the difficult way, and bid the ambitious and hopeful lad do his best, and nourish the feeling of discontent. My sons—ye countless thousands who grow better every day by reading these pages!—go on being discontented. Grumble at what the gods have given you. Somebody always has something better than you. Without trying to take away from his store—unless you are a king or a highwayman, in which case it will be expected of you—cast about in your minds how to get more from that great heap of what you want which lies, somewhere or other in the world, ready for the hand of him who can find it.

And here, my children, let me present you with a new set of copy-slips for your use in school:—

Large Hand:—"Always grumble."

Text Hand:—"Discontent is a duty."

Small Text Hand:—"Never be satisfied with what you have."

Small Hand:—"He who is contented with cold mutton will never get anything better than cold mutton."

TORTURE IN INDIA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AS a book published at Calcutta, and written on a professional subject, is not likely to be very accessible to the general reader, especially if it extend over nearly nine hundred large octavo pages, we shall make no apology for borrowing the facts on which this article is based from the elaborate work which Dr. Chevers, principal of the Calcutta Medical College, has just contributed to our scientific literature,

under the modest title of "A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence for India."

In September, 1854, the Governor of Madras directed that a strict inquiry should be made into the alleged practice of torture, for the purpose of realizing the revenue of the State in that Presidency; and Dr. Chevers had already investigated the subject in Bengal, his original report appearing in the "Indian Annals of Medical Science" for October of the same year.

From these inquiries, it appears that a similarity, almost amounting to identity, exists between the modes of torture practised in these two Presidencies—a fact that goes far to prove that these atrocities had prevailed throughout India from a period at which the national customs were the same throughout the country; and there can thus be no doubt that the practice was introduced by the Mussulmans.

Passing over abundant evidence on this subject at earlier periods, we may notice, as an illustration of the customs in India only a century and a half ago, that Murshed Kuli Khan, who became Nawab of Bengal in 1718, was remarkable for the severity with which he extorted revenue from the zemindars. He used to oblige defaulters "to wear loose leather drawers filled with wild cats; and to drink buffalo's milk mixed with salt, till they were brought to death's door by diarrhoea;" and one of his agents ordered a pond to be dug and filled with the most disgusting materials, through which defaulters were drawn by a rope.

There is abundant evidence that this atrocity has now become intimately blended with the customs of all sects and classes of natives throughout India. The poor, says Dr. Chevers, practise torture upon each other; robbers on their victims, and *vice versa*; masters upon their servants; zemindars upon their ryots; schoolmasters upon their pupils; husbands upon their wives; and even parents upon their children. It is stated in the Madras report that the priests place the *kittie* and *ananthal* (instruments of torture) before the Tripathy idols, and expose them to the sun, if their votaries are backward in their offerings. One of the most common kinds of punishment in the schools is to suspend a boy by his hands, with the fingers joined, to a rope pulled up to a beam; this is inflicted on boys above twelve years of age. Another punishment is to pinion the boys, and cause

them to stand in a bending posture with their thumbs on their toes; another is tying the hands, with the knees within the arms, and then thrusting a stick between the arms and knees, and rolling the boys over. Flogging with the stinging *bichattee* plant, and tying portions of this plant upon the body, are punishments in common use by native schoolmasters in Bengal. Again, it is stated in the report that Indian mothers often make their children (as a punishment) stand in painful positions looking at the sun. The sub-judge of Mangalore informed the committee that a short time previously, in his own compound, a native tied his child's hands together, and then put some pepper into his eyes, castigation having failed. He understood that this was not at all an uncommon mode with parents of subduing their children, and that not only among the most ignorant classes.

In 1869, the Rev. J. Long, of Calcutta, obtained photographs of a series of pictures of the tortures practised upon boys in the village schools of Bengal. These punishments are described as follows in Mr. Long's introduction to Adam's Reports on Vernacular Education, published in 1868:—

"A boy is made to bend forward, with his face toward the ground; a heavy brick is then placed on his back, and another on his neck; and should he let either of them fall within the prescribed period of half an hour or so, he is punished with the cane.

"A boy is condemned to stand for half an hour or an hour on one foot; and should he shake or quiver, or let down the uplifted leg before the time, he is severely punished.

"A boy is made to sit on the floor in an exceedingly constrained position, with one leg turned up behind his neck.

"He is made to sit with his feet resting on two bricks, and his head bent down between both legs, with his hands twisted round each leg, so as painfully to catch the ears.

"A boy is made to hang for a few minutes, with his head downwards, from the branch of a neighbouring tree.

"His hands and feet are bound with cords; to these members, so bound, a rope is fastened, and the boy is then hoisted up by means of a pulley attached to the beams or rafters of the school.

"Nettles dipped in water are applied to the body, which becomes irritated and

swollen; the pain is excruciating, and often lasts a whole day; but however great the itching and the pain, the sufferer is not allowed to rub or touch the skin for relief, under the dread of a flagellation in addition.

"The boy is put up in a sack along with some nettles, or a cat, or some other noisome creatures, and then rolled along the ground.

"The fingers of both hands are inserted across each other, with a stick between and two sticks without, drawn close together and tied.

"A boy is made to measure so many cubits on the ground by marking it along with the tip of his nose.

"Four boys are made to seize another, two holding the arms, two the feet; they then alternately swing him and throw him violently to the ground.

"Two boys are made to seize another by the ears; and, with these organs well outstretched, he is made to run along for the amusement of the bystanders.

"A boy is constrained to pull his own ears; and if he fail to extend them sufficiently, he is visited with a sorer chastisement.

"Two boys, when both have given offence, are made to knock their heads several times against each other."

Torture by heat is by no means uncommon, and is applied in various ways. For example, different parts of the body may be selected, according to the taste of the operator, for burning:—(1) With the heated chillum (earthenware bowl) of a pipe; (2) with red-hot charcoal; (3) with a lighted torch; (4) with red-hot iron; or (5) with hot oil or water. We could quote cases illustrative of all these modes of torture; but, from consideration for the feelings of our readers, we abstain from doing so, and will merely give as a sample a brief description of how an adúlteress was—and probably still is—punished in Orissa, and in some parts of Behar:—"It was the practice to pluck out her eyes, to cut off her ears, to burn off her lips, eyebrows, and nostrils, and then to turn her forth upon the wide world, to die of starvation and a broken heart."

Dacoits, or robber-bands, frequently resort to torture—and especially torture by heat, in some form or other—for the purpose of compelling their victims to show where

money or valuables are concealed. In his report for 1848, Mr. Dampier mentions that, "in the district of Nuddea alone, one hundred and seventy-four persons were entered within the year as having been engaged in dacoitees, with torture." Sometimes they content themselves with dropping boiling oil or water on the master of the house; but if these gentle means do not prevail, they proceed to roast him over a slow fire.

Mr. Dampier states that, in 1846, a wealthy merchant of Arrah, suspecting some of his female servants of theft, put them to the ordeal of dipping their hands into boiling water; and the collector and magistrate of Tanjore reports that a man of that district, having lost some small article from the house, "proceeded, as a matter of ordinary routine, to dip the hands of his three wives in boiling cow-dung to induce them to confess if they had taken it." Dr. Chevers remarks that, in the investigation of obscure cases of injury by fire in India, it is necessary to bear in mind that the ordeal system is by no means extinct. In Forbes's "Oriental Memoirs" there is a full account of the nine different modes of ordeal formerly practised in judicial cases, and of these one was by red-hot iron, and another by boiling oil. As lately as 1869, the Government of Madras had to repeat an order prohibiting the *ghee test*, applied in cases of adultery by Brahmins on the Malabar coast. As *ghee* is clarified butter, the ordeal is essentially the same as that with boiling oil.

Pouring hot oil into the ears and nose, and compelling the victim to sit on an iron vessel containing heated oil—in fact, frying him—are modes of torture said to be well known in Bengal. And it is ordered by "Menu" (v. 272), that "should one, through pride, give instructions to priests concerning their duty, let the king order some hot oil to be dropped into his mouth and ear." In Halhed's "Code of Gentoo Laws," a similar punishment is noticed:—"If a Sooder listens to the Vedas of the Shaster, then heated oil shall be poured into his ears; and arzeez and wax shall be melted together, and the orifices of the ears shall be stopped up therewith."

If any of our readers, horrified at this highly drawn sketch of a hideous picture, should feel inclined to exclaim—"Thank God, these things could never have happened in a Christian country like ours," let

us refer them to the following anecdote, recorded by the ecclesiastical historian, Wodrow:—*

“Sir William Bannatyne’s soldiers seized a woman, and bound her, and put lighted matches betwixt her fingers for several hours. The torture and pain made her almost distracted. She lost one of her hands, and in a few hours she died.”

Torture by cold, although less commonly applied than torture by heat, has been long employed in India. It consists in exposing the naked body of the victim to the inclemency of the night air—dashing cold water over him, or keeping him immersed in water not deep enough to drown him. Cases are on record in which death has resulted from these proceedings.

Tying the hands behind the back, and hoisting the body up by a rope fastened to the wrists; suspending by the feet; suspending by the hair; and lifting by the moustache, or by the ears, are tortures that may be placed in the same category. The first of these punishments is practised with variations. For example—a leg may be tied up till it touches the head; or the victim may swing to and fro; or he may be beaten in various ways; or (if he has the misfortune to reside in Butnaghery, Bombay) he may be hanged to a hook, and whipped on the bare back, and have the stripes sprinkled with salt water. There is one modification of this form of torture that the natives of India seem to have overlooked, but which they will probably adopt when education shall have so far advanced as to allow of their studying Wodrow’s celebrated work, to which we have already referred. They can there read that “two countrymen were bound together with cords, and hanged up by their thumbs to a tree, to hang all night;” and may thus take a lesson from the habits of their conquerors two centuries ago.

As suspension from a tree, usually with the head downwards, is an almost invariable feature in the torture of witches, we shall here insert a description of the mode in which, among the Bheels, a woman suspected of witchcraft is treated:—

“The sentence of the Bhoopa (witchfinder) having gone forth, twenty or thirty

men, the foremost carrying a few grains of the sacred ‘ooreed’—a small grain used in divination for the discovery of witches—as a charm against further evil, approach courteously the unfortunate woman’s dwelling. She is seized—if possible, before her curse or evil eye can fall on any one present—and over her dim eyes is bound a cloth, containing finely pounded chillies. Tied hands and feet, she is carried to a neighbouring tree, where a crowd are assembled to eat and drink at the sick man’s—or his relatives’—expense, and to witness or assist in the disgusting ceremony. Two strong ropes, fifteen or twenty feet long, are tied to the woman’s ankles, and two others are fastened round her waist. She is then hoisted up to a branch of the tree; and, amidst the yells of the assembly, the ordeal commences. From early morn to sunset, her head hanging downwards, she is swung to and fro with great violence; and should she that day not confess to having bewitched the sick man, the same brutal work commences next morning, and is continued for three, four, or even five days. Generally, however, long before the first day has passed, the burning of the eyes, the cutting of her feet, or the agonies caused by determination of blood to the head, force her to confess that she has coveted a piece of land belonging to the patient, or that she has received some injury or insult at his hands; and that to procure the one, or revenge the other, she is eating away his heart. She must then request that a particular goat should be brought, in the throat of which a vein is opened, and frequently—while she is still bandaged and swinging—she drinks every drop of blood which comes from the struggling animal. This is a substitute for the sick man’s life; and the witch’s craving for blood being satisfied, a friend now proceeds to ascertain whether the sick man be better. If he report favourably, the woman is generally released from her tortures, and brought to the patient’s room. With a bunch of *neem* leaves, she continues for some time making passes over the invalid, particularly his head; a lock of hair is also cut from the crown of the witch’s head and buried in the ground, that the last link between her and her former powers may be broken. Her influence is also destroyed by counter-charms of the Bhoopa, and she may be received by her family; but more frequently she becomes an outcast, and dies

* “History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution.” 2 vols. folio, 1721-22.

as painful a death as that which she has just escaped. This is not the wildest ordeal through which the Bheel witch can pass. Should, unfortunately, her senses forsake her, the ravings of madness and groanings of pain are considered true evidences of her guilt. Her inability to make the usual confessions is attributed to the secret influence of the devil, or her own obstinacy; the angry and intoxicated crowd become greedy for revenge; the senseless body is soon cut to pieces, or a fire is hastily kindled under her head, and the innocent woman is burned alive."

The preceding account of the tortures inflicted upon supposed witches is taken from an article in the "East India Army Magazine" for October, 1854; and a somewhat similar history appeared some years ago in the "Cornhill Magazine."

Introducing red pepper into the nostrils or eyes, burning it under the nose, and covering the head with a bag that has contained it, are barbarities of very common occurrence in both the Bengal and Madras Presidencies; as also that of throwing dust, quicklime, or—to make it more corrosive—a mixture of the latter with the acrid juice of the *Marking Nut*.^{*} A clergyman informed the magistrate of Tanjore that having missed a cheque from his table, he made inquiry among the servants regarding it. To his horror, he afterwards found that they, suspecting the only child in the establishment, had filled his eyes with red chillies to make him confess. Less than a year ago, the *Calcutta Englishman* reported the case of two respectable men who, suspecting a lad of having stolen a bracelet, not only beat him and dipped him in wells, but put prickly-pear thorns into his clothes, in order to extort a confession.

There is another class of tortures very common in the East, and frequently occasioning the death of the victim, which cannot be discussed in a paper intended for non-professional readers. The "shrieks of an agonizing king," in Berkeley Castle, were evoked by a murderous torture "so Oriental in its character, and so unexampled in the annals of English crime," that Dr. Chevers has "long thought it probable that Gour-

nay and Mautravers must have been Crusaders."

Compressing the chest between two bamboos, or placing a stone, a hand-mill, or other heavy weight on the chest, are apparently favourite modes of torture throughout India; the official medical reports containing many cases in which the violence has been carried to such an extent as to fracture the ribs on both sides, and completely to crush the chest. The bamboo process—known as *Bans-dola* in Bengal—is practised by placing one of the bamboos under the shoulders, and the other across the chest, and employing two men to press at the opposite ends of the upper one. It may, however, be varied, and applied to the lower extremities instead of the chest. In that case, says a writer in the *Hurkaru*, "the sufferer is put on his back on the ground, with arms and legs extended; a bamboo is put on the upper surface of both thighs, and another exactly opposite, and they are then tied tightly together at the ends. About four or five inches lower down the thighs, other two are similarly applied; so that the flesh between the superior and inferior bamboos is put on the stretch, the skin being quite tight. This part is beaten with a ruler, which occasions great pain, but must be used with great force if any marks are left."

Some of the crushed chests that come under medical investigation are probably due to the application of a heavy weight to the chest when the victim is lying on his back. This Indian torture is virtually identical with our own *peine forte et dure*, which was only expunged from our criminal code a century ago (1771). As an illustration of one of the ways in which this process may be carried out, we may mention the case of two prisoners who informed the surgeon of Cuddapah that heavy stones had been placed on their chests, a long piece of wood over these, and that on either end of the wood a man had seated himself, causing an almost total inability to breathe.*

* The juice of the Marking Nut tree (*Semecarpus anacardium*) is so acrid, that woodcutters will not cut it down till it has been killed by ringing the bark.

* In his chapter on "Crushing in the Thorax," Dr. Chevers discusses the "question of the amount of pressure which the arch of the thorax is capable of bearing;" and comes to the conclusion that a fatal embarrassment of the respiration sets in under a pressure of between three hundred and four hundred pounds." Amongst other cases illustrating this point, he quotes that of William Spiggott, who, at the Old Bailey, in January, 1770, bore four hundred-

"Probably," says Dr. Chevers, "the commonest mode of torture in Madras is by the *kittie*. This instrument merely consists of two sticks tied together at one end, between which the fingers are placed, as in a lemon-squeezer (we have seen that an instrument of torture similar to this is used in Assam); or the unfortunate is compelled to interlace his fingers, when their ends are grasped, and squeezed, sand being sometimes used to ensure a firmer gripe; or he is made to place his hand flat on the ground, and a stick, laid horizontally over the back of his fingers, is pressed downwards at either end; or the fingers are bent forcibly back toward the hand, or the hand upon the fore-arm—a common practice in Bengal, especially among women. Compression of the fingers upon or between bamboos, &c., is also practised in Bengal. Here, also, the fingers are tied closely together, and nails or split bamboos are then forced or hammered between them. This was one of the tortures against which Burke inveighed, in his denunciation of Debi Sing's proceedings in Rungpore and Dinapore.

"In Madras, pressure by the *kittie* is applied in various ways—as to the ears and to the breasts of females. Twisting women's breasts is also mentioned; so also is plucking at the flesh with large iron pincers. Pinching the inner parts of the thighs is another practice there. In Bengal, also, subjecting the victim to the pinching of several persons is spoken of as a well-known mode of torture."

With a mere passing allusion to rope-torture, as applied by bending the arms backwards with cords so as to impede the circulation, or tightening a rope around the body, we proceed to the bull's hide torture, a practice well known in most barbarous nations, and long in use, especially in Western India. We read in Purchas of an unfortunate commander who was sent "to a savage island called Torza, where he" (the khan) "causeth offenders to die by sewing them, their hands bound, in a new-flayed hide of a bufall, which drying, shrinketh so as it puts them, in a little-ease,* to a miserable death."

weight of iron on his body for more than an hour. About the same time, a less plucky prisoner, one Haines, submitted to plead after a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds for seven minutes.

* Dr. Cheevers explains, in an elaborate note, the meaning of the word "little-ease," here used by

Similar to this is the "sheep-skin death," a cruelty sometimes practised by the Mah-rattas. The culprit is stripped naked, and, a sheep being killed, the warm skin of the animal is immediately stretched to the utmost, and sewed tight over the prisoner's body. He is then conducted to the flat roof of the prison, and exposed to the fervour of a tropical sun. The skin, contracting by the heat, draws with it the flesh of the agonized wretch, until putrefaction, hunger, and thirst terminate his suffering.

Another common punishment in Bengal is placing spiders or mole crickets—*gryllus gryllo-talpa*—on the central part of the abdomen, and covering them with a shell or earthen pot. It is said that these produce a swelling which is not unlikely to be mistaken by the surgeon for a large boil. In a case tried at West Burdwaw, in 1855, the prisoner stated that the zemindar had him beaten, and tortured by the application of beetles to his abdomen, in the manner already described; and a similar case occurred in 1868, in which a head constable and two of his staff were severely punished for applying the cricket-torture, with the view of extorting a confession from a man suspected of theft.

The old practice of exposing persons to be gnawed by ants was formerly common in Bengal, and is still occasionally resorted to.

Baboo Bholanath Chunder mentions that in Jahn-nugger, near Krish-nugger, was a petty landlord who punished his defaulters by putting them into "a house of ants;" and that the Nawabs of Moorshedabad used to confine men, for arrears of revenue, in "a house of bugs." Dr. Chevers also notices a case in which a prisoner was put into a nest of red ants as a means of extorting confession.

The demoniacal ingenuity of the human mind, while unenlightened by the genial influence of Christianity, may be further illustrated by the following list of tortures:—Sticking pins or thorns under the nails;

Purchas. It was a cell, found in most prisons, "for the confinement in an uneasy position of unruly apprentices and others." A cell of this kind, at Chester, is described as "cut into a rock, with a grate door before it. In it the prisoner could neither stand, sit, kneel, nor lie down; but be all in a ruck, or knit together, so—and in such a lamentable condition—that half an hour will tame the stoutest and stubbornest stomach."

filling the mouth with pebbles, and striking the chin upwards with sufficient force to break the teeth; tying two persons together by the top-knots, and fastening their combined hair to a donkey's or buffalo's tail; twisting the ears; closing the nostrils till the victim is half suffocated; and preventing sleep—which is, perhaps, after a time, one of the most intolerable of torments.

Repulsive to our ideas as torture in any form now is, we must recollect that the practices we have been describing as recently, and even at present, common in our Eastern Empire, were, little more than seven centuries ago—and what are they in the world's history?—prevalent at home. Dr. Chevers very aptly concludes his history of torture in India with a reference to the state of the English peasantry under the reign of Stephen, and of the smaller farmers and their servants in Germany five centuries later, when they bent under the oppressive exactions of Tilly.

The description of the condition of the lower classes in England in the days of Stephen, as given by a contemporary, John of Salisbury, in his "Polycraticon," reads so like a chapter from the history of India, that we cannot forbear from making the following quotation from it:—"Every rich man made his castles, and held them against the King; and the land was filled with castles. Grievously they oppressed the miserable people with their castle works. When the castles were made, they filled them with devils and evil men; and then they seized every one who was supposed to have any property—man and woman—and put them in prison for their gold and silver, and punished them with such inexpressible torments as none of the martyrs ever suffered. They hung them by the feet and smoked them with foul smoke, and they hung them by the thumbs or by the head, and applied fire to their feet. They put knotted cords about their heads, and twisted them till they pierced the brain. They put some in dungeons, where were adders, and snakes, and toads, and so tormented them. Others they placed in a *crucet-house*—that is, in a chest which was shut, and narrow, and shallow—and they put in sharp stones and pressed people in them, till all their bones were broken. In many of the castles were things very horrible and hateful; these were *sachenteges*, that were as much as two or three men could lift; and they were so contrived that the man was

fastened to a beam with sharp iron about his neck or throat, so that he could neither sit nor lie down, or sleep; but was compelled always to support that weight. Many they tormented with hunger. I cannot tell all the sufferings and all the torments which the wretched people bore during the nineteen years of Stephen's reign."

TABLE TALK.

THE economic section of the Liberal party, headed by Mr. Ayrton, propose to express their cordial recognition of Mr. Lowe's great ability as a financial administrator by publicly presenting him with a testimonial at the end of the session. We beg to suggest to these gentlemen that the most appropriate and inexpensive testimonial they could give the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be his stamps for the match-boxes, prepared by Messrs. De la Rue at a cost to the nation of £1,000. They are not likely to be wanted for the purpose for which they were originally designed, and the subscribers to the presentation fund could have them substantially stuck on the right hon. gentleman's study walls by any respectable paperhanger, at a cost of less than five pounds. Mr. Lowe would then be constantly surrounded by the creations of his own fancy; while Mr. Gladstone and the public would, doubtless, willingly consent to give up the labels for application to such a use. We commend this suggestion to the chairman of the Lowe Testimonial Committee, as one likely to please all parties concerned.

THE MEMBERS of the Brick-lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, of Pickwickian celebrity, hardly had funnier rules, or did funnier things, than the members of the Manchester Operative Bricklayers' Society. It appears from a controversy of a direct—not to say personal—character between the spokesman for the society and the spokesman for the masters, that among other rules drawn up for the guidance of this trade union, one is, "No bricks to be wheeled in a barrow"—probably, because one man could wheel as many in an hour as three men could carry in hods. Another "protective" regulation of the society is, "Labourers not to go up one ladder and down another."

That is, we presume, if A. is on the ladder, B. at the top waiting to go down, and C. at the foot waiting to go up, the two last-named must stand idle till the course is quite clear, though ladders unused may be on each side of them. Probably, however, there is no more curious union law to be found than the seventh in this code, which enacts as follows:—"Every bricklayer to have one labourer to attend upon him, whether there is work for the latter to do or not." No wonder that everybody grumbles at the expense of building a house, when such protective regulations are in force.

MEN OF SCIENCE are proverbially fond of very fine words, and by fine words I mean words which, although very correct and classical in their way, are hardly intelligible to ordinary readers. It is not every man who, mixing in the affairs of life, has been able to keep up even the hard-won stock of Latin and Greek derivatives which in his schooldays he was, to his daily terror, forced to labour at. And for this reason I think the philosophers lose much ground. Many facts and good ideas are lost, for all real general benefit, because the simple truths to be enunciated are hidden under a cloud of classical terms. Suppose, for instance, it were asked, in general company, "What is phlogiston?" I think we might wait some time before an answer was returned to the question, unless some extra-acute savant happened to be present at the moment. The only excuse that can be given for the term is, perhaps, that it is wholly inexplicable in any other way than by its Greek deduction. The theory of phlogiston is, nevertheless, interesting. The best explanation of the term phlogiston, and its properties, is given, I think, by Dr. Watson, a divine and a bishop, though still more a philosopher—for his enthusiasm seems to have lain much more in the way of scientific researches than in that of divinity. This Dr. Watson, who was Bishop of Llandaff in the year 1782, says:—"Notwithstanding all that perhaps can be said upon this subject, I am sensible the reader will still be ready to ask, 'What is phlogiston?' You cannot surely expect that chemistry should be able to present you with a handful of phlogiston, separated from an inflammable body. You may just as reasonably demand a handful of magnetism, gravity, or electricity to be extracted from a magnetic, weighty, or electric body. But the follow-

ing experiment will tend to render this perplexed subject somewhat more clear. If you take a piece of sulphur, and set it on fire, it will burn entirely away, without leaving any ashes or yielding any soot. During the burning of the sulphur, a copious vapour, powerfully affecting the organs of sight and smell, is dispersed. Means have been invented for collecting this vapour, and it is found to be a very strong acid. The acid thus procured from the burning of sulphur is incapable of being either burned by itself, or of contributing towards the support of fire in other bodies: the sulphur from which it was procured was capable of both. There is a remarkable difference, then, between the acid procured from the sulphur and the sulphur itself. The acid cannot be the only constituent part of sulphur: it is evident that something else must have entered into its composition, by which it was rendered capable of combustion. This something is—from its most remarkable property, that of rendering a body combustible—properly enough denominated the food of fire, the inflammable principle, the phlogiston. There has been much discussion among chemists as to the truth of the theory; but, taken in the main, the worthy divine's notions still remain unshaken.

A CORRESPONDENT: Here is a little *jeu de mot*, written by a young gallant, seventy or eighty years ago, and carefully treasured among the papers of the old lady through whose niece it came to me:—

"EPIGRAM

By a young gentleman who dayly quarrell'd and fought with three amiable young ladies:—

'Jacob, who some old authors say,
Tugg'd with an angel a whole day,
Is far outdone by me.
Of scream and clamour naught afraid,
Of broken bone or wounded head,
I dayly fight with *Threc*.'

To this I will add one of my own—

"ON TWO PERSONS BIDDING AT AN AUCTION.

"He said it was the same whether he bid or I did;
Of course it was the same, since either way 'twas
Ibid."

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JEREMIAH LILLYBOY.

A TALE OF A HARE—AND SOMETHING ELSE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR GUY DE GUY."

CHAPTER I.

THE HERO



OF my story is one Jeremiah Lillyboy: a pale, spare, melancholy man of middle age, in seedy black, whose rounded shoulders and highly polished elbows sufficiently indicate his calling in life, and the hard, unvarying mono-

tony thereof, and the extreme moderation of the stipend attached thereto. He is a copying clerk in the office of Messrs. Hooker, Crooker, and Booker, conveyancers, Abchurch-lane, E.C.; and we make his acquaintance at the moment of his awakening, on a May morning, in his modest chamber in the genteel suburb of Hackney Wick.

The alarum of his little German china-faced clock, adorned with a landscape, discharged itself with the boisterous noisiness peculiar to small bodies, at the very instant the rays of a bright sun pierced his lattice, slanted through the chintz hangings of his four-poster, penetrated the folds of his head-gear, and reached his visual organ. Tympanum and retina, both vigorously acted upon at the same moment, caused Jeremiah to bound from his bed into the middle of the room like an automaton. Not for him was the halcyon bliss of awaking by slow degrees, with one eye at a time! Not for

him the unutterable luxury of arguing the question, and ultimately defeating himself, and subsiding discomfited on to his pillow, again and again, for another five minutes, and drowsily coquetting between Somnus and Sol.

He was, as I have said, a City clerk, and not a Sybarite; and was expected to appear upon his tall stool at nine a.m., and there to perch until nine p.m. He was, consequently, wont to begin and terminate his nightly modicum of rest with the same precision with which he began and closed his daily duties—viewing it as as much a part of his business as if it were duly enacted, set forth, and provided for in his articles, signed, sealed, and delivered.

But the mechanical alacrity with which Jeremiah had leapt from his couch was suddenly chilled and checked. A thought crossed his mind, and sadness clouded it in a moment. Instead of proceeding with his toilet, and strapping his razor, he smote his brow, bit his thin lip, slowly retraced his steps, and—got into bed again! Lillyboy's heart was heavy within him; he was, in fact, at that moment, the most miserable of men. Not that his slumbers had been disturbed by unhallowed dreams; not that the troublesome visitings of a sensitive conscience had smitten him for offences or misdemeanours unatoned for;—far from it. There was nothing wrong in his accounts: from petty cash to pins, nothing had been tampered with. He hadn't the burden of a wafer on his mind; nor had he awakened to the fact that the unreal delights of dreamland were the most substantial solace his overtaxed frame and jaded spirits ever got now.

No! It was not these reflections that saddened Jeremiah; for a lifetime of thirty years in a lawyer's office, with its wholesome restrictions and corrective daily routine, had quite cured him of any weaknesses he might have had in that direction. The rebellious independence of lusty youth, if it had ever

existed in him, was dead long ago. There was no poetry in Jeremiah Lillyboy now—scarcely prose; for he was all calculations and compound arithmetic.

As far, therefore, as evil thoughts or deeds were concerned, Jeremiah's conscience was as white and unsullied as his nightcap. Still, we find him miserable in the extreme, and resuming the horizontal position on his flock mattress, evidently with no view to personal indulgence in luxurious ease, but purely to cogitate upon the matter which so troubles him.

Why is Jeremiah sad on this bright May morning, when every other thing is jocund? Jeremiah is sad and dejected because he has got a holiday, and doesn't know what to do with it.

Lillyboy has arrived at that period of a well-regulated clerky life when holidays are, or ought to be, looked upon as a delusion and a mockery. He feels that holidays were not invented for the use and benefit of mere machines. The unwonted term of freedom is to him as the aching of a long paralyzed limb returning to life. Liberty only serves to show him how helpless and dependent he is; and that, beyond his office walls, and the safe anchorage of his office stool, and the silent fellowship of the other wheels that constitute the office mechanism, all is as a dreary and desolate waste.

In an evil moment—probably under the exhilarating influence of half a pint of bitter with his kidney—Lillyboy had asked for a holiday. The whole office machinery—including, I dare say, the clock—stood still in amazement; but the novel application was cordially granted before our hero had time to alter his mind. And now that the moment has arrived for Lillyboy to give effect to his desperate purpose, his heart sinks within him.

What shall he do with it? What *can* he do with such an unfamiliar article through a long May day? How is he to exist till sundown without the exercise of his daily functions? Imagine twenty-four hours without red ink and a ruler! No affidavits, no registering, no docketing, no ticking off, no copying, no posting up, and no pink tape!

For an instant, a ray of hope brightened Jeremiah's features as he lay on his back, brooding over his dilemma. He had hit upon an escape: he would go and return the holiday to the firm!

"Stay!" thought he, "that wouldn't do

either. No, no, I daren't! They wouldn't accept it. They'd order me to keep it; and perhaps present me with two days instead of one, as a punishment. No, that idea must be abandoned."

But Lillyboy proved fertile in expedients, for he presently contemplated a still more novel remedy: he would enjoy his holiday by proxy! He had a dear little niece, Betsy, who lived with him, kept house for him, tended him, and was to him as his own child. He determined to hand over his holiday to Betsy, bodily, and make her enjoy it in his stead, while he remained at home, and did a little amateur book-keeping in the back parlour. Full of this luminous conception, Jeremiah a second time emerged from his bed, and accomplished his toilet without further misgivings.

Lillyboy, in the fullness of time, descended to the parlour, and found his pretty niece preparing the breakfast. She received him with even a brighter smile than usual.

"I am so glad—oh, so very glad—to see so fine a day," she said.

And she tossed an extra spoonful of tea into the pot, with a view to add another element of satisfaction to the occasion.

"Indeed. Why, Betsy?"

"Do you ask why? Have you forgotten that you have a holiday?"

"Oh, ah! yes—I've got a holiday. And—and I can't very well return it, can I?"

"Return it, dear uncle!" echoed Betsy, in surprise.

"No, of course not; so I mean to—to keep it."

"Certainly."

"And—and enjoy it."

"Of course."

"That is to say—"

"Well, dear uncle?"

"By proxy."

"By proxy!" exclaimed Betsy. "What an awful word. Whatever does it mean, dear?" And she stared at her uncle in sore perplexity. "Is it anything to eat, or something to look at?"

"Tut, tut!" replied Jeremiah, petulantly. "I tell you, Betsy, I'm going to enjoy my holiday by proxy; and you shall be my proxy."

"I a proxy!" retorted his niece, with a shudder. "I thought I was your own loving niece; and you now tell me I am a proxy. Oh, how dreadful!" And poor Betsy was almost ready to burst into tears.

Her uncle, however, soon explained to her the etymological signification of that ill-sounding epithet, and thus restored Betsy's composure.

"Then you really intend me to be your substitute, and enjoy a holiday in your stead, dear uncle?" she asked, after the meal was concluded.

"Yes, my child."

"And to go and breathe the pure air, whilst you remain at home?"

"Yes, darling."

"And listen to the birds?"

"Precisely."

"And gather wild flowers, and tread the soft grass, instead of you, dear uncle?"

"Yes, yes! Bless you for your obedience!" ejaculated Lillyboy, clasping his niece in his arms.

"Never!" exclaimed Betsy, vehemently—"never!"

"Ah! you refuse—you resist?"

"Yes, dear uncle—I resist and refuse."

"Is it possible?" And Lillyboy rubbed his eyes. "Betsy!"

"Yes; I could not be so base, so selfish, so unnatural!"

It was vain for Lillyboy to argue, to command, to threaten, to coax. Betsy replied to his entreaties by putting his hat on his head; and to his threats by handing him his gloves; and to his commands by presenting his walking-stick to him, and conducting him to the door.

"There, dear uncle; follow the road to the left, the beautiful country lies that way—the beautiful country which wise men and children love so well. Go; and if you care for me, enjoy your holiday thoroughly. I will promise to be your 'proxy' when you are ill or overworked, if I may."

And Betsy kissed her uncle tenderly, and fairly thrust him out of the house, with a triumphant exclamation, closing the door behind him.

Now Betsy was one of those meek, quiet spirits who so beneficently and unostentatiously "oil the wheels" and smooth the tracks of domestic life; but are found, in any crisis or emergency, to possess remarkable vigour of action and an unmistakable will. We have just witnessed an example of her decision; and her uncle well knew that there was no appeal when Betsy pronounced the fiat. When his interests or comforts were endangered, the quiet maiden, whom Jeremiah was wont to call "my mouse," was

a very dragon. Hence, she would listen to no compromise at the expense of her dear uncle's complete enjoyment on this eventful occasion. So our hero passively submitted to her rule; and, with considerable misgivings, took his departure down the road she had indicated.

Scarcely had the door closed upon him, when Betsy, with a deep breath, drew from her bosom a letter, and glanced at the cover with a glowing face. It was addressed to herself, and had been delivered by the early postman that morning.

Betsy sat down and pondered over the yet unopened letter, indulging in the exquisite enjoyment of speculating upon its contents. She knew the handwriting perfectly well, for letters from the same pen had been of late addressed to her uncle with remarkable frequency, and upon the baldest pretences. It was Walter Freeman's, the son of a very old friend of her uncle, who had of late evinced so warm an attachment to Lillyboy, that scarcely a day passed but he found it incumbent on him to lay a votive offering on the shrine of friendship for Lillyboy, in the shape of a nosegay, or the last love-song, or an East India pine, or the newest design for an "anti-macassar."

Of course, it was palpable as the noon-day sun to the most inexperienced eye—except Jeremiah's—that when he came, night after night, to challenge Lillyboy to a game of chess, he was all the time making strategic moves in the direction of Betsy; and, again, his hebdomadal appearance at church on Sundays—when, with singular fatality, he was invariably placed by the pew-opener in the pew directly in front of Jeremiah and Betsy—was, to say the least of it, remarkable; for it was well known that he held sittings in the adjoining parish church. Such circumstances, trifling as they no doubt are, will prepare the reader for the statement that Walter cherished Betsy very dearly; and when I add that Betsy sometimes joined in the hymns with her book topsy-turvy, and that, so far from noticing Walter, she appeared quite unconscious of his presence, and kept her eyes riveted upon a cherub on a mural monument on the opposite side of the church, the reader will at once understand that his warm feelings were reciprocated.

The very sufficient reason of Walter's long delay in avowing his love was the simple but obstinate question of ways and means. He

viewed it with the calmness of a philosopher, and tried to delude himself into the belief that he really took delight in the society of the inanimate, silent, sombre, and unconvivial Lillyboy; and that the nosegays and crochet patterns—which Lillyboy didn't in the least comprehend—were intended for his especial delectation.

Betsy lent herself to the same argument; and ingenuously accounted for his constant amenities upon the hypothesis of his boundless admiration for her uncle.

Why, then, does the letter remain so long unopened; and why is it turned over and over in her dainty hands, instead of being abruptly opened in the ordinary way? Because Betsy feels assured that it deals with other topics than chess and cocoa-nuts;—that it heralds no Stilton cheese, and fore-shadows no dish of mushrooms; but that it is a serious letter for her own private eye, and that she was justified in sliding it into her bosom the moment it arrived, for solitary perusal, instead of handing it at once to her uncle, or reading it aloud in his presence, as she felt morally bound to do.

At length, Betsy thought she had coquetted with the letter long enough, and had exhausted her clairvoyant faculties, and had amused herself by running through a whole catalogue of probabilities and improbabilities, possibilities and impossibilities. So, screwing up her courage, she passed the scissors round the seal with a beating heart, and—

There was an impetuous knock at the street door! Who could it be? Walter? Can it be he, come for an answer already, and the letter not yet opened?

Another knock!

Betsy felt that a momentous crisis in her destiny had arrived, and she stood transfixed—the letter still in her hand unread, unopened.

Another and a fiercer knock! Assuredly Walter was never so impatient before! Further hesitation was out of the question. Hurriedly sliding the letter again into her bosom, Betsy flew to the door, and opened it.

In walked her uncle.

"Dearest uncle!" she ejaculated, with a gesture of alarm, surprise, and perhaps disappointment—"dearest uncle, why, why have you returned?"

"I left it somewhere, I'm quite positive; probably in the corner. Yes, sure enough,

here it is," he replied curtly, hurrying to the spot indicated.

"What, what have you left, dear?"

"My blue bag. Ah, what a relief to my mind!" And Jeremiah grasped the article in question eagerly.

"Your blue bag, uncle! Why, what can you want with that—you are not going to the office to-day?" demanded she, uneasily.

"What do I want with it? Why, I should be miserable without it! Hasn't this blue bag been my companion, my *vade mecum*, my other self, these thirty years; and do you imagine I could pass a whole day without my appendage, threadbare though it is? No, Betsy, I don't desert an old friend on work-days, let alone on holidays—no, no!"

And Jeremiah folded the bag neatly, almost affectionately, and slid it into his coat-tail pocket, with pride and satisfaction.

"Oh, dearest uncle, do not jest in this way, and waste all the bright morning. Go!" And Betsy led Jeremiah a second time to the door, with a precision which admitted of no appeal. "Go!"

"Yes, yes, child—I'm going. But, but—what did you say I was to do with myself?"

"Why, take a country walk."

"Where?"

"In Epping Forest."

"And when I get there?"

"Walk."

"And—?"

"And gather me wild flowers."

"Good! And what then, dear Betsy?"

"Walk."

"True; but afterwards?"

"Why, enjoy yourself, of course."

"Yes; but how?"

"Walk about! There, there, dear uncle, I really have no patience with such poor jesting. Go!"

And Betsy pushed her revered uncle into the street with a vehemence which would have done credit to a policeman or a mother-in-law.

"Undoubtedly," reflected she, when she was again alone, "either thirty years in a lawyer's office have reduced dear uncle to a piece of unreflective machinery, or else he is beginning to enjoy his holiday by teasing me. He is so droll—if one could only understand him! But I will forgive him this little peasantry, if it is any gratification to him, so that he has his day in the open country, and breathes the pure air, and re-

clines on grassy slopes, spying out the soaring lark at Heaven's gate; and then rambles again, drinking deep draughts of the balmy air, and coaxing a little colour into his pale, hollow cheeks, dear fellow! and—but the letter!"

Ah, the letter!

With a heart stirred with an indefinable emotion, the maiden again drew forth the treasure; and, with a bold hand, broke the seal, and spread it open before her.

It contained two problems and one solution.

CI-DEVANTS.

THERE are, perhaps, few passages in fiction which have so frequently aroused our laughter and pity simultaneously as that in which the poor old Major exclaims, after Arthur Pendennis has announced his intention of marrying Blanche Amory without any fortune, or not at all—

"I have done my best, and said my say; and I'm a devilish old fellow. And—and—it don't matter. And Shakspeare was right—and Cardinal Wolsey, begad; and 'had I but served my God as I've served you'—yes, on my knees, by Jove, to my own nephew!—I mightn't have been—Good night, sir. You needn't trouble to call again."

Poor man, he had nothing more to live for. All his little schemes, intrigues, and "shy" manœuvres were rendered null and void by the very man in whose behalf he had undertaken all this trouble. His dearest wishes were overthrown; "he looked very much oldened, and it seemed as if the contest and defeat had quite broken him." He had at once become a *ci-devant*.

But it is not always that our sympathies are excited for these old fogies. The Major himself telling *grivois* stories to the young men in the smoking-rooms of country houses is not a pleasant spectacle. Youth laughs at the anecdotes, no doubt—as it will laugh at anything; but it is apt to regard such an old age as contemptible. A man may be a *ci-devant* without being a bore, like the late Captain Gronow; or a woman ride her hobby to a green old age, commanding our respect to the last moment of her life, like the admirable Mrs. Battle; but as I have a particular reason for choosing the subject of this present paper, which I do not intend to dis-

close till the end of it, and am especially anxious to put my readers into good humour, I do not think I can attain that object more readily than by introducing them to a few of those I have met with in my own experience.

I have often wondered why the strong-minded sisterhood do—as they do undoubtedly—consider themselves the equals, and even the superiors, of men, in everything except wickedness and frivolity; but, quite by accident, I hit upon the reason the other day, while sitting next to Lady Susan Skynbone at dinner, who has as many wrinkles on her face as she has years. Her ladyship is a spinster—of which there is no doubt; and says she is twenty-eight—of which there is also no doubt; but she forgets to add on a thirty years to which, also without a doubt, she is entitled. I had never met her before; as, although the Earl's place—Skelton-Cuborde—is the other side of my county, they are very seldom there; nor have they, when there, ever done me the honour of seeking my acquaintance. She was, therefore, ignorant of my name; and very shortly pressed me into the conversation in her affected and absurd manner. She abused me very roundly to myself; and asked if there was any reason why women who, from various causes, had not chosen to enter the married state—and here her head made a semicircle from side to side, in an arch but faded manner, as if to make me understand that it wasn't for want of offers that she hadn't—should not devote themselves to scientific, or philanthropic, or useful employment of some kind? I answered with my usual arguments; and it was about this time that she gave me the above information concerning her age—not in so many words, of course, but by implication; as—"In 1842 it occurred—the year I was born." It was at that very moment—when, although I was astounded at the transparent impudence of this assertion, I kept my countenance, and said I remembered seeing the event announced in the papers—that it flashed across me, that if she really believed she had taken me in, she would set me down as the biggest fool she had ever seen. If she told the same tale to every man she came across, and he did not exhibit signs of incredulity, she would brand the whole sex as idiots, and conclude that a commune of spinsters could govern the world.

But though I wish to keep well with my readers, somehow or another I am not at all certain that, on considering my subject more attentively, I can be very amusing. I did not find it very cheerful the other day, when I ran up to town on business for a week, to find myself in that resort paved with the honourable intentions of *ci-devants*, the Elysian fields where the ghosts of old dandies and dowagers are permitted to wander—Rotten-row; and walked and watched the familiar faces I had known years ago under different circumstances. An uneasy feeling overcame me as I sat down for two pennyworth of rest—for the unaccustomed discomfort of the dandy boot had rendered it necessary—and I found the polite gentleman with the leathern bag, who culls the coppers from each button-holed young swell, did not recognize me, though I did him. What! do three years make such a difference? Six or seven do, at all events! Dear, dear—there is Tiny Bullock cantering by, with her square-shouldered, long-legged father—still casting her eyes stealthily on each side of the ride, as she used to when trying to catch a glance from Tom This or Jack That. Sixteen or seventeen—a hundred, if you like—years ago, Tiny and I were madly in love with each other: at least, she said so; and I vow I was with her. I was at the same college as her brother, and she first dawned upon us at the Grand Commemoration of 18—. By a singular coincidence, it had fallen to my lot to give the first luncheon to St. Alfred's female relations, in the shape of mammas, sisters, and cousins; and as I was stroke of the boat which was third on the river, and by a skilful rearrangement of the lines of various ancient and modern poets—even Tate and Brady were laid under contribution (I had been adjudged the Newdegate)—the only matter in the day's proceedings in the theatre that the ladies could understand, and therefore eagerly contested for—it will be admitted that, in addition to my physical advantages, my lately won reputation as first poet of the University gave me an enormous superiority over my rivals. For Tiny, from the first moment she entered the room, captivated all our hearts.

I have for some time been impressing my readers with very false ideas, if they have not deducted, from sentiments I have at various times enunciated, that from a very early age I possessed a luxurious tendency in the

elegancies of life. It is true that in those days I had not the means to carry out my wishes in the style I otherwise should have attempted; nevertheless, the noble and facile system of credit supplied what was deficient in sounding brass. Thus, a very elegant light chocolate satin paper covered the walls and an Aubusson carpet the floor of my room. These my good father—who was resting in Paris from protocols and treaties—forwarded me, with the bill, from his own furnishers in that town; with a little letter, worthy of Lord Chesterfield, expressing his pleasure at my evident advance in matters of taste, and my refusal to submit to the flaring abominations of an English upholsterer. He might have spared himself the trouble of sending me the bill, as he had to pay it later; when he sent it back to me receipted, with some very different observations. But that is neither here nor there. Water-colours by Boucher hung on the walls; little knickknacks from Pondier's, more fit for a bride than a boy, were scattered about the room in graceful disorder; and instead of the vulgar classics, in their ugly boards—which the necessities of the lecture-room rendered it imperative I should have—encumbering my book-shelves, they were relegated to the scout's closet; and the latter were occupied, as befitted my profession, with handsomely bound copies of the poets I affected, and—stole from. From the moment Tiny saw all this, she understood I was a being far in advance of my comrades; and as the Champagne was good and well iced, it was impossible to help drifting into love. As the mere recollection of those days has caused me to relapse into the style of what I was then—an impertinent coxcomb—I must relate, to my own confusion, that my friends of these latter days may perceive how I am changed; how the same evening, during the procession of boats, fired with the desire of showing off before Tiny, who was in the front row on the St. Alfred's barge, on passing and saluting the boat which was head of the river, I incited my men to toss their oars with such ardour, that we overbalanced ourselves, upset the boat, and had to crawl ashore amidst the jeers of an unfeeling populace. And the next day, in the theatre, when I had ascended the rostra to recite my poem of "Belisarius," whether it was the remembrance of my disaster of the night before, or whether I pitched my voice too high, at the end of the first couplet, which

I had expected would bring tears into everybody's eyes—

"A blind old beggar, standing at the gate,
Of friends bereft, and of his former state"—

a shout of laughter much disconcerted me; and after I had recovered from my emotion, I had to begin again. However, no further mishap occurred; and when I came to the end, where I described his fine nature agonized by the degradation of receiving alms, the applause was deafening as I concluded with these lines:—

"Then scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
With tears recalled, rush forward to his mind,
And this his burden as his rage he vents,
'My poverty and not my will consents!'"

Should I have married Tiny, I wonder? We were never engaged, though there was a sort of tacit understanding between us. One year, when her family was staying at Bognor, I was invited to form one of the party for Goodwood. It was pleasant to return, in the dusk of the evening, to partake even of a meat tea. The prawns—the only thing I ever saw worth looking at at that sombre watering-place—always formed a standing dish; and as we always sat next to each other, skinning these crustaceæ, our thoughts were too deep for words; but when a particularly plump one rewarded our exertions, and enabled us to take a little rest while we demolished him, our hands stole underneath the table and met in a fond embrace, unseen by papa or mamma. One night I was not aware that the head of a decapitated one had clung to my fingers; and in squeezing her hand I ran the whole sheath of spears the prawn wears in front of his nose into her pretty hand; and owing to her shrieks, we were nearly discovered.

But the moment has arrived when I have to take the reader into my confidence, and relate circumstances that are unavoidable, and yet which will cause me great pain in their narration. I have discovered—only lately, I admit—that the best instance of a *ci-devant* I could offer for the examination of the curious would be myself. I have made up my mind, with more than Roman courage and devotion, to commit *ci-devant*-icide on my own person. I have stated above that I have lately walked in Rotten-row with some misgivings. The fact that I have chosen to prefer a country to a London life has been looked upon with evident suspicion by my former "chums." A man who stops

away from London for three or four years, never turns up at his club, is never seen in the *coulisses* of the opera, or heard to order dinner at Francatelli's, is looked upon with very grave suspicion when he does return. Your real Londoner can't or won't believe in the pleasures of the country; and when you tell him you are settled there very comfortably, hums and haws, and arranges his shirt collar, and looks at you askance, and his hand gently steals to his watch pocket with a doubtful movement, evidently as if he hardly expected to find anything there. Then your former chummy houses are closed to you, or the former occupants have left. That very morning, I ventured to call at Lady Dyce Ordely's house, in Park-lane, with a view to lunch, as in old days; but the servant almost banged the door in my face, when he said, very curtly and rudely, her "ledship didn't live there now." What was the matter? And how was I to find out? I didn't dare go and ask my acquaintance at the club the history of the latest *on dits*, and to be put *au courant* with the latest fashionable intelligence. The first I questioned might be the hero of some little romance himself. Besides, I should be displaying a culpable ignorance, and excite derision. I did what was the next best thing, and went to my tailor's—the same I have introduced my readers to before—from whom I obtained all necessary intelligence.

Then I go, with my newly obtained information, to the club, and see what good it is to me. I walk boldly into the hall, and am at once stopped by the porter, who is a new comer, and asks my name. Mine! who have been a member for five and twenty years. I enter the morning-room. There is no one there I know, except old Sir Prenny Snuffkins, who says he thought I was dead, and wants to know what on earth I am in town for. I go and have lunch; and there is not a single servant who remembers that I am fond of rusks at that meal, and that my regular drink—never altered for years—has always been a pint of claret and a bottle of soda water. This is indeed affecting; and, to console myself, I fly to the smoking-room, bury my face in the pages of a magazine, and, with a large cigar in my mouth, await the moment when the visitors shall arrive, as they always used to at four punctually. Five o'clock strikes at the neighbouring palace of St. James's, and not a soul!

"Is there no whist in the afternoon now,

waiter?" I ask of a highly calved individual, who brings me the evening paper.

"No, sir; not since Mr. Greenfyshe lost that sum to Sir Rookby Pigeon. You wasn't a—ere, sir, I dare say. Sometimes Colonel Gambit and Mr. Pome has a game at draughties or chess; but the other gentlemen don't care about it, and there aint no betting."

Well, this is a very dreary business, and I make a further attempt on the reading-room, to see if I can find any one to dine with. But, no! In this great wilderness, where formerly I was so well known, there is not one whose cheery voice I can recognize—not one, perhaps, who would care to renew my acquaintance if I did. Who would care for dining in this magnificent solitude by himself? Shall I swathe myself in the costume of the undertaker to enjoy my own company at one of the small tables, where I shall be like a dried-up piece of meat in a sandwich, between two fresh buttered slices of newbread—between Captain Merrythorpe and the Count de Larabra? If our day is passed, if the evening is at hand, if we have decided that this shall be our last appearance, and that nothing shall draw us from our retirement for the future—let us put back the hand of Time to a remoter period still, and revisit one of the frequent scenes of our youth: there, perhaps, our recollections will be fresher, though the dishes not so piquant, and the appetite not so eager.

But there is no chance of getting any one as a companion to these out-of-the-way regions this time of year. In the first place, the young barristers and students can dine in Hall at a very cheap rate, as it is term time; and, if they don't, I hear of French cooks belonging to the learned societies, from whom they may order a very pretty little dinner to their own rooms. I am going to have a chop at the Cock.

Yes, here is the old place; but there is nothing left of the old associations but the mahogany tables, perhaps. One thing. Stooping over his paper is the same barrister I remember five and twenty years ago doing the same thing—hardly aged, I fancy, since that time. I never found out his name, though I lived for three years next door to him; for I never saw him except at the Cock and Westminster Hall, where, no doubt, he was a constant attendant. As he looks up, I am sure he recognizes me; and then there

flashes across my mind that he is connected with lamb chops and fried parsley to all eternity in my recollection, and that that dish was his favourite one years ago.

But, as it was not so much the old tavern as some other scenes of my youth I wished to revisit, I finish my chop, my bloater, and my cheese, and having, of course, paid my bill, turned out of the Strand into Middle Temple-lane, and so underneath the arch under Crown Office-row into Inner Temple-gardens, where the crowds of children were enjoying themselves, on the warm summer evening, in a manner that must have made the most obdurate bencher's heart warm towards the little things. There is Fanny Bolton and her little charges; and Arthur Pendennis, with his grand air; and Mr. Bunny, Q.C., rehearsing his next Parliamentary effort; and the chambers of old Butter, the pleader, who—after I had been reading with him for six months, and paid him a hundred guineas for the yearly privilege—asked me one morning when he opened the door what I wanted; and I replied, "Some change out of that hundred guineas;" when he apologized, and said he hadn't had the pleasure of seeing me before.

These and other vivid scenes came before me, and, from mere force of habit, I bought a cigar at a tobacconist's in Essex-street, and strolled down the Strand to the Adelphi, where I occupied a stall for an hour or two; but where I missed my old favourites, Wright, Bedford, and Celeste. Then I cross over Covent-garden, and call on an eminent baritone I once knew, Signor Padigrino; and I drop into the Talma to wind up the evening, where, instead of receiving any sympathy for the emotion I have felt in describing the various events of the day, I am snubbed by old Podagres, and called a confounded old *ci-devant* by young Idyll-Tiers, the rising sentimental novelist of the day.

* * * * *

I therefore accept the situation. In all frankness, I have not found it possible to produce a better instance of what I was going to stigmatize as a "social grievance" than myself. This having come very painfully home to me, I had better do what perhaps I had better have done before—dry my pen. I have created a monster who alarms me. Gentle readers, Gadabout returns again to-day to his retirement and his cocks and hens! He will not trouble you

any more; but takes his hat off most respectfully, places his hand upon his heart most gracefully, and bids you all farewell!

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER VII.

CLARINDA COMES TO SELWODE.

MORTIFICATION is, without doubt, a wise corrector when one is taking a higher flight of imagination than one has a right to do; at any rate, it pulled part of the castle down that I had been building up, and left me sitting among the broken fragments, making my reflections.

And these reflections had much that was unjust in them.

First: I was angry with Uncle Oliver, and felt that somehow he had done me an injury.

Secondly: I was vexed with Mr. Lydgate for having been civil to me.

Thirdly: I was annoyed with my father and mother for having kept me up at Selwode all my life, and thereby grafting upon me a countrified air, which made me seem awkward in the eyes of those who had seen the world.

Fourthly: I was envious of the Lady Mary, though I pretended to myself that that was not possible, since I had never seen her.

Fifthly (which was, perhaps, the worst of all): I was angry with myself, and called myself a fool, and had the sense to know that there was much truth in the accusation. Besides, I felt ashamed of my ill-humour, which showed itself in several ways, and more especially to Uncle Oliver, so that I declined reading any more of the classics during the last few days that he was with us, saying that I had household matters to attend to—

"Which," said I, "are, as my father says, of more profit to a woman than all the wit and learning in the world."

"May be," said he. "But there is moderation in all things, and one may have somewhat of both without the one doing injury to the other. What are you aiming at, Mistress Grace?"

"I think," said I, "that my father has reason on his side, and that one is none the better for being well-informed, but rather the worse. 'Tis not womanlike or suitable."

"What dost think Mr. Steele was saying the other day?"

"Nought good, I should think, since his principles are all astray; and he did but serve as a common trooper in the army. What does he know about women?"

"He has a true and respectful feeling for them, such as few have," answered Uncle Oliver, a little gravely. And then, as if he would say no more of one of whom I had spoken so slightly, he asked suddenly—

"How long do you want your empire to last, Mistress Grace?"

I looked at him, surprised, for I could not understand what he would be at.

"If 'tis beauty," he went on, "that will not last through life; if 'tis youth, it only stays a few years; if 'tis cookery or domestic concerns, these do but affect your own household. If you want a long reign, you must lay a better foundation for it than these. Now, a well-bred and intelligent woman is looked upon with an observation suitable to her talents and accomplishments unto the end of her life, without respect of sex; whilst a mere woman, without these advantages, can be observed under no consideration but that of a mere woman. So says Mr. Steele; and he advises all women to ensure this method of pleasing, and of keeping up their rule, when the more fleeting charms of life have fled away. Doubtless, the Lady Mary has wit and wisdom enough to be of the same opinion."

I felt myself grow hot as he spoke of the Lady Mary, and I dare say my face showed it.

"The Lady Mary has opportunities for making her talents available," said I. "Besides, the Lady Mary is nought to me," and I turned discourteously away, and would have made my escape, but Uncle Oliver put his hand on my shoulder, and said, kindly—

"Heaven help thee from the frets and follies and disappointments of the world. I hoped thy books would have helped to do it, but it seems I was mistaken."

I looked up at him for a moment, and then looked down quickly, for I did not know but that he guessed what my temper might have been about. But he said nothing on the subject; and, after a pause, I asked—

"When shall you be here again?"

"That I cannot tell," said he; "but," he added, somewhat pathetically, "don't quite

give up thy books, Grace; they are friends that, if well used, will give thee much content in spite of the world. Where should I be, child, in my quiet lodgings, if I had not such friends to hold converse with? None knows whether a lonely life may not be in store. And, Grace," he added, as he was turning away, "keep thy judgment of Mr. Steele until thou hast made his acquaintance."

This put me in the old train of thought again, though I determined to say nothing about my wishes—and even to leave off wishing, if that were possible—and wait quietly for matters to shape themselves as they would. I must fit into the life made for me, and not spoil it by trying to outgrow it continually. One can only rule life by submitting to circumstances—and who knew what a day might bring forth?

But here my meditations were interrupted by my mother's voice crying—

"Grace, Grace—here is news!"

My heart gave a leap; for I was startled at being broken in upon so suddenly, when I had been quieting myself down to more than ordinary stillness.

I went to her, and found her with a letter in her hand from Harry Fanshawe.

"Clarinda is over-tired with nursing the children through the whooping-cough; and Harry has writ to say that, if convenient, he will bring them all to Selwode for a change."

Here was an unexpected turn. I had not seen Clarinda for some months—and it was a great delight to me to be with her; for though I was but a child when she was married, yet of late we had grown into each other's friendship as only sisters can; and the years that had in a manner separated us formerly were now of no account, and I was beginning to feel almost as old as she did. Indeed, though my mother still called me a child, I was scarce two years younger than Clarinda was when she was married. "And I had not even begun to think of such a thing as marriage!"

So I said to myself; and then I was not sure whether this was quite the truth—because I suppose that all girls, especially if they read romances, picture themselves with some gallant knight to do their bidding, and visions rise before them of some grand marriage that is in store, and is the ending of the first volume of their lives. And I had just finished the "Historie of

ye Seven Champions of Christendom," and had found myself musing as to which of the seven knights I most affected; and had all but made up my mind in favour of St. Anthony. But then these contemplations were all theoretical, and had nothing of practical life about them.

And so Uncle Oliver went away to his quiet lodgings, and his books, and his friends—the wits at St. James's and Will's Coffee-houses—promising to come back to Selwode when he wanted refreshing by a breath of our country air.

And Harry Fanshawe, and Clarinda, and the children came, to my mother's extreme content—for she has a great fondness for children; greater than I have, for after a while I find them troublesome; but my mother never tires.

Captain Fanshawe could not stay long with us, owing to his duty about the Court; but his visit pleased my father, who was in excellent spirits at his conversation; and he rubbed his hands, and I could hear disjointed sentences such as these—

"If Mr. Harley will only be discreet—if Mrs. Hill is tractable—form a party—now the Duke is away—her Majesty, galled by the yoke put upon her—caution in everything necessary," and so forth; but my mind was drawn away from the greater world incidents, and wholly given to Clarinda, who seemed to me to have changed in some way that I could not account for.

She seemed to me prettier than I had ever thought her before, but very pale and fragile; and there was a nervous restlessness about her that would not let her be quiet, more particularly when Harry was in the room; and she answered sharply when he spoke to her, and seemed impatient if he drew a shawl round her to keep her from the cold, or placed a cushion or a footstool for her—or, in fact, if he paid any of the thousand little attentions that at one time she had been pleased to receive.

Her over-fatigue must have made her irritable, but it would all go away when she was rested; for Clarinda was naturally of a sweet temper—more so than I—and I had never seen her thus before.

She was looking younger, too—which I marvelled at, since care usually makes one grow older; but then it might be the simple style in which she was dressed—and I had heretofore seen Clarinda mostly, as it were, in state attire. Now she wore one of the

fine delicate painted chintzes that our late sovereign lady Queen Mary thought so much of; and her hair was tied up with a bunch of black velvet ribands, which contrasted well with its fairness, and then fell in natural curls all over her neck and shoulders. I could see that Harry often looked at her with great tenderness; and once he said—

“Poor Clary!—you must take better care of yourself.”

At which a slight colour came into her face, and she said—

“There’s nought the matter with me,” just as I might have done had Jack been teasing me. But then I was more hasty, and got vexed sooner than Clarinda did.

I do not think that my mother noticed the change I speak of, since she was quite absorbed in the children—who were three as pretty cherubs, out of heaven, as one would wish to see. The elder boy had a strong likeness to my father, and so gave promise of being a handsome man; the younger was but a babe of six months old, and like a waxen image; whilst the little girl was lovely enough to be a toast at the Kit-Cat Club, even as Uncle Oliver told me the Lady Mary Pierrepont had been in her childhood. But I was quite occupied with Clarinda, and trying to account for the change that had come over her; and when we were alone for the first time, I put my arms round her, and said—

“We must keep you at Selwode till you are quite well.”

She suddenly burst out crying, and said—

“Then you must keep me for ever.”

“Are you very very ill, Clarinda?” I asked, looking anxiously at her.

“No,” said she, “I’m only a fool—that is all, my dear.”

And she began to laugh, which made me feel worse than her weeping did. The one seemed natural, which the other certainly was not.

“Harry takes too much care of me. I shall be better when he is gone, and I sha’n’t be so reminded all the time that—”

But she did not finish her sentence.

“I thought you could not do without Harry,” said I; for I remembered how she used to look to him for everything.

“That was in the early days,” she replied; “but I’ve been married for six years, and we are quite fashionable people now, and it is not the fashion for one’s husband to be attending to one as in the days of

courtship. It’s quite ridiculous, my dear. Town-folk quite laugh at it.”

I looked perplexed for a minute, and then I said—

“Then I don’t think I should like town-folk’s manners.”

At which she seemed on the point of bursting out crying again; but she restrained herself, and answered—

“Perhaps you are right, child. People are better in the country. I have no doubt I shall come to my old self at Selwode. In town, one has to be as other folks are.”

“I thought you liked a town life, Clarinda.”

“Child, how you catch one up—so I do! What have I said against it? Yes, it’s all bright and brilliant, and one meets with the best company—wits, and beaux, and fops, and belles, and women of fashion. Then one goes to assemblies and water-parties, or to the playhouse, where one melts into tears at tragedy, or is won into merriment by comedy; and one hears the divinest music, and is ravished with the Italians at the opera. Or one goes to Court, and kisses the Queen’s hand, wishing all the time that she was a little more lively, and hadn’t such a very stupid husband.”

“The Prince is a good man,” said I, “is he not?—I have always heard so; and is an excellent husband, and most truly attached to his wife.”

“My dear,” answered Clarinda, “it is even so. Stupid men are generally the best of husbands. The wits do not seem to hit it off in matrimony. You mustn’t marry a wit, Grace. And yet—I don’t know that I would recommend one of your straightforward, honest, unsuspicious kind of men.”

And she gave a little sigh. I could not understand her.

“Remember, Grace,” she said, “we may talk as much nonsense as we like together, but not before my mother. She would not like to hear me speak as I have been speaking; and yet ’tis necessary to me—it does me good. How happy you must be at Selwode, Grace!”

I took her hand; it was trembling, and she looked agitated.

“You want fresh air and rest, Clarinda. You will look as well as I do in a week at Selwode.”

She shook her head.

When we returned to the blue drawing-room I heard my father say—

"We had enough of Dutch William; and if it were not that the Queen's leanings to the right overpower his influence, we should not be able to stand Prince George. What we want is a true-born Englishman to reign over us—and—hang the Hanoverian succession!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"UNDER THE HAWTHORN IN THE DALE."

HARRY FANSHAW returned to London, and my father went with him. My mother looked a little grave when they started. She had given Harry many injunctions with regard to my father, and again she repeated them, half jestingly; but I could see that her lips trembled, and that her fears lay nearer her heart than she cared to express—for she knew my father's hot temper, and his strong political feelings, and she was afraid lest they might bring him into trouble.

Harry had said, laughing—

"No fear—I will take care of him; besides, we cannot be wrong if we have the Queen on our side. There is no danger of such loyal subjects as we are getting our heads taken off."

My mother smiled and sighed, and tried to look cheerful, but it cost her some effort. However, she was always inclined to hope for the best, and so spent no time in vain forebodings, but set herself to work to take care of Clarinda and the children, in which she succeeded admirably.

Clarinda became less irritable after her husband had gone, and appeared to take pleasure in rambling through the gardens and in the park, though sometimes she would ask me, "if I did not find it somewhat dull in the country?"

But I had not decided yet whether I should tell Clarinda all that I had been thinking of late; so I turned the subject, and bade her remark how the trees were growing quite shady with their new foliage—and how surprisingly the chestnuts had sprung into leaf and flower—as if by magic—and were shaking their long spikes of white blossom, as if triumphing over the later-blooming trees.

I pointed it out to Clarinda.

"Ay," said she, "but they will fade the sooner;" and she sat down on the terrace steps, and I sat down beside her, my eyes revelling in the mass of colour the garden showed—green, gold, and lilac—scarce any other shade; for the flowers seem to burst

forth in bands of colour without variety, until the deepening heat of summer calls forth a gorgeous mass in vari-coloured splendour, which deepens in brilliancy until the autumn sun sinks down: as though the flowers and foliage—leaving the earth ere the winter night set in—were emulating a glorious sunset. So far, there had been a lavish outpouring of gold upon the earth. The primrose stars had shone out from their nether emerald firmament; and the Lent lilies, the deeper-tinted cowslips, the glowing buttercups, the drooping laburnum, had made flush after flush of sun-colour over the land. Was there some typical meaning in it that one did not yet understand? I thought of the rainbow, but I could not make the colours match. I thought of the flashing wall that surrounds the Holy City in the Apocalypse, but neither would the tints of the precious stones agree. And then I remembered the legend of the topaz, which is said to have the power of driving evils away; and, perchance, this flood of topaz-colour signifies that spring is here, to drive nature's grief-night of winter away. And I fell into a reverie, and half fashioned out a sort of allegory, which was interrupted by a deep sigh from Clarinda.

"Is it not beautiful?" said I.

"What?" said she.

"Everything—the sky, the trees, the flowers, the sunshine."

"Pshaw!" said she, tapping her foot impatiently upon the stone step. Then she yawned slightly.

"Ten o'clock, and we've been up for three hours! At home, I should have been taking my chocolate, and wondering what coloured ribands would suit with my new sacque. 'Tis useless to think of such things in the country, with none to see one."

"Quite," I replied. "One may wear russet all the year round as far as company is concerned;" and in my turn I sighed all unconsciously.

"Then you do find it dull, child?" said Clarinda.

"I don't know," I answered.

"Which means yes," said she. "You must come home with me when I go back, and see a little of the world. I dare say that you have no idea whatever of a gentleman beyond my father and Uncle Oliver, and they are of the old-fashioned school."

"There are none living about here," said I, for I had not yet spoken of Mr. Lydgate.

"So much the better, my dear, for country breeding is not favourable to polite manners. When I have seen your country squire walking along the Mall, I have truly pitied those who were on friendly terms with him. Bright red coat, gay calimanco waistcoat, periwig large enough for half a dozen ordinary people, hat balanced on the top of the great bush of hair, and in danger of toppling off every moment. Then the swagger, and the twirling of the gold-knobbed cane—here, there, and everywhere—in so many whirligig motions that none dare come nigh for fear of an inadvertent thrust. And all the Fashion staring at him as he struts along—which he, poor dolt, takes for admiration of his air and garments."

I laughed.

"Nay, we send up none such from Selwode."

"There is none at Selwode to send," quoth she. "How can you exist without society, Grace? I should die without my visiting days, and assemblies, and cards, and balls, and masques, and the playhouse. One wants something to fill up one's time and thoughts."

"But have you not enough to think of with Harry and the children?"

"My dear, you do not understand life. One is in want of novelty. At first, I spent all my time over them; but I soon began to see that this was not the way of the world; and that, if I kept to it, I should have Harry taking all the pleasure, and I should be left with all the drudge-work."

"But Harry would take no pleasure without you?"

"His duties take him from home; and there are occasions when he has to attend at Court—and I can't be with him. Yet 'tis as well; one wants a little time to one's self. Harry is very good, and means very well; but, my dear, we have talked so much to one another, that each knows exactly what the other will say."

Then she jumped up suddenly, saying—

"Let us walk towards the lower fields."

This might be about a fortnight after my father and Harry had left; and the weather was so warm and dry, that there had been some talk of beginning to cut the grass before the usual time.

So we strolled through the garden, and along the edge of the park, till we came to a green lane leading to the meadows she

had spoken of. The trees made a pleasant arch over our heads, and the hedgerows gave promise of plenty of woodbine, while the pink blossoms of the dog-roses were beginning to peep out of their delicate green casings. The birds were filling the air with their tender song, and ever and anon the cuckoo's note sounded through the grove. We wandered slowly through the lane, and sat down to rest on a stile at the end of it, overlooking the hay fields where the mowers had already begun their toil. Presently a country maiden passed by, humming a tune as though the sunshine of the day had entered into her heart.

I turned to Clarinda, quoting—

"And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

"Here is the hawthorn," quoth I, pulling at a great bough, whose blossoms were turning pink as they faded away; "but where is the shepherd?"

And scarcely were the words out of my mouth ere Clarinda—who had been looking along the lane—clutched my arm, and said—

"How came he here?"

I turned, and saw a gentleman on horseback, galloping over the soft turf towards us.

"Easily enough," I answered, "if you have not forgot Selwode ways. He has turned out of the high road, just beyond the turnpike, instead of going straight on; and we shall have to put him right. You need not be afraid; we have no Mohocks nor highwaymen in these parts."

As he came nearer I could see that he was a gentleman, and—what was more—a handsome man, though there was a look in his face that I did not like. He wore a dark embroidered suit, a laced shirt, and had on fine fringed gloves; and, as he drew nigh, he took off his hat and bowed almost to the saddle, saying—

"Sweet Mistress Fanshawe, blame not the needle for turning towards the pole. What other influence had guided me hither?"

I looked at Clarinda for some explanation, for 'twas clear that this fine gentleman was an acquaintance of hers—though, indeed, she did not seem easy at seeing him, for her face was by turns pale and red, and she could scarce speak for confusion. At last she stammered out—

"How came you hither, Sir Everard?"

"Have I not already told you, Mistress Fanshawe? Must I tell it in other words?—how the town became dark and cheerless when the sun had withdrawn its rays, and how I languished for want of light; so groped my way into the country, hoping that I might find Narcissa seated by some purling stream, and so bright day might once more dawn upon me."

If Uncle Oliver had been there, he would have said that there was false taste in the gentleman's speech—that there was too great confusion of images; for he flew from the pole star to the sun; thence gave one to think of Narcissus, through the name he had chosen for Clarinda; and then, again, he made it seem as though she were the deity of the day.

But such was, I discovered, the ordinary style of many of the professed gallants.

"How did you know that I was at Selwode?" asked Clarinda, gaining a little courage.

"Nay, could not Mars know the whereabouts of Venus?" said he. Then, perceiving that Clarinda looked perplexed—as well she might—he added, "I met Captain Fanshawe, and made my inquiries."

Then he was a friend of Harry's; and I expected to hear Clarinda would ask after her husband, since it was five days since we had heard aught of him; but she seemed wholly engaged in pulling to pieces the flowers from a spray of hawthorn she held in her hand. She did not heed that the thorns were pricking her fingers, or that there was a scratch across her hand. But Sir Everard saw it; and springing from his horse, he said, in a low tone—

"Narcissa is so used to wounding that she wounds herself, nor grieves for it," and he pointed to the scratch.

Clarinda laughed, and throwing the sprig away, said—

"The flowers were hedgerow flowers: no cultivated ones would have been so cruel."

I could have told her that she was wrong; but Sir Everard appeared to think her speech very witty, and he twirled his moustache, and laughed with a laugh that had nothing hearty in it, but which he often used as though it were a comma or a full stop to his sayings.

And then Clarinda began to be more at ease, and the two conversed of this and that matter, and of their friends—who, methought, could not have much brain, since they spent

their time at cards or in gossip, or amongst their lap-dogs and monkeys, and were ready to die of vexation at the sight of a finer piece of china than they possessed. But Clarinda seemed to take a deep interest in all that Sir Everard told her, and was much more lively than I had seen her since she came to us. She looked as though health and spirits had come to her all at once; and Sir Everard—who was at no loss to see that she was at her best—made a grand speech, in which he paraded his knowledge of the classics, and spoke of Selwode as the haunt of Hygeia and Hebe, who frequenting its enchanted groves, breathed upon those who entered them, and had so favoured Mistress Fanshawe that Paris would easily have been won to give the golden apple unto her.

"Then it is fortunate there is no golden apple to give in our days," said I, abruptly, "for trouble enough came of it."

The words were spoken ere I considered them; and Sir Everard, who had not deigned to take any notice of me—for I was in my common chintz, and with a hat that flapped over my face—looked at me as much as to say—

"And what right have you to interfere, mistress?"

"Oh, I had forgotten you, Grace," said Clarinda. "This is my sister, Mistress Grace Selwode, to whom I ought to have introduced Sir Everard Tylney."

I looked full at Sir Everard, as I bowed to him in as stately a manner as I could assume. He, on the contrary, was most profuse in his expressions of pleasure at meeting with Mistress Fanshawe's sister.

"But, madam," said he, replying to my random speech, "there could surely be no harm in justice. And trouble came not to her who received the apple, but to him who gave it."

"Yet through him who had the awarding of it, great trouble came to others," said I, not noting how aptly the application might fit until afterwards. But he appropriated it closer than I intended; for he gave a little start, and muttered—

"Tritely put."

Clarinda, not knowing the story, was all bewildered, and said—

"My sister Grace is but a novice in the world's fashions."

I know not what answer he gave; but it was one wherein was a compliment to myself, whereof I took no heed. And then

he and Clarinda went on with their conversation again; which having no interest for me, I drew a little aside, and gathered a nosegay of the fullest blown rosebuds, till Clarinda called to me—and I saw Sir Everard mounting his horse.

I came up just as he was asking—

“When shall I see you again?”

“Will not Sir Everard Tyney come up to the house?” I asked—for I wished to show that I understood hospitality.

Sir Everard and Clarinda looked at one another, not knowing what to reply.

“My mother will be glad to see any of Captain Fanshawe’s friends,” I added.

“The child is a little simpleton,” said Clarinda at last, in answer to Sir Everard’s look of surprise. “Good day, Sir Everard—until to-morrow.”

And Sir Everard, taking off his hat, said—

“I thank you for your civility, Mistress Selwode.”

And he rode away, laughing.

THE SAND-BLAST AND ITS POWERS.

IT is seldom that we admit into our pages articles on mechanical or technological matters. For the discussion of such topics there is no lack of special journals, and the subjects themselves are rarely of much interest to the general reader. As, however, the discovery which we are going to describe has a special bearing upon the art of engraving, and as the mode of applying it presents no practical difficulties, we think that we shall be conferring a benefit upon all lovers of the fine arts if we explain it in *ONCE A WEEK*.

The difficulty of cutting or carving stone, glass, or hard metals by mechanical means has long been recognized. For a long time—and, indeed, until very recently—the diamond has been the only material used for such purposes. During the last few years, the diamond has been, to a considerable degree, supplanted as a cutting agent by opaque crystalline carbon, which seems equally durable, and is much cheaper. At the meeting of the Franklin Institute, of February 15th of the present year, the discovery which we now propose to explain was for the first time announced. Mr. Tilghman, of Philadelphia, after a long series of experiments, has discovered that a jet of quartz sand, propelled with a force varying according

to the nature of the result that he wishes to obtain, will effect numerous useful objects, from the most delicate engraving on glass to the boring of a hole an inch and a half deep, and the same length in diameter, in twenty-five minutes, through a block of solid corundum—a substance next in hardness and very little inferior to the diamond.* Amongst other purposes to which he applies the sand-jet are cutting and grinding or depolishing glass; cutting patterns in coloured glass; cutting stone, and carving letters or ornaments on it, either in relief or in intaglio; boring holes in iron or steel; cleaning cast-iron hollow ware, previous to tinning the interior, &c., &c. The sand is propelled through a tube upon the substance to be operated on, with a velocity varying according to the hardness of the material. For grinding or otherwise acting on glass, a common rotary fan, giving a blast of air of the pressure of about four inches of water, is sufficient; but for cutting stone, steel, or corundum, steam—at a pressure of from 100 to 300 lbs. per square inch—is used in place of air, in such a manner that it imparts its velocity to the sand, and finally strikes on the material, which is fixed at a distance of about an inch from the end of the tube.

The following are a few of the results obtained by Mr. Tilghman in his experiments on the sand-jet, propelled at different velocities. About ten or fifteen seconds’ exposure to a sand-blast, with a pressure of four inches of water, is sufficient to completely grind or depolish the surface of ordinary glass; so that sheets of it, passed by machinery under the sand-shower at the rate of five inches per minute, may be thus operated on. A microscopic examination of the ground glass showed a succession of pits formed by the blows of the impinging grains of sand, and arranged with extreme uniformity. By covering parts of the surface of the glass with a pattern of any tough or elastic material—as paper, lace, oil-paint, &c., designs of a corresponding nature may be readily engraved. If a current of air of a less velocity is used, very delicate structures—fern leaves, for example—can be outlined on the glass; and, by careful and skilful handling, the thin parts of the leaves may be more or less cut through by the sand, while the

* See the article entitled “Tilghman’s Process for Cutting Hard Substances,” in the *Scientific American* for April 29.

thicker central ribs and their branches still resist the action, so that a shaded engraving may be produced.

Among the specimens of glass operated on by the sand-jet, and exhibited at the meeting of the Franklin Institute, was an ordinary piece of window glass, which had been partially protected by a covering of wire-gauze. A glass sieve was thus produced, with openings of about one-twelfth of an inch in diameter, the intervening meshes being somewhat narrower.

Some beautiful engravings on glass, prepared by this method, were also exhibited. The process by which they are obtainable is as follows:—A bichromatized gelatine negative is taken on glass from an engraving. This is then exposed to a stream of fine sifted sand, at about an inch pressure, for from three to ten minutes. The gelatine film protects the glass beneath it, while the uncovered parts are cut by the sand.

The following data forcibly illustrate the practical value of the sand-jet in stone cutting. "Using steam, which was estimated as equal to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ -horse power, at a pressure of 125 lbs., the cutting effect per minute was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of granite, or 3 cubic inches of marble, or 10 cubic inches of soft, brown sandstone."

By flexible tubes, the jet may be thrown in any direction, and grooves and mouldings of almost any shape can be made; while by means of stencil plates, letters or ornaments may be rapidly cut, either in relief or in intaglio, in the hardest granite.

At the point where the jet strikes the stone a red light is visible, just as if the stone at that spot was red-hot; while, in reality, the temperature is below 212° . The light is supposed to be caused by the breaking up of the minute crystals of which the stone is mainly composed.

Such are some of the remarkable results which have been already achieved by this new, but almost absurdly simple, mechanical agent. It has occurred to some who have seen its power in carving the hardest stone, that the art of using the sand-jet may have been known to the ancients, and since have sunk into oblivion. Did it aid the workers in the stone age, or could it have been used in carving the Egyptian hieroglyphics?

When we reflect that many processes in the arts—as fixing certain colours on glass or canvas, and the composition of various pigments—were known to our forefathers,

and that we cannot rediscover them, with all our modern chemical appliances, the idea loses its improbability.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY A GEOLOGIST.

MIND WHO SHAVES YOU.

A GEOLOGICAL tramp has even more reason than other pedestrians to keep his knapsack light, for he has to carry his tools, as well as the specimens he collects from day to day. Hence, he usually leaves his shaving tackle at home, and either cultivates his beard, or trusts to finding some one, from time to time, who will remove it for him. I belong to the latter class—though it has its disadvantages.

I once said to mine host—

"Where does your village barber live?"

"I am sorry to say we have none. There is, however, a man just below who'll shave you. He's a carpenter by trade; but he's a pretty good hand at the razor, and, if he's at home, will be very glad to have a customer."

I started at once to the carpenter's house, preferred my request to be shaved, and was duly seated and lathered. Then came a lengthened operation of strapping the razor, which I watched with considerable interest, and soon saw that the operator was decidedly heavy-handed. The "fine edge" being supposed to be at length secured, the good man placed his left arm round my neck, and drew my head to his side, where he held it with the grip of a vice, seized my nose between his fingers and thumb, and began to scrape—now holding his breath, then letting the hot, pent-up flood deluge my head, whilst he relieved his feelings with a series of grunts. Good heavens, what an infliction! I had heard of the rude razors with which the maritime barbers shaved those who for the first time crossed the equinoctial line, and I could only conclude that I was being flayed by one of them. I could not help "making eyes," nor could the said eyes help overflowing with what might have been mistaken for tears. Catching sight of these symptoms, the operator desisted, and remarked—

"I reckon he goeth hard."

I could only respond—

"I reckon he doth."

Then came another laborious attempt to get up a "fine edge;" and after a while, I was

again embraced and tortured. Ultimately came the release—when my beard was gone, certainly; but so also was more of my skin than was desirable. I paid the carpenter-barber handsomely, as he distinctly told me; but, instead of being for services rendered, it was in gratitude for my deliverance.

On another occasion, when I had nearly a week's beard on, I entered a considerable and ancient town on the right bank of a beautiful river. Catching sight of a barber's pole down a bye-street, I proceeded thither before going elsewhere in the town, opened the door, and asked to be shaved. When I came in, two fellows of villainous aspect were playing with thimbles and peas. Instantly, one of them lifted a trap-door in the floor and vanished, uttering something as he disappeared which I did not understand.

Whilst the barber, with whom I was alone, placed a chair for me, I studied him. He was a dwarf, with one leg longer than the other, a fearful hunch on his back, a horrible squint, and a sad asthma; and his room and person were filthy. I, nevertheless, took the chair, was duly lathered, and he was deftly using his razor. When the steel was at my throat, the horrible thought rushed on me, "What an utter fool I am to trust myself alone in the hands of a man like this. He must see by my knapsack, and the state of my boots and dress, that I have this moment entered the town, and probably am known to no one in it. He cannot but believe that I have money about me, and will cut my throat, secure my purse, and throw my body through the trap-door to his companion fiend in the cellar below." But he did nothing of the kind. His razor did not "go hard," he shaved me delightfully, and was very grateful for what he got. On the spot, however, I resolved never to get shaved again under such circumstances.

THE KITCHEN SETTLE.

In the kitchen of ordinary village and wayside inns, there is a very cosy seat known as the *Settle*. It may be defined as a form, frequently more or less curvilinear, capable of seating five or six persons, and having a continuous wooden back extending from the floor to five or six feet above it. So far as I have observed, the settle belongs to those who habitually spend

their evenings at the house, most of whom, however, very cheerfully resign for an evening in favour of a stranger.

The *parlour* of such houses is commonly much less inviting than the kitchen, especially when the occupant of the former has all his writing fairly disposed of, and has no companion. The kitchen company, moreover, are the true representatives of the district, with its folk-lore, its gossip, and its usages. I have accordingly spent many an evening amongst them.

On one of these occasions, I found an animated discussion in progress respecting the probable disposal of the body of a woman of the neighbourhood, who, the day before, had taken her own life. There was a unanimous belief that she was perfectly sane at the time, and that it would be "found so, when she was crowned." Then came the question: "How would she be berrid?" One party contended that a grave would be dug at a four-cross lane, the body would be thrown into it and covered up, and then a stake would be driven through it. Others held that, though that was undoubtedly the usage in "old times," it had fallen into disrepute and desuetude, and would certainly not be followed in the case under discussion. The body, they held, would be laid in the parish churchyard, but without any religious service; and what, they would like to know, could be worse than that? I was appealed to, but could only reply that I was without any experience in such cases.

A good deal of rustic eloquence was expended; but it apparently produced no other result than that of slightly ruffling the temper of the disputants. Happily, this was prevented from becoming at all serious by the entry of a farmer and his wife. The former, having requested that his horse might be brought out as soon as possible, ordered a glass of "gin grog," which he now and then pressed on his wife, "just to moisten her lips a bit." This she complied with; and, having been informed of the discussion, spent the intervals in throwing a new light on it, in the following words:—

"You know, I b'ant one of these parats. I was born and brought up in — parish, near —. Just before I was married, there was a young woman in our parish who poisoned herself, just like that poor foolish creetur did yesterday—God forgive her! When her was crowned, 'twas brought in that her

know'd what her was about, and meant to do it. Everybody thought her 'd be berrid at a four-cross road, and have a stake drove through her; for, you know, that's the law of the land. But her belonged to a good fam'ly, and they wouldn't agree to it, but wanted the passon to bury her just as if nothing had happened. He said he dare not do it, for 'twas more than his gown was wuth. He told 'em the body couldn't be so much as berrid in the churchyard, for the ground was consecrated—let alone her being carried into the church, or his reading the booryal service over her. The fam'ly had great friends, who went to the bishop for 'em, and he directed them to dig a grave in the churchyard so deep as to be below the consecrated ground; that the body wasn't to be took into the church, and the service wasn't to be read; but her was to be berrid, quiet and private like, in that deep grave. And that was done. I didn't go to the poor thing's foonerl, for—I remember't as if 't was but yesterday—I was that nervous I couldn't go; but sever'l people that I know'd very well did go, and they said—I've heerd 'em tell o't many many times—they said that as they was letting down the coffin, the moment it got below the consecrated part, the most terrible screeches and howlings was a heerd, and they was glad to throw in the earth as fast as they could. And that's what'll be done in this case, in my opinion, if they don't bring it in that her was out of her mind at the time. You mark my words!"

The gossips nodded to one another, as much as to say—"That's a new, and by no means unsatisfactory view of the case."

I was bold enough to open the following conversation with the lady—

"How deep was the consecrated ground?"

"Oh, 'bout nine or ten feet, I reckon."

"What caused the screechings and howlings you spoke of?"

"Why, the devil and his dandy-dogs. They were waiting for the body; and they got it, you may be quite sure, down there in the unconsecrated ground."

The latter answer was precisely what I expected—having often heard of the dandy-dogs and their avocations.

Having finished the story and the gin and water, and their horse being ready, the farmer and his wife bade us good night, and left for home; when the landlord remarked—

"That's an uncommon knowledgeable woman. 'Tis plain to see her'th had the best edication. They say her keep'th all he's books."

I left the next day, and have never heard what was the verdict at the coroner's inquest.

On another occasion, I found among the village notables the head gardener of a neighbouring lord, who occupied the end of the settle nearest the fire, and played Sir Oracle. In all doubtful cases, the appeal was to him; and he accepted as his due, and with suitable dignity, the homage paid him. In the course of the somewhat desultory conversation, in which I was allowed to take a part, I chanced to mention the name of Oliver Cromwell; on which our friend the gardener informed the company that "Oliver Cromwell was a very great man; he was a good botanist, and—better still—a practical gardener. I have," he continued, "an excellent book on gardening, which he wrote; and the frontispiece is Oliver Cromwell himself, with a spade in his hand. He must have been dead now—let me see—I should say, fully twenty years."

The company received the information with perfect gravity, and apparently without the least suspicion that their oracle had probably confounded Old Noll with Mr. John Abercrombie, the author of several works on gardening, who died very early in the present century.

CASUAL PUPILS.

I have frequently been much pleased at the interest manifested by working men—especially miners—in geological questions and discussions. With a geological friend, I once left a large mine, accompanied by the captain or chief superintendent—a well-informed, thoughtful man, who had risen from the ranks. He had shown us over the works, and was walking with us to the neighbouring town, about four miles distant. Our road lay through a district of considerable interest, displaying, amongst other things, elvan dikes traversing the stratified rocks; whilst on the surface of the country there were several large boulders of distant derivation. These naturally formed the subjects of our conversation, and we stopped from time to time to note the phenomena more carefully.

A party of miners, who had "just come to grass"—in other words, had come up from their work underground—left the mine very soon after us, and were observed, when they overtook us, to regulate their pace so as to keep within hearing. About two miles from the mine the road divided—one branch leading to the town, whilst the other and less important led to the miners' cottages. Instead, however, of turning off there, as they ordinarily did, they followed at our heels; and this fact seemed to annoy the captain, as he feared they were going to the town, and might be tempted to some public-house. He accordingly turned, and said—

"I hope you are not going to the town?"

And one of them replied—

"No, sir; but we want to hear what you've got to say 'bout elvan courses and that; and, as it won't take us much further, we're going on to the next lane end—about half a mile further on."

The reply was, of course, more than satisfactory; and we induced them to join us, and share in the conversation.

I once requested an innkeeper in a small hamlet to get me a guide to a point on the coast said to be of great interest, but difficult to hit. He very soon brought me his "brother John"—a fine, stalwart young fellow, the occupier of a small adjacent farm—who offered to be my companion to the cliffs. The distance was about two miles, over a fine table of moorland, and commanding an excellent view of the sea. Of course, we beguiled the way with talk, which John thus opened—

"I've heerd that people think a good deal of the scenery hereabout, especially where we're going; and many strangers come from distant parts, quite a good way up the country, to zee it. I s'poze that's what makes you wish to go there?"

"Well, the scenery is spoken very highly of, and I quite expect to be much delighted with it; but my main object is to examine the rocks, to see what they are, how they lie, and whether they contain any fossils—as I quite expect they will."

"Oh!"

This last word was obviously pronounced in order to avoid saying nothing; but John's puzzled look was much more significant, as it unmistakably told me that he had no idea of what I had been speaking. During

the rest of the walk out, we talked of the weather, and the state of the crops; and he pointed out such objects as he thought likely to interest me. At length we found ourselves at the foot of the cliff; and almost immediately a black patch in the bluish-gray slate presented itself, and, as I expected, proved to be a fragment of the well-known Devonian fossil, *Stegano-dictyum*—now known to be fish. The moment its true character was disclosed, I was down on my knees, with hammer and chisel, endeavouring to extract it; whilst John exclaimed—

"Why, what be about?"

"Do you see this black patch?"

"Ees, I zee it plain enough."

"Well, that's a fossil, and I'm trying to get it out."

"Oh, that's a fossil, is it? What *is* a fossil?"

"Sit down, John, and I'll try to explain. Do you suppose there are any dead shells, or fish bones, lying on the bottom of the sea yonder?"

"Of course there is."

"What is the state of the river, in yonder beautiful valley, after heavy rain?"

"Why, very muddy."

"When there's a very heavy gale, throwing violent waves on this cliff, does the cliff ever give way?"

"Oh, yes—there's always some part or other of it wasting."

"Very well. Now, the mud which the river brings down from the country, as well as that which the waves tear from the cliffs, finds its way to the sea, as you know; and, sooner or later, it settles on the bottom of the sea, and buries up such remains of dead animals or vegetables as may be lying there, and forms a new sea bottom; on which, by and by, other shells, and things of that nature, will find their way; and these will be buried in their turn. Now, if this work goes on for a very long time, the mud and sand carried into the sea will form a very thick mass; and if you can suppose it to become more or less hard, it will be a rock, with remains of dead animals in it. And if it should from any cause get raised above the sea, the waves would begin to break it up, little by little, just as they break up the rock on which we are sitting; and, after a while, any person who carefully looked for them would be able to see the shells, and fish bones, and so on, that had been buried

very long before, and he would call them fossils."

"But do you mean to say that that's the way that black thing got into this rock?"

"Yes, that's what I mean to say."

"Was this rock mud once?"

"Yes."

"Not made when the world was made?"

"Oh, dear, no. It was made very long since. There are rocks of very great thickness in other parts of the world, made in the same way, and some of them are much older, and others much newer, than this."

"Well, you *have* opened my eyes. I'll tell 'ee what 'tis—I've lived longer this morning than in all the years of my life before. So, that's a fossil, is it? Was it a shell or a fish bone?"

"There's a difference of opinion about it at present. None of them are very perfect; and some say it's a piece of sponge, whilst others think it's part of a fish."

"Well, never mind! 'Tis a fossil. Let me look at 'en, and then I'll try to find some."

He accordingly proceeded to inspect the rocks, and in a few minutes cried out—"Here's one," "Here's another;" and, in a short time, detected several good specimens.

On our journey back, John asked me numerous questions, most of them very pertinent, and some of them by no means easy to answer. At the inn I betook myself to the "parlour," in order to greater quietude for writing. John felt himself happier in the kitchen; but, as the one room opened out of the other, I frequently heard my zealous disciple repeat to the villagers who came in from time to time—though with sundry modifications and some errors—the lecture he had heard in the morning; the invariable peroration being—

"I'll tell 'ee what 'tis—I've lived longer this morning than ever I lived all the years of my life before."

TABLE TALK.

EVERY traveller on the Great Northern Railway, to or from the metropolis, must have noticed, on rising ground near Hornsey, a large and important-looking edifice; and if he asked what it was, he was told, "The Alexandra Palace, Muswell-hill." A not improbable second question would be, What are they going to do with it? This query can now be answered in a most satisfactory way.

A tontine is to be established—a sum of 850,000 guineas is to be raised by subscription; and by this means the palace and park are to be purchased and thrown open to the public, in a state of completeness within doors and without. The Alexandra Palace is splendidly situate, on a site commanding views of great beauty; it is surrounded by a park 400 acres in extent, containing a racecourse, turfed rides, and grounds suitable to the enjoyment of archery, cricket, croquet, and every outdoor sport. Nearer to London than Sydenham, and very easily accessible from all parts at a merely nominal sum, under good management it must become the Crystal Palace of the north of London. The Alexandra Palace will afford a magnificent place of recreation both for Londoners and visitors from the country; and we sincerely hope the committee will be successful in carrying out their plans. The whole property is to be sold, and the proceeds divided among the subscribers in 1886. The tontineer, or subscriber, will have, therefore, the right of participation in the money realized by the sale of the property fifteen years hence, if he live to see that day; while his representatives, if he die, will receive 20s. for every 21s. he subscribed, from a life assurance. He will have, also, tickets of admission to the palace, and a right of participation in certain art-union distributions, to be established hereafter. In addition to these inducements, the subscriber will be helping to provide a popular place of innocent and healthful recreation for a vast number of persons who at present are without it.

THE WIMBLEDON REVIEW of 1871 is over, and unfortunately leaves us but little room for congratulation on its success. Perhaps no volunteer review ever yet held has displayed so much the inefficiency of the reserve force as this last one at Wimbledon. When we see such miserable mistakes made as were undoubtedly made at Wimbledon at this last review, it is time that compliments should give way to plain truth. We are told of whole battalions being placed in positions which, in actual warfare, would have ensured their annihilation in five minutes; of regiments which, when ordered to prepare to receive cavalry, made a hopeless jumble in their attempt to form squares. It is recorded even that some officer, being asked whether he belonged to the attacking or defending party, was forced to admit that he

was "Dashed if he knew." Other regiments were left on the field in perfect vacancy, awaiting orders from staff officers who never appeared. One thing is certain through the whole affair, that "somebody blundered." The great want of the volunteer force, and a want which has been expressed *ad nauseam*, is tolerably well-disciplined officers. With the privates and non-commissioned officers but little fault can be found; and if the gentlemen who receive their commission from lords-lieutenant were half as well up to their duty as the men whom they are supposed to command, there would be fewer exhibitions so humiliating to the feelings of the nation as the last review at Wimbledon. The suggestion has been made in various forms before, and there can certainly be no harm in repeating it—namely, that all commissioned officers of volunteer regiments be compelled to undergo a training and examination, as strict as are imposed on young officers in the regular army.

A MORE PLEASING reflection connected with the Wimbledon meeting is the hearty evidence of loyalty to this country which the Canadians have given us, by sending representatives of their own volunteer force to compete with the citizen soldiers of the mother country in the use of the rifle. And they have showed themselves no mean shots. One of the most successful competitors was a certain Dr. Ozonyhatchka, whose name we confess ourselves unable to pronounce. Without any inquisitive desire to go into the pedigree of the learned crack shot; one can scarcely help thinking of Longfellow and his "Hiawatha," with the quaint aboriginal names so plentifully scattered through that peculiar poem. And the thought rises involuntarily in our minds—Is the gentleman who has proved himself such an adept in the use of the rifle a descendant of some mighty Indian hunter of the old colonial days?

THROUGH THE LENGTH and breadth of Scotland, our brethren across the Tweed are busily preparing for the approaching celebration of the Scott Centenary; and there is scarcely a town of any importance that is not making ready to pay due honour to the memory of the Wizard of the North. It is worthy of remark, however, that the "Wizard of the North" is an epithet which was long ago applied to a Scott. Michael Scott, the

Merlin of Scotland, was a wizard in his way—a wizard of the good old-fashioned type—and only less universally triumphant than his descendant. The hoofs of Michael's magic steed made the towers of Notre Dame shake to their foundations as he chafed in his stable at Drummelgier. The magic pen of Walter—the wizard of later times—however, has done more than shake towers; it has shaken the hearts of men.

TOUCHING THIS SCOTT CENTENARY, I have heard the question asked by more persons than one—why, Sir Walter having been born on the 15th, the anniversary should be held nearly a week before—namely, on the 9th; but a wag of my acquaintance made the most suggestive reply to the query I have yet heard. "Oh," said he, "it would never do to have it later—for who would miss the 12th, and the first day of grouse shooting, for the sake of Sir Walter Scott, or anybody else?"

THERE HAS BEEN a Cat Show at the Crystal Palace, and such has been its success that our feline friends are to hold another reception in the autumn. One important fact, however, must be noticed in the report of this interesting and peculiarly domestic exhibition; and that is, that the much-desired and not-to-be-discovered tortoise-shell Tom was not there. There were tabby Toms, black, blue, and Siamese Toms, and a wild British Tom; but no tortoise-shell Tom cat. A friend of my acquaintance, who has been a fancier of cats for the last fifty years, tells me that during that time he has possessed many rare and beautiful varieties of both home and foreign breeds, some of which were handsome tortoise-shells; and that he has always endeavoured, by mixing the breeds in every way, to procure a male of this peculiar colour; but that, with the vast number of kittens that have come to hand during this long period, he has invariably found that if there was the slightest appearance of a single *black* hair on one, otherwise *white* and *orange*, so sure would it prove a female; and thus, *vice versâ*, an orange hair appearing on a black and white skin, even in the smallest degree, would immediately proclaim the gentle sex. Tortoise-shell Tom cats have certainly been advertised from time to time for sale; but, in all these instances, a solution of the nitrate of silver has been freely used to aid the imposition. Another

curious fact with regard to cats, which has not perhaps been generally observed, is, that yellow female cats are almost as rare as tortoise-shell Toms.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN tells a story of an old toper whose neighbour, while he sat at dinner, having called his attention to a fine dish of grapes, turned away from them with the remark that "it had never been his habit to take his wine in the form of pills." Last year, when the vineyards were laden with ripe fruit, war raged between two great wine-producing countries of Europe, and in whole districts the people were too busy to press their grapes. This year's harvest seems likely to be a good one, both in the champagne and claret growing districts of France, and in the lovely Rhineland vineyards; and the fruit will be gathered under happier auspices, for Peace again blesses those lands with her smiles. There will be wine in abundance, let us hope, both for export and home consumption. The growers, having nothing else to occupy their attention, will ferment the juice of the grape as aforetime; and only the denizens of the vine-clad mountain slopes, and lucky British tourists who visit them, will this year take the fruit of the vine in the form of pills.

ONE IMPORTANT CHARACTERISTIC of Holy Writ is, that no attempt is made by historian, prophet, or evangelist to give to us an insight into the mysteries of Heaven, or tell us in what the happiness of a future state will consist. We are left—on the brink of eternity even—with Faith for our hope and assurance. This uncertainty, arising from the reticence of the inspired writers on this subject, has led, among uneducated and simple people, to curious inquiries and statements of belief. The story, to wit, of the dying collier, who asked the minister at his bedside if they would have wings in a future state of existence; and on receiving an affirmative answer, instantly offered to "floy" him for a sovereign when they both met in Paradise. Here no profanity was intended: the man's happiness had been bound up in the swiftness of his carrier pigeons here; hereafter he hoped to ply his wings himself. His mind was capable of no conception of a higher degree of felicity. That story is almost equalled by this account of a pious old woman's belief as to the occupation of the Angels:—Among

the parishioners of a Welsh village there was a model old woman: so pious, so clean, and moreover such a scholar, for her station in life. She lived to a great age; and, in her last illness, she sent to the parsonage to beg a little preserve. Now, as the parsonage was at the time out of that commodity, some good jelly was substituted for it; and the clergyman took it himself, with excuses, to the old lady, whose cottage was near. "I thank you, sir," said the sick woman; "but I hope soon to be where I can have plenty of preserve and jam. There is no waste there," waving her hand in the direction of the parsonage; "no waste there." "Where do you mean, ma'am?" said the parson. "I mean in Heaven, sir; for you know we read of the tree which bears twelve fruits—yielding its fruit every month. Now, you don't think that so much fruit will be thrown away? No, sir; depend upon it, the angels are busy for a constancy preserving it. So, when I get to Heaven—which I do hope to do ere long—I shall ask in a pretty manner, and no doubt I shall there receive as much jam and preserve as I can want."

ON OR ABOUT the 4th of August, the urchins of our London streets delight to erect grottoes of oyster shells; and, what is worse, to pester every passer-by with the suggestion that he should "Please remember the grotto—only once a-year!" It is not known by people in general, still less by the urchins themselves, that this grotto building is a tribute to the memory of the good St. James. The conventional representation of the saint was a pilgrim to his own shrine, staff in hand, and in his broad-leaved hat one of the scallop shells, the old emblems of pilgrims or palmers in former times. This led to oysters being considered appropriate to his festival; so that the 25th of July, Old Style, ushers those delectable bivalves in, and the grottoes built with the shells are in reminiscence of the shrine of St. James, of blessed memory.

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IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR GUY DE GUY."

CHAPTER II.



THIS is the letter—the momentous letter—which had awakened emotions so new and so deep in the mind of the gentle maiden, that she had fond-

led and nursed it like a tender, sensitive, living object, without being able to summon up the courage needful to peruse it. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR MISS BETSY—I have the pleasure of sending herein, for your good uncle's advantage, the famous Delhi problem; and I promise myself the gratification of calling this evening to bring the solution, and also a bottle of Frangipanni, which I have just picked up. Hoping to find you both in your wonted good health, believe me very sincerely yours,

"WALTER FREEMAN."

And this bald, barren note is the thing which Betsy had so tenderly, so fearfully, hopefully hidden in her bosom, and pressed to her warm, expectant heart! This is the thing she had nursed as a joy too deep to be hastily tasted—too perfect to be enjoyed without deliberate preparation! This is the thing she had surrounded with the brightest halo of imagined delights, and had already enshrined in the sanctuary of her love!

Bah! Tears stood in Betsy's bright eyes, a pallor deadened her cheek; then a crimson flush of indignation suffused it. Her heart seemed for a moment paralyzed—but only for a moment; and presently her natural self-possession asserted itself; her emotion seemed subdued, her eyes were dry, and she laughed aloud at the foolish illusion she had thus long cherished.

Minutes passed, and Betsy still laughed. Her laughter grew shrill, spasmodic, convulsive, hysterical. It betrayed more than tears could have betrayed—a powerful reaction of feeling under a rude shock. It showed more than words could have shown—her woman's nature, her sensibility, and the depth of her unconscious attachment to Walter, and the violence of the blow dealt by these indifferent words.

And still Betsy laughed and sobbed, sobbed and laughed, until the full flood of emotion had run itself out, and there was a great prostration.

But Betsy, as I have said, possessed singular firmness of character, and a self-control beyond her sex. She rose from her grief, and above it, throwing it off as she would throw off a garment. Seating herself, she wrote thus to Walter:—

"DEAR SIR—I have laughed over your letter, especially about the Frangipanni. Dear uncle hates scents. He will scarcely be in a condition to study the problem you enclose, as he will doubtless return tired from his country walk. Pardon me, therefore, if I suggest that you do not trouble yourself to bring either the solution or the scent.—Sincerely yours,

"BETSY LILLYBOY."

Betsy folded the note very deliberately, as if it dealt with the most commonplace topic in the world, addressed to the most indifferent of correspondents; then put on her bonnet and shawl, went down the street to the pillar-box, and posted it there and then. Not until it had vanished down the throat

of the grim receptacle did she quite realize that she had done a decided and a clenching thing. It was past recall. Walter would understand that the door was closed to him. She was sorry—very sorry; but it was too late to falter in her firmness. Still, she was very, very sad; and peered into the sombre vortex in vain. Unlike hers, his letter was kind, she reflected—quite kind, although dreadfully disappointing. It was very cold, but very respectful. Ere she turned away from the letter-box, she could not refrain from indulging herself with the melancholy pleasure of another peep at his cold note. Drawing it from her pocket, she removed it from the cover, when an enclosure which had hitherto escaped her eye fell to the ground. Eagerly snatching it up, she read as follows:—

“DEAR MISS BETSY—While your dear uncle is studying the enclosed problem, may I ask your attention to another of a different character, which is its own solution. We have known each other now many years; and I feel the day has arrived for me to give expression to that which I may not have altogether concealed from you, and which is, that the friendship and respect of early days have ripened into a deeper feeling. Throughout our long acquaintance, I have striven to feel in relation to you merely as a friend—a friend of the truest character. In this capacity, I have permitted myself to study you in your inner nature, as one reads a profound but beautiful poem—dwelling upon the passages, admiring the purity, grace, and truth, and laying each to heart. The natural result of this absorbing, entrancing study of years is, that I have perfectly mastered the qualities of your nature, and I now plead to be allowed to conquer your heart. May I enter this sacred arena, and try my powers? If I fail, be it so: failure in so high an enterprise will involve no dishonour, and that shall be my consolation. If I succeed, a new and noble course of study lies before me—that of making your future as serene as your past, and to secure for you a condition of happiness which the vicissitudes of life shall not easily take away from you. I shall bring a little bottle of Frangipannni to-night. If you accept it, I shall view it as a joyful augury, and shall speak to you further. If you decline the gift—and I pray you to do so without hesitation, if your heart does not

vibrate to mine—I pledge myself to be henceforward mute upon this theme; and shall, if I may, continue to be to my latest hour, that which I have always been, your faithful and attached friend, “WALTER.”

As Betsy read these calm but burning words, she reeled and grew faint. A chill, a cold sweat, a ringing in the ears, and a haziness of sight came over her; and she would certainly have sunk to the ground but for a sturdy arm which was passed round her figure, and, gently supporting her, saved her from falling.

The sagacious and penetrative reader will at once divine that the strong arm so opportunely wound round Betsy's dainty waist was none other than the gallant Walter's, in accordance with poetical fitness and all dramatic precedent. I grieve to say that, as a faithful chronicler, I am bound to offend histrionic propriety, and cruelly to dash all the romantic speculations which the reader may have indulged in. The sturdy arm which so seasonably upheld the drooping maiden was—alas!—not Walter's, but Stivins's.

Stivins was the postman, and had at that particular juncture arrived at the letter-box, with a view to clear it of its contents.

Stivins, when off duty and out of his uniform, was a shoemaker; and Betsy was one of his most respected customers. Still Stivins, though a shoemaker, was a man—nay, he possessed the susceptibility of half a dozen men—and was a perfect knight-errant when it became a question of succouring some weaker vessel. It will, therefore, be readily understood that, when youth and beauty were allied to weakness, Stivins was not the individual to be found wanting.

“Good lor', miss!” ejaculated the fortunate postman as he laid Betsy's fair head upon his shoulder—“good lor', why you're fainting. Miss Lillyboy! Oh, what's the matter? There, there, I've got ye—you are quite safe!”

Thrice happy Stivins!

“'Tis only a slight—very slight faintness,” said Betsy, recognizing his voice. “Thank you, many times. I think I ran down the street too fast.”

And Betsy, rallying herself, presently recovered from her momentary vertigo, and regained her self-possession.

The gallant Stivins released her with a respectful salutation, assuring Betsy of the hap-

pininess he felt in being the humble means, &c., &c.

(I feel quite sure, from my own convictions of what my personal sentiments under like circumstances would be, that the gallant and susceptible Stivins spoke the truth.)

Having delivered himself of the appropriate sentiment which the occasion demanded, Stivins inserted the key into the door of the letter-box.

As Betsy turned to leave, a thought flashed across her mind, arresting her step and stirring her with renewed emotion.

"Mr. Stivins," she faltered, "may I ask you to do me a great kindness?" And she pressed her hand against her aching heart. "I hope you will forgive me!"

Happy Stivins!

"Forgive ye, Miss Lillyboy! Lor' a mercy, wouldn't I do anything in the world to oblige ye, and be proud!"

(Stivins, you will remember, was a man as well as a shoemaker.)

Betsy's face brightened; so likewise did Stivins's.

"It is in your power to do me a very great service, if you will."

Envious Stivins!

"Please name it, miss—do, please; your orders shall be punctually attended to."

And the peccant Stivins thought of the dainty foot it had been his privilege to measure, in the exercise of his calling.

Betsy collected herself for a great moral effort—

"I have just posted a letter here, addressed to Walter Freeman, Esq., Ivy Cottage, Stratford. It should not have been posted. Please give it me back."

A cold tremor passed through the postman as this modest request was preferred. It was apparently so trifling a matter, that Betsy looked for an instantaneous performance of it. Quite a minute passed—a minute of painful suspense to the maiden, a minute of extraordinary mental scrimmage to the postman. Deliver up a letter! Transgress the most stringent law under which he held his office! He saw it all at a glance. This was one of those traps designed by the Postmaster-General to test the letter carriers. Betsy was in malignant league with Sir Rowland Hill. This was one of those neat dodges by which postmen of doubtful virtue got tripped up. But Stivins could assure all the Postmasters-General in the universe, and all the Betsy Lillyboys who

were the tools of those lynx-eyed functionaries, that he was proof against temptation, and wasn't going to be caught with that bait. These were the reflections that occupied the subtle Stivins's mind for the one minute that Betsy stood waiting to see "her orders punctually attended to."

"Miss Lillyboy," he began, closing one eye, and turning the key in the lock—"I've been in her Majesty's service now over ten year, and have had all sorts of tricks tried on me. Letters sealed, and letters not sealed; letters containing coin, bank notes, picters, books, clothing. Yes; one very severe winter, I had a packet which I couldn't deliver nowhere, and it contained a warm flannel weskit. Yes, miss—all sorts of dodges to catch me; but I always resisted temptation, and I don't think even you could induce me to go and do them things now. Anything in the world, miss, except to give up a letter, I should have been so very, very happy to do."

"Oh! pardon, pardon!" ejaculated Betsy, with tears in her eyes. "Believe me, I never for a moment thought I was tempting you! I see it now—oh, pray forgive me! I was led away by my own blind selfishness. It seemed so trifling a thing, and it would have saved so much pain. But I am so sorry. I hope you are not hurt at my thoughtless request, Mr. Stivins!"

Before the postman could make a rejoinder of any kind, Betsy, overcome with shame and remorse, had quitted him and hurried home.

Her grief was apparently infectious, for the postman brushed something from his cheek with the cuff of his coat, and watched Betsy's receding form.

It took a minute for her to vanish, and the postman—who could, as we have seen, think a good deal in the space of a minute—was again engaged in a mental scrimmage. Presently, he emptied the letter-box, and pouncing upon a particular note, slipped it into his pocket instead of his bag. It was evident he was going to checkmate the Postmaster-General.

A fresh access of agitation overcame Betsy when she was once again in her little home; for self-reproach now succeeded the short-lived indignation that had so moved her, and a feeling of tenderness for the loving friend whom she had so hastily and unjustly repulsed now quite overcame her. But she had not time to surrender herself to the task

of arranging her confused thoughts, for a single rap at the door startled her from the reverie to which she was yielding—a single, dull, portentous rap!

Who could it be now? It wasn't her uncle this time, for he almost always rang and knocked.

But Betsy was not in the humour to waste time in speculation. She opened the door wide, and there stood the last person in the world she should have expected to see. It was Stivins!

"Oh, Miss Lillyboy," he faltered, "may I step inside a minute?"

"Certainly, Mr. Stivins. I hope you—you don't feel unwell. Step in."

The postman entered, and, without an invitation, sat down. He looked like a ghost.

"Please, miss, forgive me for the liberty, but the moment you were gone, I—I"—and Stivins wiped his forehead with the cuff of his coat—"I was thoroughly ashamed of myself for having suspected you were in league with the Postmaster-General."

"With whom?"

"With the Postmaster-General, miss. As if you'd go and lend yourself to such things! And then, when you said it would save so much pain, and looked so distressed, it cut me to the heart, miss; and I—I"—he wiped his moist temples again—"I determined to do it, and here it is." And Stivins laid a letter on the table. "'Walter Freeman, Esq., Ivy Cottage, Stratford'—that's the article, miss."

"Oh, no, no—Mr. Stivins, I couldn't—couldn't accept it, now that I know it was a temptation, and contrary to rules. Take it back."

And Betsy turned away.

"Miss Lillyboy," continued the postman, "it isn't my duty to make misery; and it is my duty to serve my neighbour, if I can."

"But the rules—the strict rules, Mr. Stivins. Oh, I can't take the letter back!" And tears flooded the damsel's eyes.

The reader knows that Stivins was a man as well as a shoemaker. He will therefore be prepared for a becoming act of self-devotion on his part, the instant he beheld so irresistible a sight. He bounded to his feet in a moment—

"Miss Lillyboy, if it costs me my appointment, I'd do it! Yes, if it ended in transportation, I'd do it!" And at this point Stivins looked almost heroic. "So there it is,

miss; and I'm proud, happy to have done you a kindness. There, there—not a word, please. I'm off! God bless you. I know I'm doing the right thing. Good bye, miss." And before Betsy could offer another word of remonstrance, the gallant postman was half-way down the street.

A delicious relief, a sweet sense of a trouble averted, a glowing gratitude warmed the breast of the fair maiden as she witnessed the postman's manly kindness and contempt of consequences, the moment he perceived that her distress was genuine, and not fabricated in collusion with the Postmaster-General. And there lay the hateful letter—the fatal instrument of so much sorrow—arrested in its course. Shall she burn it at once? No—she will read its cruel, cold utterances first. It will be a deserved punishment to her. It will also be a kind of joy that *her* eye, and not his, shall glance over the relentless page, thus so opportunely robbed of its venomous power. With a bitter joy, a self-gratulation, and a self-reproach, she burst the cover—and sank swooning and petrified when she read as follows:—

"DEAREST WALTER—The more I think of our engagement, the more content I feel; and I write a line, in case I shouldn't see you to-night, to say that everything is arranged as you wished for the 24th. Don't forget the ring. I'm so busy preparing.—In haste, believe me, dearest Walter, your ever-affectionate
"JULIE."

The gallant Stivins had given Betsy the wrong letter! As it happened, there had been a second addressed to Walter Freeman, posted at the same time and place. Unfortunately, the postman had not contemplated the possibility of such a fatal coincidence. Alas for Betsy!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1.

HONOUR paid to the memory of a man of genius long after he is dead may often be considered in the light of an atonement by posterity for the neglect which the object of their admiration endured at the hands of his own generation. Some men have been fortunate enough to have an honour paid to them in their own day, which—according to the cooler and more unbiassed judgment of posterity—has been little deserved. But for a man to be greatly

honoured in his lifetime, and perhaps still more greatly many years after, is a boon not often accorded, as the world goes, even to the greatest geniuses. Such, however, has been the fortune of the author of "Waverley." Even Shakspeare, if he could see the magic influence which he holds over the hearts of his countrymen of three centuries later, would be astonished at himself. To the memory of Sir Walter Scott, however, has attached a double blessing—the one, that he carried all men with him as he lived; the other, that now, on the hundredth anniversary of his birth, the love and admiration for his name and works are, perhaps, deeper and more affectionate than ever. It must be remembered, too, that Scott's fame has two bases—in fact, he may be said to have two reputations. In the first place, he is famous as a poet; in the second, as a novelist—two qualifications very seldom combined. It is a common mistake with many people, in their homage to the powers of Sir Walter Scott as a novelist, to place his poetic efforts, as it were, in the shade; and this, after all, is perhaps rather the fault of Sir Walter himself than of the public. He started as a poet, and made himself the most popular minstrel of the day. But the brilliant outburst of Byron's genius threw Scott's name into the shade; and he there and then abandoned verse, and began to write novels, which immediately gave him a popularity in the blaze of which his reputation as a poet was but as a faint glimmer. But it must not be forgotten that, even if Sir Walter Scott had never written a line of prose in his life, his fame would have been a lasting and an enviable one. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," when it first appeared, carried society by storm. It led it onward with an excitement of the heart as well as of the intellect such as even the most passionate lovers of poetry had never experienced before. The narrative form of the poem had, no doubt, much to do with this. But a new theme had been touched. People, south of the Tweed at least, had little knowledge of or sympathy with the old traditions of Border chivalry. But Scott put new life into the fossil remains, and, with that magic power which he afterwards threw so marvellously into his novels, gave a living charm of romance to scenes and ideas long since forgotten. And this, with the peculiar aptitude of the rhythm to the subject, and the vivid glow of real poesy which illumined the

whole, brought from the general public a burst of surprise and admiration. In his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Scott adapted the manner of modern poetry to the rude, vigorous spirit of ancient metrical romance. He awoke, to the ears of a later and more refined generation, the minstrel notes of the bards of old—

"Who sung of Border chivalry."

Maintaining the antique character of the old ballad style, he brought back to modern eyes the habits of life, the feudal usages, and the weird superstitions of times the traces of which, if they had not altogether passed away, had left at least but the faintest reflection of the fierce glories of more ancient days. How vividly is placed before us the old baronial hall, in the lines descriptive of Branksome Tower:—

"The tables were drawn: it was idlesse all,
Knight and page and household squire
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire.
The staghounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor."

And how warmly our blood mantles in our veins where we are told that—

"Many a valiant knight is here;
But he the Chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell;
When startled burghers fled afar,
The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell."

It is not our intention here, however, to enlarge upon the beauties of Sir Walter Scott's poetry. They are too well known, and too keenly appreciated at the present day—more so, perhaps, than at any previous time—to require any further tribute of praise. No author, perhaps, has been more fortunate than Sir Walter in obtaining from the public an almost immediate recognition of his genius, and, consequently, instant popularity. Jeffrey, in his criticism upon "The Lady of the Lake"—writing soon after its publication—says:—

"Mr. Scott, though living in an age unusually prolific of original poetry, has manifestly outstripped all his competitors in the race for popularity, and stands already upon

a height to which no other writer has attained in the memory of any one now alive. We doubt, indeed, whether any English poet *ever* had so many of his books sold, or so many of his verses read and admired by such a multitude of persons, in so short a time. We are credibly informed that nearly thirty thousand copies of 'The Lay' have been already disposed of in this country; and that the demand for 'Marmion' and the poem before us has been still more considerable—a circulation, we believe, altogether without example in the case of a bulky work, not addressed to the bigotry of the mere mob, either religious or political."

The same genius for reviving the glories of ancient tradition, and throwing a halo of romance over old Border life, which Scott had exhibited so remarkably in his poems, appeared with increased interest and power in his novels. His poetic essays were a sort of preliminary training for the splendid masterpieces of the future author of "Waverley." Novels will always command a greater number of readers than poems, be the latter never so exquisite; and in the narrative form of a prose romance, Scott found more extended play for the rich stores of legendary lore which, with such true antiquarian enthusiasm, he had been at such pains to gather up and perfect in his imagination. Of this industry, perhaps "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" is the best evidence. It was the fruit of long and tedious research in the national archives and the works of learned antiquarians, of diligent gleanings from the songs of the bards, and from the memories of old people then living. "The Minstrelsy" is, in fact, the essence of whole volumes, and of many a quiet "crack" with some ancient dame or decayed peasant, in whose simple intelligences the words and airs of some of the quaintest of the old Border ballads alone lingered. But all this but led up to the great pedestal on which the reputation of Sir Walter Scott principally stands—to his being the novelist of all novelists.

But even in the matter of fame there is much of accident. The genius of Scott happened to be called into play at precisely the right moment. The period of 1792 saw a great change in the tide of society. Revolutions had come into vogue; and in all classes of society the watchwords of the new dispensation of Reform were be-

ginning to make themselves heard. The sentiment, the devotion, the feeling of veneration for times past were rapidly fading out. The "good old days" were fast becoming a myth in the minds of men—save and except when the men were Tories of the staunch school.

The originals of such characters as Edie Ochiltree, Meg Merrilies, the Baron of Bradwardine, Sir Malachi Malagrowth, were fast disappearing. It was at this critical moment that the genius of Scott stepped in, and stemmed the current of oblivion. And Scott would have failed in the bold and novel task which he had taken upon himself, had not time, place, and circumstances combined to help him. In 1792 and following years, every circle contained some one who had been out in the year '45. Still greater were the facilities in the few previous years, while Scott was yet a boy: everybody had something more or less authentic to tell of the Great Rebellion, and the characters who played so brave but unfortunate a part in that last dying struggle of the Stuart dynasty. The seed of such narratives, from living witnesses, could fall upon no more fruitful soil than the poetic and impressionable mind of the boy-poet. A neighbouring farmer, for instance, had witnessed the execution of the rebels at Carlisle. The tale of horror went deep into the mind of the youthful listener, and afterwards ripened into the well-known thrilling account of the trials and death-scene at the close of "Waverley." Horace says that a poet is born, not made. We may almost say the same of the novelist; as the true novelist must be—at least, such a novelist as Sir Walter Scott. The poet, the painter, and the novelist are all closely allied. Each has some plan, feature, or character of human nature to portray; and the intuitive touch of genius is required to make the effort of the master effective. Placing aside his fine poetic gifts, Scott had the natural genius of a novelist. Even as a boy, although it is not reported that he "lisp'd in numbers," he certainly lisp'd in story. "I believe," he says, "some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent" (telling tales) "at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed

at our tasks. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry, and battles, and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered. We used to select for the scenes of our indulgence long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Craigs, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of these holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon." Thus we see that here the boy was father to the man; and the happy coincidence of circumstances gave the born novelist a splendid and hitherto untrodden field for the exercise of his native bent.

Scott, like every true son of Caledonia, was proud of his descent. As he says in the memoir of his early life, written by himself—"Every Scotchman has a pedigree: it is a national prerogative, as unalienable as his pride and his poverty." Scott's great grandfather, of the same name as himself, was well known in Teviotdale by the euphonious title of Beardie. This worthy derived his cognomen from his habit of wearing a long beard, in token of his regret for the fallen house of Stuart. Beardie was the grandson of Walter Scott, commonly called in tradition "Auld Watt of Harden." And, says Scott himself, "I am therefore literally descended from that ancient chieftain whose name I have made to ring in many a ditty, and from his fair dame, 'The Flower of Yarrow'"—no bad genealogy for a Border Minstrel.

The father of Sir Walter Scott was educated as a writer to the Signet. Nature had not altogether fitted him for that profession; but, by dint of perseverance and hard labour, he rose to some degree of eminence in the legal circles of Edinburgh. His ways and manners, however, and his habits of thought, were too simple—some would say too punctilious on points of what he considered gentlemanlike honour—to make him a good practical attorney. Sir Walter himself, speaking of his father with the true affection of a son, says:—"My father was a singular instance of a man rising to eminence in a profession for which nature had, in some degree, unfitted him. He had, indeed, a turn for labour, and a pleasure in analyzing the abstruse feudal doctrines connected with conveyancing, which would probably have rendered him unrivalled in the line of a

special pleader, had there been such a profession in Scotland; but in the actual business of the profession which he embraced—in that sharp and intuitive perception which is necessary in driving bargains for himself and others—in availing himself of the wants, necessities, caprices, and follies of some, and guarding against the knavery and malice of others, Uncle Toby himself could not have conducted himself with more simplicity than my father. Most attorneys have been suspected—more or less justly—of making their own fortunes at the expense of their clients. My father's fate was to vindicate his calling from the stain in one instance—for in many cases his clients contrived to ease him of considerable sums. Many worshipful and be-knighted names occur to my memory who did him the honour to run in his debt to the amount of thousands, and to pay him with a law suit or a commission in bankruptcy, as the case happened. But they are gone to a different accounting, and it would be ungenerous to visit their disgrace upon their descendants. My father was wont also to give openings, to those who were pleased to take them, to pick a quarrel with him. He had a zeal for his clients which was almost ludicrous. Far from coldly discharging the duties of his employment towards them, he thought for them, felt for their honour as for his own, and rather risked disobeying them than neglecting anything to which he conceived their duty bound them. If there was an old mother or aunt to be maintained, he was, I am afraid, too apt to administer to their necessities from what the young heir had destined exclusively to his pleasure."

This benevolent lawyer, although a man of very stiff and formal manners, and the strictest of Calvinists, was yet, as may readily be imagined, a man of the most unaffected kindness of heart, and his hospitality among his friends was proverbial. He had one curious fancy, however, which his son did not so greatly admire. He was a man of handsome face and portly bearing, and, to use his son's own words, "he looked the mourner so well, that he was often invited to funerals;" and, it is said, participation in these last sad offices was one of his greatest enjoyments. Perhaps no more graphic idea of what Scott's father was like can be given than the character of old Fairford in "Redgauntlet."

Scott's mother was, in her maiden name,

Anne Rutherford, the eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. She was a well-educated woman, and, like her husband, rather distant and formal in her manner; but, unlike him, short in stature.

The family of this worthy couple was a numerous one. They had twelve children in all. The first six, however, died in infancy; and among these, it may be mentioned, one had already been named with the time-honoured family prænomen of Walter. Of those who survived, the first was Robert, who afterwards became an officer in the East India Company's service, and died in India. The second, John, was a major in the 73rd Regiment. He retired from the army on half-pay, his health totally broken, and died while yet comparatively a young man. The third was a second Walter—the great Walter himself. The next on the list was Thomas Scott. "Poor Tom," as his brother pathetically exclaimed—"a man of infinite humour, and excellent parts." In the earlier part of his life, he followed his father's profession; but, owing to rash speculations, was unfortunate. He afterwards became paymaster of the 70th Regiment, and died in Canada. Perhaps more interest attaches to this brother of Sir Walter than to any of the others, on account of the absurd suspicion that was at one time entertained that he, and not the Great Magician, was the real author of the *Waverley Novels*. The sixth and last of the family was Daniel. The career of Daniel was melancholy. There is a black sheep in every flock, it is said; and this Daniel was the "black sheep" of the Scott family. "Last and most unfortunate of our family," says Sir Walter himself, "was my youngest brother, Daniel. With the same aversion to labour—or rather, I should say, the determined indolence—that marked us all, he had neither the vivacity of intellect which supplies the want of diligence, nor the pride which renders the most detested labour better than dependence or contempt"—a character which, unfortunately, has applied both before and since, and with the same sad results, to many another besides Daniel Scott. Daniel died as he was returning home in disgrace from the West Indies. Sir Walter had discarded all connection with him some time before his death; and so bitter was the feeling of the great poet against his brother, that, at the news of his death,

he even refused to put on mourning for him. To the credit of Sir Walter's innate goodness of heart, however, it must be added that he afterwards deeply deplored this apparent want of brotherly feeling.

Our business, however, is with the great author himself. Sir Walter Scott was born in a house belonging to his father, at the head of the College-wynd. This house was afterwards pulled down to make room for a part of the new College. Judging from the accounts of young Walter's earliest experiences of "his weary round of life," the world was more than once in danger of never hearing more of Walter Scott than of any other ordinary infant who dies before his time. He was born a healthy child; but, owing to his first nurse being ill of consumption, he was within a hair's-breadth of being carried off by the same complaint himself. The nurse was changed, however, in time; and he was consigned to the care of a healthy peasant, who often boasted in after-years, when the infant had become the great man, of "her laddie" being "a grand gentleman." He next had a teething fever, at the end of which he was left with the loss of all use of his right leg. But the most miraculous escape of all from a sudden and permanent extinction of his worldly prospects is best told in his own words:—

"An odd incident is worth recording. It seems, my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, that I might be no inconvenience in the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her—in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh. As my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred of poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection; for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the Craigs, meaning—under the strong temptation of the Devil—to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subjected to any further temptation so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed, of course; and, I have heard, became afterwards a lunatic."

Scott's early schooldays, like those of many men of genius, gave no very brilliant promise

of the career to come. The chief thing which was remarked in him was his power of memory; and his master, the celebrated Dr. Adam, would often call him up to settle some question of dates. Scott was not generally considered a dunce; but he was, as he says, "an incorrigibly idle imp—constantly glancing, like a meteor, from the bottom to the top of the form." Although he was lame, he was always first in all athletic sports, and feats of strength and daring. He was the swiftest of runners, the most vigorous kicker at football, and the most redoubtable of pugilists. Occasionally, mimic battles were fought between the children of the townsfolk and the more aristocratic youths of the High School; and in these engagements young Scott was always the ablest of commanders. In fact, this taste for things martial was natural within him; for after he left school—in 1783—he appears to have had a strong desire for a military life. His infirmity, however, was an insuperable bar to the realization of his dreams—and his disappointment was bitter. A story is told of him, that, in an agony of mortified feeling, he suspended himself by his wrists from his bed-room window; and when he was discovered in this perilous position, explained that he wished to prove that, even if he was unfitted by his limbs for the profession of a soldier, he was strong enough, at least, in his arms. His school career ended, the University of Edinburgh was, as with most young men of family at that day, his next destination. But his delicate health required a temporary rest; and he remained for some time at Kelso, under the pleasant roof of his aunt Janet. Here he laid the first permanent foundation of his antiquarian studies. Percy's "Reliques" fell into his hands; and it requires little imagination, considering the native bent of his mind, to understand how eagerly he filled his mind with the quaint beauties of the newly acquired treasure. The place where he was living, too, was of a peculiarly solitary nature. He had few companions, and fewer books; but in the picturesque valley of the Tweed there was endless food for the romantic disposition of the future poet and novelist. Here was the ruined church of Kelso Abbey, whose mitred abbot stood first on the rolls of Parliament, and who was often the entertainer of kings. At this abbey, important "treatises" were signed; and here the monks first introduced "a kind of burn-

ing stone" from Northumberland—which later generations know by the name of coal—while they supplied their labourers and the poor with "beef by the yard" gratis, and beer at "seven laggans by the penny." On the opposite side of the river was the field of St. James, and the site of the once-populous city of Roxburgh—now scarcely to be traced by the green mounds which mark the course of its walls, while the ruins of its ancient castle stand a monument of former glory. The Abbey of Jedburgh on one way, and Melrose Abbey on another, were within a few miles of his uncle's house. The rugged heights of Rubershaw and the triple-cleft crown of the Eildon Hills, bounded the horizon. The bastle or bastle houses of the Cars and the Douglasses were dotted over the face of the country. The famous trysting tree; the beacon on the mountain; the fine bridge over the Tweed, below its confluence with the Teviot, commanding some of the finest views in the country; the Abbey of Dryburgh, Scott's last resting-place—were all features of the landscape which teemed with old and hallowed associations.

Here also he made the acquaintance of James Ballantyne, a man with whom he had so much to do in later life; and many a pleasant walk the two friends enjoyed along the beautiful banks of the Tweed.

He did not remain long here, however, but soon went on to Edinburgh. Scott's classical studies at the University did not bring him much *kudos*. His Greek, indeed, was so poor, that he earned from his compeers the title of the "Greek blockhead."

The next few years of Scott's life possess little beyond passing interest. In his sixteenth year he began to study for the bar, under the tutorship of his father and Mr. Dick, the Professor of Civil Law in the University. But law was not Scott's forte. After a few years' practice, which brought but little grist to the mill, he gave up all idea of success as an advocate, and threw himself heart and soul into literature. This was, in the first place, owing to an introduction which he chanced to obtain to Lewis, the author of "The Monk"—or, as he is more commonly called, Monk Lewis. Lewis had written some imitations of the German ballad poets, which had gained him a somewhat wide, although ephemeral fame. This fired Scott's ambition. As yet he had written scarcely a line of verse, and certainly had not "lisp-

in numbers." "I had not for ten years," he says, "indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *dove*, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame." He accordingly commenced a translation of Bürger's "Lenore." This poem consisted of sixty-six stanzas, which he began one evening after supper, and finished by daybreak the following morning. But this poem, and another—"The Wild Huntsman," which he published with it—like many other first attempts, were comparative failures. The next year, 1797, he became quartermaster in the Edinburgh Volunteer Light Horse, and in this year also he got married. The lady of his choice, as is often the case with other less distinguished mortals, was not his first love. Some time before, Scott had fallen hopelessly in love—and we say hopelessly, because his suit was unsuccessful—with the beautiful, blue-eyed daughter of Sir John Stuart, of Fettercairn. But the heart of the lovely blonde was already disposed of, and the rejected suitor was on the verge of despair. But disappointed lovers not uncommonly outgrow their first passion; and so it was with Scott. He was on a tour in the lake country some short time afterwards, when one day riding near Gilsland, the well-known watering place, in company with Adam Fergusson, they met a young lady whose charms struck them so forcibly that they followed her, and found that she was one of a holiday party at the Spa. Sir Walter and the fair stranger soon became acquainted. The lady was Miss Margaret Carpenter, the daughter of a French refugee, and possessed of an annuity of £400 a-year. She was of exactly an opposite type of beauty to that of his first love—a charming brunette, with dark hair, deep brown eyes, and an olive complexion; and "with an address hovering between the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent." Sir Walter again fell madly in love; and a good story is told of him and his bosom friend and brother advocate, Shortreed, sitting up till one in the morning, toasting the poet's new inamorata in repeated cups of "mountain dew." On the

24th of December, 1797, four months after their first meeting, Sir Walter Scott and the beautiful French lady were married at Carlisle.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER IX.

I USE MY OWN DISCRETION.

IF I had ever been at a play, I should have believed myself to have seen the first act of one played out in the sylvan shade, as in Master Shakspeare's time. For here we had "a green plot" and "a hawthorn brake;" and I rubbed my eyes, for I could not help fancying that Puck had been playing tricks with magic juices, that had put us into a strange confusion.

Neither Clarinda nor I spoke until Sir Everard was out of sight. Then I broke the silence.

"Why does he not come to the house?" said I.

"My dear child," said she, "his coming hither is a secret. None at Selwode must know of it. He took you for my waiting-maid at first—and, indeed, in that old-fashioned gown you look no better—and was mighty put out when he found who you were. But I told him you were quite safe, and he need not fear your betraying him."

"Safe!" said I. "What do you mean, Clarinda?"

"That you will not mention to a soul that Sir Everard Tylney has been here."

"My mother."

"Tush! the very last person in the world. She knows nought of life as it is in town, and would not understand; and may be might write and tell Harry."

"Then did not Harry know that Sir Everard was coming to Selwode?"

"Of course not," she answered, in great surprise.

"I thought he was a friend of Harry's?"

"So he is. They are such good friends that 't would be a pity they should fall out." And she gave a little shudder, adding—"Such quarrels always end with a duel."

"And you are willing to risk such a possibility?"

"No! It is you who would bring it about by speaking of Sir Everard."

"And do you mean to say, Clarinda, that

for the sake of such a fop as the man who has just left us, you are willing to take the chance of all the trouble and danger that may come of his being seen here?"

"Such a fop!" she exclaimed, echoing my words. "You greatly mistake: he is a man of the first fashion; of wit unquestionable; has killed I don't know how many men in duels. Half the women in London would give their diamond buckles to have it said he had come all this way to see them. You don't know what an honour it is."

"That I do not," said I. And my yearnings after the great world I had so longed after seemed to dwindle down, and I thought of Uncle Oliver's words that "'Twere perhaps better I should stay at Selwode."

Then I spoke with a serious air—

"I thought you cared for Harry, Clarinda!"

"So I do; but then he is my husband, and one does not think so much of one's husband's attentions. Fancy how stupid 't would be if Harry wrote verses to me: the town would laugh at it! And then there would be nothing uncommon in Harry's coming down to Selwode to see me—all the world might know it. But Sir Everard Tylene is quite another matter. I did not think he would miss me so much. One feels like a character in a play, or in a romance. He seemed quite vexed to see me looking so well, and said I had no heart."

"Nonsense," I replied, impatiently; for indeed Clarinda seemed more of a child than myself as I heard her talking.

"Is he not handsome?" said she, after a pause.

"'Handsome is that handsome does,'" said I. "And Harry hath a better countenance."

"Always Harry," said she.

"Who else?" said I. "Send this Sir Everard off upon his business, and have nought more to do with him."

Clarinda laughed.

"My dear, you are mad. His admiration is quite a feather in my cap that more than one would be glad to wear."

"And does Harry know of his admiration?" I asked.

"Somewhat," she replied, hesitating. "He has read some of his verses, and says that they are not half so good as those he used to bring me before he was married; 'but,' says he, 'those were bought from a poet, these are only the work of an *amateur*.' But,

you see, Harry cannot even write *amateur* verses."

I scarce knew what to reply to her, for she appeared in no humour to reason with—her head was so crammed with the foolish notions she had got from the people of fashion with whom she mixed, and whose opinions she thought of more weight than mine or my mother's. But she was very urgent with me not to speak of Sir Everard, and implored me to keep silence, lest harm should come of it.

I did not want to promise, for I had kept nought secret from my mother, and I knew I should be doing wrong.

"And he is going away to-morrow," said she, "and none need ever know. I thought you had loved me better, Grace, than to bring trouble upon me."

"Are you sure he is going?" I asked.

"Yes, yes—he will go if I tell him. I will beg him to go, if you will only promise to say nothing."

"I won't promise," said I. "Yet, for this once, you may trust to my discretion."

"Where's the difference?" she asked.

"Much. I will not be bound. Yet if I can, without hurt to my own conscience, be silent, I will."

"That's not much to trust to," she answered.

"Try it," I said, shortly, for I was not well pleased. And so she was fain to be content; and perhaps she knew that I would not willingly grieve my mother, which I could not fail of doing if I told her all that had happened.

This weight upon my mind caused me to feel very grave, and as if I had grown several years older since morning. Clarinda, on the contrary, had an unusual elation of spirits, and moved about in so sprightly a manner, that my mother, watching her, said—

"You do credit to home, Clarinda; but, indeed, there is no purer air in England than at Selwode."

And so my gravity passed unnoticed; and I slipped away to my room, and took counsel with myself as to how I should demean myself; and I determined not to lose sight of Clarinda until I had seen the last of Sir Everard. When I told her so, she seemed somewhat vexed; but I said—

"Remember, I was to use my discretion, or the silence was at an end."

"Pretty well for a younger sister," said she, peevishly.

But I was determined to have my own way. Somehow, I knew that it was the right way—it was all clear before me without an argument upon the subject. How could Clarinda bestow a thought on this vain coxcomb, when there was good, honest-hearted Harry, with his bright handsome face and tender ways—worth a score of him?

My heart beat quick enough the next day, and I could scarce move my lips to speak as Clarinda and I took our way to the trysting. I felt like a guilty creature, and started and looked round a dozen times to see if any were following us.

"My dear," says Clarinda, "you would never do for a *confidante*—you would reveal a plot even before 'twas made, with your frightened face."

Yet she had been startled enough herself, the day before.

I had dressed myself with greater care to-day, having put on the blue taffetas that I had torn the day that Mr. Philip Lydgate visited us; and the sun catching the gold-brown hue that streaked my hair, made it glitter under my hat with the bunch of cherry blossoms in it.

Clarinda looked at me surprised.

"Why, child," she said, "how thou art improved by a little dress—'tis really a pity there is none to see thee."

"There is no reason that Sir Everard should mistake me for a serving-maid again," said I; "it is fitting that he should have a better impression of Mistress Fanshawe's sister."

"Soho," said she—"then vanity is at the root of it!"

"As you please," I answered.

"I shall wax jealous," she replied, looking at me again.

"No need," I returned, quickly.

"Ah!" she said, "that is always the first answer."

But I was too indignant at the thought to retort as I might have done; and we went on without further speech until we reached the green lane, where we found Sir Everard lying on the turf, underneath a beech that drooped its branches lower than the other trees. He sprang up as we approached, making most profound bows, which sure he must have practised before his mirror, they were so complete and elegant.

"Cruel!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were never coming, and have passed hours of torture stretched on the rack of ingenuity

to discover wherein I had offended the peerless Narcissa."

"By your rash journey hither, Sir Everard, which hath taken Mistress Fanshawe by surprise," I answered—for Clarinda seemed so fluttered with pleasure at his address, that I feared she would lack the resolution to dismiss him.

"And I am to thank Mistress Selwode for the part of advocate that I see she is inclined to play," he answered, with a haughty bow.

"If it so please you," I returned.

"You must not mind Grace's speech," said Clarinda, hastily—for she noted the dark look that came into his face.

"Then I am to believe that the fair sisters—though they agree in beauty—differ in sentiment?"

"Nay," said I, "you misapprehend; my sister would but excuse my speaking in a plain, straightforward, country manner that is not the custom of the town; and I pray you also to excuse me, if my words sound not over-civil. As to the matter of my speech, we are both agreed, that unless you come as an honest guest to Selwode, it were better not to come at all."

"Grace!" exclaimed Clarinda.

And indeed I could have cried "Grace!" myself, with more notes of exclamation thrown into it than she had used; for I was full of wonder at the bold speech I had made. And yet I knew 'twas right, and so I stood my ground courageously.

"Plain speaking," quoth Sir Everard. "Your sister hath a touch of spirit, Mistress Fanshawe; and, i'faith, I'm not sure but what she's in the right."

I was so pleased with Sir Everard's acknowledgment of what I had said, that I looked more graciously upon him than I had hitherto done, and said—

"Thank you, Sir Everard."

But Clarinda looked vexed.

"And you sentence me to banishment?" he asked, regarding her fixedly.

"Unless you choose to turn the tables upon us, and to say, 'I can stay here no longer, for business demands my presence elsewhere,' and so make your adieux," said I.

"Mistress Selwode," he returned, bowing low, "I applaud your sayings. I have not met with so much wisdom for some time. Mistress Fanshawe, I shall do myself the honour of giving your sister as a toast upon the earliest occasion."

I could not detect any touch of sarcasm in his voice, though the speech sounded ironical. Clarinda, however, took his words in earnest, and said, with visible annoyance—

"You seem mightily pleased to have an excuse for returning to town."

He smiled as though her petulance pleased him, and said—

"Must I not obey commands? Is it not the duty of every true knight to do his mistress's bidding?" Then, suddenly becoming grave, he added—"And that speedily—lest I be tempted to disobey. Farewell!"

And taking Clarinda's hand, he bent low over it, but I could not see if he touched it with his lips.

I made a stately curtsy, saying—

"Farewell!"

And he, making as stately a bow, answered—

"Farewell, Mistress Selwode—and—*au revoir*."

And so he went.

It was all over in a marvellously quick space of time; but it is wonderful how short a time will suffice to accomplish a matter, if one does not waste it in much talking.

Neither Clarinda nor I spoke a word until Sir Everard was out of sight, and then I drew a deep breath of relief, and said—

"He's gone—and we may be thankful for it."

But Clarinda did not appear to rejoice as I did. She was more angry and vexed than she had any occasion to be; and, turning suddenly to me, said—

"I did not know you were such a vixen, Grace."

"A vixen?" I repeated, in surprise.

"Yes, a vixen; and sure Sir Everard thought so."

"I don't care what Sir Everard thought."

"He'll go and blazon your character all about the town," said she, trying to provoke me—for I could see she gave me no thanks for what I had brought about. "And if Sir Everard's word is against you, you'll not stand much chance of a lover."

For an instant I thought of Mr. Philip Lydgate, to whom I had perhaps been overpert in my manner; and the idea that Clarinda suggested was not pleasant. But, in another moment, I felt that it was not likely that Sir Everard would say aught about me.

"No, he won't," said I, firmly.

"Why not?"

"For his own sake," I replied.

And I would answer nothing more to her remarks; though, owing to her discontent, she taunted me all the way along the green lane till we came to the little gate leading into the park. I took no notice, however, for I knew she meant not seriously what she said, but that her words were owing to her temper being ruffled at having her wishes interfered with; though what pleasure she should take in Sir Everard's dangle about in so clandestine a manner was more than I could fathom.

CHAPTER X.

"AU REVOIR."

CLARINDA was in no hurry to return to the house; so we sat down under the great oak that my father had pointed out to Mr. Lydgate, and there I fell into a fit of musing over the different phases of life that were in the great world I knew so little of. I had already begun to see that my mother's fears were not so groundless as I had believed them, and that the glittering aspect the world made at a distance might not bear so well the test of nearer inspection.

"Tis horribly dull in the country," said Clarinda at last. "I wonder how I could ever have existed here. Trees and grass—grass and trees. Here a cow, there a flock of sheep; here a stream, there a mill, with its sails going flap-flap—till one is weary of the noise. My dear, I believe I should have died in Arcadia. One wants the bustle of a town—the sight of gallants and of fine ladies. No pastorals for me—a town eclogue is the only style of poem I have a fancy for."

And she jumped up, saying—

"Tis not so dull in the house as here; let us be going."

So I arose; and when we had gone on a little farther, we came in sight of the gardens, and Clarinda gave a sharp cry.

"Look!" said she.

I turned to see what had so affrighted her, but saw nothing near us.

"What is it?"

"Look!" And she pointed to the terrace walk, where were two figures walking. One was my mother, the other was a man, in appearance greatly resembling the one who had just quitted us. But we were too far off to see distinctly. We had been sauntering along; but Clarinda now mended her pace, and I must fain keep up with her.

"Who would have dreamed of such a

thing?" said she. "My dear, he has acted upon your hint, and this is the meaning of his *au revoir*. It is as excellent a stroke as was ever devised in a comedy."

"Pray Heaven it may not lead to a tragedy," quoth I, in an undertone.

"Pshaw!" said she. "Now he has made a proper introduction of himself to my mother, it is all right."

"But how will he explain?" I asked.

"Leave Sir Everard alone for that," she answered. "He is a consummate master in the art of innocent lying. We have nothing to do but to follow his cue."

And Clarinda, who had recovered all her spirits, tripped along joyously enough. It was my turn now to be put out of humour, for I liked not the turn that matters were taking. Therefore, I answered nothing to Clarinda's sallies, but employed myself in trying to divine how Sir Everard would manage explanations with my mother.

But when we reached the gardens, my mother, who was seemingly quite at her ease with her companion, came to meet us—Sir Everard exclaiming—

"*Au revoir*, fair ladies—pardon me for having stolen a march upon you!" And then, turning to Clarinda, he said—keeping his eye, however, on me also—"I have informed Mistress Selwode of my hasty meeting with you this morning, and how I departed, leaving you with the impression that I was at once returning to town. But when I reached the inn, I felt that, having made Mr. Selwode's acquaintance in London, I ought not to do less than call upon Mistress Selwode to inform her of his health, and to inquire whether I could be a messenger to him for her upon my return."

"Sir Everard tells me that your father is in excellent health and spirits; but he has doubtless told you this already," added my mother.

"No, he hath not," I said, curtly.

"Our greeting was too hasty," said he, as though he would guide my words. "I hope our further converse may be more at ease."

"Sir Everard told us that he had seen Harry," interposed Clarinda, who seemed willing to second him. "I must hear more about him now."

And then the conversation became general, and I was surprised to find how I was unwittingly made to bear witness to the false

rendering that Sir Everard put upon his account of our meeting; and yet I did but speak the truth. Nevertheless, he so contrived that all my words should act as testimony to his statements. There was certainly wonderful ingenuity displayed on his part, though 'twas ingenuity of which I could not approve. And my heart fell; and I wished myself with dear, good old Uncle Oliver, in the yew tree arbour, a dozen times before the conversation was at an end.

When Sir Everard had an opportunity of speaking to me so that my mother could not hear, he said—

"You see, Mistress Grace, I acted upon your hint, and went like an honest guest to the house."

"I were better than the other," I replied, being forced to say something.

"Then you do not approve of either?"

"'Tis sometimes best not to speak one's mind," I answered—for I felt more vexation than I wished to show.

"Yet you can speak your mind very plainly upon occasion, Mistress Grace?"

"When occasion warrants," I answered; "though I hope I may not have occasion again. Remember, I am but country-bred, Sir Everard, and do not understand town manners."

"Truth and simplicity, and all manner of virtues, dwell in the country," said he. "Will you not give to us poor city sinners some of your superfluous goodness?"

I believe there was a sneer in the man's voice, but I could not be sure; therefore I merely replied—

"I fear, Sir Everard, that we have none of us more goodness than we need for ourselves."

"Oh!" said he, incredulously, "I fancied you had enough for yourself, and to spare."

Clarinda, who had been walking on with my mother, here turned back to us.

"What," said she, "you are not surely quarrelling, after the gallant manner in which Sir Everard has brought us out of our difficulty! I am ashamed of you, Grace. We must teach her more gratitude, Sir Everard."

"I hope I shall have opportunity to do so," he answered. And he bowed to both Clarinda and myself.

Clarinda darted a quick look at me, and I could see that a doubt entered into her mind as to whom the compliment might be intended for. But I cared not to take it;

and, making some excuse, I hurried after my mother.

"Mother," said I, "have you invited this gentleman to dinner?"

"Yes," said she. "He tells me he is going to stay some days in the country for his health's sake, which has suffered through the stifling air of the town this warm season. He seems to know Harry well, and will take back an account of us all. He also appears to know the ins and outs of the Court; and he brings intelligence that is sure to put your father in spirits. For myself, I care not for these party matters; but 'tis your father's life—so 'tis pleasant, when things go favourably on his side."

"Then Sir Everard agrees with my father?"

"Yes—though he says he is not much of a politician; but that family connections keep him to the Tory party. He is more a looker-on; and he deprecates those who plunge too deeply into the strife. I find him a sensible man, and one pleasant to talk with."

I longed to tell my mother all about our interview, and all that I knew and thought; and yet I felt that 't would grieve her. And perhaps, after all, I might be making a mountain out of a molehill, and so doing much mischief; so perhaps 'twas wiser to be silent, and watch carefully, to see how things might turn out.

And, to my surprise, things took a very different course from what I expected; and Sir Everard's attention appeared to be removed from Clarinda, and bestowed upon me. And, what was equally surprising, Clarinda seemed to take it all in good part; which I should not have expected from that sudden look of hers when Sir Everard made his complimentary bow to us.

Yet so it was; and Sir Everard praised my looks through subtle compliments—also my conversation, which, he said, betrayed that pains had been taken with my education. Whereupon I told him that my uncle Oliver had read much with me when he came to Selwode, and that to him I was indebted for what knowledge I possessed. He had heard of Uncle Oliver, and of how well he stood among the scholars of the day; and said I was to be envied for having so erudite a Mentor. But, half the time, I could scarce make out whether he were in jest or in earnest.

"And you make so apt a scholar, Mis-

tress Grace, that it must be a pleasant task to be your tutor. I should count the office as a sinecure, which I should like to fill."

He spoke so earnestly, that I looked up inquiringly, and met his eyes fixed on mine.

Then I caught Clarinda gazing too, and she seemed greatly amused; though I saw no reason for her to laugh so immoderately as she did.

"Child," said she to me afterwards, "you must not be so simple. I believe, if you were in town, you would fancy every man to be in love with you."

"That I should not," I returned, warmly. "And as for this Sir Everard, I know not whether he speaks fair or false, and so I am in doubt every time he opens his mouth."

"Precisely," she replied. "You could not have explained your want of discrimination better."

"I shall be thankful when he is gone," said I.

"That is very ill-natured," she answered, "seeing that it makes so great a diversion for me; and there is no harm in receiving one's friends under one's father's roof."

"How can you call such people friends, Clarinda? How can one that has so little truth in him be depended upon? He will play you false some day, and then you will see with open eyes."

She looked steadfastly at me for a moment.

"I scarce know what to make of you, Grace. You are but a babe in some things; and yet there is a shrewdness about you that I marvel at."

"No shrewdness is wanted in the present case. Have we not with our own ears heard the man tell a score of lies since noon-tide?"

"He speaks better of you, Grace, than you do of him. He praises your hair and your eyes, and he likes your spirit—though 'tis exercised against him. I tell him he will be writing a sonnet to Mistress Grace soon, and I shall be jealous."

Yet she laughed as though there were no fear of jealousy—as how should there be?

"Jealousy in this case would be impossible," said I.

"How know you that?" said she. "Queens like not to have the loyalty of their subjects tampered with."

And, seeing I looked bewildered, she kissed me, and bade me "Good night."

CHAPTER XI.

I AM PERPLEXED.

SIR EVERARD stayed on at Selwode, taking up his abode at the inn, and employing part of his time in fishing—the rest in dangling after Clarinda and me.

He pretended to a great fancy for gardening, and won my mother's heart by the interest he appeared to take in her quaint-shaped beds and borders; also by procuring for her some wonderful Dutch tulips that were in time to bloom marvellously.

"They will make a gayer appearance in our climate than ever the Stadtholder did," said he.

Whereat Clarinda laughed, and praised the saying; but I was silent, thinking to myself of the old proverb, "Handsome is that handsome does." And I could not help feeling that if the late King's politics agreed not with ours, yet he had shown himself a great and noble man in many respects, and his name might possibly shine out with brighter lustre in the eyes of posterity than some of those of the more direct succession.

A perplexity fell upon me during this sojourn of Sir Everard's—though, perhaps, 'twas not of much importance to solve it—and this was, whether Sir Everard's admiration was more given to Clarinda or to myself. Sometimes it seemed one way, sometimes the other; and I was vexed to fancy that once or twice he sneered at Clarinda's fashionable follies and emptiness of knowledge. Yet, what better could one expect of the man than that he should speak against those he affected to admire, when in company with others? He did it so covertly, that I had not opportunity to answer; and yet I felt that he was seeking to gain my good graces at the expense of my sister—though wherefore, I was at a loss to understand, since it was scarce likely that one so much in the gay world as Sir Everard should deem it worth while to pay any court to me.

Clarinda seemed quite content with this division of admiration; nor did she even appear to care if the greater share fell to my lot—which, I must say, sometimes happened; insomuch that I could see, by nods and winks among the maids, when they thought none looked their way, that it was beginning to be supposed "that Mistress Grace had got a sweetheart."

And one night, when Bridget was combing

my hair, she—being one who had been long in my mother's service—ventured to say that—

"Sir Everard was a mighty fine gentleman. Such a one had never been seen at Selwode before."

I gave my head an impatient toss, which caused the comb to jerk out of Bridget's hand, and the diversion caused by her picking it up prevented my having to make any reply. Perhaps she took the hint that I desired silence on the subject, for she said no more. But I, stealing a glance in the mirror through the folds of my hair, saw that she was trying to keep down the corners of her mouth.

This angered me not a little; and Sir Everard having been more than ordinarily marked in his civilities the next day, I determined, in spite of the raillery I knew I should meet with, to speak to Clarinda.

The time I chose was when she came into my chamber for half an hour's chat, which she ordinarily did before retiring to rest; and when I told her of my misgivings, she, as I expected, began to laugh at my vanity, and to rail unmercifully about gold-brown locks, and star-like eyes, and the city gallant taken captive by the country maiden. Then, all of a sudden, she became more serious, saying—

"Nay, child, thou art so simple and innocent, it were a shame to tease thee."

And then she laughed again, till the tears ran down her cheeks. When she had again checked herself, she continued—

"Do not be afraid lest this Sir Everard, who hath won all hearts at Selwode, should have lost his in return. My dear, he has no more intention of falling in love with thee than with Matty the milkmaid, to whom he has given a set of cherry-coloured ribands. Do not trouble thyself, it is the prettiest little bit of comedy possible; but thou art not the heroine of the piece. It is the second act of the play, wherein my gallant, after having, by a bold stroke, gained admission to the house, and made himself agreeable to the mother of Narcissa, the further to carry on the plot, feigns love to the younger sister so successfully that he deceives every one, and I myself should almost fear for him, did I not know that Mistress Grace Selwode hath no fancy for him whatever." (I am glad she did me that justice.) "Mr. Congreve, Mr. Vanbrugh, or Mr. Steele would be delighted with such a hero for one of

their comedies. Be quite easy—'tis I, and I only, that Sir Everard adores."

And Clarinda unloosed the bands that fastened her hair, and let all her fair, shining curls float down to her waist. The delicate pink colour had flushed into her cheeks, and her blue eyes shone with excitement. She was indeed very pretty, and it was no wonder that Sir Everard thought so. No paint, no patches, no disfigurements: she had had the sense to keep clear of them, in spite of her other follies.

For a minute I could not speak, I was so overcome with amazement at the quiet manner in which Clarinda spoke of Sir Everard's unhandsome behaviour. At last I managed to gasp out—

"But, Clarinda, you are married!"

"So are many other people, my dear; and married before they have had time to know anything of the world, or its pleasures and diversions. It was all so quiet at Selwode, that I never saw any one until Harry came. And I never had any chance of being a belle, and of having all the beaux sighing after me, begging for a flower or a riband, or, it might be, a lock of hair. And as I had none of this admiration before I was married, it is but fair I should take a little now. Other married women do, and why should not I? 'Tis very harmless. Grace," she ended, earnestly, "don't marry till you have seen something of the world. I believe that a woman must have a certain amount of admiration, and never rests until she gets it."

And she sighed.

Was it indeed Clarinda who was speaking to me? I could scarce believe it.

"Poor Harry!" said I, in a tone of unfeigned pity.

"Not poor Harry at all. I am very good-tempered to him generally, and we never quarrel. Harry likes to see me admired; he likes hearing the beaux say, as I pass along to my box at the theatre, 'There is pretty Mistress Fanshawe. She looks better than ever to-night.' Or when I have my evening Assemblies, he is pleased to see me like a Queen receiving my subjects, and this one and that striving for a word or a look from me. And he read through a whole heap of verses one morning that had been writ to me; and said he, 'Why, Clary, it is well I married you before you were seen in town, or I should have had a poor chance.' And then we laughed over them together; for,

my dear, they were most of them languishingly ridiculous."

"Were there any of Sir Everard's amongst them?"

"I am not sure. No—I think not."

"Have you ever laughed over Sir Everard with Harry?" I asked, suddenly.

She hesitated.

"I told you once that Harry thought nothing of Sir Everard's verses," she said.

"That does not answer my question. I spoke of Sir Everard himself, and not of his poetry."

"We've scarce ever spoken about him," she said, trying to speak unconcernedly.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know why. I suppose Harry has never given it a thought."

"Then Sir Everard is the only one you and Harry have never laughed at?"

"Why do you want to know?" she answered, sharply. "Perhaps he is."

"That is strange," I replied.

"Why so? Is he not a great friend of Harry's? And Harry is not likely to laugh at his friends. He looks upon him as different from all the rest."

"So does his wife," said I, involuntarily.

"What do you mean?"

"That you don't care for the others, but you do care for this one."

She gave a start, springing from the couch on which she was seated. Her fair hair fell around her, and her eyes flashed.

"How dare you say so?"

"Let him go, then," I returned, quietly.

"A word from you will send him away from Selwode to-morrow."

"I could not be so unkind, so uncivil, after he has taken the trouble to come here."

"Then let me do it for you. It will give me no concern whatever. We shall breathe more freely when he is gone."

"You are the most uncivil creature in the world," said she; "and I believe Sir Everard thinks so. I believe you are jealous, Grace. Why should I send Sir Everard away, when he is so charming an addition to our party. I am sure my mother thinks so—and—no, I cannot, I will not hear of such a thing. The country is positively unendurable without society."

"I am to use my own discretion," said I, very slowly, pausing upon each word.

"And pray what may your discretion lead you to do?"

"My mother is a wise counsellor," I replied.

"And what are you going to say to her?"

"Is there any doubt?"

"Very great, I should think," said she.

"I may have been telling you a pack of falsehoods, for all you know."

"Not altogether. At any rate, my mother will discern."

"And so you would bring misery and unhappiness to me and Harry, and disgrace into the family, out of what doesn't concern you in the least. You have taken a malignant prejudice against Sir Everard, and you're doing everything in your power to make me wretched. You are very wicked, Grace. I am ashamed of you."

I was so confounded by her thus turning upon me, that I could not for some minutes think of any answer. So Clarinda went on—

"Out of your wicked jealousy," she said, "you will go and make matters so bad that nothing can mend them; and there will be a duel, and murder, and I know not what; and all because a silly girl can't hold her tongue for a few days. Sir Everard won't stay here for ever; and when he's gone, I suppose you will be satisfied. If you want to make a breach between me and Harry, do so—it will be a very sisterly way of showing your zeal."

I knew that what she said was unreasonable, and yet her manner of putting it made me feel that I might be wrong.

"I don't wish to make a breach—I don't wish to make trouble, but to save trouble," I answered.

"Then don't bring things to a crisis," said she. "You will do best by leaving me to manage my own affairs without your interference."

And with that she marched out of my room with a dignified air, as though she had had all the best of the argument, and had left me thoroughly worsted. And, indeed, so I was; for I found myself quite at a loss how to proceed. I threw myself in a great oak chair—covered with embroidery-work done by my grandmother—and casting my eyes around, they settled upon the portrait of my aunt Hetty, for the candle happened to be placed so that its light fell more directly upon that picture than upon any of the others.

It was, as I said before, a very sweet face;

but the mouth had a determined curve about it. The Selwodes must be a determined race!

Yet I should not have thought it of Clarinda. Any one could persuade her to anything ordinarily.

But in this case it was quite otherwise. Perhaps I had not taken the wisest course. If I had only my mother's wisdom to guide me—and this I was debarred from.

Clarinda's last words had given me a strange feeling of alarm. What did she mean by a crisis?

Aunt Hetty was unmarried; therefore, though 'twas a wilful thing, she was free to go with the Scotch preacher. But Clarinda had a husband.

I dare go no further in my meditations.

This Sir Everard must be a base, wicked man, to win the affections of his friend's wife—a traitor—unworthy! Surely she could be made to see it!

What should I do? What should I do?

STREWN FLOWERS.

I MET a maiden by a rill,
That blithely from a pine-clad hill
Came a-leaping:
She bore a garland wild and rent,
And plucked its flowers as she went
Sorely weeping.

Amid the flowers that she squandered
Her taper fingers trembling wandered,
E'er untwining
The gayest beauties of the wreath,
To strew the waters, that beneath
Rippled shining.

Yet clear her streaming eye, as though
The wasting tears had come to flow
Only lately.
So fair, so sad—aye, sad as fair—
Such beauty, linked with such despair,
Moved me greatly.

"O maiden, wherefore weepst thou,
While birds on every leafy bough
Mock thy sorrow?
They bid thee by their merry notes
From all the life that round thee floats
Joy to borrow."

The bird kingfisher, bright and blue,
Above the gleaming water flew
Like a dream;
And after him a dragon-fly,
With endless wheeling, darted by,
Down the stream.

Her eyes, now tearless, strangely shone.
She spake—the wild woe of the tone
Deeply moved me—
"The flow'rets plaited for my head
Shall deck my Edwin's bridal bed;
For he loved me.

"Up through the pool I saw him smile,
And knew him true, though caught by guile
Of the fairy;
Who, where the darkling water sleeps
Beneath the shady willow, keeps
Watch so wary.

"She met me by the waterfall,
And pale with spite she told me all;
Savagely vaunting,
How soon my Edwin had forgot,
And my unloved and widowed lot
Ruthlessly taunting.

"I saw his marble limbs upshining—
I saw her serpent arms entwining,
Fondly clinging
To him she stole by cruel spell,
Ere in my ears his fond farewell
Ceased a-ringing.

"She mixed a philtre fell and strong,
Distilled from herbs that grow along
The oozy edges
Of marshy pools, where noisome vapour
Made dance for her a fitful taper
O'er the sedges.

"Dread storm clouds hid the moon so pale,
And dumb was every nightingale;
And the owl
Was screeching from the hollow beech
As muttered she her mystic speech
O'er the bowl.

"She crossed him on a sultry night,
When moonbeams made the crystal bright
Look so cool.
He drank, and straight his heart grew chill,
And yearned to rest beneath the still
Silent pool.

"I cannot, shall not be his bride,
For he is wedded 'neath the tide.
Happy sprite!
Thou hast my love, then take my flowers,
That he may see thy reedy bowers
Gay and bright.

"Wilt come and see him?" And I went;
And o'er the shadowy pool we leant.
Whispered she—

"Is he not beautiful?" I scanned
The depths; but only weed and sand
Could I see.

THE WRECK OF THE *HOUSATONIC*.

ON the night of the 17th February, 1864, the United States ship *Housatonic* was lying off Charleston, doing duty as one of the Federal blockading fleet. In the first watch, the officer of the deck discovered what seemed to be a plank gliding towards the ship. Orders were immediately given to arouse all hands, to slip the cables, and to turn the engines ahead; but in seven minutes after sighting the torpedo boat, the ship was struck upon the quarter, and

went down almost immediately. Fortunately the water was not very deep, so that when her keel rested upon the bottom, her hammock nettings were awash; and her crew and officers, excepting three or four, escaped into the rigging, and were rescued by the neighbouring ships of the blockading fleet. Her little antagonist, however, seems to have been dragged down with her, or in some way sunk by the explosion; or she may possibly have been capsized by the screw of the *Housatonic*. The Confederates, for some weeks, seem to have been under the impression that the three men on board the torpedo boat had been captured after she had struck and destroyed the *Housatonic*; but, as no tidings were received of them, all hope of their safety was abandoned. This torpedo boat—unlike those generally employed by the Confederates—could be partially submerged at will, so as to render her as little visible as possible. She carried her torpedo on the end of a spar, rigged out from the bow, and exploding by a percussion fuze. It will be seen that this was a mere makeshift in comparison to Captain Harvey's sea-torpedo, as adopted by our Admiralty; which was not perfected at the time of the American war; and which, had the Confederates been aware of its simplicity and efficiency, would have rendered the blockading of the Confederate ports by the Federal fleets, if not an impossibility, at least the most hazardous service ever undertaken by a navy. In the Confederate torpedo boats, it was necessary almost to go alongside of a vessel to strike her, and even then there was a difficulty in placing the torpedo deep enough to get the whole force of the explosion. With Harvey's sea-torpedo, it is unnecessary to approach an enemy nearer than two hundred yards to effect a contact and explosion of the torpedo; and the depth to which it is necessary to submerge it is under perfect control.

It was supposed that, when the *Little David* struck the *Housatonic*, as we already have said, she was in some way carried down with her—a danger to be always apprehended with ramming torpedoes, and which clearly does not exist in Harvey's.

We read in the Charleston *Daily News* an interesting account of the exploration of divers in and about the wreck of the *Housatonic*. She lies in thirty-six feet of water, resting upright upon her keel. The water about her is perfectly clear, and the divers

work day and night without difficulty. Her decks, masts, and rigging have all been eaten by the worms, and there is little left of her but her huge black hull. Her machinery and guns have been removed, and the divers are pulling her to pieces by blasting, and other means. About twenty feet from her lies the *Little David*, bottom upwards, and apparently in good condition. There are no holes in her hull, and the fans of her little screw seem to be in good running order. She did her work completely; for the torpedo, the divers report, blew a jagged hole into the quarter of the frigate large enough for a carriage and pair to drive into. The heavy oaken ribs and thick planks are driven in with tremendous force; and she sank, as we know from the official report, in a few moments after the explosion.

The divers, while at their work, are brought into immediate relation with the inhabitants of the deep. They report seeing large sharks near the surface, but none near the bottom. These huge monsters give them a wide berth, notwithstanding the sharks in the waters of Charleston are very bold and ferocious. The divers think the sharks are frightened by the extraordinary appearance which they present in their armour, which consists of a close India-rubber suit coming up to the neck. The hands are uncovered, but the suit is made air-tight at the wrist. The feet are encased in heavy shoes, with about twenty-five pounds of lead on the soles, to sink the diver, and bring him up standing when he touches the bottom. Lastly, a huge helmet of metal is put over the head and neck, and covering the upper portion of the chest. The India-rubber suit is fastened to the helmet by bolts and screws, and made at the junction perfectly air-tight. The helmet has several little windows of clear glass, protected by wire, to enable the diver to see. From the crown of the helmet run the gutta percha air pipes which furnish fresh air, and keep the diver alive, by forcing air down to him with an air-pump, worked on the deck of the wrecking-boat. He communicates with the people at the surface by signal; and when he wishes to ascend, he is hoisted up by a hoisting arrangement to the deck of the boat.

The smaller fish do not seem to be the least frightened by the divers. In fact, the latter complain of their inquisitiveness. They swim searchingly about the men, and

appear to be particularly attracted by the glass eyes on the helmet; and swarm about them, obstructing vision, and are thus as troublesome as the mosquitoes on the shore, or midges with us on a calm summer's evening. At night, the phosphorescence of the water about the *Housatonic* lights up, with wonderful brilliancy, the depths of the sea, and enables the divers to work better than in the day-time.

TABLE TALK.

PUBLIC ATTENTION is just now specially directed to the genius of Sir Walter Scott, and the life-like characters which are scattered broadcast through the many triumphs of his genius. Like all true novelists, Scott drew all his characters from real life. Charles Dickens, even a more realistic writer of fiction, did the same. Sometimes, possibly, two or three separate types of character are blended into one. Charles Dickens, we imagine, often did this. No one man, for example—be he boots, cabman, or omnibus driver—was ever found who combined the accumulated oddities of the immortal Sam Weller. Mr. Weller was, undoubtedly, two or three characters thrown into one. Sir Walter Scott, however, confined himself, we think, more to single types of humanity—taken from real life—in the delineation of his characters. Take, for instance, Edie Ochiltree. Andrew Gemmels, as Scott himself tells us, was the prototype of Edie; and in his preface to "*The Antiquary*" he says: "When and where this *laudator temporis acti* closed his wanderings, the author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as Burns says, 'He died a cadger pawn's death, at some dike side.'" But in the obituary of a number of the *London Chronicle*, in the April of 1794, this announcement was made:—"Died lately, at Roxburgh Newton, Andrew Gemmels, aged 105. He was a dragoon in Queen Anne's wars, and travelled Scotland forty-nine years as a beggar." In the parish graveyard, too, of Roxburgh is this inscription on one of the gravestones:—"The Body of the Gentleman Beggar, Andrew Gemmels, *alias* Edie Ochiltree, was interred here, who died at Roxburgh Newton in 1793, aged 106 years. Erected by William Thanson Over, Roxburgh, 1849." There are few characters employed by distinguished novelists in their works which can be more readily identified

with real personages than those of Sir Walter Scott.

THE TONTINE SYSTEM, now brought prominently before the public in connection with the scheme for reopening the Palace at Muswell-hill, is so called from its inventor, one Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan. The nature of the plan, as we understand it, is this:—An annuity, according to a fixed rate of interest, is granted to a number of subscribers, who are divided into classes according to their ages; and annually, the whole fund of each class is shared among its survivors, till at last it falls to one; and upon his death it reverts to the power that first established the tontine. Tonti proposed his scheme in 1653, to reconcile the people to Cardinal Mazarin's Government, by amusing them with the prospect of becoming rich all at once. The Court consented to his proposal; but the Parliament would not endorse it so readily. Tonti made several attempts afterwards to gain public approval of his scheme, but to no purpose. Louis XIV., however, when he was driven to his wits' ends for money, after the League of Augsburg, and the extravagance of his Court began to show its inevitable fruits, had recourse to the plans of Tonti. A second tontine was opened in France in 1689. The last survivor was a widow ninety-six years old, who, for an original subscription of 300 livres, enjoyed an income of 73,500 livres at her death. The last French tontine took place in 1789.

"MY BRETHREN," said a popular preacher, when advocating the claims of the Society for the Conversion of the —, "let me, in conclusion, impress upon your minds that in this wealthy country the revenue of this society—so deserving of your support—for the year last past, was only three thousand and fifty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence, showing a falling-off of nearly four hundred pounds since the last report was issued; while, on the other hand, the efforts of the society have been crowned with unusual success, three converts having been made by the society's missionaries during the year." "At a cost of one thousand and nineteen pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence per man, then," said a member of the legal profession to a friend who sat next him in the pew. This is, perhaps, not the right way of measuring success in

such cases; but it is, after all, not a bad test. The money benevolent persons spend in charity ought, in the interest of humanity, to be expended for the greatest good of the greatest number. Let us apply the lawyer's test to the work done by that noble and most deserving charity, the National Lifeboat Institution, the quarterly journal of which has just reached us. In the first half of the present year of grace, the lifeboats of this institution have saved 537 lives, at a cost of £9,247, or a little more than £17 per man saved.

THOSE WHO ARE fond of antiquities and architecture should lose no time in visiting the crypt of Old Saint Bartholomew's Priory, now doomed to removal. We believe the Vandals in this instance are the Corporation of the City of London. It has been of late years used as the cellarage of a tobacco factory. The vaulted roof is supported by short pillars—one of which is octagonal, the rest round—from which spring narrow arches, crossing each other diagonally. The style of the building is Anglo-Norman; the material, Bath stone, overlaid with blocks of chalk and rubble. The pillars have become embedded in soil to a depth of about three feet. It is not easy for an unprofessional visitor to trace the extent and shape of these interesting remains, as several of the spaces between the arches have been bricked up. Moreover, in our case, the light of a dim bull's-eye lantern was not calculated to throw much light on the subject. The priory was founded by Rahere, the minstrel or Court jester of King Henry I., who made amends for his possibly highly seasoned jokes by becoming a black canon and prior of his own foundation. The magnificent hospital of St. Bartholomew is another—and, happily, a more lasting—monument of his repentant piety.

"SCRATCH A RUSSIAN and you will find a Tartar," is a proverb that has been amplified into a theory; and there are writers who argue that the Russian people are nothing more than a collection of Finnish, Turkish, and Mongol hordes, who have accepted a language borrowed from their Slavonic neighbours. Mr. Ralston, however, proposes to throw a new light on the subject by the study of Russian folk-lore. After all, that great nation, which peoples so large a portion of Europe, may be men of like race

with ourselves—"linked with our forefathers, not only by common linguistic forms, but also by common religious ideas." In this folk-lore are enshrined legends and stories of monstrous beings, not unlike our own fairies, giants, and bogies. Yagà-Baba is like our giantess or ogress. She is hideous, tall, and bony. Her solitary hut turns on a pivot at the word of command—some "Open Sesame" the awful Yagà-Baba pronounces. At other times she dwells in a habitation fenced round with dead men's bones. She rides out in a mortar, which she propels and guides with a pestle, and a broom behind sweeps away all traces of her path. She is the type of the principle of Destruction, and is believed by students of mythology to personify the storm. Koshchei the Deathless is a sort of giant who snatches away queens and princesses from their palaces, awaiting the arrival of some brave Jack-the-Giant-Killer, who rescues them from their dungeon. He is, say the mythologists, a type of Winter, which strives to keep away from the light of day the fair maiden, Spring. The Snake is another great spirit of evil in these Russian stories. These three are the principal beings that occur in the tales of the Russian peasants; and they may, without difficulty, be identified as the same personages which figure so largely in many of our own country stories. Each season of the year has its appropriate festival, and there are certain songs properly belonging to them all, the minstrels being careful to keep them separate; and the Russian proverbs, of which Mr. Dahl has made a collection of 30,000, can scarcely be equalled in any other European country.

THESE SPECULATIONS UPON the application of the Scandinavian prophecy concerning Ragnarök—the Twilight of the Gods, or the Destruction of the Gods and Men—may appropriately follow our note on Russian folk-lore. The Ragnarök points to one or two events that seem to meet with curious coincidences in these times, when so many foretell that we are in the last days. One is that there will come a winter—"Fimbal-winter—snow will drift, hard frost will prevail, cutting winds, the sun will lose its power, &c. Three will come without a summer." One seems to have come already. Then, again:—"Great bloodshed will prevail throughout the earth. Brother slay brother, without mercy. Great events take place."

May not people who trust prophecy make this apply to the late civil war in France? Then, again:—"Egdir, the eagle, will watch and strike his harp"—Prussia (?). "The light red cock, Fialar, will crow in the Bird-word"—France (?). "The wolf Fenrir will break loose!"—the Communists (?)—"he will go forth with gaping mouth; his upper jaw touch Heaven, his nether jaw the earth; and Midgard's serpent"—the devil (?)—"blow forth venom. He will be by the side of Fenrir." Then the prophecy goes on to speak of the great battle which is to take place on the plains of "Vigrid, a hundred miles on every side"—Battle of Armageddon (?). "Then is the general conflagration of the world spoken of." "And then the arising, a second time, of a new earth in verdant beauty." It seems to me it would be worth while for the learned in these matters to take up the subject, and see whether this prophecy may not be a corruption of a traditional knowledge of the Revelation of St. John, borne northward by some learned man of yore. This is, of course, a mere speculative suggestion.

THE QUESTION, Does sewage render the crops unfit for food? is now being experimented on, and will probably soon be solved by a committee appointed by the British Association, who are testing the effects of sewage both on the plants grown on land that has been irrigated with it, and on the animals fed on those plants. Three families of guinea pigs are being fed in the following manner:—One family on sewage produce alone, another on nothing else but unsewaged produce, and the third on unsewaged produce known to contain the larvæ or eggs of entozoa. In due time, the animals will be killed, and their bodies carefully examined for various kinds of worms in their intestines or tissues. Pigs and other animals—sheep and cattle, we presume—are to be similarly experimented on. In the meantime, specimens of sewage-grown rye grass, carrots, turnips, beet, onions, and lettuce, have been carefully examined by Mr. M. C. Cooke, the eminent microscopist and naturalist, who reports that they seem in excellent order, and are free from parasitic insects or fungi of any kind.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

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JEREMIAH LILLYBOY.

A TALE OF A HARE—AND SOMETHING ELSE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR GUY DE GUY."

CHAPTER III.



HAS become of Lillyboy? We meet him in Ep-ping Forest—walking, walking, walking. Regardless of flagging muscles; oblivious of the increasing bend of the vertebral column, and of the inevitable collapse of his little store

of stamina—here he is, walking, walking, walking! But, though his body is at the outskirts of the metropolitan postal district, his mind is in its very centre. His flesh is in Essex: his spirit in Abchurch-lane.

"I can conscientiously aver," thought he, as he mopped his wet forehead, and wiped the lining of his hat, "that I try to do my duty. I am ordered to walk and enjoy myself—then to enjoy myself and walk—then to rest awhile—and then to walk again. I've made forty steps to the minute for one hour and three-quarters, by my chronometer; and here we are, in the very heart of the forest. I suppose, therefore, I am in the very act of enjoying myself perfectly—I am, in a word, happy. Betsy said so. No doubt, Betsy knows better than I do—bless her heart!

but, if I might express an opinion, I should say the happiness is extremely questionable, but the fatigue is quite certain."

Walk, walk, walk.

"These, I suppose, are trees," and Lillyboy carefully adjusted his spectacles. "Yes, trees, there can be no doubt of that; trees—fine old trees, in all probability. This is, possibly, an oak; but I feel dubious on the point. I know an oak stool well enough; but I don't recognize the material here. This tree is, I dare say, made of deal. Truly wonderful! This is a branch of mahogany, perhaps. Ah, what a lovely ruler it would make!"

Walk, walk.

"I dare be sworn this tree is wainscot. Solid? No—vencer! I do believe," exclaimed he, peeling off a morsel of the bark. "There's deception even here."

Walk—enjoy: enjoy—walk.

"The road is level here. I can do my duty with less distress here than yonder. I wish the forest were as smooth as our office floor, or paved like Abchurch-lane. What on earth can people find in slopes and hollows, hills and holes, that they should torment their poor feet for the sake of enjoying themselves, as I am ordered to do? I call it penance; but Betsy says it is happiness; so I suppose I am happy."

Walk, walk, walk.

"Why, it is positively sinful to be so idle. Stay, I'll do some mental arithmetic, for fear I should get out of practice."

And Jeremiah counted his steps to and fro, with his eyes closed.

"Forty-five strides to the minute—2,700 to the hour; from which I must deduct a per centage for pauses and turns—say $12\frac{1}{2}$ per centum, which amounts to 337 $\frac{1}{2}$. This leaves a balance in my favour of 2,362 $\frac{1}{2}$. Consequently, if I go on walking and enjoying myself for a considerable period—say, a week—I shall make a total of—Dash it! what's that?"

All Jeremiah's calculations were scattered to the winds by a *contretemps*. He stumbled over an object on the ground, which almost precipitated him head-foremost among the daisies and buttercups.

"What the deuce is it?" exclaimed our hero, as he stooped to inspect the impediment in his path. "A stone?—no. Turf?—no. An animal, I verily believe—yes, as true as I live, an animal! Species, domestic cat. Stay," abruptly exclaimed he, as he raised a hare from the ground, "it certainly bears a strong resemblance to that useful animal; but a well regulated, properly disposed, orthodox mouser usually has shorter ears and a longer tail; so it can hardly be a cat. No, it can't possibly be a cat."

And Lillyboy laid the animal on the turf, and adjusted his spectacles.

"I have it!" he ejaculated, " 'tis assuredly either a rabbit or a hare. By its size, no doubt a hare. Poor creature, I hope I didn't hurt it!" And he thereupon stroked the prostrate brute, and patted her back. "But what's this round the cat's—I mean the hare's—neck?" he inquired, as he manipulated a wire which was tightly drawn round the animal's thorax. "A wire!—what's that for, I wonder? Not for ornament, I reckon—for it is attached to this stump. Perhaps the owner of the poor thing tethered it, as they do the cows and donkeys, to prevent them from straying. How ingenious, and how humane, too! Yet, stay; it is tight—tight as possible. How cruel! Why, the creature is choking—oh, horrible!"

Jeremiah had quite as much common sense as many other people who are clever at abstract arithmetical problems; consequently he did not fail at length to understand that the whole thing was a contrivance of man—cruel man—to snare and kill the inferior animal. His first step was to emancipate the unfortunate hare from the fatal wire.

"There, there, my poor friend, the villainous thing is removed. Go!" he exclaimed, with a benevolent emphasis, as he tried to assist the hare on to her legs. "Go! Why, she doesn't move! So thoroughly tame—perhaps fatigued. But this places me in an unpleasant quandary. I can't leave a fellow-creature—I mean, a hare—in this pitiable condition, to perish, or fall into the hands of her persecutors. It would be the very height of inhumanity;

and I can't put the brute out of her misery by slaying her—that would be a misdemeanour. What shall I do?" asked Jeremiah of himself, in great perplexity. "I wish Betsy were here, to advise me. For-sake or take the animal appears to me to be equally fraught with disagreeable, if not serious, consequences."

And our hero revolved the question in his mind.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, as a bright thought developed itself. "I am alone, and unobserved—far in the trackless recesses of the boundless and impenetrable forest. Who's to see or interfere with me? My dear, my inseparable, my very own blue bag affords the solution!"

And Jeremiah proudly drew that article from his coat-tail pocket.

"What a felicitous idea it was of mine!" he meditated aloud, as he unrolled the bag. "I was as near as possible coming without thee, my very own, my other self, my badge of office! Come! into thy secret depths will I confide my sinking little friend, and will convey her home to Betsy to nurse. A few days' rest and a liberal diet will soon render her convalescent, and we shall then have the proud satisfaction of restoring her to her native wilds! Come, my pretty puss!"

And with those endearing words, Jeremiah slid the animal into his bag.

As he performed this humane act, his eye fell upon an object affixed to a tree exactly facing him—and it had the effect of Medusa's head upon our copying clerk: he was simply petrified. He was not precisely statuesque in his pose, but he was quite as rigid as any fabled victim of Medusa. The portentous object—the ægis which effected this sudden paralysis, was a board bearing the terrible legend, in large characters, "POACHERS BEWARE!"

Now we know that Jeremiah was a man of a plain, unvarnished character and speech; and if he could not always follow the rhapsodical flights of imaginative people, he had a faculty for understanding plain statements. The epigrammatic terseness of the threat that stared him in the face struck him with stupendous force, and transfixed him, as I have narrated.

"Heavens!" he ejaculated, "these words are addressed to me! Can it be that I have unknowingly—unwittingly, undesignedly, without malice prepense, perpetrated a mis-

demeanour, and laid myself open to the offended laws of my country? Prosecution, trial, conviction, punishment!—discharge from office, disgrace, beggary, ruin, death in the workhouse! Ah, I see it all! A horrid vista opens before my intelligence! Justice is on my track; the grip of its myrmidons is on my shoulder—I feel it; yes! I surrender—I am loaded with irons! —‘To the galleys—away with him!’ Ha! ha!”

And Jeremiah laughed like a lunatic.

“But wait a bit,” he added, after a moment’s reflection; “perhaps it aint so bad as that yet. Ha! ha! what an imagination I possess! Who’d have thought it? Why, what a born fool I am! All I have got to do is to empty the bag, start the hare, away she goes, and all danger vanishes!”

And, in an access of joy at this palpable solution of the difficulty, Lillyboy opened the bag, and peered into it.

“Dead! Too late—too late! Dead!”

The hare was, in fact, as dead as if she had been jugged as well as bagged.

A fresh phase of terror, of course, succeeded this appalling discovery, leaving Jeremiah less statuesque but more rigid in his posture than before—his head being thrust into the sack.

“Slain! and I am accessory after the fact! Nay, a principal; for I do believe I’ve suffocated the brute! Yes, if I had let her alone, she would have recovered. And I—Oh, lor’! oh, lor’! who’s this coming towards me? Only an excursionist, like myself, I hope—come here to enjoy himself and walk, then to walk and enjoy himself! Alas, no! it is an informer, a keeper—I’m lost, lost, lost!”

The individual was, in fact, a keeper; and he made straight for Jeremiah, whom he scanned with the analytical eye of a Lavater.

“Queer character, I reckon,” he reflected, as he summed up our hero from hat to heel. “The sight of me has scared him mightily; but that aint a proof of viciousness. There’s no vice in he! A quill-driver—look at his elbows! perhaps a poet, with a sackful of his rubbish; or a hartist a-studying natur’. Good morrow, sir.”

Lillyboy started visibly, and looked guilt itself, which satisfied the keeper that he was spotless.

“Thank you—I mean, yes—good morning, sir,” responded our friend.

“Have you seen any suspicious characters lurking hereabout, sir?” demanded the keeper.

“Suspicious characters?” echoed poor Jeremiah, aghast.

“Aye, sir—Woodford roughs. I’m told there’s a gang on ’em working this end of the forest with snags and gins. You hav’n’t seen any, I suppose?”

“Do you mean—poachers?” gasped Lillyboy, with a choking sensation in the throat.

“Yes, sir, poachers. By Jove, if I only catch one on ’em, he’ll have but a short shrift!”

And the keeper flourished a stout stick exactly over Jeremiah’s head.

“Oh, no, sir! believe me, I hav’n’t seen a single living thing—at least, not a single human being; only a—I mean, sir, you’re the first person I’ve seen here.”

And Jeremiah wiped the sweat from his brow.

“I fear, sir,” urged the keeper, as he remarked Lillyboy’s agitation—“I fear, sir, you’re a little nervous; overworked, perhaps? Ah, you town gentlemen always overshoot the mark.”

“Shoot!” cried Jeremiah, distressed. “I hav’n’t shot! I swear I hav’n’t! Never had a gun in my hands in my life.”

“Mad, mad!” reflected the keeper, eyeing him with compassion. “I hope, sir, you will thoroughly enjoy yourself.”

“Enjoy myself, eh? Oh, yes. Betsy says so,” responded Lillyboy, vaguely.

“Poor soul!” meditated the keeper. “What a glorious morning, sir!” he remarked, to create a diversion.

“Is it, sir? Oh, yes, I see it is.”

“A delicious *air* stirring,” continued the keeper.

“A hare stirring!” ejaculated Lillyboy, with agitation. “Whose hare? What hare? It doesn’t stir a bit! I wish it did!”

“Poor creature! dead to reason!” soliloquised the keeper.

“I know it—I know it, sir; the poor creature is quite dead!”

And Lillyboy buried his face in his hands.

The keeper saw how hopeless it was to attempt to hold a rational conversation with a hopeless lunatic; so, with a pitying glance at the unhappy Jeremiah, he turned on his heels, and quietly walked away, exclaiming “I’ll give it up.”

“Give it up!” echoed our hero, with his

face still buried in his pocket handkerchief, unconscious of the keeper's departure. "Well, let the worst come, I can't conceal it any longer. There it is, Mr. Keeper, in the bag. But oh, sir, forgive me when I tell you, upon the honour of a Lillyboy, that it is my first offence. Oh, forgive me—if not for my own sake, at least for Betsy's! I vow I'll never again take a walk—that is, a hare—I mean a holiday; for of course, if I don't take holidays I can't take walks, and if I don't take walks I can't take hares. It was a pure act of humanity my taking the holiday—I mean the walk—no, I mean the hare! And—and, as long as I live I'll never ask the firm for another hare—I mean a holiday! I'll gladly give it up, Mr. Keeper, since you wish it! Here it is, sir!"

And then, for the first time, Lillyboy discovered that the man was gone, and was at that moment vanishing in the distance.

"Gone!" gasped the copying clerk—"gone! Ah, I understand—he's gone for assistance. He doesn't like to tackle me! I own I look ferocious. He, no doubt, thinks I am armed. He'll be back presently, with constables and handcuffs! Wait, there's a chance for me yet. I'll run for it. If I can but reach yonder pool, and fling the carcase into it, it will sink to the bottom; all trace of it will thus be lost, and I shall escape the fangs of justice after all! Here goes!"

And Jeremiah fairly bolted, with an activity which would have fairly astonished his employers—Hooker, Crooker, and Booker—and frightened Betsy out of her life.

Lillyboy and the keeper were not the only visitors to that corner of the forest on this particular morning. Two skulking, bespattered, ill-conditioned individuals were lurking in the secluded quarter where the pool was, and lay concealed among the rank vegetation, when they heard our hero's approaching footfall.

"Hist, Bill!—what's that?"

"Somebody's coming! Keeper! Lie close, Sam."

"You fool," responded the first poacher, "if we stay here we shall be overhauled, as sure as a gun."

"Well, then, let's mount this tree."

"Right!" answered the other.

And without losing an instant they climbed the tree like squirrels, and lay secure among the branches.

Jeremiah reached the brink of the pool with a wild air, and in a state of physical prostration, after the long run. He flung himself down upon the grass, laying his hat on one side of him, and the blue bag on the other.

"I think I'm saved," he meditated. "My presence of mind has baffled the wily keeper. When he and his hateful myrmidons return, I can laugh in their faces; for the unfortunate hare will be safe under eight feet of muddy water."

And Jeremiah smiled triumphantly, taking up the bag.

"Sam," said the first poacher, in a low tone, "what's up now?"

"Blest if I know," responded the other. "Hush!"

Jeremiah drew the strings of the blue bag, and peered into it anxiously.

"Yes, dead—quite dead!" he muttered; "so my conscience will acquit me of inhumanity in committing the body to the waters. Not a living creature observes me. Not a soul is hereabout to tell the horrid tale; and this one simple operation preserves me from obloquy—shame—ruin—the galleys—the workhouse—premature death!"

And Jeremiah gave a laugh which you would scarcely expect to hear outside Colney Hatch.

"Bill, here's a go!"

"What d'ye mean, Sam?"

"The cove is a-goin' to drown hisself!"

"What a lark! Hi! old fellow—the pond's awful deep!"

"And wet."

"And dirty."

"Newts!"

"Frogs!"

"No end on 'em! So, now for't, old boy, head first!"

Lillyboy sat up, aghast, as these sounds reached him from invisible lips, and stared about him in the wildest alarm.

"I say, Sam, his head's as bald as my knee!"

"Hi! old fellow, what's become of your hair, eh?"

"In his pocket, I s'pose!"

"Or in his blue bag—ha! ha!"

"Horror!" ejaculated Jeremiah, smiting his brow, "horror, horror! Surrounded by spies—seen, detected in the act! Lost, lost!"

And the poor clerk, feeling that a dread Nemesis pursued him, fell prostrate in a swoon.

"Why, Bill," said one of the poachers, "the old chap has altered his mind. Instead of drowning himself, he's going to have a nap."

"Then, now's the time for us, Sam, to grab the bag."

"Of course."

And the knaves descended the tree.

"Is he gone off?" asked one.

"As sound as a church. Look alive!"

And his companion took up the blue bag.

"It's heavy! By jingo, it's a good haul!"

"What's in it?" asked the other.

And Sam, having peeped into the bag, burst out laughing.

"What is it, you fool?"

"Look," replied Sam.

Bill, in his turn, scrutinized the contents of the sack; and, like his accomplice, laughed outright.

"Why, he's the same trade as us—ha! ha!"

"Who'd ha' thought it, to look at him?"

"A rival in our own line—ha! ha! And the vagabond has taken one of our snags!"

"Let's pay him out."

"How? By throwing him into the pond?"

"No. By taking our own property, and leaving him to his thoughts."

"What, take the snag?"

"No; the hare—bag and all!"

"Bravo! Sam; what a head you've got! Give us hold on't—ha! ha! By jingo, he's waking! Fly!"

And thereupon the two poachers flitted away like shadows.

When the unhappy Jeremiah returned to consciousness, the sun was low in the sky, and the haze of approaching evening obscured the scene.

"Where am I?" he asked himself. "This, surely, isn't my back parlour. It isn't Abchurch-lane, either. This isn't my department. I'm not on my oak stool, am I? No. Ah! I begin to arrange my faculties. I'm out for a holiday. I'm enjoying myself and walking; then walking and enjoying myself in Epping Forest. Yes—the real position of affairs is gradually dawning on my memory. I have killed a hare—yes, yes; that was it. Keeper, spies, bag—where's the bag? Gone! Vanished—hare and all!"

Poor Lillyboy searched the spot in vain. Everything had vanished—except the pond. He felt how hopelessly he was lost. He viewed at a glance the inevitable retribution

that awaited him for having bagged a hare without a licence. How can he return to Betsy? How can he again enter the home which his misdemeanour had made a desolation? How can he ever again appear in the presence of the firm.

There is an alternative!

That alternative lies before him—the pond!

Before I proceed to narrate the heart-rending sequel which the intelligent reader will have too sadly anticipated, I think it due to the memory of our Jeremiah to say that he was most assuredly *non compos mentis* at this juncture. He was, as we have seen, a man of high sensibility; and the extraordinary succession of painful circumstances which had clouded the holiday upon which he and Betsy had so hopefully reckoned, had acted upon his nervous system to such a degree, that I feel confident no jury in the kingdom could have come to any other conclusion than that of "temporary insanity."

Jeremiah gazed at the pond!

Who shall say what thoughts of home, of office, of business, of Betsy, flashed across his heated fancy at that terrible moment?

Jeremiah drew near the pond!

Shall he end his troubles where he intended to finish the hare?

"Yes!"

No other word escaped him; but volumes were expressed in this monosyllable—for it was said with a hiss, between his closed teeth.

He looked calm at that moment; for the turbulent emotions that so racked him were spell-bound in the resolution that he had formed.

He drew nearer to the pond!

One, two, three; and, with a parting tender thought flashed back to home and Betsy, the rash man took the fatal leap!

* * * * *

As it happened, however, the murky pool proved to be only eight inches deep instead of eight feet—thanks to a dry season. Consequently, in place of Lethe, our sinner only found mud. But the mud had a drastic effect, and his megrims were purged away in a moment. His fevered brow was cooled in the unpellucid waters of the pond. He arose refreshed, redeemed—a soberer, wiser, but a mud-bespattered man.

In a few minutes he had quitted the pond; and in half an hour he had left the

forest, bending his steps towards Hackney Wick. By the time he reached home, night had closed in.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

II.

TO give an elaborate biography of Sir Walter Scott is beyond the purpose of the present paper. Like many men of genius, Scott was a bad man of business. We have already mentioned James Ballantyne, with whom, in his young days, he had spent so many pleasant hours in poetic rambles and conversations along the banks of the Tweed. In the summer of 1796, Ballantyne, who had settled at Kelso as a solicitor the year before, but found business flow in rather more slowly than he expected, started a newspaper called the *Kelso Mail*. The new paper was opposed in its principles to the growing Liberal sentiments of the day; and was what would be called, at the present day, a thorough Tory organ. James Ballantyne, however, as his prospects of success grew wider, removed to Edinburgh. Scott lent all the strength of his genius, character, and skill to the furtherance of the trade schemes of his old schoolfellow. Business flowed in more quickly than the capital required to support the growing requirements of the concern.

Scott, from time to time, advanced sums of money to enable Ballantyne to keep his head above water; but to no purpose. The proposal was at length made that Scott, by advancing a good round sum, should become a partner in the firm; and in May, 1805, the contract was sealed. "The formation of this commercial connection was," says Lockhart, "one of the most important steps in Scott's life. He continued bound by it during twenty years; and its influence on his literary exertions and his worldly fortunes was productive of much good, and not a little evil. Its effects were, in truth, so mixed and balanced during the vicissitudes of a long and vigorous career, that I, at this moment, doubt whether it ought, on the whole, to be considered with more of satisfaction or regret." Meanwhile, Scott, with that indomitable spirit of industry which was one of his chief characteristics, was perpetually at work with his pen. In November, 1806, he commenced "Marmion;" and before it was finished—or before he had read a line of it—Constable offered a thousand

guineas for it. We now come again to one of the most interesting turning points of the great poet's career. "Marmion" was hailed by the public with little less enthusiasm than was his previous poem of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Jeffrey, however, in the "Edinburgh Review," thought fit to give it an adverse criticism. A story is told touching this affair which is worth repeating. On the very day that the "Review" appeared, Jeffrey had been invited to dine at Scott's house. Jeffrey, with the compunctions of a guilty conscience upon him, we expect, was loath to keep his appointment. Nevertheless, he did. Scott was courteous and bland as ever to his guest, as if nothing had occurred. But as Jeffrey was leaving in the evening, Mrs. Scott, with true Gaelic impetuosity, was unable to restrain her feelings longer, and Jeffrey departed with this benediction from her lips—"Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey; they tell me you have abused Scott in the 'Review,' and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you well for it." The result of this critique of Jeffrey's was a serious quarrel with Constable, who was the publisher of the "Edinburgh Review," and ultimately led to the establishment of the "Quarterly," as a sort of political counterpoise to the Whiggism of the "Review." Scott's temper was roused. He determined, as far as lay in his power, to check Constable in his attempts to obtain a monopoly in Scottish literature; and Scott himself openly avows, in his letters, his motives at that time. The result was that a new publishing house was set up in Edinburgh, under the management of John Ballantyne, a younger brother of Scott's old friend, James. Into this concern, Scott and his friends undertook to throw their best efforts. But here the ill-luck which seems to have haunted him in all his previous transactions with the Ballantyne family still followed him. The profits of the printing-house had been beyond all expectation; but Scott had one great weakness, and this was the love of territorial aggrandisement. In truth, Scott thought more of reviving the old aristocratic glories of his family than of his fame as a great author. For a while, he had been enormously successful with his writings. "The Lady of the Lake" was published in 1810. This was followed, the next year, by "Don Roderick;" and the year after again, in 1812, by "Rokely." In the matter of his territorial acquisitions, the first step was taken in 1811. He purchased a small farm

on the banks of the Tweed, which was named Abbotsford. A hundred acres of ground and a modest house were the first beginnings of what afterwards grew to be the baronial castle of the poet's later days. Here the hospitality of the "good old times"—as Sir Walter himself would have called them, in all true sincerity—was kept up in magnificent style; and, as has been said, "from the date of his baronetcy, in 1820, to the final catastrophe, in 1826, no mansion in Europe, of poet or of nobleman, could boast such a succession of guests, illustrious for rank or talent, as those who sat at Sir Walter Scott's board; and departed, proud of having been so honoured."

In 1820, the same year in which he was made a baronet, appeared "Ivanhoe," one of the most popular of all his novels.

But through all this sunshine the storm was brooding. In the beginning of 1826, Constable's house stopped payment; and immediately afterwards came the failure of Ballantyne, and with it obligations on the part of Scott to the amount of £100,000. In the May of the same year, he lost his wife. But Sir Walter met his difficulties with heroic moral fortitude.

"It is very hard," he said to a friend at the time, "thus to lose all the labours of a lifetime, and be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise. But if God grant me health and strength for a few years longer, I have no doubt that I shall redeem it all." And he kept to his word. The enormous toil to which for several years after this he submitted, undoubtedly shortened his life. But between January, 1826, and January, 1828, he had paid his creditors, in hard cash, nearly £40,000; and soon after his death, the whole of the debt incurred in the Ballantyne concern was paid up by his executors to the last farthing.

And now comes the sad close of his wonderful career. Over-work, pecuniary distress, and domestic misfortune began to tell their tale. In February, 1830, he had a paralytic attack; but he still worked on earnestly; but in bodily agony. In the spring of the next year, he had a shock which required more than ordinary attention. A ship of war, furnished by the Admiralty, conveyed the dying poet first to Malta, and then to Naples. After the beginning of May, 1832, his mind began to lose its balance; a love for the old land

"of mountain and of flood" made him restless; and it was determined to take him back to Scotland as quickly as possible.

Great was the delight of the dying man when he first again caught a glimpse of his loved Abbotsford. Each old and favourite spot awakened him to a new vitality. When he saw Laidlaw, he exclaimed—

"Ha, Willie Laidlaw! Oh, man! how often have I thought of you!"

The temporary excitement, however, gave only a break for the moment in the eclipse which had darkened upon his mind. Like Cowper, Johnson, and many other men of genius in the last decay of their fine intellects, he was haunted with strange delusions. At one time, like Cowper, he thought that he was doomed to hell; at another, he would fancy he heard the excited mob, which at an election meeting at Jedburgh had yelled out, in their fervour of opposite opinions, "Burke Sir Walter!" still ringing their fierce maledictions in his ears.

The description of Scott's final dissolution is best given, perhaps, in the words of Lockhart, his son-in-law:—

"As I was dressing, on the morning of Monday, the 17th of September, Nicholson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm; every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished.

"'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'

"He paused, and I said—

"'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?'

"'No,' said he, 'don't disturb them. Poor souls, I know they were up all night. God bless you all.'

"With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep; and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness—except for an instant, on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts; and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th.

"About half-past one, p.m., on the 21st of September (1832), Sir Walter Scott

breathed his last in the presence of his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open; and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.”

And thus passed away the genius who had charmed and delighted multitudes by the witchery of his magic pen.

Of the genius of Scott, so much has been written by the pens of able critics, that it is no easy task to say anything new on so well-worn a subject. His genius must always be studied in two lights—the one, that of the poet; the other, that of the novelist. It is rare, in the history of literature, to find a great poet also a great novelist, or a great novelist a great poet. Great poets, as a rule, prefer to keep their inventive powers of narration within the halo of their own free and unchequered fancy. A poem is not bound by the same conventional laws as a novel. In a novel, readers demand a certain logical sequence of facts throughout; and wild bursts of glorious inspiration and divine frenzy—which are the richest charm of a poem—are perhaps out of place in a prose story. Hence the poet can seldom come down to the soberer walks of regular narrative—nor can the novelist rise to the more subtle flights of fancy and imagination to which the less realistic and more exquisite mind of the singer among men attains. And the difference of characteristics between the poem and the novel is in no manner more strongly proved than by the difference in the tastes of habitual readers of the one, and habitual readers of the other. For one person who is fond of reading poetry, twenty prefer a good novel. Yet there may be much poetry written in prose; and in many of our best novelists—as, for instance, Bulwer Lytton and Charles Dickens—passages occur by the score which betray the noblest and the sweetest poetic fancy. And thus even ordinary readers, who would not care to sit down to Mr. Browning’s “Paracelsus,” or Mr. Swinburne’s “Atalanta in Calydon,” appreciate poetry when it is served up to them in the more matter-of-fact routine of a novel. We just mentioned Bulwer Lytton. Perhaps, after Sir Walter Scott, Lytton is the most remarkable example of a man being an illustrious writer of both

poetry and prose. But the parallel is but weak, after all. Every one admires Bulwer Lytton as a great novelist; but few among the general public take much trouble to read his poetry, beautiful though it is. Nay, more than this, we will venture to say that some who know “Eugene Aram” or “Rienzi” by heart almost, are in happy unconsciousness that their favourite author ever published a volume of poems in his life.

Sir Walter Scott, then, may be said to stand alone as one who made himself at once a poet among the people, and the prince of novelists. The question has often been discussed whether Scott was really a great poet or not; and some bold disputants, applying their own peculiar and high-flown canons of criticism, have gone so far as to declare that Scott was no poet, but merely a clever versifier. The real truth seems to lie in the happy medium. A great poet Scott cannot conscientiously be called. The great poet must be a philosopher also. He must be a teacher of grand and hitherto unseen truths; he must lead men into the future, and, with the glowing sunlight of his own exalted soul, illumine the paths of earth with the golden promise of the eternal. Milton was thus a great poet, and the greatest this country has ever seen—or, perhaps, ever will see. Scott, on the other hand, is little more than a descriptive poet. He is a glorious *word-painter*; but we find no profound thought or grand human philosophy pervading his works. He is essentially a descriptive poet of the finest order. The principal power to be found in his poetry is that of describing an object, a scene, or an event, so as to bring a picture before the mind’s eye of the reader. Take, for instance, the scene describing the burning of Rokeby Castle—

“In gloomy arch above them spread,
The clouded heaven lowered blood-red;
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood
Appeared to roll in waves of blood.
Then one by one was heard to fall,
The tower, the donjon keep, the hall—
Each rushing down with thunder sound.
A space the conflagration drowned,
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,
Announced its triumph in its close;
Shook wide its light the landscape o’er,
Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more.”

Any one who has seen a great fire must appreciate at once the vividness of this awful picture. Almost as we read the lines, we see the sky ablaze with the fierce reflection. We

hear the roaring and crackling of the flames, until the last final crash buries the stately pile of a short time ago in a mass of dark and smouldering ruins.

The only fault to be found with some of Scott's descriptive passages is, that sometimes, in the fervour of antiquarian zeal, he oversteps the limit of strict art. In these cases he mars the picture with a too great multiplicity of details, and the keenness of the desired effect is consequently blunted. One reason for this is, perhaps, that Scott is more at home in his pictures of action than in those of still life. As a critic has said:—"He is so particular in dressing his figures, so careful to tell us how every strap and buckle was arranged, that before the picture is complete our eyes become weary and the prospect grows dim. But when the figures are dressed, and have once got into action, instantly all mist melts away, and the picture stands before us in all the clear outlines and brilliant colouring of reality."

A comparison has been made between Scott and Burns; but how any just contrast can be drawn between the two we cannot understand. They were both Scotchmen, and both poets; but as a born poet, Burns was, in native gifts, immeasurably Scott's superior. Scott was an educated man. He had turned his time and attention, at an early age, to the study of old ballad-lore; and the extensive and curious knowledge which he had obtained, with the spirit of old Border chivalry sufficiently "strong" in his own mind originally, but still more forcibly developed by the success of his researches, were so much material to work upon and to embody in his own wonderful *word music*. Burns, on the other hand, was a man of but very moderate education indeed. But he was one of nature's poet-children. He looked at men and things from his own inner impulses. The beautiful in nature, as it existed around him at the moment, he sang of; and even in his most trifling efforts he seldom forgot to paint, in his own simple, unlaboured way, some brave human lesson, which belonged not to yesterday alone, but holds good to-day, and will continue to hold good to-morrow, and for other to-morrows, so long as man and man's nature continue to exist. Burns, in fact, was a great poet, without having the opportunity or living long enough to earn the greatness which he so sadly proved to be latent within him.

After all, the real strength of Sir Walter

Scott's genius must be found in his novels. The great secret of his success is the breadth of sympathy which he displays through all his marvellous works of fiction. The fine gift which he showed, in his poems, of portraying nature in her grandest moods, is illustrated yet more remarkably in his novels. In delineations of romantic character, in his life-like pictures of the scenes of the old Pretender days, he seems as much at home as a special correspondent at the present day would be who was giving an account of scenes and characters which had been present to him only a few hours before.

Old superstitions and old traditions are Scott's especial glory. In them he revelled as a pastoral poet would revel in green fields and shady lanes.

But Scott's wonderful power embraces all classes. The antiquarians find a rare and congenial friend in him. In the words of Burns, he had for them—

"A rowth of auld nicknackets,
Rusty airm caps and ginglin jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pots and auld sant buckets—
Before the Flood."

A modern writer has well epitomized the leading features of this universality in the genius of Sir Walter Scott. He says:—"For the lovers of sport, he could intersperse the liveliest descriptions of hunting, fishing, dogs, horses, and falcons. To lovers of military art, his novels were a perfect study—valuable for strategic details, as well as for the martial fire that burns within them. In courts he was as much at home as in camps, and has been called, *par excellence*, the poet of princes. And yet, who has painted the life of the lower ranks with greater force, fidelity, and sympathy? How many gentlemen have come glaring from his plastic hand; and yet with what gusto he has depicted blackguards and villains of every shape and hue!" And these words but speak the simple truth as to Scott's power of embracing characters of the most diverse and opposite nature within the magic touch of his pen. He is ever true to human nature. His worst characters—as worst characters in the flesh always do—possess virtues of their own. Meg Merrilies—thief, witch, and gipsy as she is—has good points about her. The fierce fidelity and dauntless resolution of a wild nature make us admire the woman, for all her faults.

And it is in these descriptions of his lower

characters that Sir Walter Scott shows, in our opinion, his greatest skill. A king, queen, or lordly knight may be depicted by any second-rate artist; but to describe a villain, and to make the reader abhor him as a villain, without a feeling of disgust, is the highest point of art. We see even Henbane Dwining a fond and careful nurse to those whom he does not care to poison in the way of business. The wretch Varney is devoted as a very slave to his impious master, Leicester. Even the ruthless smuggler, Dirk Hatteraick, has, like Dalgetty—another unscrupulous gentleman of the same sort—the principle of honour within, so far as honour is understood in his rude mind. He is accused of being deficient in a single virtue. "Virtue—donner! I was always faithful to my shipowners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver."

In all Scott's descriptions of character, there is a strong sense of humour pervading them. Readers of his novels will remember these humorous touches by scores. But nothing better, perhaps, in the way of good, fine, healthy humour is to be found, as a mere passing touch, than where Baillie Nicol Jarvie, in "Rob Roy," informs the outlaw that if ever a hundred pounds, or even *two*, would make his family arrangements more comfortable, he need but just send him a line; and Rob Roy seizing the Baillie's hand, grasping his basket-hilt, and protesting that if any one insulted his kinsman he would "stow the lugs out of his head, were he the best man in Glasgow."

The pathetic scenes in Scott's novels are known to every one. What can surpass in tenderness the description of the fisherman's son, in the "Antiquary," the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans, and the demeanour of her sister and broken-hearted father; the short narrative of the smuggler in "Redgauntlet;" and that finest of all tragic tales, "The Bride of Lammermoor?"

Sir Walter Scott, like all authors, great or small, has his faults of style. His choice of expressions is often better than his disposition of them. He is too fond of expletives, which are too long and too loosely arranged. The explanation of these defects is undoubtedly the rapidity with which he wrote. No man in the whole history of literature can be mentioned, on authentic proof, as possessing such a long-continued fertility of pen. But to repeat his own dying words:—

"I have been the most voluminous author

of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle; and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted."

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XII.

OF HARRY'S RETURN.

BUT in a few days, matters took a different turn, and Clarinda had to come to me begging; and it happened in this way.

One evening, near supper-time, we heard a great clattering of horses' hoofs in the outer courtyard, and the noise of voices;—the air being so still, and everything about us so quiet, that, though we were quite on the other side of the house, yet every sound made itself heard.

Presently it seemed to me that I could distinguish Harry Fanshawe's voice amidst the confusion; and I sprang up, saying—

"I do believe Harry is here. What can have happened?"

Clarinda went very white, and my mother ejaculated—

"Your father!"

But neither of them stirred—fear kept them from moving.

I had not thought of anything amiss; but now, through their fear, an alarm crept over me, like to the leaping up of a subtle flame.

"It may be only a fancy of mine," said I, "and it may not be Harry, after all. I'll go and see." And I hurried out of the room.

I had not far to go; for crossing the great hall into the passage that led to the servants' offices, I met Harry himself, with an eager look on his face, but no token of any ill-tidings. He kissed me heartily.

"Father!—is he well?" said I.

"Never was better. And Clary and the chicks?"

"All well."

And by that time he was in the dining-hall, where supper was laid out. How fresh and handsome he looked. Though he had been riding hard all day, there was no sign of fatigue upon him; and there was such an honest, open smile upon his face, and such a clear, honest ring in his voice, that it brought a burst of sunshine into the room; and I thought that Clarinda must see how

preferable her husband was to her lover—for in such light I had gradually come to look upon Sir Everard.

Then I began to wonder what had brought Harry to Selwode, without giving us notice of his coming; and I think Clarinda had the same thought, for she looked uneasy; and once or twice, when he was talking to my mother, she took the opportunity of observing him anxiously; for it had naturally been mentioned in our letters—at least, in my mother's and mine—that Sir Everard was at Selwode.

Presently Harry turned round.

"Is Tylney still at Selwode?"

My heart gave a great leap, and I looked at Clarinda. But she had evidently been expecting the question, and was prepared with an answer; for she replied, indifferently enough—

"Yes, he is still mooning about the meadows. I think 'tis Grace's pretty face must have bewitched him, for he never cared for the country but in his pastorals."

Harry glanced quickly round, and no doubt my face bore testimony to Clarinda's statement—for I felt the hot blood rush into it until it seemed all a-fire. He laughed; and I was beginning, in the excess of my astonishment and anger, to stammer out a denial, when Clarinda put her hand over my mouth, saying—"Don't tell any innocent fibs, my dear;" and then she whispered—"for the sake of every one, say nothing;" so appealingly, that, in a moment, the danger of my disclaiming what she had said stood out clear before me. Then she flew round to Harry; and putting her arm in his, said—

"You will come and see the children, will you not? They look so pretty asleep!"

And Harry, in his fond, loving way, put his great arm around her, and they went off together, leaving me overwhelmed with surprise, vexation, and sorrow—for I appeared to myself to be an accomplice in the part that Clarinda was playing. And yet I dared not open my lips and speak the truth. No, I was a coward; and feared Clarinda's threat of matters being brought to a crisis.

"Mother, you do not think that I could care for this Sir Everard?" said I, almost weeping. "I wish he had never come."

My mother stroked my hair fondly, and looked half-compassionate and half-amused.

"My child," she answered, "you must not take Clarinda's nonsense too much to heart. Sir Everard is a very charming person; but

he is too old and too much a man of the world to think of my little Grace. Clarinda did but jest. He is too much taken up with more ambitious affairs than those of love. I have had much converse with him, and his views and ambitions are in the right direction; and if he has been more civil to thee than thy years-warrant, it is because Harry Fanshawe is a valued friend of his, and also he regards thy father with great esteem, and says he will some day make a great figure; for the way is paved for his party to come into power; and thy father has been so staunch a supporter of Tory principles, that he will meet with his reward; though," ended my mother, with one of her gentle sighs, "I see not but that we are happy enough already, and have as many blessings as people can desire."

And so Sir Everard had been casting his glances over my mother also, who was as unsuspicious and as trusting as honest Harry. I felt almost wicked with the knowledge I possessed: it seemed to make me so much older in the ways of the world than either of them.

"Clarinda tells me you are not over-civil to Sir Everard," continued my mother. "Remember, one should be always courteous in one's own home."

"I do not like him," I replied.

"Yet 'tis not the part of a hostess to show it," she answered.

And so we went on at cross-purposes until Harry and Clarinda returned. Harry made no further allusion to Sir Everard—so, doubtless, Clarinda had been making him believe all that she wished him to believe; and she was very attentive to him, and had lost all that irritability towards him that I had noticed when she came.

"Clary has improved wonderfully," said Harry to my mother. "You have taken marvellous good care of her, and she is looking like herself again. She is strong enough now to be in town; and, in fact, that is what I have come for—to take her home with me."

Clarinda started—so did I, for we were quite unprepared for this.

"I thought she was to stay all the summer with us," said my mother.

"And I'm getting so fond of the country, Harry."

"And the children—'tis too close for the little ones in town this weather," added my mother.

I was the only one who said nothing, for

I was truly thankful to think of Clarinda's being with her husband again.

"You may keep the little ones longer, if you will," replied Harry, "since 'tis only Clary that I want."

And he looked cautiously around, and then got up and closed the door, returning to his seat by his wife—who, I could see, was by no means as much at ease as she had been a few minutes before.

My heart beat painfully, for it was as if I knew what was coming; and I sat with my hands grasping each other tight, and my head growing dizzy, and my hearing beginning to fail.

"What is it, Harry?" gasped Clarinda, looking quite white.

"Poor Clary!—I did not intend to frighten you," said Harry, bending down and giving her a kiss. "It is ill-greeting for a husband to send the roses out of his wife's cheeks. Don't be frightened, sweetheart—it is nothing that will do any harm to us; indeed, the contrary, only one has to be secret and cautious. The fact is," he continued, "that we want Clary's help in unravelling hearsays: a woman's wit is keener at such work than a man's. There are suspicions that matters in high quarters are taking a turn in our favour; and if we do but step in at the right moment, the Queen and our party will hold their own again. Outwardly, all seems to be going on in the same groove; but the Duchess has been chafing lately, and no one knows the reason. 'Tis evident there's a coolness beginning in some way or another—perhaps the paving to the grand outburst your father has always predicted; and if one only knew the moment to strike, one might come in, like a gallant vessel, with the flow of the tide."

"Is that all?" asked Clarinda, much relieved.

"All!" says Harry. "What more would you have?"

"Are you not often enough at Court to find out yourself?" asks Clarinda.

"If her Majesty were a king, I might be; but her Majesty, being a queen, is more like to confide in women; and, through these favourites, secrets may leak out to other women in confidence. You were always very civil to Mrs. Hill, Clary—that poor dependant whom the Duchess got in as bed-chamber-woman to lighten her own fatigues. She's not of much account, certainly; and yet persons in her position have often op-

portunities of throwing light upon matters. She's constantly about her Majesty; and they say that her Majesty thinks well of her, and has found her very devoted, and to be depended on. Her Majesty has been over-tired of late, and been much afflicted with sore eyes, and not able to appear much in public."

"If her Majesty thinks well of her, she won't be long in attendance, if the Duchess can help it. I believe the Duchess would be jealous of a lapdog or a parrot," said Clarinda.

"But if the Duchess can't help it," returned Harry, in a low voice, "what is to be done then? Her Majesty keeps firm about the bishops, and why should she not about her waiting-gentlewoman? At any rate, Mrs. Hill is not dismissed at present; and you may learn from her much that will be of great use to us, Clary. A little knowledge ahead of private affairs is a great help to politicians."

I felt myself breathe more freely as Harry unfolded his reasons for so suddenly appearing at Selwode; and I was truly rejoiced to think that Clarinda would be under her husband's protection; for though I had been honestly perplexed as to which of us bore the preference in Sir Everard's estimation, yet Clarinda's explanation had put that matter very thoroughly to rest; and I was now only shocked at the extreme duplicity of the man, and at Clarinda's duplicity also—for how she could so mislead Harry about me as she had done, how she could look into his trusting eyes and utter such a falsehood, I was at a loss to imagine. And yet the morrow filled me with even greater fear and amaze.

I had gone down to the rose-wilderness to gather a bunch of roses for Harry, as he loved them above all other flowers. This rose-wilderness was a fancy of my mother's—a piece of uneven turf, now lying flat, now rising into mounds, and planted thickly with rose bushes of all kinds; so that in parts it might well be called a thicket of roses, they had grown so tall and bushy. There were pink, white, moss, blush, damask, streaked York and Lancaster, and little Scotch roses that always made me think of Aunt Hetty, and that I am sure my mother had an especial favour to on her account.

I was stooping down, hidden away in the thickest part of this wilderness, when I became aware of voices near me, which proved

to be those of Sir Everard and Clarinda. I did not want to see him, and so I kept quite still, waiting for them to pass by.

"What shall I do?" said Clarinda. "You see that Harry is quite determined on my going back with him."

"You must take your sister, then," said he; "or what excuse shall I have for following?"

"Then you will not remain at Selwode?"

"Why should I?" he asked. "Do not these golden links bind me in adamantine chains?"

And I could see through the rose branches that he had taken up one of Clarinda's long ringlets, and was twisting it round his fingers.

"You must give me one," said he, "as a proof that my gaoler is not a cruel one."

"No, no," she answered, hastily; "I cannot do that."

"Then I may take one," said he, opening a little clasp-knife that he drew from his pocket.

She laughed, saying "No, no." But 'twas very faintly said.

And so he cut off one of her ringlets.

"Lie safe, golden lock, and keep my heart for ever a willing prisoner," said he—and he placed it in his bosom.

I had been so intent upon knowing what the end would be, that I had quite forgotten that I was an eavesdropper. And all at once it came to me that I was playing a mean and unworthy part in thus listening; yet I was not sorry that I had heard what had passed; and as I could not with dignity make my appearance just then, I crouched still lower until they should go away—fearing every moment lest I should be discovered.

But they did not stay long; and as soon as I believed them to be out of sight, I gathered up the roses which had fallen out of my hands, and fled towards the house—not exactly knowing what I intended to do.

Panting and in haste, I sprang up the terrace steps; and at the end of the terrace, Sir Everard and Clarinda were standing. Clarinda saw me at once, also the bunch of roses in my hand; and perhaps they, as well as my face, told a tale.

Sir Everard was just parting from her, and he did not stop to speak to me, but passed me with a bow. His eyes rested for a moment on the flowers, and a curious smile played over his face.

Clarinda came to meet me with a look of terror.

"What is the matter, Grace? Where have you been?"

Though she knew well enough, without my telling her.

"In the rose-wilderness."

"How long since?"

"Scarce five minutes ago."

"And you heard—and you saw—?"

"Sir Everard place your ringlet nigh his heart!"

CHAPTER XIII.

CLARINDA MAKES A PETITION.

"CLARINDA!" said I, after a long pause, during which we had been gazing into each other's faces, in a sort of stupor.

"What are you going to do now?" said she, sullenly.

"I don't know," I replied. "Oh, Clarinda! what shall I do?" And I threw the roses down on the ledge of the window, near which we were standing. "Oh, Clarinda!" and I seized her hand; "what is to be done?"

"You will not tell!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Grace, you will not tell! Think what would come of it! And I did not give the curl, he took it; you know he did."

There did not seem to me much difference betwixt giving and taking, in the present instance, since 'twas allowed so readily; but I did not tell her so then, I only answered—

"Ask him to give it back to you, Clarinda. He will surely do so, if you request it."

"You do not know him," she replied. "He sets too great store upon it to give it up lightly."

"Nonsense; he will—he must. Go. Make haste, it is not too late; you can call him back now. See, he is looking round at us."

"No, no, I cannot—I dare not."

"Dare not!" I repeated, in surprise. "I should think it was the only thing you dare do. And you must—or I will."

And before she could prevent it, I had darted after Sir Everard, and reached him, almost breathless—my hand touching his arm for a moment, to arrest his attention. It was not needed, for he knew that I was there—he even knew for what I had come; though he turned to me, smiling, and asked—

"To what am I indebted for such an eager greeting, Mistress Grace?"

"I came—that is, my sister—" I stammered.

"Does Mistress Fanshawe wish to speak to me? I will return with you," he said, quietly.

"There is no need," said I. "You have something of my sister's that she desires you to give back to her."

"Is that her message or yours, Mistress Grace?"

"Mine and hers," I replied; though I was not quite sure that the latter was strictly true.

"I will reply to you first," he said; "and I can answer your sister afterwards." And he half drew the lock of hair from its place of concealment.

I held out my hand for it, thinking that he too saw the folly and danger of what he had done, and was willing to make amends.

"You see, I understand you, Mistress Grace. Your face told me, as I passed you just now, as truly as your roses, where you had been, and what you had heard. You are far too honest to keep a secret."

"Am I?" said I; "nay, I can keep one very safely."

"Can you so?" said he, carelessly; "then you must keep this one, for I cannot think of parting with what has so late come into my possession."

And he thrust back the lock of hair, then folded his arms, and looked down upon me with a serene air.

"Sir Everard, you are not in earnest."

"Perfectly so. I was never farther from jesting."

My anger was roused.

"You are a base, cruel, wicked man, Sir Everard," said I, my eyes flashing.

"I am sorry to hear you say so," he answered; "though you look so very pretty in a passion, Mistress Grace, that I am glad to have an opportunity of seeing you in one. I thought you pretty enough before—though you have ever been scornful to me." And he gazed at me contemplatively. "You have never liked me—I am quite aware of it," he added.

"What have I to do with this?" I asked. "I am not begging a favour for myself, but am demanding for my sister what she has a right to ask."

"Civility begets civility," he returned. "Had Mistress Grace Selwode been a little more gracious to her humble admirer, he might have been more inclined to listen to her request."

My mother's words rose to my mind. If I

had but shown my dislike less openly! But then, how could I disguise my feelings and be honest? And yet, if I had been a trifle more courteous, I might have now befriended Clarinda.

"Then," said I, as haughtily as I could, "if Sir Everard Tynley will not give back his ill-gotten spoil by fair means, other measures must be taken."

"What measures do you propose, Mistress Grace?" he asked, pensively. "There may be danger that you scarce take into consideration in making the matter too public."

I saw at once what he pointed at, and all the terrible consequences that might result from the situation in which Clarinda's folly and weakness had placed her. How little does a vain woman, in her love of admiration, think of the misery it oft entails!

"You are wise, Mistress Grace; and you understand me on this point. 'Tis a pity you have not read me better in others, then might this difficulty not have come to pass. For the present, you must be content to let matters rest in abeyance; remembering for the future that civility begets civility, Mistress Selwode. Remembering, too," he added, as he turned away, "that so long as I possess this golden treasure, 'tis dangerous to offend me."

And, bowing courteously, he left me.

I did not comprehend the whole drift of his speech. I only knew that he was a determined man, whom it would be dangerous to push to extremities. I knew, too, Harry's generous and impulsive nature—how 't would be wounded, and how he would be maddened to demand satisfaction. I understood, too, that Sir Everard had chafed under the contempt and dislike which had been too manifest in my behaviour, and that he designed to visit his wrath upon me through Clarinda.

As soon as he had gone, Clarinda came running towards me.

"Well?" said she.

"He will not give it up."

Though she looked pale and frightened, yet I could see that a half-pleased smile lighted up her face.

"I thought he would not," said she, softly. "Poor Sir Everard, 'tis a pity he thinks so much of me."

"'Tis a greater pity that you think so much of *him*," I retorted, indignantly. "A man not worthy to hold a candle to Harry—a man who would threaten as he has done—a pal-

try coward, taking advantage of a woman's fears!"

"Nay, there you are unjust," said she. "Sir Everard is no coward. Harry will tell you he has proved the contrary twenty times. But tell me what he said."

And then I repeated to her our conversation, word for word.

"Grace," she said, with a slight shiver, "you must not anger him. You don't know what it might end in."

"You should have thought of that before. What are you going to do?"

"Do? What can I do? I can do nothing."

"Yes, you can. You can go straight to Harry, and tell him how wrong and foolish you have been, how you have been led away by your vanity. You can tell him the truth, Clarinda, and he will get you out of this tangle. He is so good, so kind, so full of love for you, that you cannot do better than trust in him."

She looked at me aghast.

"Are you mad, Grace?"

"No, not mad—I am only advising you to take the only course that seems to me open to you."

"My dear Grace," said she, "you have lived in the country so long that you are as simple as my little Patty; and you have read poetry and old romances until you have become romantic and sentimental in an absurd degree. As long as Sir Everard has possession of that tiresome ringlet, nothing can be done."

"Harry would believe you," said I.

"Harry might," said she, "but the world wouldn't. And the world would laugh at Harry's faith. And Harry won't stand being laughed at."

"Oh, dear!" said I, with a groan.

"No," said she, "that idea is so utterly absurd, that you may give it up at once. What was it Sir Everard said, Grace—that civility begets civility, was it not? Depend upon it, 'twas a hint that he might relent some time, if you behaved a little more graciously to him—which, indeed, I think you might. For truly, Grace, you have behaved like a little savage to him; and he is not used to such treatment. You have chafed him by your ill-bred airs, and now I have to suffer for it."

And thus again she, as it were, threw the consequences of her own folly off her shoulders on to mine—at which injustice I felt very indignant.

"I treated him as he deserved, Clarinda; and I wonder how you have the face to upbraid me."

"Tut," said she; "there's no harm in the man beyond his thinking me prettier than the rest of his acquaintances; and his poetic fancy leads him to exalt me into his lady-love, and himself into a knight-errant. And this Selwode episode has been a very pretty one, only it has ended unfortunately. How could one think he would have stolen one of my curls? Yet 'twas a pretty theft, and I doubt not he will write a sonnet upon it. I wish Harry could write verses and dance a measure as well as Sir Everard. But Harry is a little awkward."

"Clarinda!" I exclaimed, angrily—for I was shocked and pained at her levity—"have you no sense—no feeling?"

For it seemed to me that the pretty, thoughtless woman before me, to whom I had hitherto looked up as my older, wiser sister, had dwarfed down suddenly into a pigmy, and that I had risen up as a giant beside her: that she had no heart, no brain—nothing to recommend her but her pretty face. I felt grieved for Harry. How little he knew the woman with whom he had linked his fate! And yet, perhaps, 'twas as well he should be deceived; for if he should ever wake up, what a disappointment would be his! 'Twas a terrible misfortune to be such a silly fool as I feared my sister was; for I could see that, after all, 'twas but folly, but love of admiration, but vanity that was so misleading her; and also a heart incapable of strong and deep feeling. Perhaps she was to be pitied.

"Grace," she said—as though she had really been reflecting seriously—"you must come with me to London."

"Indeed," I replied, "I have no wish to do so. After what I have seen, I think I had better keep clear of it, and take my pleasure quietly at Selwode."

"No," she answered, very earnestly—"you must go with me."

I shook my head.

"I will stay and look after the children."

"My mother can do that. And she will let you go with me. I know she will. Harry has been asking for it; and—and—" she hesitated—"you heard what Sir Everard said?"

"Yes—that I must go as an excuse."

"Yes," she answered. "So you see that 'twould be better for me."

"If Sir Everard had no excuse, perhaps he might remain here?"

She looked at me with keen scrutiny, as she had once done before.

"I am not sure but that you are in love with him," said she.

"Folly! nonsense!" said I. "How can you think of anything so trifling, when so grave a matter is in hand. Once for all, I hate the man. Have I ever seemed to do otherwise?"

"No; I will do you the justice to say that you have shown your dislike pretty plainly. And yet, if you were left together, there is no telling what might happen. And then I should lose my adorer—which I don't want to do. It is such a triumph, my dear, to have the most fashionable man in town for one's slave. Sir Everard must not marry at present."

"As far as I am concerned, he will never marry at all," I replied.

And then a new thought occurred to me. What if I had him to myself for a time, could I prevail upon him to restore Clarinda's ringlet? And so I asked her—

"Do you think he would remain at Selwode if I did? For, in that case, it might be better if I remained than if I went with you."

She had evidently not considered this before; and again she looked inquiringly at me, as if she would pierce my inmost thoughts. Sir Everard had certainly made an effort to propitiate me, and perhaps the same doubt that had perplexed me might now suggest itself to Clarinda.

"Do you think he likes you better than he does me?" she asked.

"Not now."

"Yet he might," she said, half to herself; "and I couldn't trust you not to fall in love with him."

"I could swear it," said I.

"My dear," said she, "in such cases, oaths, promises, resolutions are all utterly unavailing—they melt away like snow would on a July day. No, you must go with me. You will, Grace—surely, you will? I don't know what may happen if you do not. I shall betray myself, and Harry will begin to suspect; and I shall get frightened. And Sir Everard may not be so cautious as he has been. And then, if a quarrel should come, you know how hot and impetuous Harry is. And my father! Oh, Grace, if you do not go with me, all that happens will be upon your head!"

And so she begged and entreated, until I promised that, if my mother did not say nay, I would go back with her and Harry.

My mother did not oppose my going, as Harry and Clarinda seemed so set upon it; and so it happened that I found myself in London, in a manner totally unexpected, much to the surprise of myself, and greatly to the satisfaction of Uncle Oliver.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY A GEOLOGIST.

MY WAYSIDE TEACHERS.

The chance companions one sometimes finds on the road are often worth cultivating, either for their yarns, the information they can give, or as indices of local beliefs. I once spent a very pleasant day with a considerable party of gipsies, during which we performed a journey of upwards of thirty miles—they on horseback and I on foot. They possessed a large amount of topographical knowledge, and were by no means incommunicative. They were certainly not lacking in inquisitiveness; and, in all probability, could have told my fortune at the end of the day, to any one curious about it.

I was one morning overtaken by an active, hale old fellow, who had been a soldier and seen a great deal of service, but was at the time a river bargeman.

In our journey we passed a directing post, with arms in good condition, and containing full information.

"Do 'ee know what that is?" said my companion.

"A directing post, of course."

"I call 't a passon."

"A parson! Why?"

"Cause 'ee tell'th the way, but doth'n't go."

Before we separated, we passed a second post, which was very dilapidated, and had lost its arms.

"If the post we saw just now were a parson," said I, "what's this one?"

"Oh, he's a bishop."

"Explain."

"He neither tell'th nor go'th."

I once overtook an old pensioner, who had fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. In his prime, he must have been a very handsome soldier. He stood six feet

two in his stockings, and was still a model in his proportions. A wound at Waterloo had lamed his right leg, so that he halted a good deal in his walk; but he had the true bearing of a veteran. When I came up with him he had just entered on the tow-path of a canal, along which our joint road lay for about five miles. He was returning from a neighbouring town, whither he had gone in the morning to receive his pension, and—if a nautical expression is allowable when describing an old soldier—he was considerably more than half-seas over. Indeed, I did not think it safe to leave him on the tow-path alone. My journey with him was by no means so amusing as that with the professor of ecclesiastical heraldry just mentioned. The old fellow was very loquacious, but his speech was somewhat incoherent. Every bit of information I ventured on was at once pooh-poohed with the standing formula—

"Tis no use to tell me, for I've studied the actable and tractable in man."

Having expressed great readiness to sit at his feet, I meekly asked what was to be understood by "the actable and tractable in man;" and simply got laughed at for my ignorance. The canal banks were much out of repair; and several places, over which the water flowed for considerable distances, had to be traversed on narrow planks placed there for the purpose. These were the critical points of the journey, and it was necessary to convoy my charge with great watchfulness. Three times all my care was defeated, and the veteran went headlong into the canal. It then became my duty to study the actable and tractable in man, so far as I understood it. At any rate, I found it necessary to exert all my strength and a good deal of *activity* to draw him ashore, and set him on his feet. Finally, I left him at the door of the cottage which he told me was his.

One cloudy, moonless night, when walking, about ten o'clock, from a considerable town to my lodging in one of the suburbs, I saw something lying in the road, and supposed it a dog. Having no fondness for any of the *canidæ*, I gave it a wide berth, but steadily watched it. At length, feeling sceptical about the dog hypothesis, I approached, and found it a man, fearfully intoxicated. On being raised to his feet, he fell immediately he was left to himself; and

when propped against the wall, his efforts to walk very soon brought him again prostrate in the middle of the road. To leave him there was to render it very probable that he would be seriously injured—perhaps killed—before the morning by some one driving over him. Happily, his tongue was not quite so drunken as his legs; and, after many efforts, he succeeded in giving me his name and address. Being familiar with the district—another suburb—I decided on taking him home. The labour was by no means trifling, as the distance was fully two miles, the night was dark, and he was a heavy man. We reached his house at about one in the morning. My knock was answered by his wife, with whom I had the pleasure of the following chat:—

"Is this your husband?"

"Yes, unfortunately. I wish he was in Heaven."

"I found him lying in the road, and could do no less than take him home."

"A pretty story to tell me! No doubt you've been drinking with him."

"Good night, ma'am."

And in this way I disposed of my charge and of hers.

The lesson taught me by my two last-mentioned teachers may be thus formulated:—

"Avoid, if possible, the guardianship of drunkards."

During a ramble in Cornwall, many years ago, I was desirous of seeing the famous granite viaduct which was then in course of erection by the late Mr. Trefry; and being ignorant of its exact whereabouts, and therefore of the road to it, I sought the requisite information from a miller whom I chanced to encounter. He not only gave me the needed directions, but with it a valuable lesson, which I have never forgotten.

"Is this," said I, "the right road to Mr. Trefry's viaduct?"

"Viaduct, kettha?" (quotha). "Doesn't a talk dictionary words to country vux" (folk). "The people in these pairs know no more 'bout viaducts than they do 'bout astronomy."

"Be so good as to tell me how best to proceed."

"You ax for Luxulian Church-town; and when you get there you'll be purty near the viaduct, and won't have var to go."

Acting on the directions thus given, I duly reached the "Church-town," and the magnificent structure near it.

There is in the same county, on the right bank of the river Camel, a church almost buried in blown sand, though still used as a place of worship. The natives call it "Sinking-eddy Church," and when on my way to visit it, I worked at the derivation of the name in the following manner:—"Sinking" presents little or no difficulty; for as the sand, no doubt, rose gradually round the church, it produced precisely the same effect as if the latter had slowly subsided into it. "Sinking," therefore, would be accurately descriptive, so far as appearances went. "Eddy" is not quite so obvious; but there can be little doubt that, occasionally at least, the wind whirled the sand round the old pile so as to cause it to resemble an eddy in a stream. In short, the structure was designated "The church sinking in the eddying sand," which would inevitably be abridged into "The church sinking in the eddy," and, finally, into "Sinking-eddy Church." In the absence of a better, I was fain to put up with this explanation; and, to tell the whole truth, I congratulated myself on the etymological achievement; though it must be confessed that Swift's derivation of *Andromache* from *Andrew Mackay* did cross my memory.

By way of introducing myself, and getting in the thin end of a conversation, it is my wont, when in a new and sparsely populated district, to ask my way of almost every one who affords the opportunity. Accordingly, all those on the road on the tramp now spoken of were requested "to direct me to Sinking-eddy Church," and usually gave full and clear instructions. At length, my evil genius led me to a cottage, the mistress of which appeared to have seen better days, and to have had an education superior to her fortune. She kindly asked me to walk in and rest awhile, gave me what information she could respecting the church, and concluded with the following remark:—

"Sinking-eddy, I ought to tell you, is but a local corruption of the real name, which is St. Enodoc."

Alas, for my etymological structure! It was shivered at a blow; and I began to suspect that my new cottage friend was a descendant of old Edie Ochiltree. At any rate, "Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I

mind the bigging o't," seemed to ring in my ears during the remainder of my walk.

I was one evening walking towards my home for the night, at the mouth of a beautiful river, and was overtaken by a farm labourer, with whom I entered into conversation by making the following remark:—

"'Tis a fine evening."

"Yes, 'tis; but there'll be rain before the morning."

"Rain before the morning! Why, there's not a cloud to be seen, and we've had no rain for some weeks. What makes you think there'll be rain?"

"Well, the frogs make me think so. I've zid lots of 'em jumping across the road this evening. There goes another!" And he pointed one out to me. "I'm sure there'll be rain before the morning."

My preceptor proved to be right; for, though the sky was still cloudless when I went to bed, there was rain enough before the next morning to convert the thick dust on the road into thick mud.

It may be feared that instead of that teachable spirit which, as is well known, characterizes a good pupil, I have sometimes entertained some degree of scepticism respecting the deliverances of my teachers.

One morning, after a very tempestuous night, I remarked to an old fisherman—

"It blew great guns last night, didn't it!"

"It did, sure 'nough. But two nights ago I know'd 'twas coming."

"How?"

"Why, the moon. Didn't 'ee zee't?"

"You probably refer to the circle round the moon. I saw that; and noticed 'twas very large."

"I zid it too; but that isn't what I mean, for I didn't think much' bout they. 'Twas the stars."

"Was there anything remarkable in the stars?"

"Oh, bless 'ee, ces! There was one just a'ead of the moon, towing en; and another just astern, chasing en. I know'd there'd be a heavy gale, safe enough."

During one of my visits to the famous granite pile known as the Cheesewring, near Liskeard, in Cornwall, I remarked to a man at work hard by—

"The Cheesewring's very wonderful. Does anybody in this district know how

it came here, and piled up in that strange way?"

"Oh, by all accounts, 'twas washed there by the flood."

I thought, but didn't say, "Oh, you ill-used, over-worked flood! what labours are assigned to you!"

SCENES WELL REMEMBERED.

Though geologists, as a body, do not pretend to be artists, or to surpass men in general in artistic feeling, few of them fail to avail themselves of their numerous opportunities to visit spots famed for their loveliness or grandeur, or to note those which had previously escaped attention; and many of them are fond of recalling and describing scenes and incidents of the kind which live securely in their memories.

Incessant and violent rain once made prisoners of a party of six of us, at Ambleside, for nearly two days. Just before sunset on the second day, the downpour had so moderated as to render it possible for us to sally forth, in waterproof wraps, to see Stock Gill Force, the neighbouring waterfall. The wind, which the day before had upset a boat and drowned four men on Windermere, still blew a heavy gale, and attuned our minds to the spectacle we were about to witness.

As we wended our way up the valley, the stream stopped us at almost every yard. It was itself a series of torrents; and had we been ignorant of the existence of the fall still farther up, we should have lingered long and delightedly over many of them. When we reached the fall, it far surpassed not only everything of the kind which any of us had ever gazed on, but all that we had imagined it would or could be. Stock Gill Force is so well known, that it is needless to say that the observer ordinarily stands on the level of the stream before its precipitation, that considerable masses of rock bound and guard the fall on each side, and that the scene is well wooded. As we stood watching it, we were all for some time perfectly silent; and then, having scanned its prominent points, we each attempted to translate it into words. The idea which most forcibly struck and held possession of me—too apt, perhaps, to be occasionally fanciful—was that the mad-dened, foaming, hissing stream was some infuriated monster rushing on the rocks just mentioned, as if to tear them from

their places, but, failing in the attempt, falling headlong into the boiling gulf below; whilst the trees—the guardians of the spot—tossed their giant arms wildly about, and shrieked their exultations over the defeated foe.

Four of us once sat on the summit of Scafell Pike, in Cumberland. Two of the party were not only perfectly familiar with the Lake district generally, but had made the ascent several times; whilst the others were strangers, making their first visit. One of the former was pointing out and naming the most prominent objects in the panorama, when he was interrupted by the other shouting—

"On with your waterproofs at once. Take careful compass bearings without loss of time. There's a heavy fog coming on us, which may keep us here for a protracted period."

This was instantly complied with, though we thought for a while that our friend had been guilty of some exaggeration. We soon changed our minds, however, for the fog was fast hemming us in. We watched its passage over the summits of the minor hills; we saw it pour into the valleys at their feet; we noticed how it apparently destroyed homesteads, fields, farms, and lakes; we followed its rush up the sides of the mountain heights, till all was blotted out, save a few square yards of the eminence on which we sat; and in a few moments we were alone in one apparently illimitable surging sea of fog. The beautiful world on which we had just been gazing had, as it were, been resolved into chaos. We sat thus for about half an hour, when our experienced watchful friend called attention to a point where the whiteness of the fog was less decided than elsewhere, and cheerily said, "It will soon lift now." Accordingly, we gradually saw things of beauty take existence, and shape, and colour, and definition. One by one, the hills and lakes were revealed; the sea at length appeared; the fog was rolled away; and the beautiful, smiling world lay stretched beneath us. One of the party called special attention to the loveliness of Green Gable; and, proud of the district in which he had spent so many vacations, exclaimed, "The whole world can't show a bit of colouring superior to that." Never before had I seen, and only once since have I witnessed, any pheno-

menon that conveyed to me so clear an idea of what may be called the evolution of individual existences out of chaotic matter.

The other instance, just mentioned, was that of a first-rate ship of war, with every sail set and very nearly close-hauled, slowly emerging out of a mass of smoke which had completely enveloped her, and had been produced by her own guns in firing a salute as she passed a great naval port. This instance, however, though eminently beautiful, was less perfect than the former one, as well-defined existences crowded round me in every direction, save that of the ship, and it was necessary to ignore them; whilst on Scafell Pike nothing but ourselves was or could be visible.

GENTLEMAN JACK.

One fine afternoon, when there was a brisk, whole-sail breeze, I accompanied two ladies in a boat across a bay, from the windward to the leeward side, to visit a spot of considerable geological interest. Our voyage was very pleasant until we were near our destination, when we found that, as it was low water, we should have to run in on the open beach; and as there was pretty much wind-wash, there was every probability that we should ship some water, and that the ladies would get a ducking. We had noticed that a boat's crew had just gone ashore from a cutter a short distance in the offing. The sailors were standing on the strand watching us; and, seeing what must happen unless assistance were rendered, they ran into the sea before we entered the broken water, seized the boat on each side, ran her up high and dry, and went off without even stopping to be thanked. The ladies were in ecstasies, and, on the spot, pronounced every sailor to be a thorough gentleman.

VILLAGE SYMPATHY.

So much of my early life was spent in a small village, where the gossip was equally small, and everybody was more or less intimately acquainted with the affairs of everybody else, as to make me very far from desirous of a second edition of that form of existence. Nevertheless, when calamity overtakes any one of their number, the general and thorough sympathy by which such populations are pre-eminently characterized, goes no inconsiderable way to compensate for a curiosity that verges on impertinence.

My pursuits once caused me to spend the Christmas week in a very small seaport town, where, early in my visit, I found a large number of persons assembled at the post office, about five o'clock, just before the postman came in. In reply to my inquiry as to what it meant, it was stated that most of the colliers belonging to the port were on their voyage to the coal districts during a recent severe gale; that, with one exception, intelligence had been received that they had all succeeded in reaching a harbour of refuge, but that great fears were entertained respecting the excepted vessel, as several days had elapsed since the tempest, and no letter from her had been received. At length the mail arrived, and in a very short time the postmistress announced that there was no letter for Captain D—, the father of the captain of the missing ship. At once the company broke up, and each went to his home. During the following day, wherever a knot of two or three men were talking together, the "poor fellows" were the theme of conversation; and in every shop and inn the subject was still the same. In the evening, I was at the post office again—for, though I knew no one on board the craft, I had caught the infection—and found a still larger concourse of men, women, and children; but they were again doomed to disappointment—there was no letter. The third evening witnessed a still greater company, and quite a feverish anxiety. I heard from that sympathetic company more than one prayer put up that evening that there might be a letter. But there was none, and the case was regarded as almost beyond hope. On the fourth evening, a full hour before it was possible the post could arrive, the post office was beset by a considerable majority of the entire population, longing for news from—or, at least, respecting—their absent townsmen. At length the postman's horn was heard, a lane was made for his horse through the crowd, and the bag was handed in. During the examination of its contents not a sound was heard. The silence was painful; but no one dared to break it. At length, the postmistress threw open her window, and, in unison with the feeling that possessed every one, *screamed—*

"Letter for Captain D—, Waterford postmark!"

An attempt was made to get up a cheer, but it totally failed, for the pent-up feelings

found more salutary relief in a silent tear. The long-wished for letter was seized by an eager hand, and instantly conveyed to its destination. The crowd followed at a rapid pace, but in the most orderly manner; and, in a few minutes, received information that the ship and crew were all safe in Waterford harbour. We gave three hearty and cordial cheers for the "poor fellows," and "one cheer more for Captain D——," and then proceeded to our respective homes, with minds sufficiently at ease to think of Christmas festivities.

TABLE TALK.

THE VISIT TO DUBLIN of the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur seems to have aroused the native enthusiasm of the warm-hearted Irish to fever heat. Never since the visit of George the Fourth, immediately after the death of his wife, has such a hearty outburst of loyal feeling been exhibited as has been evinced within the last few days on the banks of the Liffey. Every one, however, must be sorry to see how soon the good feeling and harmony of the moment may be spoiled by a few obnoxious roughs, who call themselves—save the mark!—patriots. The Dublin riots were quenched, notwithstanding, in a manner which we think was—if, perhaps, a little peremptory for the moment—at least, most definite in the long run.

TOUCHING THESE CHRONIC outbursts of party temper in Ireland, we cannot help giving the text of a letter received not long ago from a resident for the time being in Belfast, which, although from an uneducated man, is racy in its way. He says:—"Perhaps you would like to know how I am getting on in Belfast. Belfast is a curious place to live in. Party spirit runs rather high here. The quotations at present are—'Cursing the Pope,' forty shillings, and two and sixpence costs; ditto 'The glorious, immortal, and pious memory of King William,' forty shillings, and two and sixpence costs; 'No Surrender,' forty shillings, and two and sixpence costs; 'Papist Peelers,' twenty shillings, and costs (amount according to discretion). But the curious part of the business is, that if you *bless* any of the high and mighty names around which public opinion on one side or the other surges, you have to pay fine and costs all the same. So you

will see that it is a very nice town for an outspoken man to live in."

THE COURT-MARTIAL in the case of H.M.S. the *Agincourt* is at length concluded, with the mild verdict of—"Be more careful in future!" We say nothing touching the merits of this inquiry; but if things go on much longer as they have done lately, Englishmen will begin to lose their faith in "the British fleet." But a little while ago, a model vessel, the *Captain*, went down, with several hundred souls on board. Then we have this *Agincourt* mishap, and almost simultaneously comes the affair of the *Megara*. A ship which was old and totally unfit for service was sent out in defiance of the warnings of experienced men. But for an accident, which gave a favourable means of escape for the crew and passengers, the *Megara* might have shared the same awful fate as the *Captain*. We have never pretended to be a military nation; but, of all other peoples in the world, we have been proud of our navy. We are afraid, however, that the old boast of Britannia ruling the waves is in danger of losing a little of its practical truth. It is hardly pleasant to taxpayers, and still less so to the public spirit of the humblest Englishman, to hear from the lips of Mr. Reed, the late chief constructor for the navy, such words as these:—"I have said before, sir, and I beg leave to repeat now, that the present administration of the Admiralty is utterly inconsistent with the safety of her Majesty's naval officers and seamen; and if it is continued, can have, before long, but one result—that of the refusal of both officers and men to embark in her Majesty's ships." A pleasant prospect certainly for the nation in the event of a sudden emergency!

THE EFFECT OF BATTLES on vegetation has been shown in the late campaign in a remarkable degree. Wherever a great battle has been fought, many plants have completely died, and the rest have grown up in an unhealthy state, as if they had been poisoned. This phenomenon is supposed to be due to the diffusion of sulphur in the air, and over the surface of the soil. The sulphur of the gunpowder is supposed to combine with the oxygen of the air, and thus to form sulphurous acid, which the newspapers declare to be "a deadly poison on organisms of any kind"—although, a couple of years ago, it

was being universally applied by our doctors to our relaxed throats, and other diseased parts, and for a season was regarded as a universal panacea.

A NEW AND VERY SIMPLE method of distinguishing between real and apparent death has been recently discovered by M. Laborde. When a sharp steel needle—not cased only with steel—is driven into the tissues of a living man or animal, in a short time it loses its metallic lustre, and becomes dim—or, in scientific language, is oxidized; while a similar needle may remain for an hour or more in the tissues of a dead subject without undergoing any apparent change. Hence the oxidation or non-oxidation of the needle affords a decisive proof whether death is real or only apparent.

PROFESSOR BERTHELOT seems at length to have completed his researches on "The Saturation of Organic Substances with Hydrogen," on which he has been engaged during the last four years. Hydriodic acid is the hydrogen compound he employs, and he finds that the quantity of the acid required varies according to the nature of the substance submitted to its action. The substance experimented on is heated for a sufficient time at a temperature of 275 C., with excess of the aqueous solution of the acid; and while twenty or thirty parts of the latter are sufficient to produce the required changes in an alcohol of the fatty series—as common alcohol, or wood-spirit—such substances as coal, bitumen, or wood-charcoal require at least a hundred times their weight. Charcoal and coal, when thus treated, are transformed into a mixture of various saturated hydro-carbons, identical with those found in petroleum oil. In fact, *the coal is changed into petroleum oil.*

LOCOMOTION IS A SUBJECT that has been lately discussed in both Houses of Parliament. In the Lords, the Earl of Dunmore has moved and carried a motion for a committee to determine whether, considering the benefits that Thomson's road engine was likely to confer on the public generally, the existing restrictions on locomotives as to their maximum speed, the hours they are allowed to traverse the streets of London, the necessity of their being preceded by a man with a red flag—who, thus armed, is far more frightful to the horses than the engine

itself—&c., might not be modified or repealed. In the Commons, a debate on the London Street Tramways Extension Bill, which proposes to lay down tramways along Oxford-street, the Edgware-road, &c., elicited various facts tending to show that tramways are not without their drawbacks—that they lame horses, injure carriages, and destroy trade in the streets along which they run, by impeding free access to shops. On these and other grounds, the bill was lost. It may be remarked that, in a recent communication to the Board of Trade, Captain Tyler, while recommending the Val de Travers asphalté as a bed for the rails of tramways, suggests that so good a pavement might be obtained by the use of this material, that the necessity of rails for cars, such as now run, might be superseded; in which case the greatest objections would be removed, as the cars could then accommodate their movements to those of other vehicles.

LET US WHISPER words of comfort into the ears of oyster eaters. The price of oysters, at the well-known home of the bivalve in Maiden-lane, is this season 1s. 8d. a dozen. Last year, the price was 1s. 6d. at first, but about November rose to 1s. 8d.; so it will be seen we are where we were in the matter—plenty, and with it cheapness, has not come with culture and Mr. Buckland. Forty years ago, however, there was a scarcity of oysters, and this favourite shellfish was as dear then as it is now. Several very productive seasons followed; and the beds which had been stripped of oysters were soon full again. For thirty years following, the price of oysters was 6d. a dozen; and they were never dearer until about ten years ago, when they began to rise, gradually getting dearer every season, until 2s. 6d. and even 3s. a dozen is charged at some of the shops for native oysters. But there is hope of a good supply yet, though the public faith in its coming is sorely shaken. All that is wanted is a few years favourable for the deposit of spat, and oysters would be as "plenty" again as when Sir Walter ate them in the house over "Dan Terry's theatre, called the Adelphi," in 1826.

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ONCE A WEEK

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No. 191.

August 26, 1871.

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JEREMIAH LILLYBOY.

A TALE OF A HARE—AND SOMETHING ELSE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR GUY DE GUY."

CHAPTER IV.



BETSY had recovered her wonted self-possession. The fortuitous discovery which she had made in the letter which Stivins inadvertently handed to her had indeed annihilated the fond delusion she had so long nursed; but the feeling which dominated her most was a filial tenderness for her uncle; and, as night drew on, every personal thought gave way to anxiety for him, which was at length relieved by his familiar ring at the bell.

"Dearest, dearest uncle!" she exclaimed as she threw her arms around his neck. "How late you are!—and oh! how soiled your coat is!"

"Ye-es, I—I fell into the mud!"

"Dear, dear! how unlucky you are! Well, never mind!" and Betsy helped her uncle to extricate himself from his coat.

Jeremiah sat down, looking absent and dejected.

"Well, dear, tell me all you have seen," said she, with a view to arouse him. "You have been all day long in the lovely country. What have you been doing?"

"Doing? What you ordered me to do, Betsy."

"What was that?"

"Walking about."

"What else?"

"Enjoying myself."

"Yes, yes—but what then?"

"Why, walking about again!—and," continued Jeremiah, starting to his feet and

pacing the room, "if you think I hav'n't walked about and enjoyed myself enough, Betsy, I'll continue the process here, in this room! But no power on earth shall ever again compel me to enjoy myself and walk, and walk and enjoy myself, in that abhorred forest! Tell me when I've done it long enough, Betsy, then I'll stop."

Betsy was quite upset by this very unwonted conduct of her uncle, and half suspected that he must have been slaking his thirsty soul with a liquid more stimulating than his customary glass of water. So she affectionately, but forcibly, placed him in his easy chair.

"Come, come, dear, tell me all the news. What have you picked up?"

"Picked up!" echoed Jeremiah, and looking fiercely at his niece. "How dare you, Betsy, taunt me with my crimes!"

"Crimes, dearest uncle! Surely, gathering wild flowers is not a crime!"

"Oh! wild flowers! Hav'n't seen any."

"None! Is it possible? Did the birds sing sweetly?"

"Hav'n't heard any."

"No birds in the forest! I'm astonished! Was the sun pleasant, dear?"

"Didn't notice it."

"Not notice the sun! How very, odd. But the grass was very green—eh?"

"Didn't look at it."

"Didn't look at the grass, or the sun, or the birds, or the flowers! How singular!" mused Betsy, with increasing anxiety. "But the trees, dear uncle?"

"Trees—trees! Don't think I noticed any—not one."

"No trees in the forest?"

"Yes—stay, I saw one; and on it I beheld—"

"Go on, dear. Flowers, or only foliage?"

"On it I beheld—POACHERS BEWARE!"

"Uncle!" exclaimed Betsy, now fairly alarmed at his eccentric behaviour. "Why do you afflict me thus with your drolleries?"

"Drolleries!—the darkest, saddest, wretchedest day of my whole life—my holiday—she calls 'droll.'"

Betsy made no reply, but sat beside her uncle, soothing him with her tender caresses, hoping the agitation under which he laboured would speedily pass away.

This quiet interval was interrupted by a knock and a ring at the door. Walter's knock and ring!

"How dare he come after the repellent letter? What right has he to come—monster of deceit!" was the thought which flashed through her mind as the bell tinkled.

"Betsy, child, open the door; that's Walter Freeman," urged her uncle, perceiving her hesitation.

"Do you wish me to admit him?" she asked.

"Why not?"

"Well, yes, he had better come in," she replied; adding, in her own thought, "it is better that I should at once convict him to his face, and for ever put a stop to this deceit."

Thereupon she opened the door. Walter entered with his accustomed *bonhomie*, leaving a hamper in the hall.

"Have you received a—letter, Mr. Freeman?" quietly asked Betsy, without any apparent emotion, as she admitted him.

"I have," replied Walter, with gaiety.

His manner surprised Betsy. There was certainly nothing in her letter calculated to make him hilarious.

"And you are come here in spite of the letter?" she asked, gravely.

"On the contrary, I have come in consequence of it. Happy—happy day!" replied Walter, with a beaming face.

This rejoinder still more perplexed Betsy.

"And you received a letter from me this morning?" he asked in his turn.

"I did."

"That is well."

And Freeman entered the parlour.

He found it difficult to account for the depression which was manifest upon the faces of Lillyboy and his niece; while Betsy, on the other hand, was equally puzzled in observing the high glee in which he appeared to be.

"Mr. Lillyboy," he said, after an interval, "I have brought the solution to the problem which I—"

"Thank you," interrupted Jeremiah. "I can't look at it to-night."

"Hem! And, Miss Betsy, I have taken the liberty of bringing a small bottle of Frangi—"

"Excuse me, sir," interposed Betsy—"I must ask to be allowed to decline it. Present it to—Julie!" she added, in a lower tone.

"To Julie?"

"Yes, sir. I imagine she has the best title to it!"

And Betsy moved away.

"Miss Lillyboy," exclaimed Walter, following her, "I do not understand you."

"Possibly you may better understand this."

And Betsy handed him the letter which Stivins had in mistake given to her in place of her own.

"How came you by it?" he demanded, incredulously, as he recognized the signature.

"Kind fortune favoured me so far as to put me in possession of it, as a great defence against a cruel and heartless designer," she replied, with crushing coldness.

"I pray you, Miss Betsy, explain yourself."

"What good end could you serve, sir, by addressing such a letter to me as that which I received from you this morning, when—"

Betsy faltered.

"I entreat you to proceed," urged Walter.

"—When Julie at other times claims your fealty?"

"How!—Julie?"

"Yes, if I read yonder note rightly."

Freeman looked alarmed—bewildered—and at length amused.

"Can it be," he said, in a low tone to himself, but sufficiently loud for Betsy to hear—"can it be that Betsy is jealous of my revered aunt, aged fifty-four?"

"Your aunt, sir?"

"Yes, undoubtedly; and a man may not marry his aunt!"

"Bah, sir—equivocation! Perhaps you will, then, explain the engagement to which she alludes."

"An engagement to take her to the Royal Botanical Gardens *fête*, on the 24th."

"And the ring, Mr. Freeman?"

"A key ring, which she has asked me to purchase for her!"

There was so much frankness in Walter's ready rejoinder, that there could be no doubt of his truth. Both he and Betsy laughed at this simple solution; but the former again

demanding how the letter came into Betsy's possession—which she eventually explained.

"But," continued Walter, "I've received no such letter as you say you posted to me. The only one I have had to-day was from a solicitor, which I will explain presently, and which brings me here to-night with a light heart."

Before further explanations could be asked for or made, another knock was heard at the door. It was Stivins again.

"Oh, miss," he exclaimed as Betsy opened the door, "I hope I aint done no mischief; but when I sorted my letters this morning, I found another addressed to the gentleman at Ivy Cottage, Stratford; and thinking, may be I've given Miss Lillyboy the wrong one, I thought I'd better bring it to you—in spite of the Postmaster-General. I've been too busy all day—but I hope it's not too late?"

"Quite right," eagerly replied Betsy, grasping the letter; "the gentleman to whom it is addressed is here. I have just given him the other. This is the one I wished to stop. Many, many thanks, Mr. Stivins;" and with her smile rejoicing his heart, the shoemaker—who was, you will remember, likewise a man—took his leave; and Betsy crushed the unkind letter out of shape, and threw it into the fire.

Lillyboy entering the room at this time, Freeman addressed him, saying—

"Dear friend, I have brought for your acceptance a head of game."

"You are a worthy, good fellow!" responded Jeremiah; "and always contriving some kindness, and bringing us some delicacy."

"I saw it as I came along, at Puffin's, the poulterer, and couldn't resist the temptation of laying hands upon it."

"My dear Freeman, we can never repay you for half your good deeds!"

"I shall presently ask you to wipe off the score at one stroke!" replied Walter, as he laughingly fetched the hamper, and opening it, drew forth a hare. "I'm told it's fresh. Killed this morning."

As Lillyboy's eye fell upon the animal, a cry of terror escaped him. Gasping for breath, he sank into a chair.

"Oh, uncle—uncle, dearest! what is the matter now?"

"Dear Mr. Lillyboy, what ails you?"

"Away, sir—hence! Out of my house! Unhappy that I am, to be pursued by foes even to my own hearth! Away!"

"Dearest uncle!" ejaculated Betsy, in great distress, "what can these wild words mean?"

"The very same hare that has cast a gloom over my existence! I know it by the mark round the throat. Yes—yes, the same! I should not have expected this of *you*, Mr. Freeman!"

And Jeremiah shook his fist almost in Walter's face.

"Where did you say it came from?" asked Betsy, turning to Freeman.

"From Puffin's, the poulterer."

The conversation was interrupted by still another mysterious knock at the door. The knocker, at all events, had had no holiday on that day!

Freeman volunteered to open the door.

In stepped the keeper.

At sight of this functionary, poor Lillyboy was frightened afresh, and shook in every limb. The keeper held in his hand a blue bag. The moment Lillyboy recognized his lost and cherished article of furniture, he rushed towards the keeper with clasped hands, saying, with an imploring gesture—

"Oh, sir, forgive me—for Betsy's sake! But, believe me, I didn't poach it. I swear I didn't! I took it out of pure humanity."

"You took the bag out of pure humanity?" demanded the keeper, astonished.

"No, no!—the hare!"

"What hare? I said nothing about a hare! I came to speak about this bag."

"I borrowed it—I borrowed it!"

"What—borrowed a hare?"

"No, no, the bag!"

"Why, sir, you said just now you took it out of pure humanity. Dashed if I can quite make you out! Goodness knows, I never suspected *you* of borrowing a hare. I came to return this bag, which I picked up on my rounds, with your name and address inside. But, hallo! what's this? One of our hares—I can swear to that! Poached, too, and fresh killed this morning! How's this?" he asked, with an ominous frown.

Lillyboy could only gasp—

"I—I knew my holiday would be my ruin!" and buried his face in his hands, while Betsy tried to assuage his anguish.

Freeman, however, soon satisfied the keeper as to the fact of his having purchased it at Puffin's.

"Oh, Puffin's!" replied the keeper. "A regular dealer in poached game! I know Puffin of old. All the rascals take their plunder

there. I'm quite satisfied, sir, and think I need not intrude any longer, and humbly apologize for having hurt the gentleman's feelings."

And the keeper thereupon took his leave.

When Lillyboy opened his eyes in the expectation of having to submit his wrists to the grip of the handcuffs, he found himself in his easy chair, with Freeman and Betsy on either side, watching him affectionately. After a sufficient interval had elapsed for the restoration of everybody's composure, Freeman turned to Jeremiah, and said—

"Mr. Lillyboy, I have a communication to make to you, and one which may not be uninteresting to Miss Betsy; but before I do so, allow me to ask your permission to offer your niece a—a bottle of Frangipanni."

This original preamble of Walter's was, as might be supposed, a pure enigma to Jeremiah, who could only stammer—

"I hope you will allow me to pay for it."

"I shall ask you to pay off the score presently, sir," continued Walter, producing the bottle of scent. Betsy understood that it had a symbolic intention; and when he offered it to her, she gracefully, though with a visible tremor, accepted it.

"Then I may speak freely?" whispered Walter, as he pressed the hand which received the bottle.

An approving smile was Betsy's only reply.

"The announcement I have to make is this:—I this morning received a letter from a firm of solicitors, informing me that my godfather, who lately died, has bequeathed me property to the extent of £500 a-year."

Walter paused to take breath.

"I congratulate you with all my heart," frankly exclaimed Lillyboy. "You deserve every penny of it."

"You will hardly say so when you find that I do not think myself rich enough, but am bent on robbing you, sir!"

"Eh?" inquired Lillyboy, turning in his seat.

Freeman continued, clearing his throat—

"Up to this day, sir, my very modest means have sealed my lips against the expression of the desire of my heart; and, had things remained as they were, the struggle between impulse and duty would have been severe and long, but duty would have prevailed, and I should have continued mute."

He again paused to clear his throat, and took a draught of water. Betsy was very

pale, but calm and happy. Lillyboy looked more puzzled than ever.

Resumed Freeman—

"The unexpected tidings which I have just communicated to you, sir, have removed the cruel impediment, and I am in a position to avow frankly the hope of my life. I desire, sir, to rob you of your greatest treasure!"

Jeremiah looked round anxiously for his blue bag. Walter comprehended the gesture, and hastened to moderate his apprehensions.

"Nay, sir—it is not the precious blue bag that I covet. Heaven forbid! I could not find it in my heart to deprive you of *that* treasure. The one which I desire to rob you of is—your niece."

The announcement fell like a thunderbolt upon poor Lillyboy, who had thoroughly believed that Walter's insatiable love of chess was the only motive that had brought him, night after night, four or five miles, in all weathers, for the last two years. This discovery was a terrible climax to the troubles of the day.

Betsy flung herself into her uncle's arms, and burst into tears. Lillyboy's fortitude also gave way, and there was a long pause.

Presently, Lillyboy rose tremulously to his feet, and placing Betsy's hand in Walter's, could only articulate—

"Speak to her, Walter. If you can win her, she is yours. My days are well-nigh run out. It is right that there should be another bosom to shelter her. Kiss me, dear child—kiss me."

Betsy was locked in his embrace for many minutes; and when he released her, big tears were coursing each other down his pale, thin cheeks. His heart was too full to say another word. Presently, he took Betsy's hand, gently placed it in Walter's, and, looking Heavenward, silently invoked a blessing upon the twain; then, tottering from the room, left the lovers together.

THE END.

POPPING THE QUESTION IN SMALL HOUSES.

IF a house be regarded strictly from an aspiring lover's point of view, the epithet *small* may be applied to many residences which would figure in an advertisement as "large and desirable family mansions." Paterfamilias might live comfortably, with Materfamilias and twelve children, in a house

which he would have found small when the fever of youthful love, with all its chills and burnings, doubts and hopes, was upon him.

Just let us analyze a good-sized house, such as persons of very ample means have to put up with in town; and consider how many rooms are available for the strategic movements of young Mellikyns, who is deeply enamoured of Miss Secunda Tenroom's charms. There is, of course, the drawing-room—handsomely and luxuriously furnished—calculated to hold, at least, fifty guests at a rout or dance; but wherein, all the same, young Mellikyns' most covert glance is patent to anybody in the room, and the lowest murmur audible either to Mrs. Tenroom or Miss Prima, who jealously resents his palpable neglect. Of course, if our distracted young friend were an eligible *parti*, the observant mamma, after a certain amount of struggle on behalf of dear Prima, would accept the inevitable, and give him an opportunity of seeing Secunda alone. For Mrs. T. is too much a woman of the world, as it is called, not to be a little short-sighted. Unfortunately, his position and prospects are only moderate; he is useful and ornamental, and is to be neither snubbed nor encouraged; so he is accorded some of the privileges of intimacy. In the course of a chat with Secunda, he decoys her out of the drawing-room, on some excuse, to see a half-finished drawing in the girls' room, to look at a book in the library, to inspect the ancestral delf by daylight in the dining-room; but, alas! Tertia is sure to be practising her "Mattei" in the one room; Mrs. Stimpson, the woman who comes to work, and the maid are deep in the mysteries of cutting-out in the library—which quite accounts for the pins that are always piercing Tenroom's slippers; while that confounded young man with the goods for approval is always in the dining-room. How about the stairs? Well, they are so narrow that talking earnestly on them is difficult, if not impossible; and there is a constant getting up and down those stairs. The three rooms are certainly vacant now and then; but, in that event, Prima is sure to chime in, and join the little pilgrimage with gushing alacrity. If Tertia is not engaged in her educational duties, she and her governess distribute themselves over the premises in a manner that suggests ubiquity. When Mellikyns lays his difficulties before my judicial mind—which he does, whenever we meet, with the utmost regularity and persistence—I

cannot but feel that his case is hard, if not desperate, and am at a loss what advice to give.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, who is generally supposed to understand the whole theory of love-making better than any one else, cuts the Gordian knot in "He Knew he was Right," by making Hugh Stanbury beg Nora's married sister to leave the room. But then, everybody is not like Hugh Stanbury. Mellikyns is decidedly not. Then, again, what if the sister had declined to go?

"You see, old fellow," said Mell, "if you do that sort of thing, it is a proposal in itself. Too abrupt, you know—ought to be led up to."

He has strong convictions on the propriety and prudence of "leading up to it" gradually.

"If it's done suddenly, clumsily, she might go off—no end of a fuss—turn me out—shouldn't have the face to come again. Then, supposing I'm walking with her, and begin to spoon, you know—"

I nod, implying profound knowledge of the subject in all its bearings.

"She might be agitated; and if there was anybody near they would observe, and of course it wouldn't come off. There always is some one about. It is a very delicate business, and interruption might be fatal."

"I tell you what it is," I one evening ventured to remark; "it is all very well for you to pretend to be so considerate for the girl's feelings; my private opinion is that you are the more likely of the two to go off, as you call it."

"Not at all, my dear fellow," is the rejoinder; "all I want is a clear hour, or even half an hour, to ourselves."

Such little discussions as these, of which I have picked out morsels, leave a vague impression on my mind that Mell is an idiot. He rose again in my estimation when I suggested that he should confide in Mrs. Tenroom, whereupon he promptly replied—

"I want her own answer before I get the family's, thank you."

I have cross-examined Mell very severely as to his chances of success—as to whether he has established an understanding with the lady. On this point he is quite oracular, though extremely eloquent.

The scraps of encouragement which he treasures up do not cumulatively amount to a moral certainty. She has accepted two flowers, a box at the Gaiety, a song by

Claribel, of a mildly amatory type; and has let him undertake two commissions—to about thirty executed on behalf of mamma and Prima—all in the course of six weeks. She has said she likes London—Mell being obliged to live in London. He once caught her regarding him with an indefinable expression. I wonder whether it was the first time he appeared in that astonishing “Lord of Lorne” cravat? She has twice given him three dances in an evening. However, the fact that Mell is a first-rate dancer weakens the significance of this. Mell quite agrees that a man ought to have a very good idea what the answer will be before he asks the momentous question; but, in his particular case, there are exceptional circumstances which make a vast difference. On this point, he is rather vague and incoherent. He seems to consider that Secunda’s mind is in a state of delicately poised equilibrium; and that the circumstances—favourable or the reverse—of his proposal will turn the scale. On my suggesting, in a mischievous moment, that she was flirting with him, he declared, with some warmth, that a flirt would have given him much more encouragement. I am no match-maker; but if he would only get the ordeal over, he would regain the social merit which won for him the distinction of my friendship. As it is, he is becoming quite a bore; so I do my best to bring him up to the scratch; and must confess that I am sometimes wicked enough to hope that a decisive refusal will avenge me for my lingering sufferings.

Matter-of-fact people—who are generally “stiff in opinion, and nearly always in the wrong”—tell you that if a man is in earnest there is no difficulty about announcing himself; that no preparation or instruction is necessary; but that instinct or common sense brings it all right in due time. Yet the truth is, many find extreme difficulty in bringing about the moment, in eliciting the word, which is bound either to change the whole tenour of their own life and that of another, or else to overwhelm them with disappointment and mortification. The only instructors whom we have on the point—namely, novelists—are not on the whole satisfactory. Mr. Pickwick’s directions are perhaps a little old-fashioned; and, besides that, require—in order to be carried out in full—a good memory and a clear head, as the omission of any of the details would mar the whole performance. The majority of novelists

treat one like most writers on cookery, whose receipts demand appliances and materials far beyond the resources of a moderate establishment. Love scenes are laid in country houses with suites on suites of rooms—each room furnished with recesses and shady corners—with long galleries, wide staircases, spacious halls; outside there are verandahs, terraces, shrubberies, arbours, avenues, glades, clumps of trees. Then there is the library, with its oriel window, whereby the swain ensconces himself; when, lo! the massive door is pushed quickly open. It is Amata, who has missed her way, or is exploring. Seeing the chamber occupied, she is hastily beating a retreat, when she is arrested by young Lovesyck’s voice entreating her to stay. She hesitates—she advances. He, &c., &c. Then again, last but not least, there are the conservatories. Thither they wander—arm in arm—in a pause of the dance. [N. B.—The strictest etiquette is observed on the point of only one couple being there at once; so that I have often blamed the selfishness of a loving pair monopolizing the spot, after settling their own affairs, for half the evening.] The time, the place, all around suggests tender thoughts. There is a seat embowered in tropical plants and ferns. The air is heavy with the luscious perfume of a thousand priceless exotics; the glare of the brilliant gas jets is filtered through the foliage to a subdued and mellow sheen; exquisite music comes floating in chastened strains from the distant saloons; above, the silvery moonlight streams through the crystal sheets upon the glory of her wreathed hair. The champagne has proved excellent, and iced to a turn. He looks down at her, with meaning unmistakable. He feels her hand tremble on his arm. She sinks into the seat. Lower and lower, he bends over her. She raises her glorious eyes, &c., &c. Of course, who could help proposing under such circumstances? But it must be owned that the paraphernalia is somewhat costly, and not within everybody’s reach. I myself can of course command all these advantages; but I graciously condescend to number amongst my friends and acquaintances many excellent fellows, who would make excellent husbands, who have not the *entrée* into those select circles where alone all these things are found. In the lower walks of life, too—which I explore in my capacity of philo-

sopher and moralist—facilities for courtship abound. There, no Mrs. Grundy forbids the young and ardent apprentice taking Sally-in-his-alley out for walks, unfettered by a chaperone, whenever he and she can find the time; and the nearest approach to hysteria which the aforesaid Sally would exhibit upon the declaration of his passion would be a giggle or a few quiet tears.

It is over the middle strata of society, which comprise the professional classes, and people of small independent means, that the demon of etiquette holds tightest and most undisputed sway; and whose members the comparative narrowness of their dwellings and their gregarious habits debar from free interchange of confidence. Many there are, doubtless, who can overcome with ease all difficulties, and make opportunities where they do not find them ready to hand. It is equally certain that there are many who cannot do so.

Tons of pages have been written to prove that the average lover is an irrational and blundering creature. And there is much weight in them.

Of all helpless wretches, the most miserable is one who so dreads dismissal or a snubbing at the hands of "the object," or her natural or legal guardians, that he dares not show his preference. He suffers and makes no sign; thinking the enjoyment—if it can be so called—of his mistress's society, on the footing of a friend or acquaintance, better than the risk of separation and estrangement. Such short-sighted cowardice is not uncommon; and those who give way to it have especial need of plenty of room for the prosecution of their suit.

To be very nervous about making a proposal—that is to say, about the time, place, and manner thereof—after one's mind is made up that it is to be done, is a pretty sure indication that there is not sufficient warrant for making it; but, probably, a majority of proposals are, strictly speaking, unwarrantable.

When an entire courtship has to be crammed into one interview—which is pretty nearly what Mellikyns means by "leading up to it"—a *tête-à-tête* of about half an hour is almost indispensable. In every case it is desirable; for even if one has been paying marked attention for some time, and received decided proofs of preference, it is by no means certain that, unless one is thoroughly *eligible*, prudential considerations may not prevent

a well-educated and dutiful daughter from yielding to her inclinations. Under such circumstances, an extra minute of persuasive eloquence may make all the difference. Complaints of lack of opportunity would probably be less rife if all the twaddle that is talked and written about lovers did not tend to make one feel as if there was something to be ashamed of in asking a woman to become your wife. I think I have said enough to show the most practical and the most sentimental alike, that many matches are delayed or prevented for want of room. Since I took up this important subject, I have consulted many people, both married and single, as to their experiences; and I find that the only men who were not beset with difficulties and perplexities, on paying addresses in a small house, were those who became engaged to their cousins.

Who else but a cousin could propose at eleven p.m., under a lamp-post in Lowndes-square, as did John Jones to Whyte Melville's charming Kate Coventry?

Since I wrote the above pages, Mellikyns has been and gone and done it!

My persuasions, combined with the effect of some consummate Havannahs, and sundry brandies and sodas—I am sorry to say that in his case Cupid seems in league with Bacchus: not that he ever gets intoxicated; but he takes much more stimulant than he used to—screwed his courage to the popping point; and he resolved to ascertain his fate, by hook or crook, before the end of the week: it being then Wednesday. To give him confidence, I generously laid him six to one, in "dry," on his chances. I could not afford it a bit, and rather expected to lose; but then, of course, I should drink more than half myself. Next morning he rose betimes, not having slept a wink all night—brandy and soda is terrible stuff to keep one awake—and roused me up, at an unconscionable hour, to borrow a ten-pound note. He took a box at the opera—extravagant wretch!—and, by eleven o'clock, the echoes of Scrubbyshrub-square resounded to his rat-a-ta-tat. Joy of joys! Secunda sailed, tripped, swam, or glided—I am not sure what metre of the poetry of motion she uses—into the drawing-room alone, before he had time to twiddle his hat round thrice. Almost at once he opened fire—

"Miss Tenroom, my ostensible purpose in calling was to bring—was to bring these tickets, but my real object was to"—

Secunda had glanced at the tickets, and exclaimed—

"The opera! and my favourite piece! Oh, Mr. Mellikyns, how kind of you! I hope you are going to escort us. How fortunate we are not engaged to-night!"

I have pointed out to Mellikyns, who has a wonderful knack for remembering conversations, that at this juncture he might have said—"I only wish *we* were engaged, Miss Tenroom." Of course it did not occur to him, neither does he seem fully to appreciate the neatness of the rejoinder.

"Delighted to go with you, indeed; but what I was going to say—"

"No—but, please, you really *must* come. We shall have to go without a gentleman, if you don't."

The last remark hurt Mellikyns his vanity, and made him pause in his career; and then came a knock at the street door.

"May I talk to you this evening?" he said, hastily.

"Not a word, I entreat you, while the music is going on. See, mamma—an opera box!" &c., &c.

So, his *tête-à-tête* ended, he accepts an invitation to a family dinner, and departs. In the evening he arrives early; but Tertia is looking over volumes of "Punch" in the drawing-room. Of course, he takes Mrs. T. down to dinner, and is stupid and absent. After his escape from old T. and the claret, he has to wait on Prima, who makes tea. Then comes the fly; and he has hardly spoken to Secunda, who is in such a state of excitement at the unwonted treat, that she has few thoughts for the donor. The three ladies sit in the front of the box—he behind, fast collapsing into despondency, and feeling that he is an insufferable bore: such a contrast to that odious young civil servant—an old friend of the Tenrooms—who comes round, and is so lively and agreeable.

Again a sleepless night. He can stand it no longer; so at six a.m., he pens an elaborate epistle, setting forth the state of his feelings. He thinks of calling with it, and seeing her alone, if possible; but his glass tells him he looks haggard, ill-tempered, and wretched; so he leaves it at the door, giving the servant express injunctions to deliver it to Miss Secunda, and enforcing them with a "tip" of half a sovereign.

He gets tingling hot at the idea that the menial at least knows his secret; and slouches

off, a prey to all the agonies of suspense, aggravated by the approach of a crisis. The faults of his letter keep presenting themselves to his agitated mind. It is cold and formal. If he had only spoken! After waiting eight hours or thereabouts—during which interval he providentially has a doze—he receives a note from Mrs. T., saying that his note has been received, and asking him to come and speak to her at noon next day. This he brings to me, in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

"After all, I shall have the old woman's answer. I suspect the girl has not seen my letter! Do you think she will accept me? Do you think she would, if they would let her? Top bad, to keep a fellow waiting like this!"

The poor man was in a pitiable state. I prevailed upon him to take a long walk with me, and led him over about twelve miles of ground, at the rate of five miles an hour; after which, he dropped off to sleep on my sofa, where I made him snug, and left him. Mrs. Tenroom received him very graciously next morning. She broached the subject by saying—

"I am—presume I am—correct in thinking this is a proposal for my daughter's hand?"—holding up the unopened letter.

"Yes, madam, it is; and I call it monstrous—"

"Mr. Mellikyns, don't be rude. I have detained your letter that you might deliver it yourself; or rather, not deliver it at all."

Having got so far, Mell broke off his account of the proceedings with—

"So it all came right."

And he never told me how he did actually propose; which I call unfair, after the way in which I had been victimized in the incipient stages of the affair.

Mrs. Tenroom evidently thinks proposing by letter a mistake; and I quite agree with her. It may be better to be refused by letter than by word of mouth; but it is an irreparable loss to miss hearing the first tidings of your happiness from your mistress's own lips, and seeing in her eyes, her blushing cheeks, and heaving bosom, the sweet signals of the surrender of her heart. And there are more delicious kisses to be had than those printed on a sheet of note paper, however dainty. Nevertheless, I have come to the conclusion, after due investigation, that girls who live in small houses, or even moderate-sized houses, in towns, in five

cases out of ten receive proposals by letter. In the country, of course, occasions for love-making abound, quite irrespective of the size of the dwellings. A thousand instances, however, can be imagined, in accordance with actual facts, in which it would be extremely unwise to defer a declaration until the annual flight into rural or marine felicity; indeed, following the lady is frequently out of the question.

Many *affaires du cœur* are brought to a climax at balls—or, at any rate, to so advanced a stage that a definitive settlement is arrived at next morning; but even in the crowded solitude of an “at home dancing,” spaciousness tells. People who are standing or sitting out are very apt to be inquisitive or mischievous. If Walter Reddilove succeeds in drawing Cornie Wynhart out of the throng, they will be spied out and watched in a most embarrassing manner—if not actually intruded upon—unless the number of rooms, anterooms, galleries, passages, &c., enables them to baffle observation, and find a deserted, secluded nook. Even then, there is constant liability to interruption. I am sure that a grin, which all my good manners were powerless to check, provoked by my coming suddenly on a couple of arrant flirts, of opposite sex, engaged in earnest converse in the tea-room, spoilt the best chance the lady ever had of handsome settlements. I had proof positive of the fact, in the glance with which she favoured me the next time I crossed her path.

Chaperonage, and strict observance of etiquette, are luxuries beyond the reach of families in reduced circumstances. The girls are obliged to go out by themselves to shop or attend classes. If, however, they be worth anything, they either speedily learn, or possess intuitively, the knack of getting rid of a cavalier who volunteers his escort. Even if he be allowed now and then to accompany a damsel of independent spirit, she will manage to keep him at arm's length; so that he gains very little by his coveted privilege, unless he be a man of determination and resource. Among such, I must, with all modesty, enrol myself; yet even I feel bound to allow that I have felt the inconvenience of limited house-room in the course of one or two courtships. The bewitching Circe Lorent captivated my susceptible heart a few seasons ago. Her aunt, with whom she lived, occupied a messuage or tenement in a long, unlovely street, of

undoubted respectability and gloom. Aunt Prudence, or Aunt Prue, as Circe called her—ah! how pretty her mouth looked as she said Prue!—had notions of propriety as narrow as the aforesaid tenement, which is not saying a little. For, when one had got inside, it seemed as though the adjacent six-rooms had all thrust an elbow into their neighbour's ribs, and were squeezing him to suffocation. A feeling of oppression came over one, as one walked through the hall, too narrow for an umbrella-stand—on wet days the maid takes your “paragon” downstairs—up the steep stairs, into the tiny drawing-room, with its little parasite behind, containing the piano, and a small stand of plants, a writing table inconveniently near the door, a work table in the window, an ottoman in the centre of the room, a bookcase in a recess by the fireplace, surmounted by a case of very tropical birds, and a couch almost cutting off the back drawing-room, as Aunt Prue calls it—to wit, the abode of the aforesaid piano and flower stand. Two or three uncertain cane-seated chairs complete the inventory of furniture. Yet the room is cheerful enough; the paper, pictures, and curtains light and tasteful; pretty chintzes on the uncomfortable little couch and ottoman; an unobtrusive Kidderminster; and when Aunt Prue, in glossy black silk, with her bright cap ribbons streaming broad and majestic by her cheerful face, is seated bolt upright upon one of the cane chairs, and Circe, in a cirro-cumulus of muslin, reclines near her on the ottoman, that little chamber would put many a spacious *salon* to shame. Never for a moment did Aunt Prue allow her golden apple to remain unguarded; until one day she received me in the dining-room, as the piano-tuner was plying his vocation upstairs. She got fidgety about the man being alone, and said she ought to go up to look after him; but as she kept her seat, she evidently wished me gone. I would not take the hint; so at last she could stand it no longer, and left me alone with Circe. By this time, I had known her for at least six weeks, and seen her about a dozen times, and had made up my mind that she should be my wife. The sentiment of pity, and almost of patronage, had something to do with my resolve. Well, directly Aunt Prue left the room, I thought to myself, “now or never,” and said—

“Miss Lorent, you must know I admire you. Circe, I love—”

"Pray, sir, may I ask how you presume to address me in this way? Have I ever given you the least encouragement?"

I was utterly staggered; and, for once, lost my head.

The flush of anger, the flashing of her eyes, and the spirited play of her lips, made her look magnificent; while, somehow or other, the unlooked-for check turned the lie which I had on my lips into truth. I had reckoned on getting a wife who would do credit to my taste, by asking Circe, whom I certainly admired; but as for loving her, the fact that I was quite certain that she must jump at the idea of taking my fascinations and ample establishment in exchange for prim Aunt Prue and that cramped little prison in Hyson-street, showed that my conceit did not leave much room for real passion.

In answer to her indignant question, I stammered out—

"No; but then, you hav'n't had the chance."

"That is what makes your declaration an insult."

"I would not have been so sudden, only your aunt kept one in such order; besides, I hoped you would guess why I sought your society."

"I will own to having observed your admiration. But—oh, dear, I wish you hadn't done it! We were getting to be such friends."

"Miss—"

"I won't hear another word, sir. I wish I had a brother!"

With this last and not very dignified remark, she hastily left the room.

I will confess that I felt horsewhipped, every inch of me. Now, I owed this refusal to that execrable house; for had I had any opportunities of evading Aunt Prue's vigilance, my attentions would have been paid in a gentle *crescendo*, and I should have given the damsel a few chances of showing indifference before committing myself. Were it not that many previous and subsequent successes convince me that my solitary failure was entirely due to precipitancy, I should be almost ashamed to divulge the foregoing episode in my eventful career; but, as it is, I can afford to allow my experiences to benefit others. This I do, because I am a philanthropist. Yet there are those who call me a flirt: shallow addle-pates, who only judge by appearances. The fact that I have been engaged some

score of times, and yet am still a bachelor, is enough for them to build upon. Yet I am no flirt—at least, no common flirt. Enough, however, of egotism. It would require more space than the inexorable editor allows me to justify my conduct at present. The world ought to be grateful that one has been found with patience, pluck, and power to read the myriad answers to that riddle, the female heart; but the world is not, alas! what it ought to be. It may misjudge me, if it will, until the issue of my great work on "Courtship, considered Æsthetically, Biographically, Experimentally, Historically, Ontologically, Practically, Socially, Theoretically, Transcendentally, and Zoologically; with an Appendix on avoiding Actions for Breach of Promise." When that has appeared, I shall receive my due.

To return to my theme. It may be imagined by some misguided individuals, who are too wise in their own conceits to accept all my statements without question or cavil, that the difficulties which I have endeavoured to illustrate are purely theoretical; for that the fair sex would be sure to provide against any contingent impediments to the pressing of a suit. Let me inform such wittols, that it is wiser for female aspirants to matrimonial honours to make not the slightest attempt to smoothe the way for their pursuers, if they wish them to persevere. For every one caught by such tactics, unless they are most carefully masked, ten are lost beyond recall. It is only desperate spinsters or designing widows who arrange *tête-à-têtes*, and draw on the hesitating swain. Again, mammas who manage and manœuvre generally find their daughters hang on hand. Charles Lever was perfectly right in his estimate of "that species of motherly satisfaction which *very* young men rejoice much in, and older ones are considerably alarmed at."

If the course of true love is made to run too smooth, the reversal of the adage rouses masculine suspicions. Whether it is that men like to keep their choice unfettered as long as possible, or that it is the obstacles which lend enchantment to the chase, or that they think lightly of what is acquired easily, most masculine temperaments agree in liking to make their own running—to borrow a simile from Goodwood. I know rather an amusing instance of a morbid development of this feeling. My friend,

Jemmy Jannaway, a man of considerable personal, mental, and metallic attractions, is for ever falling in love; and whenever he does so, boldly and fearlessly pushes his attentions to the point of persecution, losing no shadow of an opportunity for exhibiting a most insinuating *tendresse* towards the object of his ardour. But no sooner does he get an inkling that the maiden favours his flame, or that any of her friends are angling for him, or encouraging him, than he gets disgusted, and abjures the sex in general for a whole week; and is ever afterwards freezingly distant to the victims in whom he has excited symptoms of melting. My fancy shrinks from speculating on the loathing with which he would regard any one who accepted him, should he ever inadvertently propose.

To encourage the weak-hearted, who feel the difficulties of popping the question in a small house to be overwhelming, I will finish up with a specimen of what may be effected, in the face of opposition, by resolution and readiness. For eight long months had a schoolfellow of mine been on the look-out for an opportunity to "pop" in style to Dera Seyntelow; and now the family are off to Scotland. He discovers at what time their train goes, and repairs to the Euston-square station to see the last of her.

She is standing on the platform, near a carriage labelled "ENGAGED."

He is suddenly inspired; and says, in a tone that can only reach her ear—

"I wish *we* were like that carriage!"

"How absurd you are!" says Dera, blushing deeply.

"I really mean, I—you know."

"Oh, well—write to mamma, and—"

"To you, darling?"

In spite of mamma, porters, brother, guard, and travellers, when they said "Good bye," he caught up Dera, and kissed her.

"Mr. Scolchum! what are you about?" cried Mrs. Seyntelow.

"It's all right—I'll drop you a line," was all the reply he vouchsafed.

He felt very happy as the train moved slowly away; yet he murmured, regretfully—

"What an ass I was to leave it to the last minute!"

We have Mr. Anthony Trollope's authority for saying that a proposal is generally a humdrum affair when it comes to the point; yet, odd as it may sound, the difficulties which

are supposed to beset an "offer" are none the less real for being in great part imaginary.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

I BEGIN TO BREATHE AGAIN.

SIR EVERARD TYLNEY had bidden us "good bye" at the park gates; and Harry had jested with him on his new passion for Arcadia.

"I suppose," said Harry, "that you are inhaling the breath of the country, in order to help you in a new pastoral."

"That am I," returned Sir Everard, with a significant glance at Clarinda and myself. "I am half way in one that wants some consideration ere I know what turn to give it. Colin is just brought to bay by two of the Graces, in the disguise of shepherdesses, and he knows not which way to take. I hope the poem will be in a fit state to read to the ladies when I return to town."

"We shall be happy to hear it," answered Clarinda.

Afterwards, when none were listening, Sir Everard turned to me, saying, in a low tone—

"Does Mistress Fanshawe speak for her sister as well as for herself, Mistress Grace?"

I was on the point of forgetting my prudence, and making some sharp reply; but I saw that Clarinda gave me a beseeching glance, so I answered—

"That depends upon Sir Everard Tylney himself."

"Not altogether," he replied. "Mistress Selwode may have more to do with it."

I looked up at him; for Clarinda's explanation of his former speech came to my remembrance, and gave me a sudden hope that Sir Everard might be intending to give up the lock, provided I conducted myself with more circumspection in my temper. 'T would be a difficult task; and yet I determined to try and school myself properly.

"You may understand me better in time, Mistress Grace," observed he. "More depends upon—"

But here his speech was broken short by Harry's telling us there was no longer time for delay. And so we departed from Selwode.

For awhile, after we had started, I won-

dered what Sir Everard's last words might mean; till Harry rallied me on my silence, and upon the whispered parting of my admirer—for so he persisted in calling him. But I soon began to think of other things; for the day was fine, and the road ran through a beautiful country, wherein there was much to admire; and on the way we met with many incidents calculated to amuse one so little used to journeying as I was. Every time we stopped to change horses, there was a new set of faces to be looked at, an odd sign to be wondered at, a church tower or steeple, or perchance the turrets of some castle, tumbling into ruins. And when it came dinner-time, and we got out to take dinner at the inn where 'twas customary for travellers to dine, I felt no fatigue, though we had been five hours in the coach; and I told Harry I should like to do nought else for the summer but travel over England.

It is wonderful how soon anxiety passes away when one is absent from the cause of it. I was beginning already to think that I had, perchance, been very foolish in my fears over Clarinda's ringlet; and that it would all come right in the end; and that town follies seemed more serious to me than they really were; indeed, that I might have taken everything too gravely, and that Sir Everard was but teasing us as Jack used to do. All that had taken place was fading into an uneasy dream, now that I had got away from Selwode, and was laughing and talking with Harry and Clarinda. I was not sure but that I might not have been acting the part of a tragedy queen, and had so overdone it as to make myself ridiculous. It appeared, too, that if there had been danger, we had fled from it, and were now in safety.

And this feeling increased during the next few weeks, during which time Sir Everard never made his appearance; and I was beginning to think that his pastoral had taken an unsuccessful turn; and that when left to his own reflections, and out of sight of Clarinda, he was coming to a better judgment than he had been in at Selwode.

Then, too, I had Uncle Oliver, who had ever been to me a friend in all my childish troubles; and though I could not mention this last one, still I felt that he was close at hand in case of any difficulty; and that he was neither hot-tempered and prejudiced, as my father was, nor impetuous as Harry.

"So you've made your way to town without my help, Grace," said he.

"But shall not enjoy it without your help," said I.

"Very prettily spoken," quoth he. "And you will take me as a *beau*, though I am a little bent and unstrung."

"Bows are safest so," said I—"they can shoot no dangerous shafts in such condition. I like you, Uncle Oliver, better than the town sort. I have no fancy for them."

He looked at me, surprised.

"You have made advance, mistress," said he. "Clarinda has been an apt teacher—you will do finely in town."

"Perhaps I have had other teaching, Uncle Oliver."

He looked up, sharply.

"Has Mr. Philip Lydgate been at Selwode again?" he asked.

"Nay," I answered, as coolly as I could, though my face felt hot as though an August sun were pouring its rays upon it. "Mr. Lydgate would find but poor game at Selwode. He soars after higher prey."

My uncle laughed so heartily that the tears ran down his cheeks.

"You have not forgot the Lady Mary," said he.

Whereat I felt annoyed, and wished I had but answered "No," which would have been all-sufficient; for I saw now there was some spite in my speech.

"There are other gallants in the land besides Mr. Lydgate," said I. "What think you of Sir Everard Tylney?"

He started. It was evident that that piece of Selwode news had not reached him.

"Sir Everard Tylney!" he repeated. "No wonder, if you have been tilting with him, that your wits are sharpened. It needs keen weapons to deal with the most subtle man in town—the most fastidious, too, and well up in all the quips and cranks of society. I like not the man."

"Neither do I, Uncle Oliver; though I felt nought afraid of speaking to him."

"Take care," said he.

"Of what?" said I.

"Sir Everard is a fop of the first water. All the ladies are dying for him."

"Excepting Grace Selwode," I returned; "who is scarce to be reckoned among them at present."

"Still, I don't like the man," said my uncle, contemplatively.

"Neither do I, uncle," I rejoined, so

earnestly that I startled him out of his reflections, and he exclaimed—

"What, ho! Mistress Grace, I was not accusing you."

So I had overshot my mark again. And yet I dared not explain that I really hated the man, lest he might ask why.

Clarinda, who had been listening to us, here gave my uncle her version of Sir Everard's sojourn at Selwode, ending up with—

"And Sir Everard has taken so kindly to country life that he purposes remaining there. Doubtless he has met with some rebuff in town that has driven him to nurse despair in solitude."

"Hum!" said Uncle Oliver.

I am not sure that Uncle Oliver quite believes all that Clarinda says. But he said nothing in answer to her speech, since it would not be polite to show her that he doubted. I could see that he was uneasy, and that, though he talked of other matters, he was still pondering over Sir Everard.

Suddenly, as he was going away, he turned round quickly—

"After all, I'm forgetting what I came about. I've got tickets for the play to-night, Grace, and I'm going to take you with me."

I clapped my hands.

"And me too?" asked Clarinda.

"No," replied my uncle—"not you. You may go and hear your Valentini squall, and Mrs. Tofts reply to his Italian in singing English. I won't say anything against them, they are said to be good singers; and I've no ear for music. But it seems to me monstrous to hear men and women, in the excess of passionate emotion, trilling out their quavers and flourishes, and dying to time and tune in exact measure with the orchestra. 'Tis a foreign fashion that I have no fancy for, though 'tis highly esteemed by the fashionable world, of which Mistress Fanshawe is in favour. No; I must have Grace all to myself the first time she sees a play. I can't have her attention diverted from it by an account of the people around her. You would be bowing to this one, whispering to that, pointing out these and those—to my inevitable ill-humour and confusion, and to the utter ruin of her appreciation of the tragedy."

"Tragedy!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he; "tragedy first, and you shall see comedy afterwards. But upon us English, tragedy has the greater power; not because, as the French critics affirm, we are

of a savage nature, and love to see deeds of horror, but because there is a pleasant anguish, if I may so call it, derivable from a well-acted scene of tragedy. Our best feelings are called into sympathy with suffering, and roused to indignation against wrong and oppression. We forget ourselves through the flood of noble emotion that overflows our souls; and we retire with an elevated mind, a virtuously beating heart—as though a new experience of life had dawned upon us, and that we had grown older in a few hours, through the excellent teaching that the life-like representation of great actions, and the enunciation of noble sentiments, gives us."

"Mr. Betterton and Mr. Steele," said Clarinda, laughing.

"Mr. Betterton, certainly," replied my uncle. "He is going to play Hamlet to-night; and though he is an old man, he plays with such force and spirit, and such good judgment, that he neither allows the audience to consider his age by reason of too great gravity and heaviness of deportment, nor yet to remember it through an affectation of too juvenile a manner—which is the fault of so many of our actors as they advance in life, and thereby render the youthful parts they play unnatural and extravagant."

"Well," said Clarinda, "I shan't quarrel with you for your selfishness in taking Grace away from me. I have seen 'Hamlet' more than once, and there are too many dull speeches in it for me. Besides, there is such wholesale murder at the end; when it might all have been prevented by Hamlet's killing the King in the second act, putting his mother in prison, and marrying Ophelia."

"'Tis a pity you had not been alive some years ago, to help Master Shakspeare," said my uncle, drily.

"'Tis indeed," replied Clarinda, as though taking his speech seriously. "Pray, how much would a playwright give nowadays for a good plot, for I have an excellent one in my head? Now, there's a magnificent china Flora for sale in Exeter 'Change that I hav'n't quite money enough to buy; and if, among your wit-friends, you can help me to part with my brains, I may be able to purchase my Flora."

"I doubt if any one could be found willing to take them," said he. "They are too full of fops and finery."

"The very things for a comedy."

"On the stage," quoth he, ironically.

"All the world's a stage," quoth she,

"and all the men and women merely players.' There is Master Shakspeare for you."

It was an apter quotation than I believed Clarinda would have made, and I know Uncle Oliver was of the same opinion.

"Mind, then," said he, "that you fill a good part, and drive folly away."

I can see that there is something in Clarinda that jars upon him, and 'tis plain enough that I am the greater favourite. Indeed, Clarinda told me so when he had gone.

"But," said she, "I am not jealous, my dear. Yet, he's a good soul, though he is oftentimes a little humorsome. Still, he always makes up for his sharp speeches."

And so it turned out; for when he came in a coach for me, at a quarter before six, to go to the theatre, he brought a good-sized package with him.

"There," said he to Clarinda. "Have I picked out the right folly?"

Clarinda gave a scream of joy when she opened it, for 'twas the very Flora she had been wishing for. Uncle Oliver had gone straight off to Exeter 'Change, and, by good luck, stumbled upon the right piece of china.

"I was only just in time," said he; "for Mrs. Jenny Davenant and Lady Charlotte Critchley came to buy it just as the shop-keeper had wrapped it up for me. They began to pour forth their lamentations so vigorously, that I made my escape as quickly as possible, not knowing but what, if they knew I had it under my arm, they might set upon me and take possession of it by force."

"Tis better than going to the play," said Clarinda. "'Hamlet' will be over to-night. My Flora is more enduring."

"Nay," returned my uncle, "there's a shelf that carries images that none can break or take away. I warrant me that Grace will put 'Hamlet' upon it."

Clarinda looked puzzled. I laughed, for I knew what Uncle Oliver meant; and we drove away to the playhouse.

CHAPTER XV.

"HAMLET."

I WAS in such a flutter at the thought of the play, that I scarce knew how the time had passed since Uncle Oliver had come to tell me of it; nor did I give any heed to my dress, nor that Clarinda had fastened some pink roses in my hair, which she told me matched well with the golden brown. And I was going away without my fan, when she flew after me with it, saying "that a lady

was quite at a loss at the playhouse without her fan." And she begged me to recover my lost senses, and to look about me and see if there was any one I knew there.

By this, I understood her to mean Sir Everard Tynney, for there was none else with whom I had any acquaintance; and Clarinda was very anxious to know if he had yet come to town—my mother having said nought about him in her last letters; and Clarinda dared not make many inquiries, lest she should display an over-curious spirit concerning him. And I could see that she was becoming restless; and every time a rap was heard at the street door, I knew she fancied it was Sir Everard.

But when I found myself seated at the playhouse, by the side of my uncle, I forgot Sir Everard, and everything else. I gazed round at the well-dressed company that filled the boxes and the pit, which latter was crammed so that not another person could have been accommodated—indeed, every part of the house was filled to overflowing—and the lights dazzled me so that I seemed to see nothing very clearly, only that there were hundreds and hundreds of eager people as impatient for the curtain to draw up as I was. And behind that great curtain I knew the sentry was at his post, waiting for Bernardo to challenge him. And now the musicians in the orchestra began to play some solemn music, and my ears as well as my eyes were entranced.

Uncle Oliver whispered—

"We are in good luck—'tis almost the last play of the season, and you may never see Mr. Betterton again, Grace."

I pressed his hand, to let him know that I agreed with him; but I could not answer: it seemed to me that if I spoke I should begin to cry.

But there was not much time for speaking, for presently the curtain drew up, and there stood Francisco—just as I expected; and Bernardo asked—

"Who's there?"

And then the play went on; and I did not take my eyes from off the stage—which seemed the only real thing in that great building. And in that vast concourse of people, there seemed to be no real living ones, save the few actors who were moving on the stage. And of them I thought not as actors; neither was it a play that I saw—I was in Denmark, with the liege subjects of his late Majesty,

watching events with an absorbing interest, and my suspicions awakened about the King and Queen—who, in my mind, were reigning sovereigns. And, at the first sound of Hamlet's voice, though I had been full of expectation of seeing Mr. Betterton, yet all thought of Mr. Betterton vanished away, and the Prince of Denmark, melancholy, and in scornful and indignant grief, stood before me. Yet 'twas not until the scene in which Hamlet sees his father's ghost that I felt the full power and genius of the actor. For awhile he paused in mute and breathless amaze, awed by the apparition—causing a shudder of apprehension to run through the spectators, even as he felt it himself. Then, in a solemn, trembling voice, that made one's flesh creep to hear, he spoke—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee."

And through the whole of the speech, as it went on, there was not a word but thrilled each spectator with a species of fear—not a word but fell upon their greedy ears with wondrous meaning. His reverent doubt, his filial love, his questioning, his argument, his boldness—mingled with a natural awe—seemed but the quick emotions of each soul that listened. And so through every after-speech he uttered. And as I followed, all knowledge that I had ever heard them before was lost—they fell so fresh and natural from the lips of the Danish Prince.

At length, the curtain dropped upon the first act, and I was in a dream, believing more firmly in the supernatural, and echoing the words—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

There had not been a murmur of applause throughout. The audience had been tranced into silent and rapt attention. Indeed, my uncle told me afterwards that this was what Mr. Betterton coveted, who said that "there were many tricks by which an inferior actor could so move the spectators as to bring him a round of applause; but that to keep an audience hushed and quiet was an applause that only truth and merit arrive at."

When, as it were, I recovered my consciousness, I heard Uncle Oliver saying—

"I need not ask you what you think of Mr. Betterton, Grace."

I started.

"Of Hamlet, the late king's son," I began, for I was not thoroughly awake; and then, recollecting all at once—"I had forgotten Mr. Betterton," I added, quickly.

"Mr. Betterton would be satisfied with the young lady's approbation," said a genial voice, which proceeded from a pleasant looking man, with a somewhat short face, who appeared to be on good terms with my uncle.

"This is Mr. Steele, Grace," said Uncle Oliver; "and this is my little niece, Grace Selwode, Mr. Steele, who has never been at a play before."

I glanced at the Whig writer, of whom I had heard so much, with some curiosity, as I bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction; and Mr. Steele bowed in return, with as much deference as though I had been my aunt Betty, and had seen all the plays that had ever been writ.

"I congratulate you, Mistress Selwode," said Mr. Steele, "on having been initiated into the mysteries of the playhouse with so fine a play and so able a performer; for though Mr. Betterton's youth has passed away, and old playgoers tell us his prime is over, he still possesses the genius that Shakspeare would have demanded for those who fill his principal parts. Mr. Betterton was born to act, even as Shakspeare was born to write; indeed, of the two men, we may say that the one was born for the other—the one to originate thoughts above the vulgar conception, the other to interpret those thoughts. I know of no better teachers to the world than actors who, with ingenuity and judgment, set forth great and noble actions in such a manner as to move the audience to a virtuous enthusiasm. If the historian rouses us by his chronicle of the men of old, if the painter chains our attention by the truthfulness with which he depicts on canvas some touching incident, should not the dramatist, who draws scenes of heroism and pathos to the life, and the actor who gives them yet greater living life to the world, have their due share of praise? By the way," he said, turning somewhat abruptly to my uncle, "that *protégé* of yours bids fair to make his way among the men of letters."

"Philip Lydgate?" replied my uncle. "Yes, he's a fair scholar. Some of his translations might rival Mr. Addison's."

"Hum!" returned Mr. Steele, doubtfully.

"There's a gracefulness and finish about Addison's work that few can come near."

"A tender point, Dick," said my uncle. "Stand up for Mr. Addison. Sure thou art an exemplification of the old saying, 'as true as steel,' for there never was a friend so true as thou art. I verily believe, if Mr. Addison turned his back upon you this very moment, you would find him an excuse for it ere morning."

Mr. Steele smiled.

"We were old schoolmates," said he; "and men seldom forget that. Besides, there never was—"

"Any one to compare with Mr. Addison," interrupted my uncle, in a bantering tone; "and his 'Campaign' is the very finest English poem that ever was written!"

"I know you don't like it," began Mr. Steele; "still there are as many fine lines in it as—"

"In Homer," suggested my uncle.

"For instance—"

"No, no—not now."

And Uncle Oliver pointed to the curtain, which was slowly rising; and again I found myself carried into another region, away from every one and every thought that chained me in England, and feeling the cold wind that blew across the Baltic sweeping past me; or else why did I shiver so? There was no occasion for the fan that Clarinda had brought to me; indeed, I found afterwards that I had dropped it, and that Uncle Oliver had picked it up, and had put it in his pocket.

Step by step, I watched the simulated madness of the Prince, the subtle plotting of the conscience-stricken King, the wakening remorse of the Queen. Once I clapped my hands—'twas when the player-king had concluded his last long speech, which had ever been a favourite of mine, and which he delivered with much propriety, as though he had attended carefully to Lord Hamlet's directions, and deserved commendation. Wherefore I was moved to applaud that once, as though I were a critic at the Danish court. That solitary clap of mine, slight as it was, startled the silence of the audience, and drew many eyes upon me; but of this I was unconscious until the play was over.

But after the end of the fourth act, in which I had involuntarily wept at sight of Ophelia's distressful state, taking my handkerchief to dry my tears, I glanced hastily round to see if any one had observed them,

I saw my uncle and Mr. Steele smile at one another; and, in confusion, I turned my eyes another way, and stared straight into the pit, where I caught sight of a profile that appeared familiar to me: not Sir Everard, for he was dark; and as I looked the face turned away. Yet still, something in the air and figure reminded me of some one I had seen; and all at once it struck me that it could be none other but Mr. Philip Lydgate.

Instantly, by some curious impulse, I looked round amongst the company to see if I could discover any one handsome enough to be the Lady Mary Pierrepont.

"Uncle Oliver," said I, in a low tone, "if the beautiful Lady Mary is at the play to-night, will you show her to me?"

Mr. Steele heard me, and good-naturedly looked about.

"I think I know almost everybody here," said he. "Yes, there she is, in the centre box, chatting with my Lord Halifax: the young lady in blue brocade—you can scarce miss her. My Lord Godolphin is in the next box; and there is the Countess of Bridgewater—one of the Duke of Marlborough's daughters. That is Mr. Arthur Maynwaring, a little to the right; and beside him is Mr. Wortley Montague. Not far off is Mr. Congreve. In the next box are Mr. Harley and Lord Rochester—the Queen's uncle. And there is Mr. St. John."

He would have gone on through the whole company, I believe—I turned my head first in one direction, then in another, rather out of civility than interest—but that the curtain began to rise for the last time. I had, however, caught one glimpse of the Lady Mary; and that was sufficient to assure me of her beauty, and of the reason of Mr. Philip Lydgate's presence at the play.

But again I forgot my own identity, as regarded the realities of life that surrounded me; and I was wandering in the graveyard, listening to the discourse of the old gravedigger, and greedily devouring every word that Hamlet spoke.

"Alas, poor Yorick!"

And, as he spake, the poor jester was painted clear before me. I had a curious sense of eagerness to hear each sentence the Prince should speak. I listened to his speculations—to his irony; and wondered whether he could have really loved Ophelia, to have left her so easily after her father's death—whether his madness was not, after all, more

real than feigned. Could one in his senses have been so cruel to her; and had he yet heard of her tragic death? And the funeral train at that moment startled me no less than it did him; and, in the overpowering grief that fell upon him, my heart beat in sympathy. My doubts were cleared away at the outburst of his love, as he claimed to be the greater mourner at Ophelia's grave. Never shall I forget the voice in which he cried—

"This is I—
Hamlet the Dane!"

It pierced me through and through. The keenness of his woe cut to my heart like a two-edged sword. Surely, in that moment his brain must have given way beneath the load of accumulated misery, and Hamlet have become mad in earnest.

The play seemed to me to end there—Hamlet's life to be over at the grave; and the after-part but tacked on as a means of carrying out the retribution that fell upon the heads of the guilty. Indeed, I was so absorbed in that graveyard scene that I heeded little what followed; and forgot to lament the death of Laertes, as I had always done in reading the play.

I was not inclined for talking after the play was over; though Mr. Steele was very civil, and complimented me on my appreciation of the tragedy.

"Your face told me your mind, Mistress Selwode," said he. "You have not yet learned to dissemble."

He would have pointed out all the company to me as they stood up; but the lights were being put out, and there was just then a little confusion in our own box, caused by the entrance of some person; and then a voice, which I knew for Mr. Lydgate's, spoke to Mr. Steele.

"I have been hunting all over town for you to-day, and I am only indebted to a lucky accident for finding you now."

"And what may that be?"

"That gentle clap that some young lady in your vicinity gave, in honour of the player-king," he answered, laughing.

Then he had seen, but had not recognized me. And I felt greatly mortified; and drawing my mantle tightly round me, I shrank closer to Uncle Oliver, hoping to pass unobserved.

But Mr. Steele said, in a very low tone—though not so low but that my sharpened ears heard it—

"Hush, man! The lady is nigh at hand, and as good a critic as I have met for some time. 'Tis the niece of your friend, Mr. Oliver Selwode."

Mr. Lydgate started.

"How could I have been so blind?" said he. "I have, ordinarily, so good a remembrance of faces."

Then he turned towards my uncle and myself.

"Can you pardon my forgetfulness, Mistress Selwode?" said he.

"'Tis of no consequence," said I, carelessly, pressing nearer to Uncle Oliver.

"And is this your first play?" said he. "You see, I remember that you had not been to one when I saw you at Selwode."

"It is," I replied, laconically. "Ought we not to go, Uncle Oliver?" I asked—"it must be getting late."

But Uncle Oliver was in no hurry; and Mr. Lydgate went on talking.

"If I had not been so absorbed in the play myself," said he, "I should have been taking more heed of the audience. Mr. Betterton must be my excuse for not knowing my friends."

"And the Lady Mary also," thought I, "if Mr. Lydgate had only courage to speak the truth."

"Don't make mountains out of molehills," said my uncle. "Nobody saw anybody, but Mr. Steele and myself, who are old playgoers, and have seen 'Hamlet' a score of times—indeed, for myself, I may give twice that number. You did not see Grace, and Grace did not see you; therefore you are quits. Assure Mr. Lydgate that you did not see him, child"—and my uncle turned towards me—"and then he will come to an end of his apologies."

I hesitated a moment, and then I replied—

"But I did see Mr. Lydgate."

My uncle gave an exclamation of surprise, and Mr. Steele laughed heartily.

"You have made matters worse," said he, to my uncle; "but 'tis always the way with meddlers. Better have left the young gentleman to have shriven himself his own way."

"That is not to be done so readily," said Mr. Lydgate, recovering himself. "If Mistress Selwode will permit, I will wait upon her to-morrow to plead for absolution."

"It will be better," quoth Uncle Oliver, "than wasting time over it now. Grace is

staying at Captain Fanshawe's. Mrs. Fanshawe has an assembly to-morrow, and I will take you thither, and introduce you."

Mr. Lydgate expressed his thanks; and, bidding us farewell, asked Mr. Steele if he could have a word with him. And the two went away together.

"It was at the end of the fourth act," said my uncle, suddenly, as we had nearly reached home.

My uncle had been in a reflective mood, and had not spoken since we left the playhouse; and I was too much occupied in my own meditations to care to break the silence.

"What was at the end of the fourth act?" I asked.

"That you saw Mr. Philip Lydgate."

But I replied not to that. I left him still in doubt over it; for it flashed into my mind that he had guessed wherefore I had asked about the Lady Mary.

FROM COAL TO COLOUR.

COAL, in order to become colour, has to pass through a series of transitions, each of which requires a brief explanation. Coal tar consists of an oily fluid formed in the manufacture of coal gas. It is what is called by chemists a secondary product—the gas being the essential or primary object of the distillation of coal; and, until a comparatively few years ago, it was simply regarded as a nuisance. Although every person of ordinary intelligence may be supposed to have a general idea of the process of gas-making, it may not be amiss to remind our readers that the essential features of all gas works are the "retort house" and the "condensers." The coal is heated in stupendous retorts, of which from five to seven are generally associated in one furnace. From these retorts the gas, and other products that are formed, ascend in vertical tubes, the bent ends of which dip into a large horizontal pipe, partly filled with water, called the *hydraulic main*—a considerable part of the oily and tar-like products generated with the gas being separated from the latter by the water. The gas, thus washed, passes on through the condensers, which are large vertical iron pipes, kept always cool by a current of cold water playing on their external surface. In these condensers more oily and tar-like matters are separated, which, together with the similar substances deposited in the

hydraulic main, are collected in cisterns, appropriately fitted for their reception. We need not follow the gas any farther in its process of purification—it being with the oily products, the so-called *coal-tar oil*, that we have at present to deal.

We will not appal our readers with a list of the various substances that have been separated from coal-tar oil, amounting in all to above fifty. Although many of them are highly interesting in a scientific point of view, they do not bear upon our present subject; and all that we need consider are *benzol*, *phenol*, *naphthaline*, and *aniline*, which are arranged in the order in which they are given off in the process of distillation.

Aniline, as being the source of the well-known colours, mauve and magenta, seems to claim precedence of the others. It was discovered by Unverdorben, in 1826, amongst the products of the distillation of indigo, and was originally named *crystalline*. Then Runge obtained it from the distillation of coal; and, because it gave a blue coloration with a solution of chloride of lime, or bleaching powder, called it *kyanol*, or blue oil. Fritzsche, somewhat later, obtained it in another manner from indigo, and gave it the name it now bears, which is derived from *anil*, the Portuguese for indigo. About the same time, Zinin discovered a remarkable chemical reaction, by which he obtained from nitro-benzol—a compound we shall presently describe—a substance that he called *benzidam*. Lastly, Dr. Hofmann, in 1845, thoroughly investigated the subject, and not only found it as a product of coal tar, but discovered that the substances obtained by the above-named chemists were identical—in short, that they were all *aniline*.

The quantity of aniline that can be extracted from coal tar is very small; 100 lbs. of coal yielding 10 lb. 12 oz. of coal tar, of which only 2½ oz. is aniline; and until Mr. Perkin's wonderful discovery, in 1856, of his purple pigment, aniline was merely a subject of scientific interest, obtained in the laboratory in very small quantity. In starting the manufacture of his "aniline purple," the first point was to procure aniline in sufficient quantity, and at a moderate price. Indigo and coal tar were tried unsuccessfully, and nitro-benzol alone remained. But nitro-benzol was not then a commercial article; and although it could be produced in small quantities without much difficulty, yet, when

tons were required at a limited cost, many difficulties presented themselves. This nitro-benzol is produced from the derivative of coal tar, called benzol, which we have already mentioned, and which, being composed exclusively of carbon and hydrogen, is called a hydro-carbon. Benzol was discovered by Faraday in coal gas in 1825. Its existence in coal tar was first pointed out by Dr. Hofmann in 1845; and not long afterwards, Mansfield showed that it might be obtained to any amount from this source, by attending to certain conditions of temperature, &c. As benzol is thus the source of the substance nitro-benzol, from which aniline is obtained on a large scale, it is expedient that we should say a few words regarding its chemical and physical characters.

Benzol is a volatile oil, boiling at a temperature of 84°C ., or 26° lower than water, is very inflammable, and burns with a smoky flame. It cannot be extinguished by water, which simply floats upon its surface. Its vapour is very dense, and, when mixed with air, is explosive. These properties may be readily shown by decanting a small quantity of benzol vapour several times from one vessel to another, and by then igniting it. In his Cantor lectures, delivered in December, 1868, Mr. Perkin performed an experiment, illustrative of the following remarkable accident that has happened more than once in distilling benzol on a large scale:—A leak having occurred, some of the vapour has escaped, and run along the ground for thirty or forty feet, when having become ignited by coming in contact with a furnace, it has instantly run back to the apparatus from which it escaped. He poured some benzol vapour into a slightly inclined trough, fourteen feet long, at the lower end of which there was a lamp. The vapour gradually ran down till it reached the lamp, when it ignited, and instantly ran back to the top of the trough.

When cooled down to nearly the freezing point, the volatile oil solidifies into a beautiful crystalline mass. As we should be entering into details of too technical a nature for these pages if we were to describe the method of separating benzol, in a state of purity, from the bodies with which it is associated, we will conclude with the remark that it is the same substance which is being constantly advertised as "benzine collas," for the purpose of removing grease from articles of clothing or furniture.

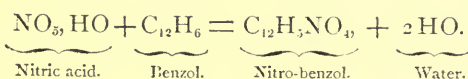
Nitro-benzol is obtained by treating benzol with fuming nitric acid, or *aqua fortis*. At first, the two fluids mix, become brown, and slightly warm; in a few seconds red fumes are evolved, and the mixture begins to boil with violent action, while the liquid becomes lighter in colour, and finally of an orange tint. If water be now added, a dark yellow oil sinks to the bottom, and this oil is nitro-benzol, which solidifies into a crystalline mass at 3°C . (37.4°F .), and has an odour like that of bitter almonds. Before its production on a large scale, as the source of aniline, it used to be prepared in small quantities, and sold as *Essence of Mirbane*, for the purpose of scenting soap.

From the energy of the chemical action that ensues on the mixing of *aqua fortis* and benzol, it may be readily conceived that there are difficulties attendant on the preparation of nitro-benzol on a large scale. For a description of how Mr. Perkin gradually overcame these difficulties we must refer to his Cantor lectures, published in the "Journal of the Society of Arts" for 1869; and we shall now proceed to explain the method of obtaining aniline from nitro-benzol. Zinin's experiment was much improved by Bechamp, who found that, by mixing equal quantities of nitro-benzol and acetic acid with double the quantity of iron filings, heat is produced, and a rapid formation of aniline ensues, which is given off in the form of vapour, and is condensed by an ordinary worm.

"Commercial aniline," says Mr. Perkin, "generally appears of a pale sherry colour; when chemically pure it is colourless, but if kept long it becomes quite brown. It possesses a peculiar odour, which is slightly vinous when the aniline is pure. It burns with a smoking flame, but is not very inflammable. Its boiling point is 182°C . One of its most characteristic reactions is its power of producing a beautiful blue or violet coloration with chloride of lime [to which reference has been already made]. Aniline differs entirely from benzol and nitro-benzol, being perfectly soluble in dilute acids. This is owing to its being an organic base, and forming compounds with acids. Thus, with hydrochloric acid it forms hydrochlorate of aniline; with sulphuric acid, sulphate of aniline, &c."

In this age of universal scientific knowledge, we hope that we may be allowed to introduce a few symbolical expressions, which

any one who has ever attended a course of chemical lectures will readily comprehend. For the benefit of our older readers, we have retained the *old* notation. In the preparation of nitro-benzol ($C_{12}H_5NO_3$), benzol ($C_{12}H_6$), is treated with nitric acid (NO_3 , HO). The nitric acid introduces into the benzol its nitrogen and a part of its oxygen, while it removes hydrogen in the form of water. All this is explained by the equation:—



In the preparation of aniline ($C_{12}H_7N$) from nitro-benzol, the nascent hydrogen that is produced unites with the oxygen of the latter, and removes the whole of it as water; while, at the same time, two atoms of hydrogen combine with the de-oxidized nitro-benzol, and form aniline.

Such are the various stages from coal-tar oil to aniline, as worked out from Faraday's discovery of benzol to the discovery of Hofmann that aniline is a secondary product in the distillation of coal, and to the earlier investigations of his pupil, Mr. Perkin. The next point is the conversion of aniline into "the mauve dye." Many of our most wonderful chemical discoveries have been made by pure accident; and this is one of them. Mr. Perkin was engaged in a problem that has long occupied the minds of chemists—viz., in the attempt to form quinine artificially. In the attempt to convert an artificial base into the natural alkaloid quinine, he obtained a reddish powder instead of a colourless one, as he had hoped to see. With the desire of understanding this result, he tried a simpler base, aniline; and, in this case, he obtained a perfectly black product, which, when purified and dried, and digested with spirits of wine, gave the mauve dye. The following is his description of obtaining this dye on a large scale, as described in a paper which he read to the Chemical Society:—"The method adopted for the preparation of aniline purple is as follows:—Solutions of equivalent proportions of sulphate of aniline and bichromate of potash are mixed, and allowed to stand till the reaction is complete; when the precipitate is thrown on a filter, and washed with water until free from sulphate of potash. It is then dried. This dried product is afterwards digested several times with coal-tar

naphtha, until all resinous matter is separated, and the naphtha is no longer coloured brown. After this, it is repeatedly boiled with alcohol to extract the colouring matter. This alcoholic solution, when distilled, leaves the colouring matter at the bottom of the retort, as a beautiful bronze-coloured substance." The formation of the dye is due to a process of oxidation; and, since Mr. Perkin took out his original patent, many other oxidizing agents have been tried—as peroxide of lead, permanganate of potash, chloride of copper, &c.; but experience has shown that the reagents first employed possess advantages over all the others.

Aniline purple may be purchased in paste, in solution, or in crystals; but the latter, though of most interest to the chemist, are, from their greater expense, seldom employed by dyers. The crystals are composed of a salt whose base is called *mauveine*, and contain carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen in the proportions shown in its formula— $C_{15}H_{12}N_4$. Mauveine in solution is not of a purple, but of a dull violet shade; and, in the solid state, is a nearly black crystalline powder. The moment, however, that it forms a salt by being brought into contact with an acid—even with carbonic acid*—its solution changes to a purple colour. Its salts form beautiful crystals, and possess a bright green metallic lustre. The crystals of commerce are those of the acetate.

The affinity of aniline purple for silk and wool is very remarkable; and, in a technological point of view, is very important. If either of these substances is passed through a solution of mauve, it rapidly absorbs the colouring matter from even a very weak solution.

When Mr. Perkin first attempted to introduce this dye, he found that he had to contend against various prejudices. The mere fact of its being something perfectly new was a sufficient objection to it with some manufacturers; while others objected to it not so much on that account as because, from its peculiar nature, it required the adoption of new or modified processes for its application. Its application to silk being comparatively easy, the silk dyers were the first to try and, consequently, to adopt it; and it was not till a few years afterwards

* For example, by gently breathing for a short time into a solution of the crystals, the characteristic colour is readily developed.

that the calico printers began to use it to any extent. From that time onwards, its progress has been an almost incredible success.

A WAYSIDE THOUGHT.

THREE nut-brown children of our English lanes,
 With cheeks as rosy as the ripened fruit
 That grows in clusters by the orchard wall,
 Have rambled all the morning in the wolds,
 To pluck the first fresh flowers of the May;
 Till one by one, for very weariness,
 Each little gleaner sinks into a sleep;
 And all the harvest of their winsome toil,
 Of wild blooms gathered over heath and hill,
 Has dropped uncared-for from their listless hands.
 And life withal has much the same old tale:
 We seek the treasure of our constant wish
 For many a year; till comes the even-time
 Of all our efforts, and we fall asleep,
 To know no more of all the gathered spoils
 That we had yearned for in the morning-tide
 Of Life's young years, with ever-longing heart.

TABLE TALK.

WHEN our gracious Queen was a little girl, and it became highly probable that she would occupy that exalted station which she has since adorned with every womanly virtue and queen-like grace, among many of her uncle's loyal subjects there arose a discussion about her name. It was not a good old English name, they said; and it was thought politic to change Victoria to Anne, Caroline, or Elizabeth. This feeling was not confined to Englishmen only. That illustrious Scotsman whose centenary has just been kept says, in his diary for May 19th, 1828:—"Dined, by command, with the Duchess of Kent. I was very kindly recognized by Prince Leopold, and presented to the little Princess Victoria—I hope they will change her name—the heir-apparent to the crown, as things now stand." How completely has "Victoria" become a household word in every English home; yet how very few young ladies have been called by that name, in honour of their sovereign! I suppose it is because Victoria is not a name for everyday life, and admits of no prettier abbreviation than "Vicky." Again—though fervently praying for her Majesty's long life—it would be well to have it settled under what name, or names, the Prince of Wales will elect to reign: Albert Edward, Albert, or—as probably most Englishmen would desire—Edward the Seventh. It is, I believe, the Queen's wish that he should be called Albert Edward; and this, pro-

bably, will be his style, if his Royal Highness lives to put on the imperial purple.

THE SESSION HAS GLIDED away, and for the present the Premier's troubles are at an end. The experience of the ill-fortune he has met with of late would lead to the belief that Mr. Gladstone is the most unlucky man in England. The very stars, in their courses, seem to have fought against him. Under his administration, in the space of a few months, the nation has lost her chief vessel of war, with the finest crew in the world on board; has nearly lost another first-class ship in broad daylight; and has sent a third to the other side of the globe, only to strand her on the broken edge of a volcanic crater, providentially existing there to keep the veteran *Megara* from going to the bottom. Then, again, in military matters, arose the prophet Cardwell and spake the speech of prophecy, saying—"There will be rain through the month of August; and if we move the troops into Berkshire, they will trample down the still uncut corn in the middle of a wet September; and Mr. Pickford's charges for horses are very high, we find." In spite of which prophecy the harvest is now got in, in the best possible condition. The Prince of Wales could not visit Dublin without a shindy among the Fenians; and the Lords censured the Army Bill and settled the Ballot for the present. These are the results of the last year of Mr. Gladstone's government. In James the First's time, things were as tardy in their rate of progress towards perfection, but—save the mark!—no slower than now. A wit of the day described the Parliaments of that "most high and mighty Prince" in a clever distich, which it is necessary to alter in one word only in applying it to the last session's doings:—

"Many faults complained of, few things amended,
 An *Annuity* granted, the Parliament ended."

But the gods can't always rain thunderbolts. Such luck must take a turn; and Mr. Gladstone may reasonably live in hopes of brighter fortune.

FILBERTS ARE IN the market again, and we may renew our speculations as to where they got their name from. The only two sources assigned are as opposite as those of the celebrated "tilley-valley," which, as the Antiquary says, "by the way, one commentator derives from *tittivillitium*, and another

from *tally-ho!*" So we are told, by Skinner and Junius, that *filbert*—or, as they would spell it, *filberd*—is derived from *full beard*, from its having a fringed covering or husk, like a beard of goodly growth; whilst other philologists would have us believe this king of nuts drew its name "*Philibert*"—

"The *Philibert* that loves the vale"—

from "*Philibert*, a king of France, who caused by arte sundry kinds to be brought forth.' Gower has a more classical derivation—

"— *Phillis*

Was shape into a nutte tree,
That all men it might see;
And after *Phillis*, *Philberd*—
This tree was cleped in the yerd."

But the author of the thirty thousand lines of the "*Confessio Amantis*," who sleeps his long sleep in the church of St. Saviour, Southwark, is not a high authority in such a matter as the derivation of our *filbert*. Spenser, however, in some way supports this view, for in his "*Elegie on Sir P. Sidney*," he has—

"And *Phillis Philbert*, there away,
Compar'de with mirtle and the bay."

Very likely none of these derivations are right, and it remains for some scholar in the future to settle the matter satisfactorily; but, in passing, one curious point may be noticed—namely, that the name or term *filberd*, or *filbert*, is not found in any language but the English, which is in itself evidence against the "*Philibert*, King of France" theory of its origin.

WE OFTEN WONDER if it is possible that English journalists and correspondents, writing of French affairs, make mistakes as stupid and *jejune* as the blunders of French writers when they talk about us. That a Parisian leader writer should fall into error, when he ventures to tread the boggy ground of our constitutional traditions, or to touch on matters of domestic polity or social usage, we are by no means surprised. But there seems to be no sufficient reason why the names of our best-known public men should be habitually mis-spelled, and that the events of English history one would suppose to be within the ken of every schoolboy in France should, when spoken of by French journalists, serve them as occasions for a display of ignorance too crass to be laughable in our eyes. Here is an instance of almost incredible blundering, to be found the other day in the columns of one of the

most respectable Parisian papers. The article comments upon the deposit, among the treasures of Notre Dame, of the cassock worn by the Archbishop of Paris when he was assassinated; and adds that another acquisition is a rare cross, dating from the twelfth century, which "cross was, we have been assured, given to Monseigneur Darboy by the family of Thomas Becker, Bishop of Cantorbéry." Such an example of inaccuracy might be culled almost any day from the French press when treating of English matters. "They do these things better in France;" but though that privileged being, "Our Parisian Correspondent," often makes mistakes, it is not to be believed that he ever rivals his brother of the French press.

A CORRESPONDENT: I bought at a sale the other day an old volume, containing a collection of anecdotes about the celebrities of Dr. Johnson's time. This story—new to me—is given with great gusto, as a specimen of the doctor's ready wit:—"When Dr. Johnson sat to Mr. Nollekens for his bust, he was very much displeased at the manner in which the head had been loaded with hair; which the sculptor insisted upon, as it made him look more like an ancient poet. The sittings were not very favourable, which rather vexed the artist, who, upon opening the street door—a vulgarity he was addicted to—peevishly whined, 'Now, doctor, you did say you would give my bust half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time.' To which the doctor's reply was, 'Bow, wow, wow!'" Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi have nothing better.

CARICATURE is now an acknowledged profession. We look to our comic papers for a "skit" upon the events and personages of the day. Painters, however, whose chief glory was to paint Madonnas and Holy Families, sometimes descended to burlesque. Paul Veronese, it is said, when his fancy so took him, introduced portraits of his patrons in uncomplimentary situations. Michael Angelo painted those whom he did not like in Purgatory; and worse, if that were possible, Coypel, to please Boileau, gave Sanatol's face to "Satan at Confession;" and Subleyras represented the same august personage holding the candle to St. Dominick, as being very like to Cardinal Dubois.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

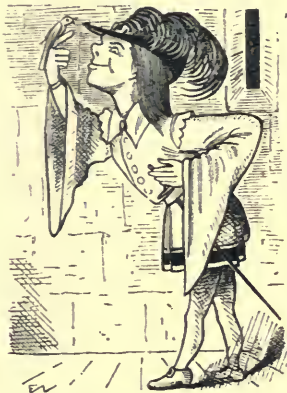
NEW SERIES.

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SIR BOYLE ROCHE AND HIS BIRD.



IT is time that this matter should be set right. Some sixty or seventy years of opprobrium—or, at least, of those familiar jeers which to the sensitive mind are more galling than open outrage—all borne without a word, without any friend to interpose! It might have gone on for a hundred years more, but for an accidental discovery. But how shall we indemnify his fair fame? Not that he was a distinguished or a “great” man; but there is surely no justification for dragging even the meanest up on the pillory of history, and making him the butt for the stones and rotten eggs which the poorest witling may cast at him, just to attract attention.

The reference is to Sir Boyle Roche, sometime member of the Irish Parliament—and, it is believed, a patriot. Allusion is often made to the baronet, or knight—I am uncertain as to his title—which, it must be owned with compunction, was of a free and disrespectful sort; for, taking this unjust misconception on trust, and as a sort of text, other particulars of a kindred sort were furnished which threw a disrespect on his memory. For this writers are not surely accountable—they took things simply as they found them, as all the world found them. It was understood and accepted that Sir Boyle and his “bird” should be inseparable. In fact, the curious concatenation remains,

that without the “bird,” Sir Boyle would literally be “nowhere.” By that ornithological wonder, he, as it were, stands and flourishes. He is, in this curious dilemma: either to be doomed to an ignoble privacy, to virtual effacement, or else accept an immortality of ridicule. It may seem absurd, certainly, to go down to posterity as the author of the statement that a bird *could* be in two places at the same moment; yet, if one were put to an election between sheer obscurity—utter annihilation—and an undying reputation founded on that ridiculous assertion, one might be inclined to accept the fame, though it was purchased at the loss of general respect. It seems hard, too, after enjoying prestige of a certain quality so many years, and fairly looking to have your name repeated by coming generations with something like the familiarity of old acquaintance, to be of a sudden deposed, and rudely reduced to the ranks, as it were. This must be specially mortifying to the descendants or representatives of his family, who will have to give back to the hands of the public—just as the son of some illustrious nobleman waits on her Majesty to restore his Bath or Garter decoration—the badge of distinction he has worn so long.

To come at once to the point. Sir Boyle Roche was *not* the author of the remarkable metaphor which has made him famous or ridiculous. It may be doubted, also, if he ever even repeated it. It is well known that a weakness for discordant imagery marked all his oratorical efforts; and that far choicer specimens than the famous “bird” could have been selected from his speeches, and given him a better claim to celebrity. The figure in question is poor, and does not deserve its reputation. It does not reach the conditions of what it claims to be—a “bull.” Now, it is singular that, while these other incongruities are gravely and officially reported, no one has yet been able to put finger

on the speech or passage where the famous "bird" first flapped wing. This in itself is suspicious; and when we think of Cambronne's speech at Waterloo, of the Duke of Wellington's word of command to his Guards, of the sinking of the *Vengeur*, and other dramatic speeches which have been proved apocryphal, we may fairly begin to doubt about the "bird."

But supposing that he had repeated the metaphor—for he did not originate it—how much does it reflect, not on him, but on the ignorant public who made it its own—who had it offered to them before, and declined to accept it. Our Irish fellow-countrymen may well point to this as an instance of Saxon unfairness. For here is the dilemma. This was a ludicrous blunder, which has extorted many a laugh—then why give the whole credit of it to an Irishman, when it was uttered by an Englishman, and after him repeated by a Frenchman? Or else was this an indifferent speech, but useful as a ready illustration—then why so ignorant as not to know where to search for it in English or foreign literature? There is no escaping either horn. Here is proof.

A play was written so far back as the end of the seventeenth century, by one Mr. Jevon, and entitled "*The Devil of a Wife*." It was not an obscure production, but highly popular. There are several editions of it in the British Museum; it was reprinted again and again. Audiences roared at the plot, which became so popular, that it took a new shape, and, as the well-known "*Devil to Pay*," has been handed on to our own day. Thousands saw it—thousands read it.

"O Heaven, what do I see?" says the lady. "Is not that I there, in my gown and petticoat I wore yesterday? How can it be when I am here? I cannot be in two places at once."

Rowland, a friend of her husband, answers promptly—

"Surely no—*unless thou wert a bird*."

Rowland is not meant for an Irish character—he is not even a comic friend. He speaks in good earnest; yet no ridicule has attached. We do not find the speech quoted in the books—"Like Jevon's bird, in two places at once." The absurdity is not even perceived. But once clap it in the mouth of an Irishman, then all the dogs of Saxon malevolence and hatred are off on the scent.

But there is more to be said. This is not merely an English blunder, but a Scotch

one! In Lord Brougham's recently published memoir is quoted an extract from a writer named Robertson, in which the same expression is used. Again, we do not find that his own countrymen consigned him to an immortality of ridicule. It passed without a remark. It might seem in part a legitimate metaphor—an almost Eastern mode of signifying rapidity of motion—"Ye gods, annihilate time and space, and make two lovers happy!" In fact, it almost deserves praise as an elegant mode of expression—conveying the idea happily, and with poetry.

What if Sir Boyle, being a man of reading, had seen the expression in Jevon, and had been so tickled by it as to find it serviceable in his oratory? What if he had been before his age, of a higher intelligence and erudition? How he must have smiled as he listened to the dull jeers of ignorance that greeted his sally. Perhaps he disdained to set them right, and trusted to a better-educated posterity.

An amende is due to Sir Boyle Roche, in all honour. No speaker or writer can now conscientiously extort a vacant laugh by dragging in this stale jest. A man of honour, if he use the metaphor at all, must say, "I can't be in two places at once, *like Jevon's bird!*" Yet how flat this sounds. It makes one fear that, after all, our generation will be too selfishly ungenerous to make the rectification. The whole point will be gone. It is the old story. When the Jesuits replied successfully to Pascal's witty attack, no one read the reply. No one wanted to read it. I fear it will be so with Sir Boyle. We cannot spare him. He is too useful. He is embedded in the language. He belongs to a company. What would we do without Sir John Custer and his stocking? It will be no use. Sir Boyle Roche and the bird will always go together.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XVI.

COMING EVENTS.

I SAW that Clarinda was dying to tell me something when I got home; but Uncle Oliver stayed late, and then Harry came in, and so she was just then prevented telling me her great piece of news.

"And who was at the play?" said she.

I told her the names of those that Mr. Steele had pointed out.

"You have made good use of your eyes," said she; "and so has Uncle Oliver, who is generally blind. How came he to see so many people?"

"Mr. Steele pointed them out to me," I replied.

She lifted up her hands.

"What would my father say! My dear, Mr. Steele is one of the wickedest people about town. He drinks, and he swears, and swaggers, and he writes the most dreadful pieces in his paper that ever were written—so I hear, for I don't read such things myself."

"Nonsense, Clarinda," said Harry. "If Mr. Steele takes a glass or two more than he ought on occasions, he's no worse than most of the men one meets; and he's one of the best-hearted fellows I know."

"Ah, you're getting into the enemy's clutches, Harry. I believe you will turn out a Whig in the end."

"I was but for doing Mr. Steele justice," returned Harry. "One should give even the devil his due."

"That can only be done by painting him black enough," answered Clarinda; "therefore I was but acting on your principle with regard to Mr. Steele."

I think that Clarinda hates the Whigs as much as my father does; but then, Sir Everard Tylney is a great Tory. If Sir Everard's politics were different, it might make a great difference with Clarinda; for I perceive that women's feelings sway their judgments very much.

"Grace met a friend at the play," said Uncle Oliver, who had been quietly waiting his turn to speak.

Clarinda's thoughts veered round in an instant.

"I did not know that you had any friends in town, child."

I blushed up to the roots of my hair. I wish I could get out of the habit—'tis so rustic and unfashionable.

"It was a friend of Uncle Oliver's," I answered. "He came once to Selwode."

"Another lover! Heigho, Grace—what is to be done with them all? The pink roses did their duty well."

"Not at all," said I. "Mr. Lydgate did not know me again; besides—"

And there I stopped, not knowing whether I ought to betray Mr. Lydgate's secret.

"Besides," said my uncle, taking up my sentence, "Grace thinks there is no fear; for Mr. Lydgate is said to be one of the Lady Mary's adorers."

And he looked gravely at Clarinda. She, however, burst out laughing.

"I wonder you can keep your countenance, Uncle Oliver," said she. "I know who this Mr. Lydgate is; and if the Lady Mary is the only rival in the way, there is not much danger. All the world adores the Lady Mary, at a distance; and the son of a poor baronet who has lost half his estate and mortgaged the rest, won't stand much chance with her ladyship. She wants to make a figure in the world with her beauty."

"Mr. Philip Lydgate is handsome. There they are equal," interposed Uncle Oliver.

"The Lady Mary is a scholar," continued Clarinda.

"So is Mr. Lydgate."

"The Lady Mary is a wit."

"So is Mr. Lydgate."

"The Lady Mary is said to write verses."

"So doth Mr. Lydgate. I will match them on all points."

"And thereby prove the point against yourself, and show their unsuitability from their very likeness. My dear, good Uncle Oliver, what does a handsome man care for beauty—is he not sufficiently satisfied with his own? What does the clever man want with wit—has he not a superabundance himself? No; you will find that it is ever the scholar marries the dunce; the wit, the fool; the tall, the short; the dark, the fair; and a hundred other contrarieties that I could tell you of. Why, just look at Harry and myself! He is a great, honest, unsuspicious, excellent fellow; and I am a little, vain, deceitful, worthless, giddy creature."

"That's the honestest thing you've said yet, my dear," interrupted my uncle, patting her on the shoulder. "Go on with your speech."

"You've spoiled it," she returned, laughing. "Well, I was just at the end. I was going to add, see how well we get on together. We should be endlessly at war if I were like him, or he like me."

"I'll allow the latter," said my uncle; "I don't know about the reverse."

"And," continued Clarinda, "as it is, he believes me to be the most charming, unselfish, and excellent of women; and I believe he congratulates himself daily upon having such a wife. Don't you, my dear?"

And she turned to her husband.

"That I do," said Harry, earnestly, looking proudly down on his wife.

I glanced at Clarinda; for to me there was a shade of irony in her tone, though she was full of gaiety.

"But there are exceptions," said I.

"I was not speaking of exceptions—simply of the rule," she replied.

"I am going to bring Mr. Lydgate to your reception to-morrow, Clarinda," said Uncle Oliver. "I suppose there's no objection?"

Clarinda gave a little start, but recovered herself quickly.

"None at all. We shall be glad to see him," said Harry, heartily. "I've met the young fellow at Will's Coffee-house several times, and he seems to be well thought of."

"Harry! Harry!" exclaimed Clarinda, "I am afraid you are turning deserter. What were you doing at Will's?"

"He was charmed thither by Circe in the shape of the Spirit of the Age," quoth Uncle Oliver. "One can't steer straight ahead for ever in a clipper—a side wind will come sometimes, and make one take to the boats, and send one out of one's regular course."

"I quite agree with you," says Clarinda, tacking round suddenly. "You take a very correct view of human life, Uncle Oliver; and one can't be always doing what is right and proper. 'Twould make life very dull. So I will receive Mr. Lydgate, though I hear he is a fiery Whig. 'Tis a side wind that blows from your quarter, Uncle Oliver; and if harm comes of it, you will be to blame."

Clarinda was wonderfully sprightly to-night, and looked very flushed and pretty; and, as she had been somewhat out of humour since her return to London, I was at a loss how to account for it.

When Uncle Oliver had gone, and I was hastening to my room, she followed; and, entering with me, she closed the door, and said, in a mysterious voice—

"My dear, *he* is in town."

"Sir Everard?" said I.

"Of course, stupid child—who else? And he has been here for more than a week."

"And has never been here?"

I was not sure whether it boded good or evil.

"And has never been here," she repeated. "Nor anywhere else—in *public*."

"What has he been doing?"

"There are back-stairs at St. James's, my dear," said she, "and visitors do not always go in at the grand entrance. Private friends may be admitted privately, without the world making its comments upon them."

I looked at Clarinda for a further explanation.

"Every one does not underrate Sir Everard Tylney as you do, Grace; and if he does choose occasionally to idle away his time in the country, 'tis but as a rest that he absolutely needs. He is not without ambition, though he makes no fine speeches about it; and if a change *should* come in the Ministry, he may meet with his deserts. My dear, the homage of such a man is worth having; and when I saw him this evening, and noted the air of tender concern with which he addressed me, I could not help feeling that we had been hard upon him, and that he would not come near until he had received encouragement to do so. Indeed, he hinted as much."

"Seen Sir Everard! Where have you been, Clarinda?" I inquired in amaze.

"I have been paying a private visit myself," said she; "and I will tell you all about it. I was telling Harry just as you came in, but I could not go on with it before Uncle Oliver; for I am not sure but what he has a secret leaning towards the wrong party, and I couldn't tell it all, even to you, before Harry, as you will see. I have been dying to speak to you, for I know I cannot sleep until it is all off my mind; so sit down and listen. It happened in this way. But first, I must go back a little, and begin with 'Once upon a time,' which means—well, it may be about three years ago that our cousin Charlotte Furnaby was one of the ladies in waiting for a short time; and the Furnabys, being in their hearts Jacobites, though they keep it quiet, hate the Whigs almost worse than my father does, and my Lord Godolphin worse than any of them. Well, Charlotte's liking grew no stronger when she was brought into closer connection with her Grace; and she quite pitied the Queen for having such a termagant about her. She saw, too, her conduct towards Mistress Abigail Hill, for whom she felt sorry, though she is a somewhat ungainly person to look upon, being lean, and having a large nose that is often red. Nevertheless, the two became confidential, and Charlotte found that the meek Abigail was deeper in the Queen's secrets than one might have supposed from her

humble position. There was a certain amount of talent, too, in the woman; and, besides, she had a strong inclination to the Stuarts, and was High Church to the backbone. Now, these things being considered, besides Charlotte's having several affronts put upon her by the Duchess, brought the two into sympathy; and when I went to see Charlotte I saw Mistress Hill, and, as Harry says, I was civil to her, and so made a friend of her, and she was not afraid of speaking her mind before me. And when people speak their minds, little things leak out incidentally which have more significance than appears on the surface. And so—"

But here there was a knock at the door.

"Clarinda," said Harry, "are you going to keep Grace up all night?"

"I can hear it in the morning," said I.

"Do go, Clarinda, it is getting late."

"Tut, my dear, 'tis only Harry's impatience to hear the end of the story. I'm coming directly, Harry," she said, in a louder voice. "Do go away, there's a good creature. I shall be twice as long in saying what I have to say, if you keep drumming at the door."

And Harry went away.

Clarinda drew up a stool for her feet, and placed a cushion behind her head.

"There, now," said she, "I am quite comfortable, and will tell you the rest."

"Oh, Clarinda!"

"My dear," she replied, "I shall not sleep in peace until I have told you every word."

CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER MESH IN THE NET.

"AND so," said Clarinda, when we had heard the last of Harry's retreating footsteps, "as I wanted to know more of what was going on at Court than one can learn in an ordinary way—or rather, as my father and Harry wanted to know for certain whether there was any foundation for the rumours that are abroad of the Queen and the Duchess not having been on over-friendly terms of late—I made up my mind to pay Mistress Hill a visit. The excuse I gave was, that I wished to know the best method of getting up lace heads; and I knew she could tell me of a good one. And then, as it is not well to go empty-handed to a favourite, I took a piece of the Mechlin lace that Jack brought me on his last visit. 'Tis very handsome; and there was enough to trim a

stomacher and sleeves. Mistress Hill was mightily pleased with it, for she knows the value of such things; and she says it is not much that falls to her share in that way, for the Duchess takes all the Queen's *best* old clothes for herself, and gives the bedchamber women but a few gowns, petticoats, mantuas, head-clothes, and *mantes*, worth nothing at all.

"As soon as we touched upon the Duchess it was all easy, and I abused her to Mistress Hill's content, and expressed my hopes that she would be ere long discarded, and my Lord Duke kept from intermeddling in state affairs. In fact, I spoke so openly and heartily, and so much in accord with her own views, as to encourage her to speak very freely.

"We do, indeed, lead a sad life with her," says she. 'Her Majesty is in constant dread of her.'

"There can't be much love where fear is," said I.

"Not any," says she, nodding her head. 'And if her Majesty would only keep up the spirit that sometimes shows itself, we might easily be rid of her; and then things would all be smooth enough.'

"And Mistress Hill sighed, as though she had something on her mind.

"I went on sipping my chocolate, as though I had not heard her. Presently, she sighed again. I put a second lump of sugar into my cup—for 'twas not sweet enough—and offered a third to the parrot, saying—

"Pretty Poll—pretty Poll! Poor Poll—poor Poll!"

"Poor Abigail!" answered the parrot.

"Poor Abigail, indeed!" said Mistress Hill, sighing a third time—more deeply than ever.

"Whereupon I was no longer able to affect unconsciousness; so I said—

"Ah! you have a difficult place to fill—full of troubles!"

"Yes," says she, 'I have my troubles. No one knows.' Then she paused, but after awhile continued—'Now, when Mistress Furnaby was here, I had a friend; but it hasn't been so of late. There's been no one, and I've kept all to myself; and —'

"'Tis a relief to have some one to speak to," said I—'I have found it so myself.'

"It is," says she; 'and I've wished for Mistress Furnaby a hundred times of late; but she has never been near the palace since her quarrel with the Duchess; for Mistress

Furnaby was a lady of spirit. But, then, *she* was independent.'

"And again Mistress Hill sighed.

"If I can be of use to you in any way, Mistress Hill, you may trust me as you would have done my cousin. Our feelings lean the same way, and are all in opposition to your enemy.'

"Mistress Hill fidgeted, looked down, and seemed uneasy; and the whole of her face went as red as her nose.

"I thank you, Mistress Fanshawe,' says she. 'I am sure you have always been very kind; and if I could trouble you with my secret, I am sure it would be a great comfort to me.'

"Now, you know, my dear, that when there is anything secret and mysterious, one's heart naturally inclines to receive it, and one's ears prick up to hear it; so I said to Mistress Hill—

"If it would be any comfort to you, pray confide in me; and I will not betray your confidence.'

"I dare not put it on paper,' says Mistress Hill, 'or I should have let Mistress Furnaby know at once.'

"But if you make me a postman, Mistress Hill?

"Letters sometimes miscarry,' says she.

"Or a messenger,' said I; for I feared her ardour was cooling.

"Yes,' says she.

"I waited, but she did not seem inclined to speak; so, after a pause, I also said—

"Yes.'

"Then she looked up.

"I scarce know how to put it into words,' says she, twisting up a corner of her apron.

"Then 'twould be more difficult in writing,' said I.

"Yes,' says she.

"And then came another pause; and I began to get out of patience with the woman.

"I shall see my cousin to-morrow,' I said.

"Mistress Hill gave another sigh and plaited up her apron, as though she were arranging a frill; then she stroked her ruffles, smoothed her dress, took out her handkerchief, dropped her eyes, and made curious puckers round her mouth.

"'Tis a profound secret,' says she.

"And shall be with me,' I answered.

"And Mistress Furnaby—it will be safe with her. And if I can get it off my mind to some one that will have sympathy—'

"And the handkerchief went up to her

eyes, and I thought I was going to lose the secret altogether. However, I waited patiently; and at last my patience was rewarded.

"I am married,' says she, in a faint voice.

"To whom?' said I, quietly; for I was afraid she might break down, and not tell me.

"To Mr. Samuel Masham.'

"I really did not see that she need have made such an ado about so simple a thing as matrimony. But when the communication was once made, Mistress Hill's tongue was unloosed; and she poured forth a torrent of information as to when and where the marriage took place, and that the Queen herself was present at it.

"I could not help wondering how Samuel came to fall in love; but perhaps Samuel wanted preferment, and saw that Mistress Hill was like to become as great a favourite as the Duchess had been; or he may have had no ambitious views, but have been drawn into it through the mere accident of propinquity—for Mr. Masham was now Groom of the Bedchamber to his Highness the Prince, and must have been continually meeting with Mistress Hill, whose lodgings were gained from a door on the staircase that led to the Prince's apartments.

"But what cause is there for secrecy in the case?' I asked. 'Surely there is no objection to the marriage? Mr. Masham is a baronet's son. And her Majesty has sanctioned it.'

"Yes,' says Mistress Hill, 'tis as good a match or better than one in my position might have looked for.'

"And she looked so very humble as she said it, that I could not help thinking that I could almost prefer the Duchess's fiery temper to her humility—for there's something of the fox about it, though one can't help pitying her. Now, in spite of her overbearing, turbulent temper, there's something grand about the other woman; and if she were but a Tory, I believe that I could even come to admire her. But to return to my story.

"It appears that, now Mistress Hill is married, she and the Queen dare not let the Duchess know of it, on account of the outbreak there would certainly be."

"But why should the Duchess be angry?" said I. "Surely, it is a desirable thing that her relative should be respectably married."

"Ah," returned Clarinda, "so it would seem; but the fact of the matter is, that

Samuel Masham is a connexion of Mr. Harley's, to whom Mistress Hill is also related, on the father's side; and the Duchess hates Mr. Harley, because the Queen has a leaning to him. She suspects Mr. Harley. She is jealous of him; and being jealous also of Mistress Hill, now that there is another bond of union between the two, she would naturally consider Mistress Hill and Mr. Harley leagued together against her—which, indeed, she would have good reason to do; for, from several things that dropped in the course of conversation, I discovered that Mistress Hill—or Mistress Masham, as I ought to call her—has been more under Mr. Harley's influence than even his own party know of; for 'twould not do to get it about that Mr. Harley is deeper in the Queen's counsel than men think. This would be good news for my father, who's in a feverish state enough."

"But I thought you were to keep Mistress Hill's confidences sacred?"

"Yes—in the family. She knows we are one with her in our interests, so she allowed me that liberty. But, my dear, the most interesting part is yet to come.

"As I was slipping out of Mistress Hill's apartments, and downstairs into the garden, just half-way down I met a man muffled in a cloak; his hat was pulled over his forehead, and I could not well see his features. Just as I came close to him, and should have passed by, his cloak caught upon the railings and jerked away from him, so disclosing the lower part of his face; and who should it be but Sir Everard Tylney! We were both of us taken by surprise. He almost fell backward with the start he gave, and I gave a slight scream, and should have spoken my amazement; but he put his finger on his lips.

"No names," said he, in a low voice.

"I held out my hand.

"At peace?" he whispered, with a look of tenderness I cannot describe."

"I do not want to hear of it," said I. "I thought, Clarinda, that that was all over."

"My dear, you cannot imagine how handsome he looked. And then, 'twas so romantic altogether. I felt like a heroine!"

"Stealing up the back stairs of a palace!" said I.

"My dear," she answered, "more is accomplished that way than by strutting up the grand staircase. However, I was going to ask him a hundred questions; but he pressed my hand respectfully, and saying 'Farewell!'

he sprang past me, and I was left standing on the stairs in mute bewilderment."

"And then you came home. And now it is time to say good night," said I—for I did not care to hear about Sir Everard.

"No, I did not come home—I went back to Mistress Hill's rooms, and got a pen and paper, and writ a note to Sir Everard, asking him to come and see us to-morrow—which she promised to give him."

"How could you do such a foolish thing, Clarinda?"

"Nay, my dear, 'twas anything but foolish; 'twas the wisest thing I have done for some time. If Harry were to find out that Sir Everard is in town, and has not been to see us, he would wonder what was the matter. And explanations would be awkward. Depend upon it, the best way is to keep on civil terms, and put Sir Everard into a good humour; and I dare say I can get my ringlet back again. Besides, I like to see him—he pleases me; and 'twould mortify me greatly if people were to think I had lost my influence with him."

"Yes, if it were not for that 'besides,'" thought I, "the rest might be managed in some way." But that "besides," as I looked at Clarinda standing before me, glowing and beautiful, I trembled for.

"Now, good night," said she; "'tis all off my mind now, and you must think what is to be done about Sir Everard. But you are not to say a word to any one about Sir Everard. I have told him to come as though I had not met him at the palace, so you must pretend to be surprised to see him. Good night."

And kissing me, she went away.

Truly, if she had cast her burden off her own mind, she had thrown it on mine; for I could not but think she had done an imprudent thing in writing to Sir Everard. She had drawn the net closer round her; and how she was going to struggle out of its subtle meshes, I did not know. Indeed, I feared she objected too little to being a prisoner in its folds.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SIR EVERARD'S PASTORAL.

AFTER some uneasy musings, I fell asleep; but 'twas only to wake with my mind full of misgivings, and my heart sick at the strivings, and ambitions, and meannesses of the world. I wondered how Clarinda could make a friend of one so full of

ingratitude as Mistress Hill; for the Duchess had certainly rescued her from poverty, and had placed her in a position which her own parents could not have obtained for her. If she had openly warred against the proud, insolent Mistress of the Robes, I could have had some sympathy; but the crafty, stealthy method of avenging herself which Mistress Hill—or, I should say, Mistress Masham—was pursuing was utterly distasteful to me.

Then, her Grace the Duchess, the most important woman in England at the present moment—for the Queen was quite subservient to her—was, in my opinion, as little in her greatness as Mrs. Masham was in her meanness; and, moreover, an undisciplined, grasping woman, who was throwing away her advantages, and laying the foundation of her own ruin.

The Queen herself faded away from the image which my loyalty had worshipped; and I saw, instead of the monarch who should have ruled at her own Court, a woman governed by those about her, and taking an undue part in quarrels that should have been beneath her; and making of herself a *confidante* in a wedding that she dreaded coming to light, and thus the sharer of the secrets of two of her servants. Then, this creeping in and out of back doors by a Secretary of State and by courtiers—all this plotting and intriguing I had come to hear about since my coming to town: it was all so different from my Utopian ideas of kings, queens, princes, courts, and governments, that I began to moralize upon the littleness of human greatness. How was it that people in high stations should so demean themselves? And the answer came, that these are but as others, mortals—frail mortals, as the preachers tell us—not capable of grasping, until too late, the grand thought that each in an exalted position has a chance offered him of being one of God's instruments for wide-spread good upon the earth. How seldom is a soul found great enough to understand it!

I was so taken up with these thoughts, that for awhile I forgot about "Hamlet" and Mr. Philip Lydgate, when all at once they came into my mind; and I began to take pleasure in going over some parts of the play that had best contented me, and to feel a desire to see Mr. Lydgate again, in order that I might see whether there was more honesty and dignity in a poet than in

a politician. And yet Mr. Lydgate was both; and if I found my own party bad enough, the other side I naturally concluded must be worse.

I was no little mortified that Mr. Lydgate had not remembered me; but I determined that this evening I would keep a curb over myself, and not allow him, or any one else, to fathom my thoughts. Uncle Oliver was, perhaps, the person I was most afraid of; for he was always watching me, though I knew it was only out of kindness and interest.

I think I had improved a little in looks—at least, my glass told me that I had not quite so rustic an appearance as I used to have. I had taken pattern by Clarinda, and wore my garments with an easier air—indeed, she complimented me upon the dignified manner in which I moved when I had on my best brocade.

"You look almost as grand as your dress, Grace," she said, "and quite as pretty."

But I was not going to wear my best brocade to-night—it was a state dress, and one less handsome would do; so I looked over my wardrobe, and chose out a blue *à la mode* that became me very well; and I put out the pearl necklace and earrings that my mother had lent me to wear with it. Then I went to look at the flowers which Clarinda had sent for, and found her examining a beautiful nosegay that had just been delivered to her.

"Where did you get them from?" said I, admiringly.

"They are not mine," said she; "they are for 'Mistress Grace Selwode, at Mrs. Fanshawe's, Soho-square.'"

And she put them into my hand.

"Where did they come from?" I asked.

"Nay, that is more than I can tell you, unless you know the handwriting. The messenger did not wait to tell; but vanished like the genie in a fairy tale."

I looked at the writing, but did not recognize it. It was a cramped, ill specimen.

"Writ by the flower-seller, without doubt," said she.

"Perhaps from Uncle Oliver," said I.

"Or Sir Everard Tylney. He has sent me flowers a dozen times."

"But not me!"

"No; but still he might do so, as part of the pastoral."

"I hope not," said I.

"Or it might be the Mr. Lydgate you met last night," she said, reflectingly.

"Oh, no! I am sure not," I said, earnestly.

She looked at me.

"My dear, how you do blush! But you must not throw away your heart upon this Mr. Lydgate. His father can give him nothing, and he will have to live upon his wits; and people who live upon their wits generally starve in the end. You must do better than this."

I was about to answer her angrily, when I remembered my resolution.

"What are you going to wear?" she asked.

"My blue *à la mode*."

"Then this jessamine is the very thing for your hair—there is plenty of it; 'twill look like stars. I can arrange it charmingly."

And she divided the nosegay, and put all the delicate jessamine sprigs on one side.

"But—" said I, hesitating.

"I know what you are going to say," said she; "but we can suppose that Uncle Oliver sent the flowers, and then you need to have no scruples."

I was scarce satisfied with the argument; but when I was dressed, and the flowers were put among my curls by Clarinda's skilful fingers, vanity pleaded successfully in favour of Clarinda's reasoning. Uncle Oliver was always so thoughtful!

By the time the company had begun to assemble I forgot all about the flowers. There was so much to take up my thoughts, and I was introduced to so many people, and was in such constant talk with one and another, that I even forgot that Mr. Lydgate had not arrived, though I had been so anxious to see him.

My aunt, Lady Betty Selwode, honoured Clarinda with her company. Being the daughter of an earl, she considered herself the great lady of the family; and as no one was disposed to question her title to it—excepting my aunt Furnaby, who held privately that a woman ranked by her husband, and that the Honourable Mr. Furnaby was of higher rank than my uncle Humphrey, therefore she was entitled to as much consideration as Lady Betty—she carried herself very complacently. My aunt Furnaby's views, however, were kept pretty much to herself, for Lady Betty has taken a great fancy to Ralph Furnaby, who reminds her, she says, of a brother of hers who died young; and she has persuaded my uncle Humphrey—who goes by her advice in all things—to make him his heir.

Lady Betty looked very imposing in her gold-flowered petticoat and train, which she had worn at the last Drawing-room—she still wore the Fontange streamer from the top of her head-dress—and her lappets were of the finest point. She prides herself much upon her lace, and has some of the finest in the kingdom.

Ralph Furnaby accompanied her, being in constant attendance upon her when she is in town. I had not seen him for three years, as he had been much abroad with his tutor at Uncle Humphrey's expense; for the Furnabys are not rich, and there are five children besides Ralph and Charlotte. Ralph is a complete Furnaby—short, slim, with white face and sandy hair, now covered by a wig that had cost at least twenty guineas. I do not think 'twas any improvement to him; but Lady Betty thinks it becomes him vastly. He was dressed with excessive attention to the fashion—indeed, he was rather overdone with it; and his speech tended in the same direction, for 'twas so interlarded with fashionable phrases and foreign expressions—which latter my aunt Lady Betty terms the "elegancies of the English language"—that I had much ado to listen to him with any patience, though he told me "I had grown up so much better-looking than he expected, that 'twas quite a pleasure to see me." This he doubtless intended for a high compliment; but I did not take it as such, and was heartily glad to see my Uncle Oliver and Mr. Lydgate approaching.

I saw Ralph look at them, and then at Lady Betty; giving his shoulders a deprecatory shrug, whereat I felt inclined to give him a smart tap with my fan.

Lady Betty put up her glass.

"Who is it?" said she.

"Lydgate, the madman, we call him at our club," returned Ralph. "We have drawn up an especial rule to prevent his admission, if he should apply. He has a trick of getting in everywhere; but I hardly expected to see him at Harry Fanshawe's."

"He is a friend of Uncle Oliver's," said I.

"Uncle Oliver is not over-particular as to his friends. Any one that understands the force of a Greek particle, or can quote a little Latin, has a sufficient introduction. He is as careless about his acquaintance as about his dress."

And Ralph glanced with a satisfied air at his own ruffles.

"Perhaps 'tis as well that he is," said I, quite vexed. "One sometimes overdoes a thing by too much care and caution. I am ashamed of you, Ralph!"

And I sprang up to meet Uncle Oliver, more hastily than I should have done if I had remembered that the room was full of company, and also that Uncle Oliver was not alone. Then, suddenly, the thought that Mr. Lydgate might think me forward—together with the anger I felt at Ralph's impertinence—made my cheeks burn deeper than ordinary.

"What a temper!" I heard Ralph say to Lady Betty, who answered—

"The girl's been kept out of the civilized world too long."

But I did not hear any more, nor would it have made any impression upon me if I had, since I did not value their opinion. And I was soon talking with Mr. Lydgate as if he were an old friend of mine as well as of Uncle Oliver's; for Uncle Oliver had slipped away as soon as he saw that I was beginning to feel at my ease, and had left us together.

"Your wish has come to pass, Mistress Selwode," said he. "Such good fortune does not happen to many."

"Yes, I have come to town, and am seeing the world."

"And the flesh, and the— I suppose I must not mention the third element in the trio," said a voice close by, which made me start; for it was the last person in the world I wished to see. "I am delighted to see you again, Mistress Grace," continued Sir Everard—for he it was. "Will the goddess of the fields and groves deign to accept an offering scarcely worthy of her?"

And then I saw that Sir Everard held in his hand a nosegay of the choicest flowers in season.

"Sweets to the sweet," said he, bowing low.

I wish he had added "farewell;" but, alas! it was not so easy to get rid of him. I took the flowers, and laid them in a bowl that stood on the table, though I would rather have refused them. But I remembered my resolution, and Sir Everard's speech about civility; so I said, quietly—

"Thank you, Sir Everard; your flowers will help to beautify the room."

"They are an offering to yourself, and not to the house," said he, in a lower tone, which I was glad Mr. Lydgate could not hear.

This, then, was the continuation of the pastoral; and I was to be the cat's-paw for the continuance of his visits at the house. Then another thought darted into my head. Sir Everard had certainly not sent the other flowers. Could there be any possibility in Clarinda's other suggestion? And I furtively glanced at Mr. Lydgate. He was looking at me attentively; and, as our eyes met, he half smiled, as though in answer to my thoughts.

It was not probable; and yet Mr. Lydgate had spoken with an odd emphasis when he had said, midway in our conversation—

"I know now that I am quite forgiven."

This called to my recollection that Mr. Lydgate was, as it were, thrust out of his place whilst I was talking to Sir Everard. So I turned towards him, and said—

"This is Sir Everard Tylney, Mr. Lydgate."

Sir Everard drew himself up, and bowed very stiffly to Mr. Lydgate; and Mr. Lydgate made a yet stiffer bow. It was plain that the two men had some antipathy to one another.

Just then, the musicians that Clarinda had hired to entertain the company began to perform one of their pieces, to which all listened with much attention—though I saw my aunt, Lady Betty, hide several yawns behind her fan; but 'tis known in the family that she is not musical.

The power of music is wonderful. As Mr. Congreve says, it "hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and power to chain the tongue also; for there was the confusion of Babel but a few minutes since, and now all sounds were hushed excepting those that the musicians were giving forth.

When the performance was over, my aunt, Lady Betty, and some of the ladies and gentlemen, went off to play at sixpenny *ombre* in the adjoining room; and Clarinda, who had been playing the hostess in a very agreeable manner, came to where I was sitting. She was a little annoyed—though no one could have told it but myself—when she found Sir Everard still talking to me. But she greeted him with much circumspection, saying, "It was an age since we had seen him;" and asking him "wherefore he had been a stranger so long; and what he had accomplished by burying himself in the country?"

"Is your pastoral completed?" asked Harry. "I hope you remember that you promised to let us hear it."

"Twill take longer to finish than I expected," returned Sir Everard; "but I have a few verses with me, which, if it please you, I will read to you some time."

"Is Colin still kept at bay by the Graces?" asked Harry, laughing.

"Not exactly. He has made an appeal to Venus, which promises to be successful. I think I have the passage with me."

"Do let us hear it," said Clarinda.

I bit my lip, and looked down upon the ground, wondering how Clarinda could be so incautious.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Harry, "Sir Everard Tylney is going to read some verses from his new pastoral."

There was an immediate movement towards the place where Sir Everard was standing.

"Nay," said he, "this is too bad, Harry! You disappoint the company, and place me in an awkward position. Ladies and gentlemen, the pastoral is in a most incomplete state; and 'twas but begun in jest. The lines I have with me do but relate to the latter part of it, so I must give you an outline of its commencement in prose."

And, leaning against a pillar, he thus began:—

"Colin, wearied with town life, and having been forsaken by his mistress, resolves to solace his wounded heart by a sojourn amongst the beauties of nature. He wanders far away from the haunts of men, and dwells in comparative peace, until his solitude is broken in upon by two of the Graces, disguised as shepherdesses. These, after some passages of love and wit, suddenly take umbrage at some slight offence; and, revealing themselves to his astonished gaze in their real guise, leave him for awhile in despair.

"It is at this crisis that the verses continue the narration, Colin being understood to have affected one fair shepherdess above the other:—

"When fair Narcissa angry turned away,
By Chloris moved, her lover to betray;
How can sad Colin half the woe conceal
He burns to tell, yet dares not to reveal
To mortal ears? The streams, the vales, the grove
Alone must learn the transports of his love;
And from each wind, each wave, he seeks relief,
And calls on Venus to assuage his grief.
'O, Venus, aid me as I roam along!
Nymphs of the fountain, listen to my song;
And say if ever mortal pangs like mine
Deserved more pity from the powers divine.

Ye streams, that flowing to the azure main,
And still through earth paths seek your springs
again,

O, bear my prayer to Cythera's fair isle:
Implore the Goddess on her slave to smile—
Lest I, like stricken deer, to covert hie,
And there in solitude lie down and die.'

Then Venus, moved by Colin's wild lament—
'What is already done, can I prevent?

No, rather let me help thee to regain
That peace of mind thou mourn'st, alas! in vain.
List to an oracle. Thus I decree.

Chloris shall give Narcissa back to thee;
Narcissa next shall Chloris gracious move,
So that the end shall all propitious prove.

Yet how and when, but knows the Queen of
Love.

Blame not, though thou the riddle canst not read,
Time and my powers shall help thee at thy need."

Sir Everard paused, and a murmur of applause went round.

I must allow that as he read, or rather recited, the lines, they sounded very fine; but then, as Uncle Oliver said afterwards—

"Many a poor sermon makes a goodly noise if 'tis well delivered."

Uncle Oliver did not seem to think much of Sir Everard's verses. Mr. Lydgate, he said, could write a much better poem.

HINTS TO TALKERS.

THE groundwork of my theme is good conversation, in contradistinction to mere discussion—mere chat, gossip, jesting, story-telling, exchange of formal courtesies and compliments, or any single one of the countless methods of using or abusing the gift of speech. In its highest and best phase, it should comprise many diverse elements, harmoniously blended, and should be recreative and entertaining, while edifying. Therein wisdom, learning, and common sense, in a light, lively, and attractive guise, escorted by L'Allegro and her fair, joyous companions, wander over a wide and diversified range of discourse, amid ever-changing scenes of memory and imagination, whithersoever chance, taste, or caprice leads the way. It matters not whether there be many subjects or only one: if the treatment thereof be such as I have faintly sketched, we have thoroughly good conversation, in a special sense of the term. In proper hands, there is hardly a topic that may not serve as a text to discourse, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, concerning all things and a few besides.

Such an ideal is seldom or never realized in our personal intercourse with our fellows, in entirety and perfection; but it may be

approached in different degrees of propinquity. The question which I propose to sift is, whether our own age is nearer or farther from it than the preceding one. The answer most usually given assigns the latter alternative.

The decay of the art—or rather, the gift—of conversation is the burden of many a lament, uttered not only by the old and elderly, but by men still in their prime, and even by some just emerging from the first stage of youth.

We may suspect that the dissatisfied do not meet with the deference or consideration they desire, and that their disparaging censure is the outcome of peevish selfishness. In many instances, we should be correct. The principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, or "Tis distance lends," &c., may influence others; but the wide-spread belief in the inferiority of our conversational faculties cannot be referred, at once and altogether, to any obvious caprice or fallacy. It may be interesting, and not uninteresting, to see whether or not there be good grounds for this idea. The chief difficulty to be faced is the scanty supply of direct evidence, such as may be accepted without reserve as trustworthy, owing, as I have already hinted, to the general want of sympathy with the rising generation characteristic of those whose age gives them opportunities of contrasting periods separated by a long interval of time. Moreover, under the most favourable circumstances of temperament, with the best intention of fair representation, memory must be somewhat deceptive in such matters.

After twenty or thirty years, a man may reasonably be excused foreshortening the flats of bygone conversations, and bringing together in strong relief the eminences; that is to say, representing as uniformly brilliant conversational episodes which were only relieved from mediocrity and dullness by thinly strewn *mots*, anecdotes, and sentiments. The countless indifferent jokes and feeble sallies of famous wits generally die with them—as the most malignant spite could not endure the burden of preserving such sorry memorials; while specimens of their best style and brightest efforts live after them, and from the latter only can posterity form a judgment on their author's entire social career. A great blessing this. Better a thousand times were utter oblivion than the thought that some execrable puns, insipid attempts at wit, pointless epigrams,

irrelevant quotations, should be hereafter rising up in judgment against one. It is as bad as that terrible form of nightmare in which one stands, shivering and ashamed, in demi-toilette, or worse, in the midst of a brilliant assemblage, in all the decent—even all the ladies seem decent then—glories of full dress. To take an instance. Did Dean Swift intend us to know of his pun on "fringe-ship" and "friendship," *apropos* of a doyley which lay between two reconciled friends? I wonder he retailed it to amuse Stella. Fancy, if each of us had a recording demon in the style of Boswell ever attending us! The bare idea makes me feel, at the present minute, a wish that I were mute as a cod-fish, and repent ever having deserted the matter-of-fact gravity of an ordinary Scotchman.

Even if thoroughly trustworthy witnesses as to talkers of the past—such as was Henry Crabb Robinson—could be found, it would be a task of great difficulty to collect, compare, and digest numerous contributions of testimony, which, however, would be necessary in order to form anything like a correct estimate of average conversation. It would be a very false and unsatisfactory method to form inferences from the materials furnished by reminiscences of only one or two clubs or coteries. This, however, is exactly what many do.

Can any one man, however remarkable be his mental powers, however great his social and substantial advantages, seriously flatter himself that he has gathered sufficient data for determining the actual and relative value of the conversation of one or another epoch? Under the most favourable circumstances, our sphere of observation in social matters is extremely circumscribed, compared with the extent of society. Our views, too, of our fellows are in a special degree tinged by subjectivity. We are compelled to take ourselves, after all, as our standard of measurement. And when we think what a distinct individuality the conversation of every man of any strength of character exhibits—how chameleon-hued, manifold, impalpable, variable, volatile an essence conversation in the abstract is, the attempt to institute comparisons with respect to the aggregate conversations of a time or a country must appear presumptuous and inconsiderate. It is generalization from a few isolated facts and phenomena, than which no mistake is more popular.

Yet, however much we may be convinced by reflection of the hastiness and superficiality of such judgments, it will be interesting to consider the bearings of the subject a little more in detail.

History and tradition undoubtedly have a large share in the formation of a disparaging estimate of our own times; so that a retrospect of a century or more does not go beyond the legitimate boundaries of the subject. We read of Sydney Smith—many of us remember him well; of Lamb, who was alive forty years ago; of Sheridan, who died eighteen years earlier; of Johnson and Garrick, Addison and Swift; and we feel that "there were great giants in those days"—a sentiment almost as old as man. In perusing the records of their fame, or recalling what moved the wonder and reverence of our boyhood and youth, we are apt to exaggerate the littlenesses of the present. Defect and blemish often strike the eye before it has learned to comprehend the beauty or dignity which they fail to mar. In their turn, too, those whom time has consecrated as heroes in our eyes looked humbly and regretfully back on the glories of their past—aye, back to the days when the wise and witty Chancellor entertained at Gorhambury. The manner of *his* conversation we may guess from the pithy, pregnant essay, "Of Discourse."

Granted that we can boast of no such Apollo in conversation as Addison, no such Hercules as the great Doctor, no such Mercury as Garrick or Sheridan; still, it is to be remembered that one swallow does not make a summer; that they and their sets were pre-eminent amongst their contemporaries. Doubtless, their excellence was partly due to a tendency in the ages which they respectively adorned to cultivate conversational powers with care and perseverance. To this Lord Chesterfield bears ample witness for his day. In the times when it was the privilege of society to contrast the grace, versatility, and scholarship of Addison with the pungent, half-savage humour of Dean Swift, the establishment of select literary clubs was yielding its first fruits; and society had learned to welcome and court the genius which Government was eager to employ. It was the heroism which Carlyle attributes—rightly, I think—to Johnson by which he was enabled to draw around him, and unite under his presidency, the best wit and talent of his day.

Nowadays, concentration of colloquial force is no simple matter. Refined education is infinitely more general in scope, and more widely imparted than formerly. Many new departments of literature and science have been and are still being developed, giving to thousands a claim to recognition by polite society, where tens might have been counted a century ago. It seems, then, to follow that the average tone of talk must be continually improving, though the maximum of the merit in individuals and sets, could it be measured, might be, perhaps, found comparatively low. It will be something to arrive at a negative result: to show that our degeneracy is by no means a foregone conclusion. My remarks are only tentative and suggestive; and I leave it to others better qualified to exhaust the subject, and draw conclusions thereon. Setting aside the question of whether it be for better or worse, it is very certain that the style of conversation must vary to some extent as times and manners change. What, then, are the principal alterations and revolutions in the habits, customs, and conditions of modern life—that is to say, which have been accumulating, ever more and more rapidly, during the last fifty years, whereby the style of conversation is most likely to have been affected?

We undoubtedly travel more about our own country and abroad than our fathers, to say nothing of our forefathers. This necessarily increases the chance of being thrown into contact with strangers.

The effort, which I imagine to be often made, to render the first impressions formed of us favourable, is to a certain extent neutralized by the fact that the same stock of ideas may be utilized for the benefit of distinctly different audiences. Horrible it is—as it has been my fate—to discover, when in full career of repetition of some pet phrases or ideas, that your victim has been under treatment before.

Well I recollect, one hot day, when mental exertion was out of the question, confiding my views on "the Academy" to a fair damsel, and, having been ungallant enough to forget the circumstance, pouring into the self-same ear—a very pretty one—the very same remarks, almost verbatim, after an interval of about two hours. Not until I was hopelessly committed, did a ray of memory—elicited by a mischievous suspicion of a smile—break in upon my lazy, self-satisfied unconsciousness.

Whatever be the effects of continual change of scene and company on such "discourse" as Lord Bacon prescribes, it certainly affords greater facilities for small talk—which is a very different thing, though not without its merits and uses.

From the wide-spread habit of travelling springs much unedifying comparing of notes as to hotel bills, *tables d'hôte*, and conveniences; many dreary, dressed-up anecdotes of ludicrous mistakes and accidents. I have known a very good listener—which goes far towards being a good talker—transformed, during one vacation, into a social scourge, perpetually hurrying you up to the attics of half the spic and span hotels in Europe; dragging you over glaciers, cramming you down crevasses, dangling you over precipices, and snowing you up in passes; and, by way of a restorative, stuffing you with every variety of foreign diet. In fact, travelling enables many a dolt to chatter who must otherwise be dumb.

On the other hand, visiting foreign countries, and the study of languages which it induces, ought to expand the mind and enrich the memory.

One drawback to being much thrown amongst strangers is, that very few people can do full justice to their powers in conference without a certain amount of intimacy with at least a considerable section of the company. Even men of high talent, brought together by some would-be Mæcenas in the expectation of a transcendent display of cumulated ability, have often ere now proved either commonplace or even absolutely dull. The atmosphere is too highly charged with critical power, while there is no assurance that it will be used kindly; and the result is general constraint. Whereas a sense of indulgent sympathy acts as a spell, and evokes our sprightliest sallies. I believe that amongst friends a man is, though unconscious of effort, more on his mettle than when with comparative strangers.

Most happy is the chance, and delightful the intercourse, if we light upon strangers who make us feel at home, and speedily establish a basis of harmony by community of tastes and similarity of sentiment. This, however, is not very often the case. The odds are in favour of the person you sit next to at dinner, and to whom you must, in duty bound, pay especial attention, keeping his or her mind a sealed book throughout the entertainment.

Now and then the monotony of the proceedings may be enlivened by a short burst of general conversation, which, however, soon breaks up into disconnected duets and trios, or dwindles into a solo by some bold and unsparing lecturer. It is provokingly amusing, for instance, to hear some shallow-pated individual, whose position entitles him to deference, following dreamy threads of fancy which lead nowhere, under the idea that he is establishing a theory, sententiously propounding specious fallacies as morsels of the highest truth, imposing on the majority of his hearers by the placid self-confidence of his manner and vapid fluency of speech, besprent with irrelevant illustrations, and garnished with needless quotations. Behold such a one toppled from his airy car by a plainly stated piece of common sense. Likely enough, bland insolence, a surprised expression of injured dignity, the unuttered query—"Who are you, that venture to set your unstamped opinion against my hall-marked statements?" enables him to soar up again on another tack; mistaking, all the time, pompous inanity for grave and reverend sagacity. This harmless impostor—who takes in none more than himself—if he have a pleasant voice, fair erudition, and a nice face, will often escape detection for some time; so that the shifting character of modern society enhances his prospects of continued success. Out of the discussion of places of interest by observant travellers much pleasure may be got; but folk seem to think that for the true appreciation of such topics the localities ought to be familiar to all engaged—else why are such themes regarded with impatience in mixed society? Of course, it is to mixed society only that these remarks chiefly apply—as community of interests and work create a readiness to discuss special subjects with one's fellows, a large infusion of which, in a mixed company, constitute what Swift calls pedantry, and we designate by the slang term "shop."

Another point which occurs to me is, that, in circles formerly renowned for genial interchange of ideas, criticism to a considerable extent formed the staple of conversation; whereas now, new books come so thick and fast, that in any given company, probably, not more than two persons have fresh in memory the same book; unless it be the latest sensational work, which has been reviewed until we are weary of the subject. Again, the extent and accuracy of the infor-

mation supplied by the daily papers has rendered superfluous the retailing of items of news. Tales of horror and wonder are perpetually brought under our notice; our appetite for adventure and mystery is blunted by surfeit; and the anecdote, unless it be humorous, is generally voted a bore. In short, a creature from another sphere, on contemplating the masses of printed matter in circulation, might think oral communication quite unnecessary; though possibly this first impression would be subsequently modified. Social laurels may now be won by giving a *précis* version of the news of the day, with *staccato* comments; for the high pressure at which business is carried on may be expected to induce a corresponding laziness in matters of recreation. Temptations to indulge in mere chattering and gossip are getting more and more rife. I do not pretend to gauge the powers of resistance by which they are met.

On the other hand, there has of late years been a great wakening up of men's minds, and religious and philosophical ideas have taken fresh and higher hold of their thoughts. The solution of some grave social or intellectual problem is now far more commonly than formerly the first and fixed purpose of mental activity. Thus, an element of earnestness and seriousness is introduced, counteracting the increased tendencies to triviality and frivolity. Concentration on one subject may be, and ought to be, allied with comprehensiveness of thought. The interdependence of all things brings almost every topic within the province of an investigator in any special line; while earnestness of treatment, induced by the underlying attraction of a favourite pursuit, imparts an indescribable charm to a man's words and manner.

Nor is earnestness at all inconsistent with genial humour. Even Puritan earnestness, which would uproot all the lighter elements of character in the interest of self-abasing devotion, was not incompatible with the production and enjoyment of Bunyan's exquisite allegory.

It is mere hollow wit—artificial juggling with words and phrases—the offspring of levity and shallowness, which shrinks and withers in an atmosphere of sincerity and zeal. We ought to be proud and grateful that the professed wit is becoming more and more a creature of the past.

The funny man of to-day has the advantage of using little art in his efforts to attract

attention. He seldom advances beyond waggery or drollery; and is either a mere buffoon, or, in favourable instances, a person of exuberant and infectious animal spirits. He has his appropriate time and place.

Earnestness naturally leans to reality. Humour is eminently real; being the sensitive appreciation of the ridiculous foibles, follies, inconsistencies, and contradictions which make up the greater part of human characters. Wit, as a handmaid to humour, is delightful and admirable. Such a fair office did she fill in the case of Sheridan.

If the conversation of an age is to be judged by the achievements and reputation of the most eminent men in literature, art, and public business, and the social paradises into which they are admitted, the present must, perhaps, yield the palm to the past. On this assumption, I venture to suggest that the golden age of general conversation should be considered to synchronize with the best days of Dr. Johnson's club, and to have passed away before Sheridan reached his prime. Then, I take it, conversation was suffering from the growing taste for rhetorical displays fostered by the collective eloquence of William Pitt, his colleagues, and rivals; amongst whom Sheridan himself occupied a foremost place. English oratory was then at its zenith, and shedding abundant influence over the whole expanse of society; so that the artifice and elaboration appropriate to public speaking found favour with the *élite* of talkers.

Unless he is grossly belied, Sheridan used much art and manoeuvre in enhancing the effect of his conversational powers. He is said to have had a habit of taking a pinch of snuff when he had made a point; until, at last, a laugh was apt to rise whenever he took snuff after making an ordinary remark.

How much more effective and dignified was this little signal than the wink which is the joker's only advertisement, now snuff is out of fashion. The wink, if used at all—which I do not recommend—should be furtively administered to some person—young ladies always excepted—whose risible muscles are easily excited, and who will set the ball of laughter rolling in obedience to the slightest hint, quite irrespectively of anything which has been said. Should nobody join in your chosen *claqueur's* cachinnation, regard him with a well-defined stare of astonishment, thus veiling your own discomfort beneath his confusion. Do not, how-

ever, imagine that the successful employment of such tricks indicates genuine ability in conversation. Plume yourself rather on being a consummate chatterer.

It is almost an insult to the memory of the brilliant author of "The Critic" to have glided from the mention of his *pinches* into so debased a strain. A facetious torturer of words, a grinning philosopher of the infinitely little, is unworthy even to be contrasted with him, in whom true humour and sparkling wit were found in combination, who could provoke at will laughter or tears, who played on every chord of the emotions, and was, by turns, mirthful, sarcastic, pathetic, and sublime.

In this century, the palm for humour may be unhesitatingly awarded to Sydney Smith. The names of Douglas Jerrold, Theodore Hook, and Serjeant Murphy may be picked out of a long roll of wits who have passed away within the last twenty years. It may be roughly stated that none of their survivors and successors have reached their fame. Countless is the tale of eminent men who emit occasional flashes; but we look in vain for the recognition of such steady streams of brilliance as those with which the heroes of the past were wont to enliven discourse. The stress laid upon this fact is almost enough to account for the opinion that we are actually degenerate as to colloquial vigour—an idea which may easily be pushed too far. As to the more popular qualities, there may be myriads of inglorious Yoricks, who shine with the clearest and brightest effulgence in their comparatively humble spheres, without having attained to a club reputation, or having been admitted to the best circles of society—which are the two most obvious methods of attracting public attention.

Indeed, the world of fashion does not offer the same encouragement to good talking that was extended in bygone times. The exclusiveness which has grown up with the rapid accumulation of large fortunes by the mercantile and manufacturing classes, has doubtless something to do with this state of things. Great social barriers are broken down; but hurdles are stuck up all over the fold. But the great and, unfortunately, popular mistake—we had almost said crime—of overcrowding rooms, whereby the possibilities of good conversation are reduced to a minimum, and the multiplication of social duties to such an extent as hardly to

have time or strength for social pleasures, is chiefly responsible for the change.

A lack of renowned masters of conversation seems more serious than ever, when we recollect that men of established fame exercise, through their immediate associates, imitators, and admirers, an incalculable amount of stimulus, ever widening in range, over the generality, far in advance of the aggregate influence of less distinguished individuals of equal talent. Still, even granting that the wit and humour of the present is to be unfavourably compared with that of the past, it is to be remembered that these are only two factors of an extremely variable and complex compound; and it is next door to impossible to deny that the loss in one direction has been compensated by gain in others. The increase of earnestness, to which we have before alluded, and the advance and spread of useful and interesting information, would tend to neutralize the supposed disturbance of balance.

We have already adverted to the influence of travelling on the materials for talk, and the relations of talkers; there still remains to discuss the physical effects of rapid and frequent locomotion, and their bearing on the subject. There is high medical authority for attributing a greater prevalence of nervous irritability in the national constitution to the extensive use of railways. The moral effect of an irritable nervous temperament would, in many cases, be an exaggerated self-consciousness, which, in society, makes itself evident in three forms—the active one of presumptuous and arrogant conceit; the passive varieties of diffidence and excessive sensitiveness—either of them destructive of natural ease and grace of manner, and prejudicial to collectedness of thought and clearness of expression. Were langour and idleness, or slowness and petulance, the result, these, equally with the former characteristics, would be detrimental to conversational power. Happily, in the best organized temperaments, little or no trace of such disastrous consequences can be detected. Yet, the element of mischief must not be ignored.

No inquiry of this nature would be fairly conducted without a glance at the great tobacco question; and, after touching on snuff, we are specially bound to do justice to the marked spread in the habit of smoking.

The effects of excessive smoking in individual cases may be neglected, and so may

the physical effects of moderate smoking. It remains to be said that the act of smoking is conducive to a placid and silent enjoyment of the herb, and that the smoker frequently prefers solitude, with a pipe or cigar, to female society, thereby diminishing his opportunities for conversation. Yet, it may be questioned whether the time occupied over tobacco by the present generation is not less than that spent by our snuff-taking forefathers in drinking, in the days when little or no disgrace attached to intoxication.

The abolition of duelling, and the reprobation with which all brawling and violent quarrelling is regarded by respectable persons, argue general improvement in respect to toleration of adverse opinions, in the practise of courtesy, and in command of temper. Yet we have been tempted to regret the duel, when exposed to the turgid and impetuous blustering of some big-voiced, little-hearted monster of assurance and egotism, never so positive as when wrong, whose *ultima ratio* is brow-beating, or a sudden outbreak of personalities delivered in a loud tone, with considerable volubility of utterance and violence of gesture. His intimates, more from indolence and deference to the opinion of their fellows than from cowardice and fear of an encounter with the Paphlagonian, have a tacit understanding that he is not to be contradicted, and that his insolence is to remain unresented, to the intent that he may be kept as quiet as possible by such humouring. The policy is somewhat short-sighted. A few *messages*, sent without any risk of the company's ears being offended by unseemly clamour, would surely have the effect of moderating our friend's tone and manner. As it is, we must rest content with the humiliation occasionally inflicted upon him by some happy retort, which lightens the incubus of his hectoring for the nonce. Then, again, your laconic misanthrope, whose sole contribution to conversation is to blurt out, every now and then, a rude or disagreeable murmur, would perhaps have preferred unbroken silence to the chilly alternative of getting up before six o'clock to stand the risk of being perforated.

To recapitulate. Taking into account the progress of education, the expansion of the upper strata of society, the advantage taken of the increased facilities for roving, the strong religious and philosophical movements which have distinguished — say, roughly, this last fifty years, in conjunction

with minor circumstances, I find much to be said on both sides. I suspect that, as regards sustained general conversation in select circles, there has been a tolerably steady degeneration from the heyday of Johnson and Garrick to the present time; but that, throughout the length and breadth of the land, there must be a marvellous advance in the nature and treatment of topics. I apprehend that it is even an open question whether there is less wit and humour nowadays than there was ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred years ago; and would remind *laudatores temporis acti* that conversation cannot be gauged by the number of individual humorists, and the splendour of their fame. For wit and humour being at once the rarest and most showy of conversational gifts, their possession in any high degree brings greater celebrity than other more sterling qualities. They alone will not go far towards confirming opinions, elucidating difficulties, correcting prejudices and false judgments, and generally forming and strengthening the character—all which are the highest uses of conference. In Dean Swift's admirable hints on conversation, the cultivation of gravity, modesty, and discretion is preferred before display of fancy or scholarship. Precocity and impatience seem to have been rife enough in his day, though they are often asserted to be peculiar to and distinctive of the rising generation.

Those elders who claim deference and patience ought to earn them by mercy in laying down the law, or detaining the attention by narrative; to hit the mean between prolixity and bluntness. If they fail in this particular, they should not assume that the breaches of good taste which they provoke are of new growth. Depend upon it, they are suffering punishment in kind for their own youthful delinquencies. The attribution of degeneracy to the present or rising generation, be it just or not, is often due to selfish resentment of contradiction, and a petulant regret over the loss of authority; often, again, to a fancy that it is fine and distinguished to be discontented with affairs in general, and by no means unfrequently to a reactionary spirit.

Whoever is affected by this last, holds as an evil what I take to be one of the most healthy and encouraging characteristics of modern times—namely, that political and religious principles are less and less a bar to social intercourse, so that many shades

and varieties of opinion can be represented in one company; and independence of thought and freedom of utterance are gradually taking the place of subservience, acquiescence, and bigotry. This moral advantage might well be set off against a considerable deterioration in other respects. If such a state of things were to continue, we might hope that, before long, prejudices would be supplanted by genuine convictions, and mental activity released from the trammels of conventionalism.

THE LAST PRISON OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

VULGAR errors have a snake-like existence, and die hard. We should have thought that, by this time, the notion that Fotheringhay Castle was destroyed by James the First had ceased to exist, and that the monarch could no longer be credited with the burst of filial wrath shown in his determination to destroy every vestige of that prison-fortress wherein his mother had been beheaded; and yet it is evident that this idea is still credited and entertained by intelligent men. Mr. Henry Godwin, for example, in his text-book for students, "The English Archæologist's Handbook," published by Parker in 1867, says of Fotheringhay Castle, that it "was razed to the ground by James I." It is true that Mr. John Timbs does not fall into this error in his "Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales;" but, on the other hand, he says not a word as to the destruction of Fotheringhay Castle, but leaves his readers to imagine that it is still standing. In the last week's *Building News* appeared a long and interesting article, "An Architect's Ramble by the River Nen," in which the old error once more crops up regarding Fotheringhay Castle—"It was pulled down by order of James I., and not a stone of it remains." This is in accordance with what was said, in 1797, by the author of "Antona's Banks"—

"In darkest night for ever veil the scene,
When thy cold walls received the captive Queen;
For this bath time eras'd thee from his page,
And filial justice, with vindictive rage,
Burst on thy princely tow'rs with 'whelming tide,
Nor left one vestige to relate thy pride."

Filial justice did nothing of the kind. Instead of destroying the scene of his mother's cruel death, James turned it to account. In the first year of his reign, he

granted the Castle to Charles, Lord Mountjoy (afterwards Earl of Devonshire), Sir Edward Blount, Knt., and Joseph Blount, Esq. The Earl died four years after, when the two other proprietors conveyed the Castle and the lordship to his natural son, Mountjoy, who was afterwards created Earl of Newport. After a reign of twenty-three years, James the First died, on March 27th, 1625. A week after his death—viz., on April 3rd, 1625—a survey was taken of Fotheringhay Castle, which survey was printed (in 1821) in Archdeacon Bonney's *Historic Notices of the place*, but is too long to be here quoted. For the most part, the Castle was in a very good state of preservation; the pictures hung in the great dining-room; the hall, in which Mary, Queen of Scots, had been beheaded, was "wonderful spacious;" and it was only a few rooms in the keep (built in the form of a fetterlock), and a gatehouse or so out of doors, that are pronounced to be "somewhat decayed" or "ruinous." It is, therefore, very clear that the demolition of Fotheringhay did not occur in the twenty-three years of James the First's reign. It most probably, however, occurred within ten years after, although there is no positive date to assign to it. It would appear that Mountjoy, Earl of Newport, did not care to reside at the Castle, or to keep it in repair; and that Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, of Denton, Hunts (who gathered together that "Cottonian Collection" that his grandson bequeathed to the nation), being about to rebuild his father's house, Conington Castle, Hunts (now the residence of J. M. Heathcote, Esq.), purchased a considerable portion of the fabric of Fotheringhay Castle—more particularly the great hall and an entrance porch—and removed it to Conington, incorporating it with the renovated portion of the Castle. The arches and columns that are supposed to have divided into three portions the hall of Fotheringhay Castle are built on to the exterior of the ground floor of Conington Castle. Other portions of Fotheringhay were bought by Robert Kirkham, Esq., to build a chapel at Fineshade; other portions (including the large window of the hall and the gates of the Castle) were incorporated in the Talbot Hotel, Oundle; and other portions went to assist the navigation of the river Nen. When Bridge published his "County History of Northamptonshire" (1718), the print of Fotheringhay

shows that an outer wall near to the river, with pillars and arches, then remained. These have entirely disappeared; and nothing but a shapeless block of masonry, rolled, as it were, near to the river's brink, remains to tell of the stately Castle of Fotheringhay—with the exception of the inequalities on the surface of the ground, which still clearly mark out the foundations, and the site of the hall wherein Mary suffered; and also the mound, on which were her prison and the keep. A few hawthorn trees grow on it, and a profusion of the royal Scotch thistle, the original seeds of which may have been sown there by some admirer of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen. The moats can still be traced, though the outer moat is partially filled up. Ten years ago, a large portion of the outer wall, with massive buttresses, supporting and forming one side of a range of farm buildings, was to be seen on the brink of the outer moat; but, in 1862, this outer wall and its buttresses were destroyed by the owner of the property, Lord Overstone, in order to make room for improved farm buildings. It was at the foot of the Castle mound that the hall stood wherein the Queen of Scots was beheaded, on Feb. 8, 1587. As will have been seen, it was more than forty years after that event before Fotheringhay Castle was razed to the ground; and then, not by the "filial justice" of King James the First.

A THOUSAND MILES UP THE IRRAWADDY.—PART I.

MANY of our readers are doubtless as familiar with the Rhine as with the Thames; some of them may have steamed up and down the waters of the Danube, the Hudson, the Mississippi, or the Nile; a few may have sailed up the Hoogly; but we doubt whether any of them—if we except a small party presently to be described—have made a trip of a thousand miles up the Irrawaddy. Indeed, so little is known of the country traversed by this great river, or of the people dwelling on its banks, that we heartily thank Mr. Talboys Wheeler for his "Journal of a Voyage from Rangoon to Mandalay and Bhamo," which was undertaken in the months of November and December last. As this journal appears in the uninviting form of a Blue-book, and was printed at Rangoon, it is not likely to have a wide circulation in

this country; and hence we shall have the less hesitation in borrowing freely from its pages.

We may incidentally mention that Mr. Wheeler is now secretary to the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, who has forwarded to the Secretary of the Government of India twelve copies of the "Journal," which he describes as "furnishing interesting and graphic descriptions of a district comparatively unknown to Europeans." He has, moreover, already established for himself a high position in literature by his earlier works on "The Geography of Herodotus," and "The History of India."

Without further preliminaries—except with the remark that our readers would do well to have before them a map of this part of Asia as they glance over these pages—we will start our party on their adventurous voyage, which was commenced on the 6th of November, 1870, in the steamer *Colonel Fyche*—so called after, and in honour of, the Chief Commissioner. Besides natives—consisting of Burmese, Chinese, and Moguls—there were five Englishmen among the passengers, inclusive of the author, who hints that their party would have been larger if the expedition up the river had been less expensive. We shall pass over the record of their proceedings during the first four days, which contains nothing worthy of special notice. From the diary of the 10th November, we extract the following graphic description of the river and its banks:—"A lovely morning, and a very great improvement in the scenery. In the place of the monotonous fringe of tall grass, underwood, sand, and mud, we saw very pretty woodlands; and the eye could range over a considerable expanse of landscape. In a word, we are leaving the low, flat country of the delta, and entering the upper region of woodland and fertile plain, diversified by rising grounds. The dim range of the Arakan Hills stands out in bolder and stronger outline; and we can see that their sides are covered with forest and jungle. The river—although still mud-coloured, from the silt—sparkles very pleasantly in the morning sunshine; for the surface is as smooth as glass, and diversified by the shadows of the trees that impart a greener colour to the stream. Here and there we see a fishing boat, or a bamboo raft with a whole family upon it; or a large quaint vessel, with a cabin of mat and bamboo, that would seem to have been constructed, in times primeval,

after the fashion of a Phœnician galley. Indeed, it is by no means improbable that the primitive population of the Eastern seas improved their own rude craft by following the models set them by foreign traders from Tyre and Sidon. These large galley-shaped vessels contain families of men, women, and children, who go looming about the Irrawaddy, with paddy, earth oil, salt fish, and other nondescript commodities; and no doubt a little opium is occasionally smuggled by these traders into the various places on the river. As the voyage progresses, the scenery becomes more and more varied and beautiful. The Arakan Hills, covered with thick wood, send off a spur which is brought to an abrupt steep close by the river. The side facing the river has been cleared of cultivation, and is covered with numerous statues of Gotama—some of them in white marble. Here the river becomes more winding, and the current is stronger."

In the afternoon they arrived at Prome, which is described as having a more civilized appearance than any place they had seen since they left Rangoon. The river is here shut in by forest and mountain ranges; and on the bank which hangs over it there is a pleasant walk with seats for the European residents. The deputy-commissioner of Prome, the assistant-commissioner—Mr. Hind—and the executive engineer of the district, came on board, all of them "hungry for news." Mr. Hind, who has resided in the district since 1835, endeavoured to impress Mr. Wheeler with the important fact that it was utterly fallacious to conclude that what is good in India is necessarily good for the impulsive, pleasure-loving people of Burmah. He stated that, prior to the introduction of British rule into Arakan, the punishment for using opium was death. The people were hard-working, sober, and simple-minded. Unfortunately, one of the earliest measures in our administration was the introduction of the abkarry rules by the Bengal Board of Revenue. This led to a slow but continuous process of demoralization. Organized efforts were made by Bengalee agents to introduce the use of the drug, and create a taste for it amongst the rising generation. The general plan was to open a shop with a few cakes of opium, and to invite the young men in, and distribute it gratuitously. Then, when the taste was established, the opium was sold at a low rate. Finally, as it spread throughout the neighbourhood, the price was raised, and

large profits ensued. Mr. Hind described how he saw a fine, healthy generation of strong men succeeded by a rising generation of haggard opium smokers and eaters, who indulged to such an excess that their mental and physical powers were alike wasted. Then followed a fearful increase in gambling and dacoity. It is gratifying to find that this evil has been of late years much checked by the introduction of the farming system; and to learn that a marked improvement was perceptible in many of the habits of the people of the Prome district, which could only be attributed to the beneficial administration of the British Government. Under native rule, no one saved money, for that only excited the cupidity of the rulers; and improvidence was thus literally encouraged. As long as a Burman had a jar of ngapee—a paste-like condiment, made of preserved fish—and a basket of rice to mix with it, he would not work even for two rupees—four shillings—a-day; but when these standard provisions were exhausted, he would work cheerfully for eight annas—a shilling. Now, under British administration, the instinct for saving is again becoming developed; and the natives generally seek to make a provision for the future.

On the afternoon of the 11th, the steamer reached Thayet-myo, the last place of any importance within British territory. It is a garrisoned town, with a strong fort; and Colonel Hackett, who was in command, lent Mr. Wheeler twelve Enfield rifles, with bayonets and ammunition. As the only arms previously on board were a very small brass swivel, little better than a toy, and a revolver or two belonging to Captain Bacon, who commanded the vessel, the loan was very acceptable. The captain had once forcibly experienced the want of arms, when he was off Mandalay, during the insurrection of 1866; and the incident to which we refer is so characteristic of the coolness of a British seaman in the most critical position, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—"At that crisis, Captain Bacon could only arm his men with billets of wood and rods of iron, with a few handspikes; and this, too, when a large party of the King's troops were on board, armed with dhâs, or large knives, and muskets. Great difficulty was subsequently experienced in getting rid of the royal troops. However, Captain Bacon directed them to pile their arms in the fore part of the vessel,

and then to go aft, where Captain Sladen desired to speak to them. The men obeyed; and Captain Bacon was thus enabled to secure their arms. Ultimately, the men went ashore, and Captain Bacon returned their arms; not, however, without the preliminary precaution of pouring a jug of water down the barrel of each musket."

On Saturday evening, after a week's cruise, the steamer passed the boundary pillars which separate the territories of British Burmah from those of Ava, and the English party devoted the next morning to looking out for some sign of having entered a country under native rule. "In the river, however, no perceptible change was to be seen. The region on either bank was of the same character as that which meets the eye between Thayet-myo and the frontier. At length, the captain cried out, 'There is a man being crucified!' Sure enough, on going to the side of the steamer, we saw the man, with his arms and legs stretched out crossways, to their utmost extent, on a wooden framework. The details of a crucifixion are so painfully associated with the last scene in the life of the divine Founder of Christianity, as to invest the barbarous spectacle with peculiar interest. In the present case, the man was not crucified on a perpendicular cross, like a Roman criminal, but on a cross in the form of the letter X; and the legs of the sufferer were stretched out in the same way as the arms. The criminal had apparently died very recently, for the body looked quite fresh, and two carrion birds close by had not yet commenced their horrid feast. Captain Bacon said that the man had been probably strangled before crucifixion; and if so, the sight—although sufficiently revolting—was not, perhaps, more so than the old custom of hanging in chains, which prevailed in England until a comparatively recent period. The crucifixion had been carried out on a bare, sandy reach, on the side of the river; and it was subsequently ascertained that the man was a dacoit, who was thus exposed, after execution, on the scene of his atrocities, in order to excite a wholesome horror in the minds of all who passed up or down the river."

About three o'clock in the afternoon, they reached Meng-la—the first important place in Ava; and some of the party explored the village, where they found further evidence of the change of rule, for "they were not treated with the respect which is ordinarily

extended to European visitors in villages in British Burmah."

The sight of numerous Buddhist monasteries, pagodas, and dzyats (places of rest) in the surrounding country, induces Mr. Wheeler to make a few remarks on the two religions which predominate in the East; and as they contain, in a short paragraph, the leading points of the two creeds, we lay them before our readers:—

"The Buddhist religion is, perhaps, the least gloomy of all those creeds which involve a belief in the immortality of the soul. There is no eternity of hell, no hopeless state of damnation, even for the worst of criminals. The soul may be condemned to a lower state of existence in the next life, or even to a limited hell; but existence is practically eternal, until, by many lives of purity and contemplation, the spirit sinks into the beatified repose of Nirvana. This belief in the transmigration of the soul has presented for ages an impregnable front both to Christianity and Islam. It has long been dying out in India; because the Brahmins have found it expedient to introduce still easier ways of salvation than the old system of Brahmanical rites and sacrifices, or even the later Buddhist system of a life of purity and contemplation. Faith alone has been declared sufficient to entitle the soul of the worst criminal to a place in the Heaven of Vishnu. Faith in Rama, faith in Krishna—as incarnations of the eternal spirit of Vishnu—even the constant and senseless repetition of their respective names, will carry the dying soul of the Hindoo into eternal bliss, or absorb it in the divine essence, the supreme soul, which animates the world."

TABLE TALK.

THE SESSION of Parliament which has just closed has not been productive of much useful legislation, although the wits, as yet, have not succeeded in giving this unsatisfactory session a name. We have heard of the "Merciless Parliament" of 1388; of the "Wonderful Parliament" of the same year; of the "Lack-learning Parliament" of 1406; of those known as "Short" in 1640, "Little" in 1653, and "Pensionary" in 1661; and we have all of us, in our school-days, been "posted up" in the history of the "Long," the "Rump," and the "Barebones" Parliaments. But the most

curious Parliament we remember to have read of in English history is one which went by the name of the "Little Horned Parliament." The act appointing parochial registrars was passed, in the year 1653, by what is called the "Little Parliament," or, more commonly, "Barebones Parliament." This "Puritan Convention of the Notables" was, as Thomas Carlyle terms it, "the little horn" of Daniel's vision, "before whom there were three of the first horns (the Long Parliament) plucked up by the roots."

THE CENTENARY of Sir Walter Scott has been duly celebrated. Eloquent speeches have been made, and innumerable toasts drunk to the immortal memory of the Wizard of the North; and now, we suppose, people will go on reading the "Waverley Novels" in their old, quiet, peaceable manner, until another hundred years have passed away; and then our grandchildren will hold a bicentenary. Thus the world wags! But to show how soon a comparatively recent man can be misrepresented by a new generation, an epigram, which is certainly a golden one in its way, has been commonly attributed to Sir Walter, but which is really, after all, quite apocryphal. The epigram is this:—

"Earth goes upon the earth, glittering like gold;
Earth goes to the earth sooner than 't would;
Earth built upon the earth castles and towers;
Earth said to the earth, 'All shall be ours.'"

We have often heard this quoted as Scott's, even by well-informed men. The truth is, that the lines are taken from an old English inscription which Longfellow quoted in "Outremer." The American poet says:—"Against the west wall of the nave, on the south side of the arch, was painted the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket, while kneeling at the altar of St. Benedict, in Canterbury Cathedral. Below this was the figure of an angel, probably St. Michael, supporting a long scroll, upon which were seven stanzas, in old English, being an allegory of mortality." The lines we have already mentioned as being so commonly attributed to the great poet and novelist seem to be modernized from the third and fourth stanzas of the inscription to which Longfellow refers. The English reads thus—

"Erth upon erth wynys castellys and towrys.
Then seth erth unto erth thys ys all owrys.
When erth upon erth hath bylde his bowrys,
Then schall erth for erth suffer manyhard schowrys.

Erth goth upon erth as man upon mowld,
Lyke as erth upon erth never goo schold.
Erth goth upon erth as gelsteryng gold,
And yet schall erth unto erth rather than he wold."

Is not the modernized epigram an old friend with a new face?

LIEUTENANT DAVIS has written a curious book on the subject of astronomy, in which, after arriving at the conclusion that Saturn's rings originated from an encounter of the planet with a group of meteors, he attempts to approximate to the period of their formation. He considers that the Saturnian meteors, and those now composing the zodiacal light, entered the solar system together at a period considerably anterior to that of the sun's first luminosity, but not much anterior to the earth's early fluid state. From what I must regard as very vague conclusions, based on the period during which life is supposed to have existed on our globe, he infers that "the formation of Saturn's meteoric rings has occurred not much more recently than two millions of years ago, and probably at a date not very much more remote than three millions of years." This is truly a somewhat wide margin! The same somewhat imaginative astronomer considers that the earth's original fluid state was probably owing to a meteoric storm, due to the entry of the meteors into the solar system. He further regards the source of energy from which solar heat is derived as being undoubtedly meteoric, and considers that the solar spots result from the absence of meteoric streams falling into the sun in those localities; the periodicity of these spots being accounted for by a periodicity of the meteoric showers. Lieutenant Davis and Mr. Proctor are in direct antagonism in regard to this point. While the former regards the meteors as falling *into* the sun from space, with a probable velocity at the sun's surface of from 246 to 390 miles per second, the latter regards the solar coronal matter as consisting of meteors ejected *from* the sun, with an initial velocity of not less than 300 miles per second, which gradually lessens as they rush through the photosphere.

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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 193.

September 9, 1871.

Price 2d.

THAT PIANO!

A TALE OF MY LANDLADY.



OLD fellow, you're quite in clover here," said my friend and fellow-medical, Jack Lestourgeon—we are at Bartholomew's, both of us—the first time he came to see me at my lodgings in Worrington-square. "Not bad rooms at all," added Jack; as he looked round

approvingly at the carpet and the sofa and the chairs of my sitting-room.

"I have not had these rooms all the while, Jack," said I, telling him the truth at once. "When I came here, I had the ground floor."

"And now you've got the drawing-room?"

"I am on the first floor now—yes, Jack."

"And is there any bacca on your first floor, George?"

"There is, Jack," I replied, hospitably pointing out the box that stood on a little knotted wool mat, on the top of the piano. "There is the bacca; and there is bottled Bass in the cupboard to your right."

"By Jove! I had not observed the pianner," said Jack, opening it, and gaily rattling out the refrain of a song. "Collard, too! Whose is it?"

"Mrs. Denby's, Jack."

"Not a bad instrument," said Mr. Jack, running quickly over the keys, from C low in the bass to C high in the treble.

In a minute we were smoking our pipes,

and Jack had got through half a bottle of beer.

"Puff," from his honest, impudent old lips. "What do you pay?"—puff—"a week here, George?"

"Thirty-five bob, Jack."

"Hum!"

And Mr. Lestourgeon opened his eyes very wide.

"Anything?"—puff—"extra for the piano, George?"

"Three and six a-week, Jack."

I am used now to Mr. Jack's habit of asking questions on points of domestic economy. When first we were acquainted, it used to put me about rather.

Mr. Jack looked puzzled. His good-natured and stupid old phiz was wrinkled and puckered in a queer, comic way—a sign with him that he is thinking of something.

"I never saw such a good piano in lodgings before," he said, presently. "Why, it's as good as new, George."

"It is, Jack."

"What do you pay for it for, George? You can't play, you know."

"My friends play, Jack."

"Kind of you. You *are* kind," continued Mr. Jack, opening another bottle of the beer. "And not dear at three and six a-week extra. I'd give it myself."

"Promise it, Jack."

"The same thing, in point of fact. But how did she—Mrs. Tenby—"

"Denby, Jack."

"Mrs. Denby get it—buy it?"

"No, Jack."

"Legacy, heirloom, or anything—too new, I thought so. Three years' system, then—must be: lodging woman wouldn't put down seventy or eighty for a piano."

"Wrong, Jack."

"Then how the dickens did she get it?"

"Collared it, Jack."

"Oh, I say, don't," said Mr. Lestourgeon, drawing in his long legs and doubling him-

self up, as if in great pain. "None of your puns, come."

"I never pun, Jack. I'll tell you all about it. She kept it for rent, and it was not called for."

"Rum! A year's rent?"

"Two months'. When Richardson, just before you left town, Jack, came to the conclusion that it was time for him to begin to practise, I wanted to change my lodgings; and he recommended me to take his. I did so."

"What other lodgers have you?" I asked of Mrs. Denby.

"Only one, sir—a quiet, elderly gentleman who occupies the second floor, breakfasts in bed, and spends his time a-reading books all day."

"Is there no tenant in the drawing-rooms?" I inquired.

"At present the drawing-rooms is vacant, sir. Would you like to look at them?"

"I said Richardson's rooms would do for me, and was duly installed.

"A few days after, as I sat at breakfast, I heard a bustle in the passage. My door was open.

"Put your cap on this instant," cried the loud voice of Mrs. Denby, 'and open that front door. How many times have I told you always to keep your cap on? But servants always have been the plague of my life. If it's a family inquiring for apartments, I'll be upstairs in an instant.'"

"It was a family in search of lodgings?" said Jack.

"It was. I saw them go by: a fine military-looking man of fifty, the father; young, military-looking man of three and twenty, the son; and a splendid girl, with eyes like a Peri and hair like a Naiad, the daughter. Mr. and Miss Fortescue, Mr. Fortescue, junior. Cassandra her name was, as I found out that evening by giving the domestic slave one shilling to ask the question of the servant the Fortescue family brought with them. The only voice I could hear during the quarter of an hour they were upstairs, over my head, was Mrs. Denby's. I can only liken it to the music of a saxhorn that has been lying by a good while: still very powerful, and by no means melodious. I heard her saying, as she had said to me—

"The windows of the back rooms all look out on a mews, it is true; though a gentleman artist which lodged here for eleven months considered that an advantage to the

observer of animal nature—the cab horses being cleaned within easy range of his eye, every morning of his life; but I needn't stand talking about the view, step up to the window and just judge for yourself."

"Soon after, they came downstairs, and there was a conference in the passage—trumpet obligato, with great spirit, by Mrs. Denby—

"Well, there might be a trifling extra or two, as it's a family—and families is considered as giving extra trouble; but if you take the rooms, after you've been here a few days, why, you can just judge for yourself, sir."

"To be sure I can," said a cheerful voice—Mr. Fortescue's.

"I could not be left a day without an instrument, papa"—Cassandra's musical tones.

"That difficulty can easily be got over, my dear. We can order in an instrument at once, if we decide upon taking the apartments."

"Just judge for yourself, sir," blew the trumpet. 'I dare say you'll see other apartments, but nowhere will you meet with more attention than in my house.'

"Well, Mrs. —"

"Denby, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Denby, we'll consider the matter, and let you know."

"Pray do so. Look at any other apartments that may be to let in the square, and—with a splendid wave of the hand, I felt sure—"judge for yourself, sir, I beg."

"And the door closed behind them—to be opened again to them and their boxes in an hour or so.

"The piano arrived in the evening. I was having my usual siesta after my beef-steak. I heard the sounds of feet and voices as the instrument was carried upstairs, and placed where it now stands. I dozed and dreamed of Elysium—the strains of Orpheus charmed my senses. I woke. It was Cassandra at her piano. The air she sang was enchanting: her fingers moved over the keys with the touch of genius, and her voice was the finest I ever heard. It filled the room, the house, the square; for the night was hot, and the drawing-room windows were open. I strolled out, with my cigar in my mouth. There was soon a little crowd by the railings under that tree, Jack, there—opposite the window."

"Got a corkscrew?—this bottle isn't up like the others," said Mr. Jack—who, I per-

ceived, was red in the face from his efforts to draw the cork with his teeth.

I gave him what he wanted, and then proceeded:—

"Throwing away the stump of my cigar, I opened the door with my latch key, and found Mrs. D., in an awful fit of passion, at the bottom of the stairs.

"Be calm, ma'am, pray,' I said—'the weather is very warm.'

"Ah! Mr. Merryweather, I knew it wasn't you pulling your bell off the hinges,' said the irate lady, talking to me, but evidently at the offending occupant of the second floor, whose gray head I saw looking over the bannisters from above—'and lowering a house in this way; but I'm going up myself to see what's the meaning of such conduct. Disgraceful!"

"You know—ah, I forgot, you don't know—how fat she is. I feared an apoplectic fit as she toiled up the stairs.

"Now, sir! What is it, please?' I heard her ask.

"That piano, Mrs. Denby—that's what it is."

"Well, sir! What then?"

"What then, ma'am!" roared the old gentleman, in a towering rage—"what then! Why, I give you a week's notice on the spot. I'd—I'd leave now, but it isn't convenient to turn out at this time of night."

"As you please, sir; only don't ring your bell unless you want something."

"That piano, ma'am—if—if I hear it again, my peace—my rest—"

"I can't interfere with my other lodgers, sir, to please your whims and fancies."

"Leave my room this instant, you impudent woman. I'm—I'm—a retired attorney; and I'll—I'll leave without notice to-morrow, ma'am—there! You've broken your contract with me. You hav'n't a leg to stand on."

"There, there, sir—vulgar allusions is uncalled for; but since begun by you, I may remark I have two, sir, and don't require no stick nor handrail to walk downstairs on 'em."

"The door was shut with a bang; and when Mrs. Denby had smoothed her hair, and came into my room to apologize for the disturbance, and beg of me to prescribe a sedative draught—nice to take—it turned out, as I expected, that her new lodgers had already offered to take the old gentleman's rooms at half as much again as he gave her for them.

"And I assure you, sir, they were ready to take the 'ole 'ouse; but never shall you be disturbed or inconvenienced, sir; for Mr. Richardson was most friendly and kind to me—which, I hope, I'm the last in the world to forget."

"Out the old boy went the next day. He sent for an upholsterer, got his things packed and deposited in a van; and the Fortescue family took possession at once.

"I should have sung duets with the lovely Cassandra before she had been in the house a week. But you can't sing, you see," Jack said, musing evidently over the disadvantages of my position.

"I can't sing, Jack, but I can listen to singing; and so I did, and stood by her side making a pretence of turning over the leaves for her: going by the words, you know, for I don't know a note of music—rather a dark way of doing it. Her voice, her face, charmed and fascinated me; but she had a very wild look about the eyes, and her brother Leopold could easily put her out of temper."

"I love a woman of spirit. By Jove, I should have worshipped her!"

"Cassandra Fortescue had a deal of spirit, Jack. She had determined on taking to singing as a profession, on the stage—she *raffoled* of the stage, she said. Her father was a man of easy fortune, and humoured her against his own inclination. Mrs. Denby told me that, and a good deal more. She never came in to ask me if I'd have a mutton chop or a beef-steak for dinner to-day, but she had time to say something of the splendour of the Fortescue family.

"Things went on in this way for six or seven weeks. I had noticed that for a fortnight past my landlady had said very little about the Fortescues.

"One morning, after two or three unsuccessful efforts to bring up the maid of all-work, I gave my bell a tug that produced Mrs. Denby in person.

"I hope, Mr. Merryweather, it isn't that piano as *you're* rung about, which is the last time I heard a bell ring so in this house."

"But she wasn't at all angry with me, fortunately.

"No, ma'am—it was to ask you if you know how I can communicate with Mr. Leopold Fortescue.' I lent him five sovereigns one day, when he had nothing but a cheque in his pocket, he said."

"Ah! I should not have done that, George," said Mr. Jack, with fervour.

"I said this, as I knew Mrs. D. was dying to unbosom herself of her fears.

"Oh, dear, no—in late and out early is Mr. Le-o-po-ld nowadays, and always takes a package with him in his cab. Their things is all a-going out, sir; and the tradespeople always here for their bills; and I'm sure I've seen nothing but promises, and not the colour of a sixpence; and their servant's gone, because she has never got any wages since she has been with 'em; and I've given them notice this very day, sir; and that piano!—there, I hate and abhor the very sound of it; and never shall I forgive myself for behaving so to poor old Mr. Twysden, who, though very faddling and botheratus in his ways, always had his money ready weekly, every Monday morning, done up, proper and gentlemanly, in an envelope."

"I'm afraid the Fortescues are not very substantial people," I said.

"Mrs. Denby snorted with indignation at the notion.

"But substantial or not substantial, sir, their things out of their boxes may be gone, which I know they are; but who—Fortescue or no—ever took away a grand piano in a small portmanteau? No, sir; not an inch shall that piano move till I am paid for money I've paid, and rent owing for seven weeks' apartments—two floors."

"There was a rustle of feminine apparel outside. The front door closed, and Cassandra Fortescue passed the window. I felt sorry for her, for I was sure she must have heard Mrs. Denby's angry threats; and, after all, the bright and accomplished being could not help her father's being poor. It seemed a hard case that she should lose an instrument she played so admirably and loved so much; but it was clear that I need not trouble myself, as I could not offer to discharge their debt. I hoped her father would be able to do so. Mrs. Denby told me he said he should.

"That day fortnight was a field day with us. Mr. Fortescue and his landlady fought it out. There was an admission on his side that he could not pay his rent—made with the easy, gentle smile that ever rippled over his well-cut mouth; that he could not repay the small disbursements his landlady had made in his behalf; that all the personal effects of the family were already in a place of safety. He said all this with the same easy smile.

"But," turning triumphantly round, 'Mrs. Denby, there is satisfaction.'

"Where, sir?"

"That piano, ma'am. Keep that in pawn, or pledge, as it were, until a poor gentleman comes back to redeem it."

"Papa!" cried Cassandra, her fair face looking as black as seven fiends.

"I should be sorry—" Mrs. Denby began.

"Don't, ma'am, don't—enough has been said. My son and myself will relieve you of our presence to-day. I must beg of you, as a favour, to permit Miss Fortescue to remain until to-morrow morning."

"I shall be unwilling to disoblige, sir," was my landlady's answer.

"I thank you, madam. That piano you can keep as a hostage—"

"Never!" his daughter hissed between her teeth.

"My dear, I think you do not quite appreciate our position. Goo-o-d morning, Mrs. Denby. We thank you, and blame the harsh fate that has disappointed us of our usual remittance."

"All this Mrs. Denby told me before she had heard it many minutes. The evening came. The father and son, after exchanging compliments with me, went away in a cab. Their luggage was a hat-box and a fishing-rod, I was told. Cassandra was left. After dinner, she opened her piano with a bang, and rattled out some brilliant but defiant music. Its tone was martial, and breathed vengeance, as it seemed. My visits had been few and far between of late. The father and son had avoided me; but still, I had an interest in their doings. I can't say why—for I had long felt sure they belonged to the large class of schemers whose only capital is their wits—but I felt sorry for them. I thought of them after the music of Miss Fortescue's instrument had ceased. I went out, and stood half-way up the staircase, listening enraptured, as later in the evening she sang, with a more splendid voice than ever, the songs of old. Sighing and soft were the strains.

"I had stood, charmed by the spell of her melody, for half an hour or more, when suddenly, in the midst of a song that had always been a favourite of mine, the fair performer broke out with a few lines of the celebrated air from the "Grande Duchesse." With a voice the Schneider would have given twenty years of her life to possess, Miss Fortescue declaimed the 'Voici, le sabre

de mon père.' Its effect was magical. I fancied her some Amazon. Without choosing to finish the song, she closed the instrument with a crash. I hastened back into my room. I heard her mounting the stairs. She is going to bed, I thought. Perhaps, poor woman, she wonders what to-morrow's roof will be for her. I was grinding up Bones, Jack; and I ground Bones all night—hard, till I looked at the clock, and saw it was a quarter-past two. My candle had burned out whilst I looked for my slippers. I had not a match. So I pulled off my boots, and went upstairs shoeless, and noiseless as a cat, in the dark. To get to my bed-room I had to pass the drawing-room door, and ascend to the second floor. With my hand on the rail, I got up to the landing on the first floor. Half-way up the next flight of stairs, in white, with hair unloosed and hanging down, there moved a figure—Cassandra Fortescue's! I stood still;—I neither spoke nor moved. She stopped. The light of her candle flashed full in my eyes. Something else! The bright, quick gleam of steel.

"I always felt there was mischief in that woman," I thought. 'What can be her purpose? Is she a somnambulist? or does she intend a crime? Ought I to speak, to make her aware of my presence?'

"I had heard such things of sleep-walkers suddenly awakened, that I thought it best to remain where I was—silent. She moved on. I moved on. I gained the door of my own room. It was open. I entered, but stood close to the passage. She had passed, and gone up the next flight of stairs. Mrs. Denby slept there! I listened with all my ears. I could hear nothing, for she moved stealthy as a panther, with feet of velvet. In a minute, the light showed me she was coming down again. It was so. She passed me, and went quietly into her chamber, but did not fasten the door after her. As I half undressed and threw myself on my bed, 'Somnambulism or crime?' was the question I debated. 'Do ordinary sleep-walkers carry a dagger? On the other hand, why want to stick fat old Mrs. Denby?' In an instant—if my guess as to her state were right—the truth flashed across my mind: her piano! Vengeance! And that terribly tragic rendering she had given of the 'Sabre Song' rang in my ears again. She had! armed herself with her father's weapon!

"I am neither nervous nor excitable. and I played the part of a policeman in ambush tolerably well. With a policy of masterly inactivity, I lay on my bed, and listened—that was all. I lay so for an hour—it seemed more, of course. My patience was rewarded. No sound warned me of her coming; but I saw the faint and quickly passing streak of light from her candle under my door, as she went by on her awful errand. I stepped out: there she was. The staircase is stone, and her footfalls were noiseless. So were mine. I was within a few paces of her, the dagger, and the candle. She proceeded to Mrs. Denby's door—stopped, listened. I stopped too. Then she gently lifted the latch, and went in. Noiselessly, I sprang forward. The murderess hung over her victim: carefully she shaded the light from the face, as she gloated over her revenge. Her victim—I could hardly help laughing—had exchanged her daily trumpet for a nightly bassoon, and was snorting like a porpoise, and perspiring profusely; for it was a hot night, and Mrs. Denby slept next the tiles.

"The crisis was too awful, Jack, for a laugh, or I should have laughed, I'm sure. The idea of anybody thinking it worth while to stay up all night to stick fat old Mrs. Denby! There was something irresistibly comic in it.

"As I thought this, the assassin's arm was raised—the dagger swung in mid-air. I advanced a step to arrest her blow. The drapery of her left arm moved slightly. She had set the candlestick on the truckle bed in which her victim slept. With her right arm still upraised, and the dagger held aloft, she moved her lithe left arm swiftly—and gave Mrs. Denby the sharpest pinch she ever had in her life. She woke with a start and a scream—sat upright, and stared.

"If you keep my piano, I'll M-U-R-D-E-R you. Woman!" Cassandra said, in tragic gutturals, flourishing her dagger.

"But a stronger arm than hers—and she'd a remarkable biceps, Jack—held her like a vice. George Merryweather had got her. Overcome by the scene—whether of me in her chamber, or of Miss Fortescue's dagger, I don't know; but Mrs. Denby swooned right off. Still holding tightly to the arm of my prisoner, I demanded the meaning of such conduct.

"Quite self-possessed, Cassandra replied—

"Oh, Mr. Merryweather, I thought I'd

frighten this inexorable dragon—that's all. I did not mean to kill her"—displaying her weapon, which I saw was wood, covered with foil. 'Once or twice I have sustained the character of Lady Macbeth—this was one of our daggers. Now, I think you may let me go. Mrs. Denby requires Maria's attention—I'll send her up. Some day, papa will pay what he owes for the lodgings; and then, I suppose, I shall have my piano. When you come down, I shall be gone—please. I have no luggage. I go to papa. With his consent, and appreciation of the fun, I assure you, I stayed behind—for this.'

"And she flourished the dagger over the unconscious figure of her landlady.

"During this narrative, I had of course released my hold on Miss Fortescue. At the end, I laughed. I could not help it. She was so provokingly cool, and looked so noble—such a Lady Macbeth!

"We brought the old lady round, with the usual remedies in such cases. I told her it was all a joke; but she won't have it so. It spoils it altogether. She knows she would have been murdered in cold blood if it had not been for my bravery; and but for my skill would have died a second time of fright. She watches over my interests like a mother. The more I ring the bells, the better they like it. No floor but this was worthy of me, and then it wanted a new carpet first. I am a hero, Jack, against my will; and that's why I am in the company of 'that piano.'"

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XIX.

MY FEARS RETURN AGAIN.

IN spite of its fine sound, I felt quite glad when Sir Everard had ended his Pastoral, for it seemed to me that every one must know that 'twas intended for Clarinda and myself. I had only looked up once, and then I had found Mr. Philip Lydgate gazing at me inquisitively; and the thought of his being a poet himself, and being accustomed to disguise his sentiments under allegorical forms, did not tend to lessen my self-consciousness. And when the recital was over, I felt overcome with confusion. I have no doubt I looked but ill-pleased, for Mr. Lydgate bent down and said—

"You do not like Sir Everard's Pastoral, Mistress Selwode?"

"No—yes—I don't know—I suppose 'tis good enough," I stammered; for I did not wish him to perceive that I took it seriously.

"It takes a great deal to satisfy you," said he. "I fear you are too severe in your judgments. Mr. Steele told me that you were a good critic."

"How could one help being pleased with Mr. Betterton's Hamlet?"

"And how can one possibly like Sir Everard's Pastoral? Is not that the parallel inference?" he inquired. "What fault do you find with it?"

"Ah!" said I, suddenly rousing up, in order to stop his inquiries, "it is, doubtless, pleasant for one poet to hear another poet's verses abused; but I am not going to gratify you. You had better ask me what I think of your own?"

"Where have you seen any of mine?" he asked, turning scarlet.

And all at once I saw that I ought not to have made any allusion to his verses, for by so doing I had betrayed Uncle Oliver.

"Are there not any printed?" said I, hoping thereby to get out of my difficulty.

"No, there are not, Mistress Selwode."

"Perhaps I have only guessed at them," said I, attempting to elude the question.

"Perhaps not," said he. But I could see that he did not believe it. "I do not contradict Mistress Selwode's suggestion."

There was a pause.

"Yet you do not believe me?"

"You have made no assertion for me to believe or disbelieve," he replied.

"I have only seen about a score of lines, Mr. Lydgate—some that you left with Uncle Oliver when you came to Selwode."

"Is that all?" And his face brightened. "Then you will not be very harsh upon so trifling a matter. I am happy to find 'tis no worse."

"I ought not to have spoken of them," said I. "I am sure Uncle Oliver meant no harm."

"I am sure he did not. Don't trouble yourself, Mistress Selwode, I shall not think of it again—unless you should deign to criticise the verses."

"That I shall not do, Mr. Lydgate," I answered. "I do not wish either to make you vain or vexed."

"Then I am to live on in doubt?"

"Is not that what most people have to

do?" said I, perhaps a little bitterly, for Sir Everard's Pastoral was troubling me. I could not make it out clearly. There seemed to me some covert meaning in the oracle that filled me with apprehension.

"I should have thought Mistress Selwode had had too little to do with the hard world to find that out," he answered, thoughtfully.

"One gets initiated very soon," I returned. "I am many years older than when you saw me at Selwode."

He smiled.

"You do not look so," he said. "Pray, how have you brought about such a catastrophe?"

I was again on the borders of dangerous ground, and there was something penetrating about Mr. Lydgate that I was a little afraid of; and I was just thinking what I should say, to turn the subject a second time, when Clarinda came up with Sir Everard. She was beaming with pleasure, and saying—

"You must finish your Pastoral, and dedicate it to me, and get Mr. Tonson to print it. 'T would sell vastly well. All the town would buy it."

"For the sake of its merit, or the dedication, madam?" he asked.

"Now you are wishing for a compliment," said she; "but I am not going to pay you one. It is sufficient honour that I ask you to dedicate it to me."

"Too great a one," said he, bowing.

It appeared to me that there was a touch of sarcasm in his voice; and I wondered if Clarinda noticed it. But I think my ears were keener than Clarinda's, and perhaps I was more suspicious.

And then, somehow, I found that Sir Everard had managed to plant himself beside me; and that Mr. Lydgate had been seized upon by an old acquaintance, and carried away. Uncle Oliver was in the adjoining room, and Clarinda had been called away; so that I was left with no one near me that I knew but Sir Everard, who seated himself at my side. He was a handsome man, and had an air of the highest fashion about him; and though he was more negligent in his dress than Ralph Furnaby, yet he had not omitted any point that was essential to the garb of a fine gentleman. I did not want to talk to him; and every now and then I found my eyes straying towards where Mr. Lydgate was conversing with a group of gentlemen; and I could see that occasionally he looked in my direction.

"You expected to see me here to-night, Mistress Selwode?" said Sir Everard.

I hesitated, not knowing how much Clarinda would wish me to be cognizant of.

"Mistress Fanshawe told you that she had met me at the palace?" he continued.

"Yes."

"And that she had written a letter to me, begging me to come here to-night?"

"I knew she had written a line."

"More than a line—a very pretty note indeed; very charming in its expressions. I think my Pastoral is coming true. Chloris has not advised Narcissa to continue in anger. There is a relenting—a softening of the hard terms proposed. Is it not so?"

"Sir Everard," said I, looking round to see that none could hear, "you know what I desire, and what I hope you will some time think it right to do."

"I cannot make up my mind to that yet," he answered. "I must beg for a truce, in which I may have time to consider whether I can grant Mistress Grace Selwode's request. Are you willing to agree to a cessation of hostilities, until I can prove to you that you are deceived in me?"

Sir Everard's words always sounded to me casuistical; and so I paused, in order to comprehend him.

"I am to understand, then, that it is your intention some time to come to terms?"

"I hope so."

I looked up at him.

"You do not understand me?" he said.

"No. It seems to me that it would be so simple to do what is right now."

"You have judged me very hardly, Mistress Grace. You have treated me very uncivilly; and," he added, a dark shadow passing over his face, "you have not retracted your judgment, though your bearing is outwardly more civil."

I started.

"You cannot judge of my thoughts, Sir Everard, whatever you may do of my actions."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I did not expect so guarded a speech, Mistress Grace. You are learning to parry very well. But, remember, I am a man who knows the world, through a long apprenticeship."

"Perhaps, then, if I gain experience, we may be better matched," I returned.

"Better and better," said he. "I prophesy a brilliant future for you."

"In which case, approaching to an equality with Sir Everard, he may deign to treat me as an equal," I replied; for I did not like the superiority he affected.

"If—" he began, when Clarinda came nigh again; and though 'twas but the carrying out of the comedy as she had planned it, I could see that she was by no means pleased at Sir Everard's devoting himself to me.

I took the opportunity of escaping when she was talking with him, and sought out Uncle Oliver, who was sitting alone.

"I must thank you for the flowers you sent me this morning," said I. "See, I am wearing the jessamine in my hair."

I spoke my assumption of the fact boldly; for a restless curiosity possessed me to know if Clarinda's random guess could be a true one.

"I sent you no flowers, Grace. I should rather think they may have come from your admirer, Sir Everard Tynley," answered my uncle, sarcastically.

"No admirer of mine," I was going to say; but, fortunately, I thought of Clarinda, and so replied—

"I think not—Sir Everard brought a large nosegay to-night—"

My uncle stroked my hair back, gently.

"You will forget Virgil, Grace."

"Virgil!" exclaimed Ralph Furnaby, who had come to speak to Uncle Oliver; "surely, Grace knows nought of Virgil!"

"More than you do, my lad, I dare swear," returned Uncle Oliver. "I don't suppose you have done much in that way."

Ralph laughed affectedly; but I saw his dignity was somewhat hurt at Uncle Oliver's calling him a lad.

"I study the living, and not the dead," said he—"the better thing for men to do nowadays."

"The sentiment sounds correct," said Uncle Oliver; "but 'tis nevertheless based on false premises. Better say you have got no more good from the one any more than from the other."

Uncle Oliver often growls at Ralph Furnaby, whom he considers a fop; and says 'tis a pity that Charlotte had not been the head of the family. Ralph, however, takes it in good part, having a supercilious indifference to Uncle Oliver's opinion, as he looks upon him but as an antiquated bookworm, mouldering away amongst a heap of old-world rubbish.

"By the way," Mr. Lydgate says—he having joined us—"we ought not to call the days long ago the old times, for time is older now than ever it was before. It was all young and fresh in the beginning, and it is toil and travel-stained now."

"But the years have lain by so long," replied Uncle Oliver, "that they are quite ancient in these present days."

"They were but babes wrapped in swaddling clothes then," argued Mr. Lydgate. "They died in infancy, and came not to maturity. How can you give them age?"

"Cannot the far past days be both new and old?" I asked. "The world was in its youth when the morning stars sang for joy; yet that seems so far back to us now living, that we date the years backwards, and call it old. For to us the new, the coming, is the youngest part of the world's life, though it is actually the oldest; and in its very newness we grow old ourselves. And—"

"You are getting into perplexities, mistress," said Uncle Oliver. "Every one will not have the same patience in listening to you that I have had."

"Will you try me, Mistress Selwode?" said Mr. Lydgate.

And I, as usual, blushed; and then I answered—

"Uncle Oliver is used to my perplexities, and finds a way to solve them all for me."

"Not quite all," returned Uncle Oliver, with a wicked smile. "Now you have come amongst the world of fashion, you will want younger heads than mine to help you in your difficulties. Perhaps Mr. Lydgate can tell you who in town is likely to send a young lady jessamine and other beautiful flowers, as I think that was your last perplexity."

"Sir Everard brought a splendid nosegay with him this evening," returned Mr. Lydgate, demurely.

"The jessamine came this morning," said my uncle, "or how could the lady wear it in her hair?"

"I did not consider that," returned Mr. Lydgate, gravely contemplating the silver stars, as he called them; whilst I was ready to cry with vexation.

'Twas so ill done of my uncle Oliver thus to mortify me; and, after all, I became no wiser, for Mr. Lydgate was so composed over it that it was impossible to gather any certainty on the matter from him.

Clarinda told me afterwards that "she

was quite sure it was he who had sent them, and that 'twas noticeable how attentive he was to me, and that he was a more agreeable person than she expected. He had played his part in earnest better than Sir Everard had played his part in jest. She thought Sir Everard would have carried on the comedy with more spirit; but he had failed wofully in his character of lover."

From all which I gathered that Clarinda was beginning to get a little jealous over Sir Everard, and would prefer my having another lover.

She took the nosegay that he had brought into her own keeping, saying—

"'Tis mine by virtue of the comedy."

"I want none of it," said I, somewhat sharply.

"A bunch of flowers sets up some people wonderfully," said she, as she left the room.

I don't know how it is, but Clarinda always swims out of a discussion as if she were quite right, when all the time she is in the wrong. And I was more than ever sure that she was vexed; and I began to feel my old trouble, which I thought I had left behind me at Selwode, coming upon me again; and I feared and wondered more than ever how it would all end.

CHAPTER XX.

MORE OF THE PASTORAL.

FOR the next few weeks I was in a very ill frame of mind, for Sir Everard was constantly at the house; and though he came ostensibly to talk with my father concerning party matters, yet he always contrived an excuse to devote himself to Clarinda and myself, in a manner that distressed me.

Indeed, Clarinda was an important person at the present time; for being on such good terms with Mistress Masham, whom all were beginning to look upon as the rising favourite, she was enabled to obtain private information as to much that would not otherwise have transpired; and—now that the Queen had gone to Windsor, and Harry would be called into attendance before long—it was proposed that he should hire a cottage there, and take Clarinda for his term of duty, so that she might be kept in continued personal communication with Mistress Masham.

We had already heard of the rage of the Duchess on discovering her cousin's marriage—"and," Mistress Masham had said, "her Grace is stimulated to an excess of vigilance. She sees that she is no longer

going to be the indispensable person that she has been, and she even begins to fear that she shall have to hold fast upon what she already possesses, if she does not want it to slip from her grasp."

Indeed, there were decided symptoms that the Queen chafed against the thralldom in which she had been kept by the Whig leaders, and her leaning to her own party began to manifest itself more strongly. We knew that Mr. Harley had had many clandestine audiences of her Majesty; and having made a friend of Mistress Masham, he was willing to make a tool of her also, and take advantage of her growing influence to forward his designs. She, on her part, having tasted the sweets of royal favouritism, resolved to turn them to her own account, and to eject the Duchess from her post of honour; and for this she worked silently, and, it seemed, surely.

All this put my father in strong hopes that his party would be again triumphant. The Duke, who possessed the strongest hold over the Queen, was abroad, and could not be spared from the army.

"If," said he, "Mr. Harley would only be bold enough, and throw off all allegiance to the party in power, and declare himself unwaveringly as the leader of the Tories, all might be well—the Tories would rally, they were strong in the Lower House; and if the Queen would shake herself free from the Marlboroughs and their set, and trust to those who had the country's good at heart instead of their own pockets, we should have our own again, and everything would flourish."

"The great thing," replied Sir Everard, "is to cry up the peace policy—to bring it forward on every occasion."

"Yes, 'tis an expensive war that does us no good, and the people are beginning to get tired of it," answered my father. "We talked it over at the Club last night, and drank 'Peace at any price, destruction to the Duke, and confusion to all the Whigs in Christendom.'"

"But the Duke's been a good friend to Jack," said I.

"Tut," replied my father, "that's just a woman's idea. You must separate the idea of a man and a man's politics. You may be favourable to the one and adverse to the other."

"Yet through the one you may injure the other."

"The Duke should have kept on our side," answered my father, "and he might have fought as long as there were men to serve under him before I'd have prevented it; for he's a brave soldier, and I've no enmity against him, excepting as the upholder of a party that I hate; and if a peace cry will accomplish the downfall of the Government to which he belongs, the greater good will overpower the lesser evil."

"The difficulty is," said Sir Everard, "that the people halt between two opinions—though they like not the burden of the war, the Duke is their idol; and you will find the very mob that would rise to assault the bakers, should the price of bread be raised through the continuance of the war, cheering the Duke from one end of London to the other. Yet, the downfall of Marlborough is the only ruin on which the Tories can tread their way to victory; and in some way it must be accomplished."

I know that Uncle Oliver does not like my father's mixing so much in politics; and he looks upon the October Club as a set of hot-headed men who will do no good, and whose violence may lead to bad results. But my father pays no heed to his arguments; indeed, 'tis not my father's nature to argue when he has made up his mind upon a subject, and I can see that his heart is fixed upon seeing a Tory ministry in England, and that Sir Everard and these other October men have flattered him with the idea that he can be instrumental in achieving this end. I know not what but this can move him so strongly; since he neither wants office for himself nor for Jack, who is doing well enough in the army. Besides, the Selwode estate is sufficient to support both of them as gentlemen; and what does a man want more?

With Sir Everard Tylney it is different. He is seeking to retrieve his fortunes. He is an ambitious man, and wants to make a figure in the world; and he, doubtless, thinks that by assiduous exertions in favour of a new ministry he may meet with his reward—which it seems to me is what these intriguing, plotting party men always have in view. I can see that he possesses great influence over my father; and I also perceive that he is deep in his counsels, and is consulted upon all matters; and it vexes me greatly to see that his arguments have so much weight. I shall be glad enough when my mother comes to us, which will be shortly; for I never truly

appreciated before how silently and powerfully her gentle spirit worked for good.

Now, it happens that, under cover of all this, Sir Everard is a very frequent visitor at the house; and the more I see of him the less I like him; and I am in constant fear that in the end some trouble will come, for there has been no allusion yet made to the lock of hair, though there has been plenty of opportunity.

Of our other visitors, perhaps Mr. Philip Lydgate comes as often as any one. Harry has taken a great fancy to him, in spite of his different views; but though Harry professes to be a good Tory, and listens to my father and Sir Everard, I hardly think he takes as much interest as he used to do, and so is less likely to be offended at Mr. Lydgate's new notions. For my part, I do not see much harm in what he says; and as we generally keep to poetry and literature, we do not stumble upon anything that comes amiss to either. He and Sir Everard do not often meet—whether by accident or design I know not. In fact, I think that Sir Everard is scarce aware how frequently Mr. Lydgate comes. I am sure he was much surprised, when he came in this morning, to find Mr. Lydgate established in the drawing-room, reading to me as I was working at my embroidery frame.

Mr. Lydgate had come with a message from Uncle Oliver, who appears pleased to make a messenger of the young man; and after he had delivered it, he offered, as I was alone, to read some passages from a short work of Mr. Defoe's that he had in his pocket. 'Twas "The True-born Englishman"—writ in defence of the late King William, and his new-made peers.

"And," says Mr. Lydgate, "the satire is full of sense, and I hope it will work a reformation in our foolish prejudice against foreigners; for from whom are our noblest families descended, but from those who have invaded our shores in earlier times? As Mr. Defoe says—

'A true-born Englishman's a contradiction;
In speech, an irony—in fact, a fiction;
A metaphor, invented to express
A man *akin* to all the universe.'

We want more liberality in our feelings to mankind at large," says he. "Too great reserve, and keeping ourselves aloof as superior, is the fault of most Englishmen. Perhaps 'tis owing partly to the isolated position of our country: living, as it were,

in a castle surrounded by a moat, none can come to us but by a drawbridge; and so we grow suspicious of letting any in—forgetting that hearts, souls, brains, are the same throughout the world, and moreover are akin."

"I am not quite sure that you are right," said I. "I half think that the English must be better than any other nation."

He smiled.

"Ah, well—so did Mr. Defoe's 'heroes,' who despised the Dutch, forgetting what races they themselves had sprung from. I must read this one passage concerning them."

And he began—

"These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much;
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel set that ever lived.
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransacked kingdoms, and dispeopled towns.
The Pict, and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger, theft, and rapine left brought;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-hair'd offspring everywhere remains;
Who, join'd with Norman-French, compound the breed

From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.
And lest, by length of time, it be pretended
The climate may the modern race have mended,
Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding care."

"No," said he, turning over the leaves—

'Tis well that virtue gives nobility,
Else God knows where we had our gentry;
Since scarce one family is left alive
Which does not from some foreigner derive.
Of sixty thousand English gentlemen
Whose names and arms in registers remain,
We challenge all our heralds to declare
Ten families which English-Saxon are."

As he read the last words, the door opened, and Sir Everard Tylney entered. Mr. Lydgate hastily closed the book, and his manner all at once became stiff and frigid. A frown also knitted Sir Everard's brows as he caught sight of Mr. Lydgate.

"At your studies, Mistress Grace?" said he. "I did not know you wanted a tutor when you came to town, or I might have applied for the place."

Mr. Lydgate's eyes gave a sudden flash, and I was afraid he might say something resentful in answer to Sir Everard's speech; so I replied, hurriedly—

"Mr. Lydgate brought a message from my uncle Oliver: and has kindly beguiled the time by reading a passage or two from a favourite author of his—"

I took care, however, not to mention Mr. Defoe's name, which would have set Sir Everard's wrath in flames at once.

"Indeed," says Sir Everard, sarcastically. "I hope 'twas improving."

"I hope so," said I. "I can trust Mr. Lydgate's selection."

And the moment after, I was sorry that I had said it; for such a dark look came over Sir Everard's face as made me feel a sudden fear.

"I thought to find you alone, Mistress Grace," he said, in so marked a manner that I at once thought he might have something to say about the ringlet.

"Then you met Clarinda?"

"Yes, I met your sister."

And he glanced impatiently at Mr. Lydgate, who at the same moment met my glance: and he, probably seeing that something embarrassed me, though he attributed it to a wrong cause, said—

"I think I must be going, Mistress Selwode," for he evidently felt himself in the way.

I did not dare beg him to stay; for something in Sir Everard's manner told me that there would be danger in the two men's having an opportunity of coming to a skirmish of words in their present humour. Therefore, I simply bade Mr. Lydgate farewell, and repeated again the answer I wished him to take to Uncle Oliver.

When he had gone, Sir Everard turned to me, and said—

"I have long wished for an opportunity of seeing you alone, Mistress Selwode; but there have been so many people about, that it has not fallen to my lot to do so."

"I would have spoken to you at any time, Sir Everard, had you but given me a hint," I replied; for I now felt sure upon what errand he had come—especially as I had heard it whispered that he would be absent from London for some time, though 'twas not said where he was going; and I imagined that he was intending to put all straight between himself and us, for he had been very agreeable of late, and I almost thought his fancy for Clarinda was wearing away, and so he would leave town with a good conscience.

"Have you any idea how the Pastoral is to end?" he asked, after reflecting for a few minutes.

"I am sure it is going to end well," said I. "I knew that Sir Everard Tylney, when

he came to consider, would come to think as I do."

"What do you call well, Mistress Grace?" said he.

"That you will give me what I asked for at Selwode, and that we shall all be very good friends for ever afterwards. I think that is what your Pastoral means, though you did not say how it was to come about."

"I could not tell you how it was to come about," answered Sir Everard, "because I was not quite certain myself. It rests mainly with Mistress Grace Selwode."

"If it rests with me, Sir Everard, it is very easily done."

"I am not so sure of that," he returned. "Did you notice that the speech of Venus was somewhat ambiguous?—that whereas in the beginning it was clear which of the damsels Colin had been most willing to please, in the end there was a doubt as to which he gave the preference to?"

I started. My doubts, then, had not been so vain and foolish as Clarinda had wished me to believe, or even as she had believed them to be herself!

"You are surprised," said he. "Did it never occur to you that this might be the case; and that my heart might be lost to Mistress Grace Selwode, and not to her sister?"

Still I made no reply.

"You are truthful, Mistress Grace," he continued. "Has this never crossed your mind?"

"Not seriously," I replied at last. "Once it did seem, just for a moment—that—perhaps—"

"And that once was at Selwode—you see I am observant, Mistress Grace—and your sister laughed the idea to scorn. I know that too. In her foolish love of admiration, she would be piqued to have a rival."

"Sir Everard!" I exclaimed, flashing up, "is this the way you speak of my sister, after having professed—"

"Professed what, Mistress Grace?"

I paused.

"After having made her believe that—"

And again I stopped; for whichever way I framed my speech, it seemed unbecoming to utter it of a married woman.

"It is difficult to put the matter in a pleasant form," said Sir Everard; "so I will save you the trouble, and will tell you that I comprehend what you would say. And let me also tell you that, however much a man may admire a married woman, he soon loses

his respect for her when she receives his admiration as readily as your sister has done mine; and when respect for a woman is lost, love soon fades away. Esteem is a greater ingredient in true love than I was before aware of."

"And knowing this," said I, in a burst of indignation, "you continued to come here?"

"I did, Mistress Grace; but I will honestly tell you that I should have ceased to come had it not been for another attraction—had I not felt for you a love, true and real, such as I had never felt for any woman before. And I lived on in the hope, as I saw you from day to day, and found your manner less uncourteous to me, that some time or other, in spite of the scorn and contempt you showed me on our first acquaintance—that in time you might look more favourably upon the love I had to offer."

"And honestly, Sir Everard, I will tell you that I shall never do so—that it is useless of you to talk of love to me; and that I must beg," said I, drawing myself up haughtily, "Sir Everard Tydney never to refer to this subject again."

"I am not surprised at your answer, madam," he replied—"it is what I expected. I may, however, ask you not to deliver your judgment too hastily. I may have claims upon you that give me a hold upon your civility, at the very least. The time may come when Mistress Grace Selwode may be glad to take advantage of what I once said to her—that civility begets civility."

"You threaten, sir?"

"Scarcely that, Mistress Selwode," he returned. "I would only have you to consider that it is dangerous to drive a desperate man to extremes. Remember that your sister's reputation is in my hands."

"It is not!" said I, vehemently.

"What would the world say?" said he, taking out a letter. "This is the last note that Mistress Fanshawe wrote to me, and I ask you to tell me how her husband would read it?"

"It is not Clarinda's—'tis some base forgery," I exclaimed, when he had ended it. "I do not believe in it."

"Do you know your sister's handwriting?" he asked, holding it so that I could see it, yet so that 'twas out of my reach.

There was no doubt of it. I sprang forward, hoping to snatch the letter from him and destroy it; but he was too quick—

he returned it to his pocket. And, at that moment, Harry Fanshawe entered the room.

FADED FLOWERS.

DEAD withered flowers these, and nothing more!
Yet still the sweetness lingers round them yet,
And the old fragrance haunts them evermore,
As some long memory of a fair regret.

The hand is cold that, on an ancient spring,
Plucked these sere violets from their mossy bed;
The face, the voice, with their old welcoming,
The happy smile—all, long ago, are dead.

Blue eyes with love's first tenderness aglow,
Looked on me once upon an April prime;
But I am old, and this is long ago:
Youth only loves the golden orchard time.

The autumn dews fell on my halcyon dream,
And chilled my tender flowers within my breast;
And, through the years, the autumn echoes seem
To wake my senses in a strange unrest.

Till, in the ghostly twilight of the hours,
I lose myself, in memories of one
Who gathered once these now long-withered flowers,
Upon an April in the years long gone.

A THOUSAND MILES UP THE IRRAWADDY.—PART II.

ON the morning of the 16th, the tenth day of the voyage, the towers and pagoda tops of the ruined city of Pagan were seen in the distance. Although these ruins are the relics of what must have been one of the greatest cities in the East, they were scarcely known in England till Captain Yule visited them in 1855, and devoted a chapter of his narrative of the Mission to Ava to a description of these remarkable ruins. According to Burmese annals, the most ancient temples are referred to the ninth century; while the downfall of the city took place in the thirteenth century of our era, and was effected by a Chinese army that was sent to avenge the murder of an ambassador who had been put to death by the King of Pagan.

It was nearly noon, and beneath the blaze of a burning sun, when the steamer anchored off the great Pumpkin Pagoda, so called from the shape of its tower. As all the European gentlemen on board were most anxious to visit these ruins, Captain Bacon promised to stay for an hour or two, to enable them to carry out their wishes. Armed against sun-stroke with solar hats and umbrellas, a party of seven, including Captain Bacon and his chief officers, and their old Burmese pilot for interpreter, stepped into the boat and

were soon landed on the shore. We shall now let them tell their own story.

"First we ascended a dreary eminence of mud, enlivened here and there with large bare stones. Then we approached the Pumpkin Pagoda, and climbed a long flight, or series of flights, of old brick steps. At the top was a paved courtyard, surrounded by a wall. The Pumpkin Pagoda is perfectly white; and thus its great pumpkin-shaped tower is seen from a very considerable distance. Within the tower, and facing the courtyard, is a great image of Gotama Buddha, in a sitting, or rather squatting posture, made of alabaster, and adorned with gilding. This is the usual posture in which Gotama is represented. It is supposed to depict him at the exact moment when he was delivered from all the cares and sorrows of an existence in the universe of worldly passions and endless transmigrations, and became a Buddha out of pure benevolence, to teach the world the true way of deliverance from the evils of life and consciousness, and final absorption in the beatified state of eternal repose known as Nirvana.

"The ruins of Pagan spread over a large plain, covered with stunted brushwood, and extend for eight miles along the river and two miles inland. Colonel Yule considers that there are about eight hundred to a thousand temples of all sizes; and this, no doubt, approximates to the truth. One Burmese tradition estimates them at 999 in number, whilst according to another there are 4,444; but both these calculations are palpably mythical. Of the ancient city, nothing remains but a brick rampart and the fragments of an old gateway. Streets and houses, and even the royal palace, have been swept away, leaving nothing behind but this wilderness of temples of brick and stone.

"The place, however, is not utterly devoid of inhabitants. In the neighbourhood of the Pumpkin Pagoda are a few wooden huts, the abodes of fishermen and manufacturers of varnished cups and boxes; also some wooden monasteries, where the phon-gyees, or Buddhist priests, in coarse yellow garments, lead a life of utter seclusion. A few pariah dogs barked, as usual, at our approach; but otherwise all was still, excepting a Babel of voices which issued from a monastery school. We stopped at one miserable shed, where some half-naked Burmese were manufacturing varnished boxes. Here

we found that their ware was not *papier mâché*, as we had supposed, but that it consisted of a framework of bamboo matting, plastered with a thick black varnish of native composition. Being anxious to procure a half-finished box as a specimen of the workmanship, we informed the Burmese pilot accordingly. The manufacturers were a melancholy set of men, but they burst into fits of laughter at the proposition; and when at length the bargain was concluded, and a large box was purchased for a rupee, their mirth was uncontrollable. Even a grim old lady, who seemed as though she had never smiled in her life, sat and laughed until the tears ran down her face. The mystery of this unexpected mirth was impenetrable; but it may be remarked that a European does not land at Pagan perhaps above once a-year, and very rarely indeed in the daytime.

"The principal temples of Pagan are square buildings, raised over vaults or cloisters. Several terraces are raised one above the other; and from the highest terrace rises a steeple, either bell-shaped, of the ordinary Burmese type, or else with great bulging sides, like those of the tall domes of the temples of India. Their foundations are of stone, but the main buildings are constructed of a very hard and superior kind of brick, covered with plaster. Round some of the temples is a paved terrace. The entrance to each is guarded by two huge stone monsters—a kind of dragon or griffin. The gateways are Gothic arches, surmounted by curious carvings representing flames, and are perhaps intended to indicate the halo of glory which is usually painted round the heads of Buddhist saints. The figures of Gotama are of all sizes, and some are of colossal proportions; some are of white alabaster, others are painted a deep red, and all are more or less adorned with gold. Some of the smaller figures are entirely covered with gold. In the Ananda Pagoda are a number of pictures like those in the Shoay-dagon Pagoda at Rangoon; also several statues of Gotama, thirty feet high, and covered with gilding. In the Thapinya Pagoda there are several red Gotamas in the cloisters; whilst the centre of the building is occupied by another red statue, twenty feet high. On either side of the entrance to this pagoda, at the summit of the steps, above the dragons, were two small figures of priests standing, in long gowns, with umbrellas over their heads."

His observation of these images leads Mr. Wheeler to a very singular, but by no means improbable, conclusion—namely, that "there is a Buddhist element in the Christianity of the dark ages, of which monasticism evidently forms a part." One of the figures of the Buddhist priests was the very counterpart of the statue of an English archbishop of the middle ages; and there was a close resemblance between the small circular roof of the pulpit of an English cathedral (commonly regarded as a sounding-board) and the umbrella over the head of the eastern statue.

After resting for a short time on the cool terrace of the Thapinya Pagoda, while the remainder of the party went elsewhere, Mr. Wheeler was joined by three phonygees of most inquisitive tendencies. They went into ecstasies over his silk umbrella, examined his shoes and socks, applauded his white alpaca coat, and were especially delighted with his braces; and the oldest of them begged for some part of his dress, from his solar hat to his shoes, as a memorial of his visit. In place of these garments, which could not be conveniently dispensed with, he was offered some silver coins, which he indignantly refused, and departed with his companions in high dudgeon. Mr. Wheeler then rejoined his friends; and about two o'clock they returned to the steamer, much knocked up by the expedition.

On the following day, the 17th, they reached the important town of Pokokoo, which is a great place for trade in grain, and the manufacture of jaggery (a coarse sugar) and putsoes (cotton cloths which are worn by the natives round the loins), and where the pagodas "were far more numerous than even the spires of Oxford." An incident occurred at this place which excited considerable amusement to those who were not personally involved in the matter. "The Hindoo passengers will not cook their food on board the flat, and are consequently compelled to satisfy themselves with parched grain, pounded rice, and other like victuals. When, however, the steamer anchored off a station, these Hindoos went ashore to cook their food; and much growling and many rows took place if any passer-by cast a shadow upon the cookery. At Pokokoo, two Hindoos went ashore; but the inquisitive Burmese crowded about them in great numbers, as

though a sacrifice, or some novel entertainment, was being performed. About fifty men, women, and children, of all ages, surrounded the unfortunate Hindoos in an irregular ring, and appeared to take the liveliest interest in the cookery, to the extreme exasperation of the cooks. However, the latter were very hungry, and, moreover, were overpowered by numbers, and consequently deemed it expedient to finish their cooking and eat their breakfast without further parley. When they had finished, they came back to the steamer, leaving some rice and condiments on the grass. This was at once seized by the Burmese, not for consumption, but for the purpose of examining the victuals, smelling them, and handing them round as curiosities worthy of notice and investigation; whilst men and women appeared to discuss the nature and qualities of the food in question for a considerable period, and with great animation."

On the 19th, the steamer passed the old metropolis of Ava—Amarapura being visible some six miles eastward—and on the following morning approached "the golden city of Mandalay, the present capital of Ava." It appears to have been the custom of the country for the kings of Ava to change their head-quarters with every revolution or change of dynasty. The original capital was Motsho-boh. In later times, the metropolis has alternated between Ava and Amarapura; until, about fourteen years ago, the present king, Mounglon, transferred it to Mandalay. The steamer anchored about three miles below the city and residency, and was speedily boarded by many Burmese, including three or four phongyees, who were even more impudent than their Pagan brethren. "They examined and criticized everything on deck, including glass tumblers, a painted tray, the pictured covers of a cheap edition of Miss Braddon's novels, and a history of Russia, which the eldest phongyee opened at the index, and then made a futile attempt to peruse it upside down. The coloured pictures on the paper sides of Miss Braddon's novels excited the special attention of these holy men; until the elder phongyee, the student in Russian history, discovered somewhat suddenly that he was gazing at the fair faces and figures of some English ladies, and suddenly threw down the book with pious indignation, lest his peace of

mind should be disturbed by the feminine attractions thus disclosed to his view, and imperil his escape from the vortex of the passions. Another of the holy men tasted some soda water which he found at the bottom of a tumbler; but he immediately showed by his countenance that he entirely disapproved of the beverage, in which it is not improbable he detected a slight flavour of Cognac. Subsequently, he appears to have revenged himself by an attempt to carry off the glass tumbler under his yellow raiment; but he was happily discovered, and the tumbler was recovered."

Mr. Jones, the agent of the Bombay Company, who had arrived there some months previously with cotton machinery—regarding the working of which by the King he does not speak at all sanguinely—told the party several curious stories of the Court. For example:—"Some time before the war broke out, the King requested a so-called General de Facien, a Frenchman who has been employed by his Majesty in training his army, to take six young Burmese youths with him to Europe and America—two to be educated as admirals, two as generals, and the remaining two as manufacturers of balloons. Whilst the negotiations were still pending, news arrived that a white elephant had been discovered at Toungoo; and this distracting event had such an effect upon the Court of Mandalay, that nothing else could be taken into consideration, and the educational question fell to the ground. Subsequently, after the disastrous war had broken out between France and Prussia, and France appeared to be at the mercy of the enemy, the King of Ava, whose proclivities had been previously in favour of France, began to regard Prussia as the conquering power. Accordingly, he proposed sending a German gentleman to Berlin to conclude a treaty with the King of Prussia, and to take with him three Burmese youths to be educated—one as an admiral, the second as a general, and the third as a politician." This Mr. Jones must clearly have been a most amusing person. On the return of the party to Mandalay, after they had reached the extreme point of their voyage, they met him at the residence of the political agent, and he told some capital stories illustrative of his manner of dealing with the native officials. He always declines to treat with them, except on easy and equal terms; and when on one occasion

a Burmese officer of high rank asserted his dignity by speaking in a loud voice, and leaning his head on one side, Mr. Jones bellowed out that it was "all right," in still louder tones, and stuck his head on the other side; after which absurd interview they became very good friends.

The party remained at Mandalay till the morning of the 24th—between four and five days—during which time they were the guests of Major McMahon, the political agent. In their pull in the major's boat, against a very strong current, from the steamer to the residency, they saw several war galleys, with prows and sterns elevated very high in the air, in a graceful curve. These vessels are rowed—or rather, paddled—by forty or sixty men, and pass through the water with considerable rapidity. For about half a mile, or a little more, they can go as fast as an Oxford eight-oar at full speed; but this pace cannot be kept up long. They are covered with gilding on the outside, but are painted red inside. A rowing match between three of these boats had taken place on the day before their arrival. They also passed an elegant barge, with sides, decks, and apartments covered with rich gilding. This is set aside for the use of the Queens; and when the ladies take an excursion on the river, the barge is drawn along by war boats. But the most magnificent structure was the King's barge. This splendid vessel has been built on two canoes, and is covered with the richest carving and gilding. This, also, when used, will be drawn by war boats; but it was only finished some two years ago, and has never as yet been visited by the King. In the centre is a lofty tower, with eight or nine storeys or terraces, of black and gold, surmounted by the htee or umbrella. The prows of the two canoes on which this water-palace is constructed consist each of an immense silver dragon; and behind each dragon is the fierce colossal figure of a warrior deity, called by the Burmese a Nat, but which is evidently identical with one of the Devatas of Hindoo mythology, of whom Indra is the special type. The sterns of the canoes are beautifully adorned with gilding, ornamented with a fretted work, consisting of small pieces of looking-glass, which has a very rich appearance.

On Monday, Father Abbona—who has been thirty years at the capital—joined the dinner party, and gave full information regarding the preceding King—Tharawadi—

whom he described as a despotic tyrant, but every inch a king. Tharawadi was the sovereign who was disgusted at discovering that the treaty with the British Government was not concluded with a sovereign, but with the East India Company; in other words, that "Goombanee Meng," as the company was called, was not a king, but a number of merchants, with whom his Majesty would have nothing to do. A French gentleman who visited his court suggested that, if his Majesty would conclude a treaty with France, the French King would assist him against all his enemies. At this, Tharawadi was most indignant. "Help me!" he cried. "Why, the King of France ought to ask me to help him: with my army, I could conquer all the world." The King then issued orders that the Frenchman should never again be received at his court.

Of late years, the court of Ava has acquired some real knowledge of political affairs in Europe; but in the days of King Tharawadi and Louis Philippe, the ideas which were entertained by the Burmese as regards European states were almost mythical. It was supposed that there were two great sovereigns in the world—namely, a king of the east and a king of the west. The sovereign of Ava was identified with the king of the east; and the rulers of Siam, the Shan states, and Karenee were regarded as his Tsaubwas, or vassals. The sovereign of Great Britain was supposed to be the king of the west; and it was concluded that the rulers of France, Prussia, Italy, and other European states were his Tsaubwas.

On Tuesday, the school of the Rev. J. E. Marks was visited and examined, with the most satisfactory results. Although, in consequence of its being the Buddhist sabbath, some boys—including the young princes—were absent, fifty-seven pupils were in attendance. Besides English, the boys are also taught history, geography, arithmetic, mathematics, and Latin. The great success of the school, which had only been established a year and a-half at the time of this visit, seems to have been much promoted at starting by the transfer of some boys from Mr. Marks's former school at Rangoon: a measure which led the Mandalay boys—who were naturally ignorant of school discipline—to fall, by the force of example, into the rules necessary for maintaining the efficiency of any such establishment.

The King has built a handsome church, at his own expense, for the Christian residents; and Mr. Marks conducts daily and weekly services. He is so great a favourite with his Majesty, that the latter threatens that if he—Mr. Marks—leaves Mandalay, the church shall be at once pulled down. Considering that his royal patron is thoroughly wedded to the Buddhist religion, and regards it as superior to that of any other country, there is no reason to doubt that he would carry out his threat—which, however, is a very high compliment to Mr. Marks.

Wednesday was mainly devoted to a visit to the King. The party, consisting of Mr. Wheeler, Major McMahon, and his secretary, Mr. Nicolson, started at about eleven o'clock in Mr. Marks's bullock carriage; and had a preliminary interview with the Pakhan Mengyee, or Prime Minister, who received them politely at the top of the steps of his office, and—after causing them to be served with tea, sugar, pomegranates, and little cakes—had a long and friendly talk. In about twenty minutes it was announced that the King was ready to receive them; so, leaving the Pakhan Mengyee, they entered a second enclosure, and approached the great hall, which is only used on solemn occasions, and for the reception of ambassadors. At the foot of the palace steps they took off their shoes; and, after traversing various passages, entered the hall of audience, where they were received by the Yaw-Ahtwen-Woon, or Minister of the Interior, who was dressed in white, and wore the decoration of the golden tsalway of twelve strands; which, with its golden chains over the Burmese costume, presented a very handsome appearance. After a few minutes they were summoned to the Mhan-gau, or Crystal Palace, so called from its being decorated with numerous very small mirrors. Here they sat down on carpets, while all around them were officials prostrating themselves till their noses nearly touched the ground; and in front were several large openings in the golden wall, leading into the interior apartments, a small sofa being in the central one. After some chatting, a low boom was heard, and a perfect silence followed, during which the King appeared, and took his seat on the sofa. Before him was a small table, on which were boxes of betel and golden pots, brought in by the principal Queen and some other ladies. At

first these ladies concealed themselves; but, as the interview proceeded, the Queen showed herself fully to the view, and appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, or rather older than the King.

The King, who is fifty-four years old, is described as a pleasant, stout man. "He was not above six or seven yards from us," says Mr. Wheeler, "so that it was very easy to see him, and to hear him speak. He first took up his opera glass, and surveyed us very leisurely, and then began eating betel, which he never ceased doing throughout the whole of the interview, excepting at intervals, when he was somewhat excited, and gave emphasis to his views by drawing imaginary lines with his fingers on the table before him. The royal secretary then read aloud our names and offices, and the list of the presents which had been made to the King, and which were spread out before us on the carpet."

An interview of nearly an hour, during which there was a long political conversation, was brought to a conclusion by the King "suddenly rising and taking his departure; on which the principal Queen not only showed herself, but a number of ladies—inferior queens, or ladies in waiting—took care to get a fair sight of our party, and show themselves in return. They were dressed in red dresses, and looked both pretty and saucy as they whisked themselves away."

During the conversation, the King introduced the Sa-yay-dau-gyee, a royal secretary of the Supreme Council, to Mr. Wheeler and Major McMahon, and told them that this officer had been instructed to accompany them to Bhamo (the extreme point of their voyage), and to attend to all their wants and comforts. He proved a very pleasant companion, and—doubtless in a great measure from his education—was the most intelligent and gentlemanly Asiatic Mr. Wheeler had ever met with. He had studied English for three years at the Devon College, Calcutta, after which he passed the years from 1859 to the beginning of 1867 in Paris; where, after devoting a year to the acquirement of French, he studied sciences for five years at the Pantheon, and graduated as B.A. and M.A., and then attended for three years the classes at the Central Imperial School of Arts and Manufactures, and obtained a diploma. The influence of a few energetic and well-edu-

cated young men like the Pangyet Woon*—for such is his official title—in a semi-civilized country like Burma, will probably be productive of much more real good than all our well-meant, though too often misdirected, missionary efforts.

Among the party on board when they left Mandalay was the Rev. J. E. Marks, who was proceeding to Bhamo with four of his pupils. We have already mentioned that he was a special favourite of the King; and on the present occasion was furnished by his Majesty with a gilt war boat, rowed by sixty men, in which he was conveyed to the steamer with great pomp.

On the third day of their voyage up the river (26th November) they anchored off Malay, a place occupied by a people, many of whom had never previously seen a steamer. "Men, women, and children, little boys and girls, babies in arms," were all freely admitted on board, and went about prying everywhere with eager and wondering eyes; while a crowd of strange objects, including a caravan of Shans and a Buddhist nun, in dirty white garments, gazed at the steamer from the shore. In consequence of a report that the inhabitants set an extraordinary value on empty bottles—especially soda-water bottles—a few were thrown overboard as an experiment; and then commenced "one of the most amusing scrambles that can possibly be imagined. Boys and girls threw off their garments, and dived or swam impetuously after the bottles—not throwing out their arms leisurely, like European swimmers, but paddling like dogs, only much more noisily. Meantime, mothers, wives, and sweethearts were urging on the competition for the bottles, and carrying them away in triumph immediately they were brought on shore, or safely landed on one or other of the numerous canoes that were plying about the steamer. Mr. Marks gave away some religious books and tracts, but they were regarded as things of small value in comparison with the bottles. One elderly official who accepted a book endeavoured to make a little capital by it. He assured Mr. Marks that he was anxious to peruse the work, and would do so directly he got home, provided that gentleman would favour him with a pair of spec-

tacles, as without spectacles he could not read the print."

On the afternoon of the same day, they arrived at a picturesque little place called Htee Kyine; and on a sandy reach lying before them a wooden shed was erected, in which a poey, or native theatrical entertainment, was to be performed in the evening. Having never seen a poey, Mr. Wheeler and several of the party landed about sunset with the view of witnessing the performance, the Pangyet Woon affording them all the necessary explanations.

As we may fairly assume that most of our readers have (like Mr. Wheeler) never seen a poey, we shall allow that gentleman to describe the performance:—"The main story of the majority of Burmese dramas is that of a prince who goes on foreign travel, and falls in love with the daughter of the King of some distant country; but, as the course of true love never runs smooth, the union is deferred for a long period in consequence of difficulties arising out of the opposition of the parents on either side. The scenes change from the palace to the forest, and back again, as the story progresses; and the entertainment is spread over an incredible length of time—occasionally four or five days—by choruses of ministers or ladies, interspersed with dancing and singing, and the occasional introduction of Nats, or guardian deities, and beloops, or demons; so that, after sitting a few hours, even the most curious European observer becomes somewhat wearied. The piece we saw was what might be called a low comedy, being especially intended for the amusement of the populace. The young ladies, and wags, and dancers of the village had been for some time engaged in preparing the performance, which was not originally intended for our benefit, but for enlivening a feast which was about to be celebrated. As, however, the steamer had arrived with Burmese and English officials, the local authorities appear to have determined to compliment us with a sort of dress rehearsal. Under the shed, a platform covered with cushions and carpets was reserved for visitors, but the Pangyet Woon kindly ordered chairs to be brought for our party. Before us was a space—about fifteen yards square—covered with mats, for the performance of the drama; and this was lighted by lamps and candles hanging from the roof, or attached to the poles which supported it. On one

* This title means "Governor of the Glass Manufactories;" but as there are no glass manufactories in Burma, it seems somewhat anomalous.

side of this area were the orchestra and green-room, which deserve especial notice. The music consisted of nondescript pipes; but the main instrument consisted of a big drum, shaped like the cask of Bacchus, and beaten at one end. Besides this drum, there was a strange sort of small enclosure, in which a man was engaged, in hammering a number of small gongs, of different sizes, so as to represent a scale. The green-room was a mere name, as all the mysteries of dressing and decoration are carried on with the most primitive simplicity before all the spectators. Around the sheds were crowds of eager spectators, and a more enthusiastic and appreciative audience could scarcely be conceived. After we had taken our seats, and the audience and performers, male and female, had lighted their long Burmese cheroots, the performance commenced with a somewhat jangling fantasia from the orchestra. Then a chorus of about twenty or thirty women came in, dressed in Burmese petticoats, with large yellow handkerchiefs, which they wore like shawls. This part of the performance consisted of a musical but metallic kind of chant, with measured steps, and much graceful waving of the arms and handkerchiefs. Then entered two dancing-girls, with spangled petticoats and silk handkerchiefs, who were adorned with a multiplicity of necklaces, and who began the regular Oriental dance, with a far greater amount of demonstrative gesture than was displayed in the choral dances, advancing and retreating, and singing the whole time, and placing their slight forms in the most ludicrous postures. Presently they imitated the actions of monkeys, and scratched their heads, and performed other indescribable antics, in a manner at once saucy and intensely amusing; indeed, our little party laughed almost as much as the Burmese audience, who fairly roared at the more striking absurdities. Next the girls imitated the action of cultivating rice, and preparing it; and then fought one another with a mirthful abandon which brought down shouts of merriment. Then four actors—representing the four principal Woons, or Ministers of State—came in, and commenced dancing and singing. After this two buffoons entered, and were followed by four ladies of the court; and then there was more dialogue and dancing, and most amusing by-plays between the ladies and the buffoons. One of the buffoons had made

secret love to each of the four ladies in turn, and was then reproached by each for his want of fidelity; and, finally, all four discovered the full extent of his perfidy, and beat and abused him in the most approved style. Then a prince came in, and a host of ministers and courtiers fell prostrate before him, and expressed their admiration of every sentence he uttered. The prince was dressed in shining clothes, to represent a coat of mail, and wore a very extraordinary hat. But by this time it was past eleven o'clock, and most of us returned to the steamer—but continued to hear the chanting and dancing, and frequent shouts of laughter, until a very late hour."

On the evening of Wednesday, the 30th of November, they anchored just below Bhamo, the extreme point of their voyage; and in the earlier part of the day they entered a defile, or gorge, which, for the beauty of the scenery, surpasses anything Mr. Wheeler—and he is a traveller of no small experience—ever beheld. "The river narrows in, whilst the banks on either side rise to a height of from five to eight hundred feet, and are covered with thick woods. The most striking part of the defile is a huge rock, which is called Monkey Castle, from the number of monkeys that hang about it. This is a vast perpendicular mass, rising apparently at least eight hundred feet above the glass-like river. It is impossible to describe our impressions of the grandeur of this wonderful defile. During the couple of hours we were passing through, there was a continual change. Sometimes the stream took a winding course between the elevated and precipitous banks, with their towering forests. At other places, we came upon a long vista of wood and stream. Here and there was a pagoda, or a village, or a few fishermen in a boat. On the whole, I do not remember any scene so calculated to please and astonish the eye, not by rude, wild precipices, but by glorious heights crowned with forests, and throwing their dark shades upon the smooth waters."

The life of the assistant political agent at Bhamo cannot be a very enviable one. Seven months had passed since Captain Strover—who now holds that office—had seen a European. He had been without cheroots for a month, without tea for two months, and without bread for seven months. He is never able to obtain beef or mutton, and fowls and milk are his chief, and gene-

rally his only diet. We can well understand his writing to Major McMahon on the night the steamer arrived, saying that he regarded the *Colonel Fytche* as "coming to the relief of Bhamo;" and we cannot wonder at his admission that "sometimes he feels a little dull."

The steamer was crowded with dirty Kachyens, broad-faced Chinese, China women with small children and still smaller feet, cheerful Shans and Burmese of all colours, and amongst the rest was "a little bald-headed Buddhist nun, who says she is thirty-five years of age; and we have ascertained that she is just three feet nine inches high, having carefully measured her against one of the piece goods. She is a very friendly dwarf, but very ugly. She brought presents of walnuts and pumpkins, and has been rewarded with rupees; and, above all, with a little dogskin jacket, which she wears with great satisfaction. The jacket fits her well, although made for Miss Ethel McMahon a year ago, when that young lady was at the age of six. Shortly after receiving the present, the nun sewed up the jacket in front; partly to prevent anybody from taking it away, and partly, it is believed, from a determination to wear it until death. The little daughter of Major McMahon has taken a great fancy to her, and even gone so far as to offer her a swing in a juvenile contrivance which has been hung upon deck. The nun, although very accommodating, is not prepared to undergo the ordeal. She smokes cheroots with great satisfaction, and lights them with lucifer matches in a masterly manner."

The Kachyens mentioned in the preceding paragraph are wild hill and jungle tribes, whose civilization is of a very low type. In religion they propitiate the *genius loci*—the spirit of the hill, the stream, or the village. They have a language of their own, but no form of writing. Some of their women came on board most grotesquely adorned, but far from handsome. Their heads are especially offensive; for the ladies never brush or comb their hair until they are married, and then only very slightly. Major McMahon endeavoured to take the portraits of some of them, but the difficulties he experienced were insuperable. "In the first instance, they declined to sit unless they were supplied with something to drink. They expressed a strong preference for brandy, but this was refused on moral and

prudential grounds. Two bottles of beer were then placed before them, when another complication arose. They could not open the bottles. It was said that only one corkscrew had ever been seen in the hills, and that this had been worshipped as a deity. Moreover, they apparently laboured under the impression that, if they carried away the beer, their gentlemen friends would exercise an arrogant prerogative over the weaker sex by drinking it themselves. No alternative was thus left but to open the bottles, and allow the ladies to drink the beer on the spot. Tin pots were produced in the shape of tins used for preserved provisions, with the labels still fresh upon them. Two of the more experienced ladies drank off their beer with great gusto. One solemn young lady drank more than her share, and was soundly thumped by her companions for such a violation of good manners. A still younger Dryad was more suspicious. She was evidently ignorant of the flavour of beer, and therefore took a small taste at first; which, meeting with approval, was followed by a considerable draught. But the attempt at portraiture proved a failure, notwithstanding the beer. The ladies would not sit still, and the crowd very became pressing and noisy. So the drawing materials were laid aside in despair."

Bhamo was once a wealthy emporium, but of late it has been dwindling away. In former times—till eighteen years ago—it was a chief town* in the route over the Kachyen Hills, towards Western China; but that country has since then been in an unsettled state; and it is not till order is restored, and the Panthays and Chinese settle down as friendly neighbours, that the old caravans

* According to the writer of the article on "Birra," in the English Cyclopædia, published in 1853, the principal fair then was at Bhamo (our Bhamo). The traffic was entirely carried on by the Chinese; who, using small horses, mules, and asses, imported copper, orpiment or yellow arsenic, quicksilver, vermilion, iron pans, brass wire, tin, lead, alum, silver, gold and gold leaf, earthenware, paints, carpets, rhubarb, tea, honey, raw silk, velvets and silks, spirits, musk, verdigris, dry fruits, paper, fans, umbrellas, shoes, wearing apparel, and some other commodities—raw silk being the largest article of import; while the exports consisted of raw cotton—to the annual extent of 14,000,000 lbs.—ornamental feathers, edible birds' nests, ivory, rhinoceros and deer horns, sapphires, serpentine, and British woollens. As the whole amount of this trade was estimated at from £400,000 to £700,000, it need not excite wonder that an attempt should be made by the present King to revive it.

from the East with silk, furs, and tea will again visit Bhamo, and return with piece goods and hardware to the far-off city of Talifoo.

Bhamo seems to be the farthest spot at which the great Irrawaddy continues to be fit for navigation—excepting by boats. The channel below the town is very shallow; and it was not till he had carefully sounded it that Captain Bacon ventured to steam up to the town, on the day following their arrival at an anchorage within sight of it. In fact, it was at one time a question whether the steamer would reach the intended destination.*

On Monday, December the 5th, about noon, the homeward voyage began, which was doubtless comparatively tedious. On the 9th they reached Mengoon—a little above Mandalay—where they saw what “is said to be the largest bell in the world, with the exception of the one at Moscow. Great Tom of Oxford, the great bell at St. Paul’s, and Big Ben at Westminster, are mere hand-bells in comparison with this big fellow at Mengoon,” which is twelve feet high, and more than sixteen feet in diameter at the lip, and could easily contain twenty people. They reached Mandalay about four p.m., and remained there till about the same hour on Monday, the 12th. On the morning of their departure, Mr. Wheeler and Major McMahon had another interview with the King, which lasted from half-past eleven till two, and is so interesting that, if space permitted, we would have gladly quoted a considerable part of it. We can, however, only notice in the shortest possible manner the topics

that were discussed. After complimentary remarks on both sides, the King hoped that the secretary had found out by personal observation that there is no hindrance to free trade; and stated that he had done all he could to resuscitate trade between Burma and China; and that he had also assisted English merchants who had placed themselves under his protection. He added that he did this “with the view of pleasing the English;” but that he did not know “whether the English Government is pleased with it or not.” After being assured that his efforts were appreciated, he proceeded to express his regret that the usages, customs, and notions of the English and Burmese are so different, and especially that he could not show his partiality to the English by conferring decorations which, he had been informed, they were not at liberty to accept. He then told a story wherein an elephant, a monkey, and a partridge agreed to be guided in all their doings by seniority. After a long discussion, the partridge established his claim. This fable was brought up to show that the Burmese—represented by the partridge—are of a more ancient date than all other nations, which are represented by the two other animals.

The interview concluded with a further expression of his regret concerning the restrictions as to decorations; and of his wish that he could have thus honoured the Governor-General of India, Mr. Wheeler, and others. But he feared that, if he conferred these tokens of his friendship, they might be refused and returned; and then, “what a shame it would be to a sovereign ruler!”

The voyage down the river occupied a week; and on the afternoon of Monday, 19th December, the party landed at Rangoon, “after one of the pleasantest trips imaginable.”

TABLE TALK.

I HAVE just been reading an account which illustrates the way in which Manchester men, when they do get a holiday, make the best use of it. That philanthropist, Mr. Cook, arranged last month for an excursion train from Manchester to London. About 500 came up by it. And this was the way they enjoyed themselves:—The train started at half-past twelve at night, and got into London at seven in the morning. No doubt most of them were broad awake

* In the article on “Birma,” referred to in the preceding note, it is stated that, “between Bhamo and Amarapura, the river is only navigable for small trading boats;” while higher up, from Manchi—a town of the Bor Khanti, between 27° and 28° N. lat., where it is 80 yards broad, and fordable—to Bhamo (Bhamo), a course of 350 miles, it is unnavigable except for small canoes. Hence, it must have required careful navigation to bring the steamer up to the point reached by our travellers. [Since this article went to press, we have received a copy of Major Sladen’s “Report on the Bhamo Route,” dated “India Office, May, 1871;” from which it appears that a steamer conveying Major Sladen’s exploring party, and commanded by Burmese officers, made the voyage from Mandalay to Bhamo in eight days, in January, 1868. It seems somewhat strange that Mr. Wheeler should not make the slightest allusion to this earlier voyage. His reticence may, however, be accounted for on the grounds that his “Journal” is at least semi-official, and is, therefore, restricted to his personal experiences.]

all night; indeed, the narrator speaks feelingly of the moonlight effects observed on the way. Fifty-seven of the pilgrims, detailing themselves from the main body, got an early breakfast near Farringdon-street, and started on their journey to see the sights. And this—tremble, weak-kneed Londoner!—was what they did in the first day:—Meat-market, Smithfield; Newgate Prison, the Holborn Viaduct, the Thames Embankment, Somerset House; Lambeth Palace, where they stopped to go over the Lollards' Tower; the Houses of Parliament, which they were shown over; Westminster Abbey, St. James's Park, Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park, and Rottenrow; Pall Mall, Trafalgar-square; the National Gallery, where they "inspected" all the pictures, alone a hard day's work for us degenerate mortals; St. Paul's Cathedral, where they heard the service; Paternoster-row, and the Tract Society's offices; the General Post Office, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the Custom House, Billingsgate Market, and Greenwich Hospital. Did the sun stand still on that day? It must have done, though I do not remember such a phenomenon taking place this year. The next day was comparatively calm. They merely "inspected"—after seeing Covent Garden Market—the South Kensington Museum and the International Exhibition, and then went straight to the Crystal Palace, where, unless their legs were made of iron, we must imagine them sitting down the whole time. And on Tuesday night they took the return train at eleven p.m., getting back to Manchester by seven on Wednesday morning. Is not this "something like a holiday?"

I THINK IT WAS the brilliant leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons who, in one of his romances, called a pigeon match "a tournament of doves." The current of opinion seems so set against the practice of shooting pigeons at so many yards' rise for sport, that its speedy decline may be predicted with certainty; and these most unsportsmanlike tournaments will, before the next generation take to their shoulders the guns of their fathers, have been consigned to the limbo that holds the ashes of such pastimes as cock-fighting and pugilism. Whatever may be said to the discredit of the pursuits of our idler class, it cannot be denied that they are, at the bottom, thorough Englishmen, and, as a consequence, sportsmen. Now, what is sport? Is knocking over eight

blue-rocks out of nine, with such precision of aim that they fall within the boundaries, properly to be called sport? Let us answer the first question, and that will dispose of the second. Sport was "diversion of the field" when the first dictionary of our language was made. Its meaning is hardly defined with such brevity. While the term "sport" certainly denotes "diversion of the field," it commonly connotes an element of skill, of hardship, of danger, of chance, of generosity, and of courage; and up to a certain point, to a true sportsman, the enjoyment of a sport increases in the ratio of its danger and difficulty. Now, in the pigeon-shooting there is little chance for the bird to escape; no generosity in giving fair play; no courage is requisite; and no danger is to be feared. The skill displayed by the expert marksman is the only sporting element in the affair. But there is an element of gambling, more attractive, perhaps, than honest sport. There are bets to be won at it, and trophies to be carried away. There is no cruelty in the game, but there is no kindness. Every true sportsman is a kindly man, and a lover of fair play. Our greatest living traveller has said:—"I have had great experience in the characters of *thorough* sportsmen, and I never saw *one* that was not a straightforward, honourable man, who would scorn to take a dirty advantage of man or animal." These are bold words, but they are true; and it is because the members of the Hurlingham Club do take a dirty advantage of the birds, and don't shoot them in fair field, that pigeon matches are unworthy of the sportsman, and deserve the countenance of a no English lady or gentleman. If pigeons are poultry, let them be treated as poultry, if they are game, as game. Let them have a fair fly for it. There is something like a man and an Englishman in earning an appetite and a dinner in pursuit of grouse and partridge, but not in potting tame pheasants or trapped rocks.

"Now for our mountain sport up to yon hill;
Your legs are young—"

and leave Hodge to find pigeons for the pies.

*Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.
Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent.
The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.*

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

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UNDER THE HATCHES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—I.



I SUPPOSE most people have heard of the old College of Harchester. I sincerely hope their experience is limited to hearsay; for when the events I am

about to relate took place—many, many years ago—it was simply Hades upon earth; and, as a rule, its inmates conducted themselves in direct opposition to the motto of the founder, which told how manners were the making of the man. I hear people talk and sigh over their school days as the happiest of their lives. *Non equidem invidio, miror magis.* All I can say is, they must have been exceedingly fortunate; for, in the days I write of, I do not believe there was a public school in England which was not a hotbed of vice, cruelty, and the worst passions of juvenile nature. I cordially detested—and, indeed, do now, when I think of it—that period of my life.

Yet, it was a fine old place. The old town, with its old historical associations; the old cathedral, with its fine old avenue of elms; the gray buildings of the school; the clear trout stream, winding through luxurious meadows up to and underneath its very walls; the green hills around, whence Cromwell thundered on the town beneath; the old palace crumbling to decay. Even now, when rushing by in an express train, I cannot help admiring and shuddering at the same time.

Harchester College is, after the manner of many monastic institutions, founded on

the strictest scriptural principles. There are twelve fellows, as there were twelve apostles; seventy boys represent the seventy elders, as sixteen choristers do the four major and twelve minor prophets; but, except in the numbers, there used to be little other resemblance to their ancient prototypes. Thus, it might, and often did, happen that an elder feloniously did abstract and convert to his own use an apostle's favourite duck, on which occasion the apostle spared not the rod; and the elders had to wait on the prophets at meals, to clean their shoes, and perform other menial offices—as fagging at cricket, and introducing, surreptitiously, articles of luxury, such as pickles and rum shrub, which at that time was our favourite vintage.

I was not on the foundation myself, but a non-gownsmen, of which select body there were nearly one hundred and fifty; and bitter were the hatred, envy, and malice engendered between these youthful Montagues and Capulets; as we considered ourselves highly aristocratic, and looked down with supreme contempt on the plebeian fellows who wore gowns, because their education was not as expensive as ours, and for other reasons equally founded on gentlemanlike feeling and good sense.

The non-gownsmen were under the surveillance of the head master, in whose house we were all boarded; and a pretty large one too, you will say—and so it was; and if ever any non-gownsmen should be compelled, from circumstances over which he has no control, to pass the remainder of his days in a workhouse, I have no doubt that the inside, outside, and general arrangements of that useful institution will recall to his mind the school of his youth, to the considerable advantage of the former.

The head master I neither revered nor esteemed. As I have reason to believe that this is not an uncommon state of feeling between master and pupil, it has ceased to

afford me any astonishment. One accomplishment he possessed in a high degree, and that was an admirable taste for music. He had a sweet and beautiful voice; and to hear him chant the services—we always intoned in chapel—was a real musical treat. I remember thinking that he paid more attention to his notes than to the boys; and in all his actions, it appeared as if his favourite art was never absent from his mind. He flogged—and very hard, too—in three-four time, observing accurately the proper pause between each cut; and the apple-twigs, under his harmonious administration, made gentle music in the air, as they descended on the prostrate form of the unhappy patient.

You would declare, as he marched into school, that he was humming some favourite quick-step; and when he was scolding, however severely, you could not help regretting that there was not an obligato of violas and flutes, so entrancing was his recitative. Often, on a Sunday night, when some gruff, hoarse-toned boy, in singing the Psalms, made sad havoc with time and tune, and totally perverted the original intentions of the composer, might you hear that clear tenor coming to the rescue, gently lifting up the wounded notes, as it were, on his own, and bearing them out of harm's way to the vaulted roof.

Jugg, the professional *basso profundo*, was dreadfully jealous of the Doctor. He had no reason to be; for to hear him sing "Luther's Hymn" as a solo would have been a caution to Formes himself. He once observed, with tears in his eyes—partly, I suspect, composed of brandy and water—"That he would be the contrary to blessed if he'd come and sing again, if certain parties which should be nameless persisted in taking the bread"—and notes—"out of his mouth. If some reverend gents didn't know what was doo to the profession, he did, he could tell them. He warn't going to be stuck up there in a confounded night-gown"—the singing men wore surplices—"to be made a laughing-stock of."

The gownsmen were under the superintendence of the provost and second master; and as it is with the latter my story has chiefly to do, I will describe him more particularly presently. A mild, good, excellent giant was the provost—a genuine specimen of the old-fashioned English clergyman and gentleman. I wish we had a few more of

them now; but the breed is nearly, if not quite, extinct. He always kept his hands in his pockets—probably to relieve, with greater promptitude, the worthy poor, who never sued in vain. His great peculiarity was that he was hardly ever able to complete his sermon: as he could not read his own writing, he almost always had to bring it abruptly to a close; but, the next day, would laugh his hearty, jolly, honest laugh, which, for my part, I always thought more musical than the melodious, but insincere, cackinnations of the Doctor.

The fellows we hardly ever saw, except on Founder's Day, when they came to draw their revenues. The foundation of Harchester is the richest in England, so they were tolerably well off—holding a school living in addition to their fellowship, and luxurious chambers in the quadrangle. Still, I have no doubt that in their own estimation they were dreadfully poor, as they ought to have been, according to the statutes made and provided in that behalf by St. Genulphus, the founder; and I used often to wonder how they would have got on without the opportune charity of the Saint, as in those days very few of them held more than three livings at one time.

On the day set apart for commemorating the munificence of the founder, they all attended chapel, and one generally preached. The Rev. Mr. Slowman officiated three times while I was there; and I have a lively recollection of his sermons, which, curious to relate, were always written on the same subject, and in the same words. The subject was the Prodigal Son; but whether his discourse was framed for our benefit, or whether he had secured some peculiar information respecting the early life of St. Genulphus, which led him to believe that that saint was a long time sowing his wild oats, and so preached at him—or rather his spirit, which he said was then present with us—I know not. One thing I do know is, that he began in this manner:—"Although there is every reason to suppose that the return of the Prodigal Son was hailed with every demonstration of delight and welcome by his disconsolate parents, still there can be no reasonable doubt that he was a very dissipated young man."

Christopher Andrews was the second master. He had been a sort of admirable Crichton in his day, at Oxford. He was a double first, had been stroke of the eight,

and captain of the University eleven. Excelling, as he did, in all sports and athletic exercises, he ought to have been a good fellow. But he was not. He had a few favourites, whom he pushed forward in an unfair manner; and several favourite aversions, whom he kept back with equal injustice. He would intrigue with the craftiness of a Mazarin to keep a boy he disliked out of a prize, or low in his form; nor did he disdain to mix himself up with the school politics—who should be bowler in the eleven, or captain of football—if he could advance the interests of one of his toadies. It was marvellous that a man of his parts should have been so extraordinarily deficient in knowledge of the world. He had no more idea of governing boys than I have of managing a monastery; and yet he had those very qualities which boys admire, and which might have made him a second Arnold, if he had been equal to the occasion.

In the same form as myself, of which Andrews was master, was a boy called Geoffry Rollington. He was my great chum, as we had gone through the school together, till we had reached our then tolerably high position. I had often spent my holidays with him in Devonshire, as he had with me in London. You would hardly have met with a handsomer boy; and he had just that touch of haughtiness which goes so well with the real blue blood, but degenerates into impertinent swagger when attempted by the *parvenu*. Geoffry was an only son, and, if he died without issue, Mosstowers would go to a distant cousin, who was supposed to be earning an honourable but precarious livelihood in Australia by cleaning boots and performing the meritorious duties of a hostler. Mr. Rollington was therefore anxious that his son should get through his school and University career as soon as possible, and marry and settle down at Mosstowers, and rear a numerous progeny about him.

I never could understand Andrews's feeling for Rollington. At times, he appeared to be quite fond of him; at others, he would never miss an opportunity for annoyance. I have an idea that he liked him, in spite of himself; but that he was jealous of his birth and breeding, as snobs will be of gentlemen, and of his influence amongst the boys. I must confess that Rollington never concealed his dislike and contempt for him, even when Andrews was going in for conciliation; and

if Rollington's fingers ached from writing impositions, Andrews's shins were black and blue from the balls Rollington managed to direct there, when bowling in matches against him.

We were both then nearly seventeen, and couldn't well be flogged, so punishments had to be devised for us; and we certainly would both have rather undergone personal chastisement than be "gated" on a holiday, or than have to write out a couple of hundred lines of Homer, as there was no friendly barber or tailor to write them for us there—as I afterwards found there was at Oxford.

Once a week, we had to do what was called a "verse task"—in other words, a Latin poem on a given subject. Rollington and I used to find the "*Musæ Etonenses*" an exceedingly useful work from which to borrow ideas; and, as a proof how steadily guilt increases, from borrowing ideas—which we never repaid—we took the words, and then we took whole lines, and then we stole whole paragraphs. Now, one day, when, for some reason or another, I was exempted from the verse task, Rollington had forgotten that Andrews himself was an Etonian, and possibly did not know that he had been an occasional contributor to that volume. If I remember aright, the "*Musæ*" were published anonymously. He discovered a poem, then, the greater part of which exactly suited the subject which had been that day set. This he appropriated; and, as Sheridan's gipsies did to the stolen child, slightly disfigured the verses to make them like his own, and sent them in. The result of these poetic labours was not known for some ten days or a fortnight afterwards, so every one was always in a great state of suspense—similar, no doubt, to that a contributor feels when he sends in his first article, and trembles lest it be refused. On the appointed day, then, Andrews walked into the school, with the verse tasks in his hand and a sardonic grin on his countenance, and sat down in his large chair with a bump of satisfaction.

The tasks were arranged in the order the boys were in the form, so that the head boy would be the first to hear his fate.

"Jenkins, a very fair task: no very great originality of thought, but shows pains, and probable improvement in the future. Keep your place. Jones junior, as usual, careless—two false concords, three false quantities,

and the minimum quantity of lines. Lose six places. Rollington, I have put upon this, 'Go to the bottom, do a *hoo* task, stand up for a week'—your own conscience will tell you why."

"Do you mean, sir, because I have borrowed a few lines from the 'Musæ Etonenses?'"

"Yes, I do, Rollington; and though I feel exceedingly flattered at the distinction conferred upon me, the next time you—what you are pleased to call—borrow from that book, you had better favour some other author. I wrote the poem from which you stole, Rollington."

"Very likely, sir," said Rollington, blazing with wrath; "only there's not much harm done. You took most of yours from Virgil and other authors, and I took them second-hand from you. It was an error of judgment, I own."

"Sir," said Andrews, in a towering passion, "you will learn the first book of the 'Æneid' by heart, and will not go out till you have repeated it to me."

We looked at the book afterwards, and found that Andrews had decidedly taken Virgil and others *as his model*, but not to the extent Rollington had insinuated.

This affair caused a prodigious sensation. To drop from nearly the head of a form of sixty boys to the bottom, and to stand up there, was such a rare occurrence, that it could not escape the notice of the rest of the school; and the Doctor, who heard the buzz of excitement at the other end of the room—the school-room is ninety feet long and sixty broad—sent a monitor to request the pleasure of Geoffry's company after school. When the Doctor had learnt what it was all about, he requested Geoffry to hand over the unfortunate copy of the "Musæ Etonenses." In vain Geoffry protested that the book wasn't his: he had to give it up, and the Doctor confiscated it there and then. Curious to say, although he knew it was mine, he never returned it when I left. I suppose he had forgotten all about it.

After this, there was a deadly hatred on the part of Rollington towards Andrews. The latter, strange to say, began to conciliate him in every way he could; but it was of no use—Rollington would only hold that intercourse with him which discipline required. He would bowl to him occasionally, when asked; and as Andrews made it a point of honour never to wear pads, the crack of

the ball on his shins, like that of a rifle, might be heard all over the playing fields.

I do not mean to defend Rollington's conduct—it was, of course, schoolboyish; but we thought it very spirited at the time, and that it showed extraordinary pluck and determination. My belief is, that Andrews owned to himself that he had begun by being unjust to the boy; and, instead of telling him so honestly, attempted these extra-conciliatory measures, which made Rollington dislike him the more.

"Look," he said—"I do everything I can to vex and annoy him, and he actually asked me to dine with him last leave-out day. He is as unjust in his favouritism as he is in his dislikes. I never spoke to him, though, unless he spoke to me first. I shouldn't have gone, unless I had been obliged to. Hang the beggar, what does he want to toady me for?"

I suppose nearly every one will agree with me, that it is of greater advantage to a public school to have a gentleman and man of the world at its head, than the most accomplished scholar. In my day, the system pursued at Harchester was conducive neither to good manners nor good scholarship. The Doctor established a sort of police *extra muros*; and whatever tales these men chose to bring him—as that Cunard was always attending the billiard rooms, or that Grogan passed the afternoon at the Spotted Dog, *lôte-à-lôte* with a bowl of punch and a long clay pipe: this was a very favourite amusement, and I have never tasted such good punch since—the spy's word was always taken in preference to the boy's. I remember, on one occasion, one of these fellows swore he had seen a boy in the town, who, fortunately for him, was enabled to prove that at that time he was locked up in his tutor's room writing an imposition; but the Doctor wouldn't believe his word against the spy's, till the tutor himself came forward, and said he had locked him in, and put the key in his pocket.

So, in fact, there was a low tone and bad feeling throughout the school. Each one distrusted the other. It was impossible to tell whether your bosom friend wasn't waiting for your lapse from virtue to curry a little favour with the authorities. A kind of feeling of insecurity mingled with a desire to be up and doing something indefinable. Such a feeling, I fancy, pervades a people on the eve of a revolution. There was no

doubt an *émeute* might take place at any moment, if the occasion presented itself; and that occasion the sagacity of the authorities very shortly supplied.

It was about the middle of May, which happened to be a very hot one, that they opened a large drain in the middle of the school quadrangle. The mistake was discovered directly it was done—the odour was horrible. Then, in a day or two, came the results. One boy fell ill, then another, then two or three. At last, the rooms devoted to the sick were full, and others had to be supplemented. Then it was known that twenty or thirty boys were down with scarlet fever. A sort of panic ensued, and a deputation of the senior boys went to the Doctor. I don't know whether he was panic-stricken himself; but he certainly, during the crisis, displayed very contemptible qualities. He said that no boy should leave before the end of the half. That night a boy died. This event hastened matters; and although we were not all entrusted with the secret of what was going on, we could guess pretty well that something was in the wind.

I had been suffering from a slight accident, which kept me to my room; so that I was not in the conspiracy, nor did I even hear of it before it broke out. As I was lying awake one night, I heard mysterious movements and suppressed voices; but these I attributed to the peregrinations of the facetious gentleman who used to go about pulling the boys out of their beds on to the floor.

The next morning, however, there was tremendous excitement amongst the uninitiated. The conspirators had done their work very completely. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's novel of "The Plague of London" had lately been published, and inspired the boys to imitate or parody some of the incidents mentioned in that work. The walls were covered with red crosses, with the legend, "Lord have mercy upon us!" On the head master's door was painted a skull and cross-bones, in the highest style of art, with the following inscription underneath—

"O! MISERY!
WE SHALL ALL DIE!
Woe! Woe!"

And all the locks of the doors leading to and from the quadrangles and courts had been tampered with in such a manner as to prevent their being opened, in consequence

of which there was no school, and we had no lessons. The masters could do nothing, as the whole school was in a state of open rebellion. The monitors, without actual disaffection, worked in so sullen a manner that the authorities thought it better to leave them alone, lest they were provoked into open revolt. Of course, all this could not have happened if they had been loyal; and as the masters were not numerous enough to be off, each to a separate district, so to speak, it was very easy to evade them. Nobody knew who the ringleaders were—I don't to this day—and the secret was certainly admirably kept. At night, bonfires were lit in the various courts, and a venturesome small boy stole the dinner bell, rang it under the Doctor's window, and, in an absurd attempt at a gruff voice, cried out—

"Bring out your dead!"

One part of the performance—and one, it must be confessed, in exceedingly bad taste—took place in front of Andrews's windows. Two long boxes, in which cricket bats were kept, had been arranged on trestles, and covered with black cloth to look like a coffin. I fear this idea was borrowed from a neighbouring island. At its head was a tombstone, in cardboard, on which were painted the name and titles of Andrews, with a very uncomplimentary epitaph, which I refrain from reproducing. At a given signal, blue fire, immediately followed by red, lit up the scene, on which appeared the rustic's time-honoured ghost, made with a turnip and sheet, surrounded by supposed demons, wielding red-hot pokers, who, dancing wildly about the ghost, and thrusting at him with their pokers, were intended to typify Andrews's discomfort in a *post mortem* situation. The boys were more angry with Andrews than even the Doctor, as it was his fault that the drain had been opened, and his influence that kept us up instead of going home. However, even under greater provocation, such a proceeding was wholly unjustifiable; and I can only excuse the boys on the grounds that they were led on to these excesses through fright, anger, and recklessness. Perhaps they hardly expected the success their escapade had; for while they were executing this grotesque dance of death, after Ainsworth, one of the windows looking into the court was raised by Andrews, who evidently was struggling to contain his passion.

"Boys," he said, "I don't know who was

the inventor and perpetrator of this ghastly outrage; but, whoever it was, let him beware, lest he has presaged his own fate and not mine in this shocking travestie."

The masque was brought to a speedy conclusion—and within a few days the school was empty, the boys had carried their point, and were sent home.

TRADITIONARY USAGE OF OLD MAIDS.

OLD maids have so long been the butt for playful ridicule on the part of the more fortunate members of society not included in that category, that it is time, we think, in the name of all true gallantry, that somebody took up the cudgels on their behalf. Male cynics, with decidedly strong opinions on woman's rights agitations, in which certain elderly spinsters delight to dabble, will perhaps tell us that those ladies are tolerably well able to take care of themselves. But all middle-aged ladies of the unmarried state are not platform orators, and it is to the less unobtrusive old maids to whom we propose to devote a little attention in this paper. Old maids have long been persecuted, with a barbarism worthy of the dark ages. Comic journals have made them stock-in-trade; and whether it be in the drawing-room, on the sea sands, or at the pic-nic party, the inevitable maiden aunt, with the orthodox horror of all flirtations on the part of her younger and more engaging nieces, asserts her unwelcome presence. Tradition, too, has always associated the old maid with cats and parrots, on which she is supposed to lavish that affection which she doles out so sparingly among her own kindred. She is supposed to be a sort of female Ishmael, with every one's hand raised against her, and her hand raised against every one. Scandal is her especial forte. It is the study of her existence, and she is eminently proficient therein. Now, all this is very well in its way; but can nothing be said for the defence? There is a certain well-known adage, that "nothing succeeds like success," which, taken from the negative side, means that nothing is so wretched as failure. If a man fails in life, he does not find himself basking too warmly in the congratulatory smiles of the world at large. People are apt to indulge in a sneer at the expense of the unfortunate, and to put down his

misfortune as his own fault. It is much the same way, we fancy, with old maids. For some reason or other, they have failed in the matrimonial market; and it is an unpleasant fact that their own sex are the most sarcastic towards them. The great object of every woman's life is to get married; and if she fails in that object, she is looked upon, in the eyes of every other woman who is married, as having failed in life. Of course, she has thrown away her chances. She might have easily been married long ago if she had liked. But she was a flirt; she played ducks and drakes with hearts innumerable; until, now, she finds the world has turned against her, and she is left on the shelf. She sees, when too late, the mistake she has made. She forgets the sad old truth that beauty does not last for ever. Such is the general tenor of the world's insinuations with regard to the unfortunate unwedded lights of other days.

But there is a philosophy in this matter, as in all others on this subliminary sphere. We once came across a curious old book, which—like many old books, but unlike most new ones of the present day—contained some very novel and original conceits. In this book, old maids were divided into classes, somewhat after the Linnæan system in botany. First came the involuntary old maids—the largest class, by the bye, and the one against which the world at large mostly rails. These are the ladies who have thrown away their chances; who, rich in charms, have coquetted them away, and like the bee, sipping sweets from flower to flower, have gloried in the admiration and heart-burnings of Adonises without number, until the lovers waxed weary of such trifling, and took to themselves plainer, perhaps, but more faithful damsels. And now, the heyday of her fascinations past, the heartless flirt is left astrand—an involuntary old maid. It were ungracious to dwell upon the errors of the past, so we will pass on to the voluntary old maids. Now, unfortunately, this is a class in which the cynical, who look at all things from a material point of view, are loath to believe. But that there are many women who remain spinsters from their own desire we all know. Love is a holy and sublime passion; but true love, either in man or woman, seldom comes more than once in a lifetime. We do not speak of what is commonly called first love. It is a common and trite saying, that first

love is the one and only true affection of our lives. This is true; but first love, in its sterling sense, is not such an everyday matter as most people are fond of supposing. Hundreds of young people just entering into life fall into one another's company. Susceptibility of temper, pleasant smiles, and quiet walks, go a long way in love-making; and many of us, looking back on those youthful, romantic days, remember when we fancied we were in love with some fair damsel whom we have long forgotten, and who has probably forgotten us. But first love, in its real acceptation, is only when two hearts yearn involuntarily towards one another, with a longing which is ever unquenchable. The love of a man or a woman sufficiently matured in the world's experiences to have some method in their madness, is always the most valuable, because it is deeper and more lasting than the passing fancy of exuberant youth. But love of this sort is not so common, after all—especially in this go-ahead age. The familiar old adage says that every Jack has his Jill; but the truth remains that many Jacks go through the world without meeting their especial Jills. Thus many, both men and women, marry for marrying's sake. Love of a certain sort grows upon them; but it is not the love for which the heart, from its inmost workings, has long lingered for its object. This, then, explains the voluntary old maid. Many a woman with a noble heart, who only waited for the shrine wherein to repose it, in all sweet truthfulness and simplicity, has seen the years pass by her, and "yet no sail." She may have met many whom she liked, and respected with the affection of a friend; but no one for whom alone she cared to live or die. And these are the pleasantest of old maids. They have never loved, and they have never been disappointed. Their tempers are not roused by any bitter reflections: and they mingle in society in a sensible, genial sort of manner, like other folk—regretting nothing in the past, and content to wait for the future.

The next on our list is the class of forced old maids. These are the women who have loved and lost. The man of their hearts has, perhaps, died before his time; and the hopes, affections, anticipations of many a loving hour are buried in the grave. And to take a more prosaic, and, unfortunately, too human case—possibly the gentlewoman has given her heart away—in utter confidence,

such as only true love knows—to find, after all, that her love was but sacrificed to a false god. What wonder, then, if the forced old maid has somewhat of the bitterness of human nature in its disappointed aspect in her manner? One more class must not be referred to in any but a very gentle fashion. This is the necessarily old maids. But as our old author insinuates that there are some ladies whose deficiency in outward charms is sometimes a slight bar to their matrimonial prospects, and as we all know that beauty is the inevitable privilege of the fair sex, we must cancel this last class, most indignantly, from the category.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXI.

CARES AND ANXIETIES.

I SAW Harry hesitate a moment, and there was a half-smile on his countenance, which I could not but interpret in a manner that was especially mortifying to me. And for the present I must bear this annoyance silently; for how could I explain, when to explain would be to wound his honest heart to the core? And so I stood—bearing out, no doubt, in my manner every thought that Harry had concerning me.

Clarinda afterwards told me that he had said he had interrupted a parting between Sir Everard and me, and that he had half a mind to have withdrawn—at which idea Clarinda laughed immoderately.

"Oh, dear," said she, "how men are deceived!"

"And women too," I could not help adding.

"What do you mean?" said she.

"I wish we were well out of this," I answered; "and that neither I nor you had ever seen Sir Everard Tylney."

"Ha!" said she, sharply, "is what I once foretold coming to pass, and Mistress Grace Selwode losing her heart where she finds it of no avail?"

"I am in no humour for jesting, Clarinda," I replied. "Your foolish imprudence may end more seriously than you think. I have no better opinion of Sir Everard than I ever had, and am more confirmed in my belief that he is a dangerous person."

"Pooh! my dear—if you are thinking of

plotting, he is as deep in any scheme against those in power as my father, or Harry, or any one else; so that need not distress you. If one is in danger, another is; so that he will be careful enough about keeping counsel."

"Plotting!" said I, aghast. "I was not thinking of anything of the kind."

"Well," said she, "if you were not, you may rest in peace for some time; since Sir Everard is going away, and won't be heard of in England for three months, certainly. I don't know exactly where he is going, or what he is going to do; but my father has been writing to Jack privately, and Jack has got some letter or pass that is to be of great service to Sir Everard—something, I suppose, from the Duke, who little knows he is obliging his bitter enemies."

"Jack!" I exclaimed. "Surely, Jack has nothing to do with these political schemes! Surely, they won't draw him in—and against the Duke, too! He will be ruined. How can my father—how can Harry—bring poor Jack in?"

"How suspicious you are, Grace, and how you jump at conclusions, and how you exaggerate. You would never do for a conspirator. Now, I enjoy the thing vastly; and my lace ruffles, and lappets, and furbelows have stood me in good stead in paying visits to Mistress Masham, to say nothing of sundry presents that my father has supplied. And then, 'tis good sport to elude the vigilance of the Duchess, who has her spies all over the palace, and is now keeping a sharper look out than ever at Windsor. Nevertheless, Mr. Harley is more wily than she, and the Queen hearkens to his counsels at hours when the Duchess is safe in the arms of Somnus, as Sir Everard would say—that is, if her Grace ever permits herself to go to sleep."

"But about Jack?" said I.

"I know nothing about Jack, and I don't trouble—and I advise you not to trouble either—about matters that you don't understand. All these things come right somehow or other; and Jack's standing with the Duke will prevent any suspicion from resting upon him."

"And what does Harry think of it all?" I asked.

"Oh, Harry hasn't very much to do with it now. He was mightily interested just at first; but since your friend, Mr. Lydgate, has been with him so much, he has fallen off a

good deal, which I greatly attribute to Mr. Lydgate's influence. Mr. Lydgate's a dangerous man, and will stand in the pillory yet, as his friend Mr. Defoe did."

"And will deserve it as little," said I.

"Heyday!" exclaimed Clarinda, "are you going over to the enemy too? Though if Harry were as sharp as I am, he would see that you care more for one word of Mr. Lydgate's—fanatical ultra-revolutionist as he is—than for all the fine speeches that Sir Everard can make you."

"And if I do," I answered, "'tis because the one is an honest man, and the other a man of no principle—one whom I hate and despise, and despise myself for keeping on terms with; only you know too well how necessary 'tis to do so."

"If you mean on my account," replied Clarinda, "you may spare yourself the trouble. I have come to the conclusion that I do not care about my ringlet; for Sir Everard is too devoted to make any mischief about it. Indeed, I think 'tis an entire invention of your brain, and that the man has no thought of harm; and that 'tis wicked and unchristian of you to suspect him as you do."

I gazed at Clarinda in amaze, not knowing whether to feel pity or anger. Was it possible that she was so infatuated? or was Sir Everard playing a double part with such consummate skill as to deceive both of us? I was almost inclined to tell her of my interview with Sir Everard; and yet, though I had given no promise not to do so, I seemed bound by something indefinable in my own feelings that was stronger than any promise. I had just received a note from Sir Everard, put into my hands by my little country maid, Jenny, who thought it as fine a thing as her mistress to go to London, though her only knowledge of it was through the history of Sir Richard Whittington, which causes her, I believe, to look upon Thomas, the boot boy, as a future Lord Mayor. Whether she herself designs to figure as Lady Mayoress, I do not know; but these young girls have their romances as well as we of a higher class; consequently, when Sir Everard gave her his note, and told her not to tell any one about it, and to ensure her fidelity gave her a silver crown, she concluded at once that 'twas a love affair, and took a tender interest accordingly.

"I would have done as he told me without any money, Mistress Grace," said she;

"for sure you know that I would never tell anything I promised not to tell?"

I was somewhat angered with the maiden; and yet how could I chide her, since appearances were so against me?—and then, 'twas not dignified to explain to a waiting-maid—so I let it pass.

Jenny is now full of the thoughts of the bunch of ribands she will buy with her present. And so her head is beginning to be turned, as every one's else is who comes up to town.

Sir Everard's note was short. "He might not have an opportunity of speaking with me again; and he wished to request me to keep the conversation we had had private, ere I finally pronounced my cruel sentence against him." He did not actually threaten anything, in case my decision should not be revoked; and yet, through the whole, I plainly seemed to see that there was something hanging over my head if I thwarted him. And since these later fears that Clarinda's speech had put into my head, I felt more than ever that I must—at any rate, for awhile—keep on good terms with Sir Everard.

I did not see him again, and no one said where he had gone. My own ideas pointed to the Continent; and I often lay awake wondering what possible harm could happen to my father or Jack through their connection with his movements. I knew they were both loyal subjects, and would do nought against her Majesty, but only against her Government; and I wondered how far such attempts might be accounted treasonable.

At one time I thought I would confide in Uncle Oliver; at another time, that I would ask Mr. Lydgate concerning different matters. And then, again, I felt doubtful as to what good I might do; for I knew Uncle Oliver would be terribly fretted about my father; and Mr. Lydgate was so opposed to our principles that he might use the hints my questions would naturally suggest to our disadvantage, and the good of his own party.

I was glad enough when my mother came; for though I could not tell her of all my fears and troubles, yet she was near at hand to help in case they should come to a climax, when there would no longer be need for concealment—for to that, I had no doubt, it would some time come.

"Your roses don't bloom quite so fresh as at Selwode," said she to me when we met.

"I thought the change was to work such wonders."

"People look paler in town," said I. "They sit up later, and have more sights to see than we have in the country."

"And so pleasures make them look anxious, and a little sad too, child—is that it?" said she, as she kissed me fondly. "We must bring your colour back again when we go home to Selwode."

But that was not to be just yet, for my father had determined upon taking a house in London for the present.

"'Twas more convenient," he said, "to be on the spot; for posts and messengers were not always trustworthy, and were oft-times tedious."

I perceived that my mother was not in favour of the arrangement; though, as usual, she did not oppose my father. But I saw that she watched him with much anxiety, and endeavoured to soften his testiness—for he was more testy than ever. Perhaps 'twas owing to the fever of excitement that was upon him; perhaps, also, to the necessity of being cautious, and curbing any hasty speech—and to this sort of control my father was but little accustomed, being too apt to speak rashly and unadvisedly.

For my own part, I was not sorry at the turn things had taken. Summer would soon be over, and the leaves begin to fall away from the trees at Selwode. And, to tell the truth, I was beginning to find Mr. Lydgate's visits very pleasant; and when I had thought of going home, I thought, too, of how much I should miss them.

I had begun to think that his fancy for the Lady Mary must be one of those dream-likes that poets often indulge in—a sort of theory that he endeavoured to make practical, through burning the incense of his poetic thoughts before a visible image—perhaps the first Eden-like breathings of the great power that holds so great a mastery over human souls.

Then, too, it had appeared to me that Mr. Lydgate had been somewhat distant since the morning he had met with Sir Everard; and I should not care to go away with any impression of coldness between us; for those impressions magnify if they are suffered to remain, and now I might have an opportunity of dispelling any unfriendly thought he might have of me.

I was glad also that Clarinda and Harry would be at Windsor, so that Clarinda

could make no comments upon Mr. Lydgate, which were very annoying to me, as Mr. Lydgate has no thought of anything but pure friendship. But, for all that, I should have disliked to offend him more than any one in the world. Then, too, Uncle Oliver has so good an opinion of him; and Uncle Oliver has the opportunity of seeing so many clever people that he is in no danger of being imposed upon by imitations; and I can see that, though Sir Everard makes a brilliant show, he hath not half the real wit that Mr. Lydgate hath. I wish to stand well with Uncle Oliver's friends, for Uncle Oliver's sake.

Mem.—After I have writ the passage above, it seems to me that there is something that jars in it. It is not exactly false, and yet there is something not quite true. I have certainly been trying to bring myself to believe that Mr. Lydgate hath only a friendship for me; and yet I have been startled once or twice by a sudden look, which makes me sometimes think that perhaps, *only perhaps*—(or I do not think I should have said that about pure friendship)—that he may have the beginning of a deeper interest. One cannot help these thoughts coming up sometimes, however one may try to drive them away. Then, too, I have found out that 'twas indeed Mr. Lydgate who sent me the beautiful white flowers; and so I have kept a sprig of the jessamine very carefully, having pressed it between the pages of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," just at the part where Rosalind sings her dirge over the unconscious form of St. Anthony, whom she supposes to be dead. The stem has left a green mark upon one of the verses—

"Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die.
Dead is the Knight who for my sake is slain.
Dead is the Knight for whom my careful cry,
With wounded soul, for ever shall complain.
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart awhile before I die."

I was a little vexed when I found what the lines were; for I get superstitious at times, and have a half-belief in signs and omens. And 'twas just after I had been more than usual fearful over Sir Everard that I placed the sprig in the book, without noticing where I laid it; and the next day I found the stain deepest across the second line of the stanza.

Perhaps 'tis foolish of me to lay so much stress upon these accidents; but I cannot

divest myself of the idea that the beings in the unseen world around us are constantly on the watch, and are striving to give us warning and encouragement, if we would but heed them.

I was talking about this feeling to Mr. Lydgate, and I find him not disinclined to it himself; and he says that Mr. Defoe has great belief in the spiritual communings of angels, as we call them—not knowing whom God may appoint to be his ministers and messengers. But that there are such guardians appointed, he thinks, is well assured from Holy Scripture; and there is no doubt that the idea is held by divines of all parties.

Mr. Lydgate has said so much to me of this Mr. Defoe, that I have a strong desire to see him; and I wonder almost that Uncle Oliver has not known more of him.

Mr. Defoe is in Scotland now; but when he comes to England again, Mr. Lydgate says he will take means for me to see him. He is a strong Nonconformist, though all his views are orthodox—that is to say, in accordance with the views held by the moderate churchmen; and he has been heard to express himself favourably concerning our Church, though he views it politically from an adverse point.

I wonder if he knows anything of Aunt Hetty and her husband. I think my mother and Uncle Oliver had been talking of her the other day, for when I came into the room where they were he was saying—

"I have not heard of her for nearly two years. I must write to her some time."

And then he stopped as he saw me, and no more was said; for, as I mentioned before, 'tis a subject that is not spoken of in the family.

CHAPTER XXII.

PLOTTING.

WE had not long been established in our new quarters—a house not far from Soho-square—before I began to perceive that my father grew more and more excited, and seemed ever in a state of expectation. He would pace up and down the rooms, muttering—

"For the good of the country, it must be accomplished. The Queen must be something more than a puppet in the hands of a misguided and unprincipled Ministry—a godless set, who would open the floodgates of heresy upon us, and with whom not even the Church itself is safe. All treason against

the Church should be punished with hanging. We want another Laud. The Queen holds not her own as she ought to do.

'When Anna was the Church's daughter,
She did whate'er that mother taught her;
But now she's mother to the Church,
She's left her daughter in the lurch.'

Yet, 'tis not her own fault; she desires well enough, but the reins are withholden from her. Her power is crippled—the prerogative accounted nought. We are going to ruin. The Revolution opened the way, and who knows what the end will be?"

My mother at these times would go up softly to him, and lay her hand on his shoulder, and say—

"Nay, nay, Ralph; not so bad as that."

This would sometimes anger him; and at others, he would take her two hands in his, and say—

"Patience, the country is being betrayed into the hands of its enemies."

"Not so, I hope," would my mother answer, soothingly. "You take too gloomy a view of things. You let your mind run upon one subject, and only listen to one class of thinkers. Her Majesty is beloved by all her people, and is striving to the utmost to keep them in peace and prosperity."

"I deny not that. She would have peace if she could get it, but her ministers want war, and the city men back them up—'tis their interest to do so. But what do I care for the Spanish trade? I tell you, Patience, the commercial interest is getting too strong. There will be a new set of men soon, of a different power and different influence to any we have yet seen. This London will be in a different position; and in the whirl and independence and pride of wealth and power, men will want to be princes and rulers themselves, and kings and lawful governors will be lost sight of. The Queen must have her rights. She is fettered and oppressed, and we loyal subjects are called upon to release her from her bondage. The Crown is losing power—it needs support to keep it firm."

"But," says my mother, "were we ever better off than at the present day, Ralph? A Queen loving mercy and temperate measures, and—the people improving; and—"

"Thou hast a bit of the Whig in thy heart, Patience, and art too much for temporizing with the seditious ones. I tell you, the people are getting too much power into

their hands, and the traders are taking a stand they took not formerly. We must have an eye to these things, if we wish the constitution to remain firm."

"No fear of the constitution," said I—for I had been hearkening of late to Mr. Lydgate. "The freer the people the firmer the crown, if 'tis worn wisely."

My father turned round upon me—

"Who has been putting such nonsense into your head as that, Mistress Grace? Not Sir Everard, surely?"

"I have talked no politics with Sir Everard," said I.

And then a gleam shot across my father's face, and he half smiled.

"I suppose not," he replied. "There might be pleasanter matters to speak of."

Then I was vexed; and if my tongue had not been tied, through fear of consequences, I would have spoken my mind. However, 'twas perhaps as well that other thoughts had come to him, since they diverted him from his gloomy fit for awhile.

And now I began to notice in the Tory papers that appeared from time to time, articles against the Duke, and his movements abroad; some even imputing his want of success of late to want of will, and insinuating that the failure of the enterprise against Toulon was owing to more disgraceful reasons than were generally suspected; and that the coolness that sprang up between himself and Prince Eugene on that occasion might have interpretations not altogether favourable to his Grace of Marlborough. There was nothing spoken out plainly, yet much was insinuated—and that so skilfully that, upon reviewing it, one found it so cautiously worded as to cause one to feel, rather than see, the intention of the writer. The writer, apparently, was by no means ignorant of what went on at head-quarters—if, indeed, he were not an eye-witness; for the general points agreed so exactly with the news that at the same time came officially through the columns of the *Gazette*, that they seemed to bear testimony to the truth of the covert insinuations that accompanied them.

Whenever these appeared, I could see that my father was more than ordinarily elated, and that he would chuckle and rub his hands for hours over the paper.

"Ay, ay," said he. "truth will out, if 'tis properly sifted. The people don't know whom they are trusting; and time will show that this man, in whom the Queen has

placed so great confidence, will serve himself at the expense of the nation."

Mr. Lydgate was terribly indignant at these articles; and as the writer appeared to be in communication with those who were well acquainted with home affairs—even of those of almost a private official nature—he believed them to be the result of some deep-laid scheme of the Tories to undermine the influence of the Duke in the Cabinet, and to bring about a change of Ministry.

However, I begged Mr. Lydgate to say nought concerning them before my father, which he promised not to do; though he appeared to think that there should be some notice taken of them by those in authority.

Clarinda, writing from Windsor, told us that Mrs. Masham had informed her that her Majesty had read the papers with much eagerness, and had said—

"I would give much to be relieved from the power of that man. And yet I cannot believe this of him."

Nevertheless, she meditated upon it, and showed the paper to Mr. Harley, asking him what he thought.

But Mr. Harley would give no opinion—he said that 'twas impossible to say how people would act under certain circumstances. He had found no reason to distrust the Duke's patriotism; and he must ever feel indebted to his Grace for the patronage he had extended to him. If he had not been under obligations to him, he perhaps might have demurred at some of his principles, which were certainly not those calculated to uphold the prerogatives of the Crown—upon which prerogatives Mr. Harley laid great stress.

"And what do you say, Masham?" asked her Majesty when Mr. Harley had departed.

"With all due deference to your Majesty," answered Mrs. Masham, "I should say that, though nought treasonable was to be looked for from his Grace, yet that neither he nor the Duchess are subjects whose loyalty is of the exalted nature that one of the house of Stuart might expect. There is too great setting up of themselves and their authority, and claiming for their services to be as good as equal with princes of the blood. But I beg your Majesty's pardon most humbly for speaking thus freely of those whom your Majesty has been pleased to honour."

"Nonsense, Masham," replied her Majesty; "you know that I am heartily tired of the Duchess, and should be thankful if

something occurred to deliver me from her. I have no peace with her; and I know that she has her spies about me where I least suspect them."

"Your Majesty cannot surely suspect me," returned Mrs. Masham. "What have I done to fall under your Majesty's displeasure?"

"No, Masham—I believe that you are true to me;" and she sighed. "Would that all were so—and would that I could free myself from—"

"At that moment," said Mrs. Masham, so Clarinda continued the narration, "we heard the step of the Duchess in the corridor, and her voice inquiring of the page if she could see her Majesty. I crumpled up the paper, and thrust it into a drawer; and we had both recovered ourselves before she entered."

She came in full of fury, her eyes sparkling, her colour raised, and holding out at arm's length a copy of the paper we had been looking at.

"I had the infamous thing sent to me at Woodstock," said she; "and on reading it I lost no time, but posted off at once to your Majesty, at great inconvenience to my plans, in order to demand whether such libels are to pass unnoticed. If the Duke is to have his character blackened by any vile writer who chooses to put his pen to paper, the sooner he throws up the command of the army and retires, to mourn in seclusion over the ingratitude of his country, the better. I know, your Majesty, that through false tongues"—here, Mrs. Masham says, she darted a glance at her—"I have had the misfortune to be undermined in your Majesty's estimation. I can bear it for myself; but that my husband—who has given his talents, his health, his strength, and who would give his life to promote your Majesty's glory—should be so calumniated, I cannot endure."

Mrs. Masham says she poured out her words with such volubility, that she was quite out of breath at the end of her speech.

Her Majesty listened with great calmness; and then said, quietly—

"My dear Mistress Freeman, who has been libelling the Duke?"

"If your Majesty will please to read this," said the Duchess—"here, and here, and again this accusation"—and she pointed to different parts—"the article should be suppressed at once."

Her Majesty took the paper, and looked over it.

"'Tis so ambiguously expressed," said she, "that it may mean nothing, after all. I see not the strong accusation that your Grace speaks of. Indeed, it seems to me that half the people who read it may not understand it as your Grace does. 'Twere better not to make too great noise about it, lest people should dwell upon it too much. Even if 'tis as you say, a sneer slips by if 'tis taken no notice of; whereas, if one makes too much of it, 'tis apt to grow inconveniently large."

The Duchess fumed and argued, endeavouring to prove her opinion in the right; and ended by saying that she had despatched a copy at once to the Duke, and had begged him to answer speedily what ought to be done with respect to it.

Her Majesty answered that 'twas the wisest thing Mistress Freeman could have done, adding—

"We will wait and hear what the Duke advises, since I have perfect confidence in his judgment."

After which, there was nothing more for the Duchess to say; so she retired to her apartments, where she employed herself in writing an account of her interview to the Duke. And in the evening a note came from her Grace to the Queen, whereof the following is a copy:—

"I have been vainly trying to discover, but without success, what possible cause the unfortunate but faithful Freeman can have given Mrs. Morley for displeasure, since 'tis evident there is some reason which makes her treat thus lightly affairs which are of the deepest concern to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. If Mrs. Morley has a few minutes to spare, Mrs. Freeman thinks she can explain everything satisfactorily that may have had to do with this cruel separation; or she is willing to hear any accusation Mrs. Morley may have to bring against her, feeling sure that she shall have no difficulty in refuting it."

The Queen smiled upon reading over the billet.

"Tell her," said she, "not to-night; my eyes ache, and I am tired out with my two days' hunting."

"One sees," added Clarinda at the end of her letter, "which way her Majesty's favour is leaning. 'Tis very certain that Mr. Harley

has a stronger hold over her inclinations than ever the Duke had. That one was of necessity, this one is of choice."

My father was highly gratified with this account of Clarinda's. He saw from it plain enough what mood the Queen was of, and that, if it did but rest with her, my Lord Treasurer and his Grace of Marlborough would be dismissed from office to-morrow, and Mr. Harley would come in as head of a new Ministry.

I must mention that about this time there arose another source of anxiety to my mother and myself, and this was the growing intimacy of my father with my uncle Furnaby, from whom he had hitherto held somewhat aloof, through some difference they had had in religious matters—upon which men get hotter and more bitter than upon other topics. Perhaps 'tis not altogether an ill compliment to religion—since what a man feels most he generally resents most.

My uncle Furnaby came of one of the great Roman Catholic families, and though not a Catholic himself, had a strong leaning that way. His father, the late Earl, had relinquished his religion upon his marriage with a great Protestant heiress, and his family had been brought up as Protestants; but when they came to man's and woman's estate, most of them turned to the old faith of their family; and though James Furnaby held to his mother's creed, and married Catherine Selwode, nevertheless his family prejudices strengthened through the reign of King William, and were now tending fast to land him where his brothers were. He had a great repugnance to the idea of the Hanoverian succession; and it was more than suspected by those who knew him intimately, and therefore were willing to keep his counsels, that he was in occasional correspondence with the French Court.

However, mutual hatred of the Whigs had been the salve to heal over old wounds; and my aunt Furnaby, who was of a manœuvring turn of mind (unlike the Selwodes in general), had taken advantage of this to bring my father and uncle as much together as possible; for the Furnabys are not rich, and she thinks it well to keep in with wealthy relatives. And as my father has cut off the entail of part of the estates for the benefit of Clarinda and myself, she knows that there is disposable property in the family. I am sorry to have this opinion of my aunt; but when one has strong evidence of the cha-

acter of a person, however nearly related to one, it is impossible to close one's eyes against facts.

And so, my father being flattered by Aunt Furnaby, and having a common interest in political feeling with Uncle Furnaby, as far as the Whigs are concerned, it comes about that they are much more together than in these exciting and intriguing times my mother thinks either prudent or advisable.

ANCIENT AND MODERN WAR.

WHEN the forces of iron and blood are, alas! in the ascendant, and the arts of the diplomatist are of small account, it cannot be uninteresting or unprofitable to take a glance at the points of resemblance and difference between the military methods of the ancients and the moderns. It cannot be uninteresting, because it is evident that the operations of war have a singular fascination for the human mind. The pupils of the late Dr. Arnold can remember how that great and good man was wont to expatiate upon the campaigns of ancient and recent commanders. Nor was it an unprofitable pursuit. He was greatly assisted in the composition of his historical works by his knowledge of military affairs. It must be admitted that both writers and readers of history write and read more intelligibly and intelligently after having gained some insight into the general rules of war. For history, whether ancient or modern, is a sad chronicle of sanguinary wars: its chief events are battles; its leading characters are commanders. Our purpose is to show in what branches of the art of war the work of a general of antiquity was identical with that of a modern, and also wherein they differ. In executing this purpose, the warfare of the middle ages will be passed over, and the contrast confined to the periods of high civilization in the ancient and modern world. The wars of the middle ages are historically important; but in a military point of view they are not so. In those days, war was not the shock and collision of vast masses of disciplined men. The feudal knight was a country gentleman, who was bound, by the tenure of his estate, to keep a charger, a suit of armour, and a lance, and take the field when his lord or sovereign required his service. Courage, and the spirit of adventure, the knights possessed in plenty, but individual exploits marked the wars of

their times far more than discipline or strategical combinations.

The rules and principles of the art of war are divided by military writers into those which belong to "strategy," and those which govern "tactics." These terms require explanation. They are constantly used by civilians as if they were convertible terms; but each has a special and technical meaning, derived from its Greek origin. Strategy means the conduct of an army, and comprises those branches of the art which are conversant with all movements, combinations, and operations prior to the time when armies come into the presence of, or closely approach, each other. Tactics are limited to those departments of the art which are concerned with the marshalling and disposition of forces when they are in sight of, or immediate proximity to, the enemy. Strategy depends chiefly for success upon mathematical calculations, power of combination, geographical knowledge, arrangements for securing all needful supplies at certain points, and penetration to divine the ulterior designs of the enemy from what can be learnt of his movements. Tactics, which may be roughly paraphrased as the art of fighting a battle, are founded upon considerations and circumstances essentially different from those of strategy. But the great end and object of both is to bring a superior force into contact with an inferior body of the enemy.

Now, in strategy—that is, the movement and supply of armies before they "feel" the enemy—it is evident that there must be many points of resemblance between ancient and modern war. The marching powers and eating capacities of men and horses are about the same now as they ever were. The arrangements of Alexander for traversing Asia Minor to attack Darius would be governed by the same general rules which guided Napoleon when he moved his army from Boulogne to the Danube. Hence, it follows that the faculties and studies which are required to form a great commander are the same in all ages. It is not a dashing soldier, heedless of death and danger, and buoyant with animal courage, that makes a useful commander. The general is the mind of the army. Without him the force is but an assemblage of units—a moving mass of muscles. The general is its reason, its intellect, its brain. The soldiers are its bone and strength; and the staff act

as nerves, to convey intelligence to the mind, and carry its decision thereon to the obedient muscles.

It may be doubted whether any position can make such incessant demands upon the resources of the mind as the command of a large army in the field. The director-general of a great host of men ought to be an intellectual man. Who and what manner of men have been the most eminent commanders in the world's history? The answer will be short and unanimous. Hannibal, Alexander, Scipio Africanus, Turenne, Frederick, Marlborough, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, Von Moltke. Some other names ought to be thought of; but these come at once to the recollection of every one. And of these, with the doubtful exception of Turenne, it may be safely predicated that they were *intellectual* men, and would probably have been eminent in other departments of life. Cæsar was an ardent lover of gaiety and pleasure, but he never neglected his studies. He perfected himself in those intellectual acquirements and exercises which enabled him to master whatever subject he was pursuing. He read the works of the best Greek historians, and attended the lectures of philosophers and rhetoricians. He spent much of his time with the army; but he had so qualified himself for political life, that he united in his own person the attributes of a statesman and a general. So, also, when Napoleon returned triumphant to Paris after his first Italian campaign, he abandoned the dress of his profession and adopted the costume of the Institute (the Philosophical Society) of Paris, and, shunning military acquaintances, lived mostly with the scientific men of his time. "Men," said he, "are governed by superiority of intellectual qualities; and none are more sensible of this than the military profession." The late Duke of Wellington is another example of high powers of mind brought to bear upon military affairs. It is true that in early life he gave no proof of remarkable abilities. The writer of these pages was told by an aged general, long deceased, who had served as a subaltern in the 33rd Regiment with Wellesley, that at that time he was an idle man, and more given to play the flute in leisure hours than to study. But no sooner did he become the captain of a company, than his manner of life was changed. No more idleness then. "Now," he said, "I have got something to

work for." But, it may be asked, where is the evidence of his great intellectual powers? Surely, it may be found in his despatches and correspondence, military and civil. The judgment of the late Sir G. C. Lewis on that question was thus expressed:—"The rapidity and justness of his decisions, his unvarying good sense, are most strikingly displayed in them. If his political views had not been so narrow, and if he had had more knowledge, he would have been the greatest English statesman as well as the greatest English captain." In some of his letters he shows a talent for speculating on general questions, which, if cultivated, would have borne great fruit.* No subject to which he applied himself seemed too high for his grasp, none too minute for his accurate investigation. He will be found reasoning on colonial government as if he belonged to the Liberal party, or descending to ordain the mode in which a sumpter mule should be loaded. By these and other examples, it may be shown that in all warfare, ancient and modern, ability, intelligence, and industrious self-improvement are essential qualifications for the commanders of large armies. The Germans are indebted for their marvellous success, not so much to their soldiery as to the fact that they have attracted high intellect into their military schools, while the best brains of other nations are diverted to other pursuits. It is time to recognize the fact that war is an intellectual profession, and not the occupation of dunces.

It follows, from these considerations, that ancient and modern wars resemble each other with respect to the qualities required in commanders. They are also alike in the general rules of strategy—that is, of the organization and plan of a campaign. There is, moreover, a kind of military policy, consisting of political, moral, and patriotic maxims, which ought to influence every chief of an army. "The glory and honour of his country's arms ought to be the first and highest consideration with a general who engages in battle. The safety and preservation of the army is only secondary. In a retreat, besides the honour of his country's arms, a general will often lose more men than in two battles." "A rapid march augments the courage of an army, and increases the probability of victory." "In war, as in politics, the lost moment never re-

* "Letters of Sir G. C. Lewis," p. 97.

turns." "In war, the mental and moral force of an army are to its physical force, in point of power for the attainment of success and victory, in the ratio of three to one." "War is not a conjectural art; no movement should be allowed to depend on the best-founded conjecture, if it is possible to obtain accurate information." "Nothing is more indispensable than that the command should be vested absolutely in a single man." "With an army inferior in numbers or cavalry, a general battle should be avoided: numbers must be supplied by rapidity of marching, cavalry by choice of positions." "In war, nothing has been done while aught remains to do." "Pursue with the utmost vigour and audacity." These are a few of the maxims of strategy and military policy which are just as valuable now as they were in the time of Cæsar. Most of them were formulated by Napoleon, and are to be found in the works which he wrote or dictated. But, besides this class of maxims, which sometimes have the effect of modifying a technical plan of campaign, there are other general rules of pure strategy which were as important to the ancient as to the modern commander. For example, the command of the great roads of communication leading to the enemy's country, or securing supplies and an easy retreat, must ever be a great point in a campaign. There must also be a base of operations; and all commanders must have accurate knowledge of the resources at their disposal for feeding their men and horses by safe communication with that base. If any army advances far from its own base, it should be provided with intermediate points of support along the line of its advance. "*Le secret de la guerre*," said Napoleon, "*est dans le secret des communications*." This great rule holds good, because it is founded upon the necessities of human nature. There is nothing more curious or wonderful in the campaign of 1870 than the perfection and security of the German lines of communication, and the absence for many months of any attempt even to menace them. It is true that a revolution has taken place with respect to the mode of transport, and future wars will be organized by railway. But the secret of war, as defined by Napoleon, remains the same; and assimilates, in this respect, the strategy of ancient and modern generals.

Enough has been said to prove that the points of resemblance between the cam-

paigns of antiquity and our own times are to be traced in the maxims of strategy and military policy, and the qualities essential to the commanders. In these circumstances of war, the campaign just closed in France supplies the most striking illustrations. Such, then, being the points of similarity, we turn to the salient points of difference. It has been stated that "tactics" are the rules which govern the movement of armies as soon as they approach near enough to feel each other. The English word which best expresses what is meant by tactics, and is commonly used in despatches, is "dispositions." We often read—"The general reconnoitred the enemy's position, and proceeded to make his dispositions." Those would be "tactical" and not strategical arrangements, and ought to be governed by the leading rules of the art of tactics. The previous calculations and combinations are now brought to an issue; and the result will greatly depend upon the tactics or final dispositions of each commander. In this branch of the art there is a manifest distinction between ancient and modern war. It will be found to result mainly from the successive alterations in the popular weapons of offence.

Most of our readers are aware that there were two principal methods of organizing disciplined soldiers in ancient times. These systems were known by the name of "Phalanx" among the Greeks, and "Legion" among the Romans—names familiar as household words at the present day. One or both of these famous formations figured conspicuously in most of the great battles of classical times. The phalanx, it is said, contained, in its most perfect form, about sixteen thousand men; but it is probable that it rarely reached this degree of strength. The word phalanx is not always used with strict accuracy; but the ordinary meaning of the word is that array or order of battle in which the Greeks, and especially the Macedonian commanders, were wont to draw up their heavy-armed infantry. It is described by Polybius as a regular battalion or formation of pikemen, with a front of five hundred men, and sixteen ranks in depth, amounting to eight thousand men. They were placed so near to each other that the pikes of the fifth rank extended beyond the men in the front rank. They seem to have formed a compact mass, formidable in the extreme, by their mutual reliance, proximity,

and discipline, for attack and defence. There were various modifications of the phalanx. Thus, there was a broad phalanx; the narrow-fronted phalanx, or column; the double-fronted and the half-moon phalanx. Such variety of form clearly shows that the Greek military organization must have been carried to a very high pitch of excellence. The key to this species of formation is to be found in the favourite weapon of the Grecian armies. In the best days of Greek discipline, that weapon was the long spear or pike, which was gradually lengthened, until, in the armies of Alexander, we are told that it attained the enormous length of twenty-four feet. The soldier could not, of course, discharge it from his hand: he held it firmly, and rested it where he could. He was also armed with a sword; but he was wont to rely upon that weapon only when the phalanx was broken. It was, in fact, the adoption of this monster spear that finally fixed and modified the form and movements of the phalanx; the phalanx probably being rather fashioned to the pike than the pike to the phalanx. The Roman legion was organized and moved upon a different principle. Under the Empire it consisted—on paper, at least—of ten cohorts of cavalry and fifty-five companies of infantry, amounting together to about six thousand men. The foot-soldier had a helmet, a breast-plate, greaves, and a buckler of light wood. He carried in his hand a heavy javelin, about six feet in length, which he discharged at the distance of ten or twelve paces. When he had discharged this weapon, he drew his sword and rushed at the enemy. The legion was generally drawn up in eight ranks, with three feet between those ranks, and also between the soldiers in the ranks. It is evident that this loose and open formation, as contrasted with the phalanx, was settled with reference to the popular weapons. The javelin was to be thrown, and not retained in the hand, like the great spear of the Greeks, and the sword required room to play round the arm of the holder; whereas the strength of the Greek formation depended upon the sixteen ranks of the pikemen being closely wedged together, and their combined weight and muscle being brought into contact with the enemy.

From these facts, it follows that the area of the battle-fields of Greek and Roman history were far more circumscribed than those of the present day. For an entire phalanx,

with a front of five hundred men—allowing two feet per man—would only occupy a front of three hundred and thirty-three yards, or less than a quarter of a mile. It is questionable whether any battle of antiquity ranged over more than a mile of ground. But at Fuentes d' Honore, the Duke of Wellington held about six miles of country; and at the battles of Solferino and Sadowa the opposing hosts covered a still larger extent of ground. The reason of this is to be found in the following tactical rule:—"Infantry ought to be ranged in line on two full ranks only." Why so? Because it is not possible to discharge fire-arms effectively in a deeper formation. "In marching to attack an enemy," says Colonel Macdougall, "the column formation is generally employed until within a certain distance of him; but the order in which troops come into collision with the enemy must be on as great a front as their numbers will permit." If this be the true theory of successful collisions, then each battalion must have sufficient space allotted to it to expand, or "deploy" itself into the order which is most suitable for the use of musketry. In the extended formation of a line two deep, every man can be brought into use and action. Hence it comes that the substitution of modern fire-arms for the spear and pike has caused an English battalion of a thousand men to stand in action upon as much ground as a Greek phalanx of ten thousand men, or more, would ordinarily have covered. Besides this, the use of artillery has also influenced modern tactics. Round shot or shell, plunging into a dense phalanx, or column, or legion, would destroy or injure a great number of soldiers. But when it is directed against skirmishers, or a line two deep, a great many well-aimed shots must be fired before any appreciable loss can ensue.

The importance of certain strong points on the field of battle, such as houses, mills, farms, and orchards, is another circumstance in which our wars differ from those of the ancients. These points are important, because the popular weapon of the day can there be used with effect, and under comparative shelter. Thus, the occupation of Hougoumont, in front of the English position at Waterloo, had a decided influence on the fortunes of the day. The struggle for the farm of La Haye Sainte, which lies on the road from Mont St. Jean to La Belle Alliance, is admirably described in "Water-

loo," by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, and its influence on the battle made manifest. The walls of both positions had been carefully loopholed, and musketry was used with great effect through the openings. Tactical points of this kind were comparatively of little use to Alexander or Pompey, because personal contact and bodily collision were, in the wars of their time, indispensable to a fair decision of the issue, and for this the open country was the only suitable arena; whereas, at the present day, troops very rarely enter into personal conflict. The deadly effect of regimental firing is such, that that form of attack, combined with artillery, generally decides the day. In fact, the improvements in fire-arms and cannon are continually tending to keep the hostile forces farther apart from each other. Science enables the gunners to lay the cannon with such precision that every shot tells. The writer of these lines has been told by an eye-witness, that after some of the discharges of a heavy gun into a retreating Russian column in the Crimea, he could see lines of light follow the course of the missile. And now that rifled muskets and cannon are come into general use, we find that the battles of the moderns are more unlike those of the ancients than ever; and that they are decided by bodies of men who appear to their opponents like mere dark patches in the green country. The bayonet will, doubtless, continue to be worn. It is a weapon of great power in the hands of resolute men, when the nature of the ground, or houses, or darkness, or other special circumstances, prevent the free use of musketry. But, practically, battles are lost and won by gunpowder, and not by cold steel. During the whole Peninsular war, bayonets were very rarely crossed; and Sir William Napier has said that, in the course of his services in those campaigns, he never once had occasion to draw his sword. One of the chief surgeons in that war has also stated that he only saw two or three bayonet wounds in the course of his practice in Spain. The truth is, that a steady fire, delivered by brave and calm men, is so destructive that very few troops can endure it. And who can wonder at it? Think of the stricken men, drooping and bleeding; the whistling shower of bullets; the officers decimated; the ranks broken by death and wounds! Surely, it is more wonderful that men should stand still and endure it, than that they should turn and avoid it?

Enough has been said to prove that, as the basis of modern tactics is the free use of the popular weapon—namely, the rifled musket—so the tactics connected with this weapon must necessarily differ from those of the ancients. But it would be an error to conclude that in some points they do not still coincide. For example, the choice of ground for the action of cavalry must, of course, be the same. No gap ought to be left in the line or array. The army must not fight in such a position as to be driven back, in the event of a reverse, upon a river or steep mountain, or other natural obstacle. The front must not be intersected at a right angle by any obstacle which would interrupt the reinforcement of one wing from the other. The position ought to cover and protect the line of communication between the army and its "base," or source of supplies. These and some other general rules of tactics are equally applicable to ancient and modern warfare. From the preceding facts and statements, we deduce the conclusion that the present tactics of formation, both for attack and defence, differ in most points from those of Greece and Rome, in consequence of the alteration of weapons; but that the general principles of the conduct of war remain very nearly the same.

One of the effects of modern changes is to make the awful spectacle of a *general action* very different from what it used to be. But in a class of cases which may be termed "the engineering difficulties" of a campaign, and in some other manœuvres, it is not certain that a spectator at a distance of half a mile would be able to distinguish between the operations of an ancient and modern commander, except by the smoke and noise. The passage of a deep river, without a bridge, in the neighbourhood of the enemy's force, is a very critical and difficult enterprise; and, to the inexperienced civilian, would appear impracticable. Hannibal had to pass the Rhone in the presence of the Gauls; and the Duke of Wellington conveyed his army across the Douro in the immediate neighbourhood of Soult's army. Both these operations were successful. It is very interesting to compare these surprising exploits, which are admirably narrated in Arnold's "History of Rome," and Napier's "Peninsular War." In each case the genius of the commander suggested simple and similar means of overcoming the difficulty. Each surveyed the scene in silence,

and inwardly determined his plan. Hannibal organized an attack on the rear of the Gauls, by making Hanno cross the river higher up with a strong detachment. Wellington ordered a similar manœuvre to be executed by General Murray; and, at four o'clock, sat down, in Oporto, to the very dinner which had been prepared for Marshal Soult. These and many other examples prove that, though a general action differs widely from an ancient one, there are still some operations which are almost an exact reproduction of daring deeds in classic times. The assertion might also be supported by referring to some famous passages of mountain ranges, and to the influence of the favourite manœuvre of turning the enemy's flank. But illustrations of this nature would occupy too much space. We can but allude, in conclusion, to the question whether the physical qualities of the soldiers of antiquity were in any way superior to those of this century. It is often asserted and believed that the soldiers of Greece and Rome, and the knights of the middle ages, were of more heroic mould and temper than their modern successors. But there is really no better ground for this supposition than the popular belief that the days of old were better than the present. In fact, it is far more probable that the demands now made upon the nerve and pluck of soldiers are greater and more trying than at any previous period. If the exposure of the person to death and wounds be the test of courage, it is evident that the collisions of the present day are the most crucial test that can be conceived. Most men fight well when they are forced to fight with an individual soldier who is eager for the fray. But to be calm and steady in the presence of mortal peril, when there is no personal struggle; to see men falling by one's side, by the stroke of missiles discharged from a spot so distant that you hardly see the agent; to stare death in the face, without flinching from the ground which you are ordered to hold—this is the triumph of moral and physical courage. It is not natural to mankind to exhibit this kind of courage. It is the result of a firm moral and physical constitution, under the influence of reason, honour, and discipline. That these are really powerful agents in the composition of a British regiment who can doubt? When some hundreds of our soldiers went down in the steamer *Birkenhead*, in their disciplined ranks, without confusion or panic,

that was the triumph—the acme—of constitutional and moral courage. A firm but mild discipline is an indispensable condition of military success. Josephus used to watch the Roman soldiers on parade before the walls of Jerusalem. He thus expressed his reflections upon the sights he witnessed:—"Whoever shall behold the Roman discipline will perceive that they did not gain this goodly empire by chance, but by skill and valour." The discipline of the British army is also excellent, and no wise deteriorated by the abolition of the lash. In this respect, and also in the humanities of warfare, we may compare ourselves, without shame, with the armies of antiquity. It is true that there are recent and grievous exceptions to the rule of humanity. The massacre of Jaffa; the destruction of an Arab tribe by fire, in an African cavern, by the order of a French general; the sack of St. Sebastian; and the bombardment of Chateaudun without previous summons, are instances of brutality in modern war. The only antidote is the elevation of the social and moral condition of the soldiers. War, from time to time, we must expect; but it loses some of its evil by losing all its unnecessary horrors. Let us pray for peace, but be prepared for war; and in the sweet intervals that we are permitted to enjoy, let us bear in our hearts this thought of the poet:—

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts."

OLD TEXTS AND NEW SETTINGS.

III.

HAPPY BOYHOOD.

I WAS looking at some school sports the other day, with a companion. The boys were running, jumping, throwing the cricket ball, and going through all those fancy performances in athletics from which so much glory is achieved nowadays, and so many silver pots. The winners were saluted with rounds of cheers; the losers received their own consolation among their private friends, by telling of the trifling accidents which caused them to come in second and third. A band was playing, flags were flying, ladies were looking on and laughing, and everything bore a joyous and festive air.

"Happy boyhood!" said my companion, sentimentally. "Happy boyhood! If we could only be always boys!"

"You great donkey," I returned—"had you got a wife when you were a boy?"

"That," he replied, with a smothered groan, "may be one of the peculiar features which make boyhood so delightful."

I forbore to press the Socratic method, which I felt might go against me; but I began to reflect on the foundations of our faith in the happiness of boys. When we left the field, the sports were over and the people dispersed. In one corner of the field a fight began; in another, I observed a big boy kicking a small one; in another, two small boys punching the head of a smaller; in another, a group of boys were angrily discussing some of the "events," and threats were freely interchanged. One drawback to the happiness of this time of life, I discovered, is the subjection to the ordeal of battle. Boys have to support their opinions by the fist, *pugno pugnare*. This method, at least, is not so pleasant, if more convincing, as to support it by those arguments which we are so ready to parade in the club smoking-room.

This was the first drawback which occurred to me. When I came further to examine into the matter, I discovered so many others—each taking something from the general bliss of boys—that I found myself reduced to doubt whether there is really any left at all.

Foremost among the miseries incidental to this period, I put snubbing. Boys are unmercifully snubbed. Their opinions may be of some crudeness; but why let them know this in the way so calculated to offend their sensibilities which is always adopted by sisters, elder brothers, and mankind in general?

Moreover, a boy's opinions never are worthless. A boy goes straight to the point at issue; and if he can find it—which he generally does—his only fault is that he holds it up all naked and bare, for the derision or admiration of the world, without any of those seemingly coverings and robes which a larger experience wraps round an opinion. A boy has fifty opinions: he is not allowed to express one; and I well remember my own miserable case, when I was made to feel a criminal indeed, for the assertion, in plain terms, of what I knew to be true. For instance, the wisdom of our ancestors has

condemned us—or, at least, condemned me—to spend three-fourths of my school life over the manufacture of Latin verses. Was there ever a time, from the moment when I commenced the study of Bland's immortal poems, when I did not feel the whole thing to be a sham and a humbug—when I did not know that all around me were countless things of nature which ought to have been taught me; for want of showing which I was doomed to grow up, as I have done, an ignorant pretender of education—one of the class scoffed at by Professor Huxley? But, of course, my opinion had no weight; and the only time when I was bold enough to express it, admonition—in a form calculated to awaken the deepest feelings of humiliation and the strongest sense of physical suffering—warned me not again to rebel against orthodoxy.

There were the masters, too—the humbugs who used to lecture us on the wickedness of smoking. They used to smoke themselves, furtively, up the chimney; and, in the vacation, were to be seen of the whole world, smoking openly. Why could they not take an honest line, and tell the boys that smoking is bad for youths of tender years, as it certainly is? As if, too, we did not know how they played whist in each other's rooms, and had brandy and water—sometimes too much of it—in the small hours. They were obliged, no doubt, to deliver those perfunctory homilies which they managed so badly; and though we feel now that they were the victims of circumstances, it is difficult to get rid of the old boyish indignation at being lectured for doing what the lecturers did themselves. As for doing, indeed, I never did anything right at all. It was always either too much or too little: it always is with a boy. His best efforts are not appreciated; and anything short of the best effort brings with it, let us say, scenes of a disagreeable nature. It may be good that a boy should be taught not to think too large potatoes of himself; but it is a trying lesson to him, and in the process of learning he may be excused for feeling—like the charity boy when he had mastered the alphabet—that he had gone through a great deal to get precious little. And yet we call the schoolboy happy!

Next to snubbing, I consider that the want of personal freedom is the most vexatious thing for a boy. There is always somebody making a rule which interferes

with his liberty. There is a bell to which he is a slave; an hour at which he must get up, though he is sleepy; and another at which he must go to bed, though he is not. He can never have his fling: he can never wholly enjoy himself. Our black brothers of African descent, who used to hoe the cotton in the cotton fields, joyously singing, while the overseer's whip cracked merrily in their ears, were free men and untrammelled compared to a British schoolboy. And yet we call him happy!

As for school itself—I suppose that boys must be made to learn; only it is hard that the fair field of learning should be made like unto a hurdle race, set about with "stiff-uns," in the shape of examinations. If the boy fails in these, he disappoints his parents and guardians, and generally passes a miserable holiday. If he does well, they expect him to be senior wrangler at least. Of course, he is nothing of the kind; and then they are disappointed again. In any case, his nose is kept to the grindstone. He is preached to and lectured; he is taught to believe, if he has any brains, that the end and aim of boyhood is to come out well in examinations; he sets an undue importance upon prizes and school distinctions, cries his eyes out in secret if he does not get them, and goes about with his priggish little nose in the air, as conceited as Absalom, if he does. Is this, my brethren, happiness?

But, great as are the trials to which his elders subject a boy, they are nothing—mere flea-bites—compared with the torture which boys inflict on each other. For the boy is at once an extremely sensitive creature himself, and extremely obtuse to the sensitiveness of others. It is an age, as La Fontaine said, without pity. Boys have not learned by suffering the beauty of sympathy; they know nothing of the reverence due to the fallen; they cannot appreciate the performance of the unsuccessful; like the Carthaginians, they would fain crucify any defeated general. And every day of his life the boy is either a victor or a *victus*. The spirit of emulation has got into his very games. Boys are enemies, both in the playground and in the class-room. In their fights, they trample unmercifully upon each other; they know no magnanimity; and they have a Procrustean standard of their own, to which every one must conform or be made to suffer. There is no individuality in boys. All must come up to the same line—or pre-

tend to—in birth, money, dress, and strength. Woe to him who thinks differently, is of a different station, and has other ideas than his fellows. For that boy, school life will not be happy!

Their own faith, it is true, is simple and profound. Their heroes—the school heroes—are destined to carry everything before them. Their standard of success is the very highest. They have no hopes, no conditions, no desire to be anything short of Cæsar.

And when I think of all these things, I doubt if a schoolboy has any happiness at all.

"He isn't marr—" interrupted my friend.

Domestic joys are not his, it is true. Nor can he do as he pleases. Nor is he allowed to have an opinion. Nor can he escape the sermons of his well-wishers. Nor has he any money to speak of. Nor has he, in general, those things, even in moderation, which he would like to have. Nor has he yet learned not to make himself miserable over small humiliations. Nor can he distinguish between a true and a false success. Nor is it pleasant to have to fight with, or be kicked by, a bigger boy. Nor are his finer points appreciated. And yet—and yet—there is something which seems to make boys happier than men; and my friend was not wholly wrong. They do not know their own happiness, and they do know their own discomforts. So far, it is a semblance of happiness, and not the reality. They are happier than we who are no longer children, because they hope. In the dim future, which seems so long, there are so many possibilities—such glorious possibilities! And since they are possible, they are, to the youthful mind, certain. The boy lives in a future brighter than any present a man has ever found.

Boyhood is not life, nor is it the happiest time of life. Only, we remember the hope, and forget the small miseries. It is a part of the mystery of pain that, when it goes, it is straightway forgotten. It is part of the mystery of happiness that it is never forgotten. But we begin to live, we begin to be really happy, when the time of tutelage is finished.

TABLE TALK.

ANTHROPOPHAGY, or Cannibalism, has been recently discussed by two German ethnologists, Drs. Andree and Schaafhausen. According to Andree, the motives of

this hideous aberration are extremely varied. Besides mere sensual gratification, and hunger brought on by the dearth of other animal food, the passions of revenge and hatred, as well as religious precepts and gloomy superstition, play an important part in its production. It is, however, consoling to see that, in historical times, anthropophagy has been gradually disappearing; and we have had but one single instance—that of the Bassuto people—to record in which the habit had newly arisen, having been previously unknown. Anthropophagy has vanished, with the people themselves, from among the Iroquois and Algonkins; it has disappeared from among the people of the high plains of Anahuac, the Indians of Peru, and most Brazilian races. It is increasingly circumscribed in the Southern Ocean by the dying out of the Cannibal races, and the pressure of white settlers. The number of Cannibals is still, however, very considerable. The following figures are, of course, only approximately correct, but they afford a standpoint from which to take a census of the class:—The Battas, according to Friedmann, may be reckoned at 200,000 souls; the Cannibals of the Niger Delta at 100,000; the Fans, according to Fleuriot de Langle, at 80,000; the cave-dwellers of the Bassuto country—about a tenth of the whole population—at 10,000; the Niam-Niams at about 500,000; the Miranhas and Mesayas, according to Marloy, at 2,000; the other South American Cannibals at 1,000; the Australian aborigines at 50,000; the Melanesians—without including New Guinea—at 1,000,000. This calculation gives a total, at the present time, of 1,943,000 human beings addicted to anthropophagy, a number in no degree exaggerated, but which actually represents the 690th part of the whole population of our planet, or 0·14 per cent. Schaaflhausen's views regarding the motives assigned for cannibalism are—hunger, revenge, superstition, such as induces savages to devour a brave warrior to obtain his courage; and lastly, the gluttonous longing for a kind of flesh which is described as appetising. Human sacrifice may sometimes be a relic of early cannibalism, an offering to deities who devour human flesh, or it may be an act of propitiation. There is evidence of the ancient or modern existence of cannibalism in most countries of the world, Great Britain being distinctly included. Even in modern times, it occasionally breaks out in the civi-

lized world; but, on the whole, its frequency among savages, and its general disappearance under improved social conditions, enable the writer to put it fairly into his argument in favour of a steady progression in the civilization.

MR. TYRWHITT DRAKE, in his "Report on the Desert of Tih," gives some curious specimens of folk-lore regarding the animals that he met with in Arabia. The following are a few illustrations:—The Arabs share in the widely spread belief that bears sustain themselves during their hybernation by sucking their paws. They also say, that when the female drops her cub it is quite shapeless, and that she carries it about in her mouth from fear lest it should be devoured by the ants, and then licks it into proper shape. Bear's grease is said to be useful in cases of leprosy.

THE CONEY, according to some Arabs, may be eaten; but others, as in Sinai, declare that it is unlawful, and call it *abu sal-mân*, or else the brother of man; and say that it was originally a man who was metamorphosed for his sins; and they believe that any one who eats him will never see his house again. Like the coney, the leopard is said to have been formerly a man, changed into his present shape for performing his ablutions before prayer in milk—thus despising and diverting from their proper uses the good gifts of God. The Bedawin assert that young leopards are born with a snake round their necks; and that when a leopard is ill, he cures himself by eating mice. Their fat is used medicinally; and their hair is burnt as a charm to drive away scorpions and centipedes.

I AM TOLD that in the Friendly Islands, the dogs live principally upon fruit. Whether this is true or not, I am unable to say; but I can attest that some dogs are fond of it. We have two—Jack, a most intelligent white smooth-haired animal, half fox, half bull terrier, with splendid brown eyes; the other, a little, shaggy, sharp Scotch terrier—who have been found more than once gathering gooseberries for themselves, at imminent risk of their noses, and eating them with apparent relish.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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UNDER THE HATCHES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—II.



IT was about a year after, and a week before the end of the half-year. In a comfortably furnished oak-panelled room, looking into the quadrangle—the very room from which he

had witnessed the dance of death—sat Andrews, with a small table by his side, on which was a pile of pamphlets, bound in gray paper. He eyed the pile and smiled—as he had every reason to smile, for he had just been appointed Bishop of Heligoland; and the copies of the farewell sermon he had preached in the college chapel the Sunday before—which were appropriately clad in half-mourning—he was about to present to every boy in the school, as a memorial of his mastership. It was rather an inconvenient day for the ceremony, as the annual match between the Harchester boys and the sister College of St. Beata, at Oxford, was being played in the cricket ground; but there was no help for it, as Andrews had announced his intention of leaving on the morrow. So, when the chimes from the chapel tower proclaimed noon, the boys presented themselves singly before

him, and received their sermon and benediction.

When he had nearly got to the end of the list, a puzzled expression came over his face; and after undeservedly complimenting Pickleton minor on his virtues and accomplishments—Pickleton was the wickedest, the stupidest, the laziest, the ugliest, and the youngest boy in the school—he said, in the suave tone of voice he affected when he wanted to make himself insinuatingly agreeable—

“Pickleton, you are Rollington’s fag—are you not?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Has he gone home?”

“No, sir.”

“He has not been to wish me good-bye, and receive my poor little present. Do you know why, Pickleton?”

“Ye—no, sir.”

“Do you think you could find him, Pickleton?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Kindly tell him I have something very particular to say to him; and beg him not to go away without seeing me.”

“Yes, sir.”

Pickleton rushed downstairs, with great glee; and, as he crossed the quadrangle, playfully shied the sermon—boomerang fashion—at the porter’s head, recommending him to read it, and improve his mind, while assuring him that nothing but the interest he took in his mental and moral improvement could have induced him to part with so valuable a work.

Poor Andrews, as he saw the incident, couldn’t help wishing that he had one more day to wield the apple twigs of authority, and introduce Pickleton to the order of flagellants. Perhaps he thought that, with the exception of his immediate toadies, Pickleton’s rapid act might be taken as evidence of the indifference with which his sermon and departure were regarded by the school;

and, indeed, he would not have been far out.

As Pickleton was crossing the ball-court, at the entrance to the playing fields, he heard shouts of "Well hit, Rollington—we-e-ll hit!" "Run it out! Run it out!" "One more! No! Yes! Ho-o-ld!" "How's that, umpire?" "NOT OUT!" shouts the college junior who was discharging that important office; and who, as he was not looking, gave his own side the benefit of the doubt, with great presence of mind. Whereupon Rollington had five placed to his credit for that square leg hit.

Perhaps the reader would like me to describe, as far as I can remember, Rollington's appearance. He was a tall, thin, well-made, good-looking boy, between seventeen and eighteen years of age, with dark, curly hair and hazel eyes, a good-tempered countenance, and a languid, though perhaps elegant, indolence in all his movements, which impressed you with the idea that while he did not care to take the trouble to do anything particularly well, he could do it well enough if he chose. He looked the perfect specimen of an English schoolboy, clad in the Harchester uniform, which in those days consisted of a white hat, dark blue necktie, white Jersey, and flannel trousers.

When the "over" was called, a friend of Rollington's, instructed by Pickleton, who would not have dared to interrupt the illustrious career of the cricketer, ran up to him, and said—

"Stop a moment, Geff, here's a message from Andrews for you: Pickleton has just brought it, and he wants to see you directly."

"Oh, ah!—Andrews be hanged. Does he think I am going to give up my innings to go to him, the old humbug?"

The umpire cried "Play!" and the game proceeded.

Half an hour afterwards, "Bowled and stumped!" was feebly shrieked by a remarkably small parson—fellow of St. Beata's, Oxon.—who was out for what he called his annual lark; which consisted in examining and plucking candidates for entrance to Harchester, eating strawberries and cream in the Warden's garden all the afternoon; and after dinner, when under the influence of election ale and rich brown sherry, in the intervals of the usual loyal toasts, indulging, with a half deprecatory leer, in the dreadful slang or *patois* peculiar to Harchester, much to the horror of the Rev. Doctor Podger,

fellow and bursar of Harchester, a gentleman of the old school, who loved good language and good manners, good eating and drinking, good old china, and did not object to a cigar in a country house smoking-room, after he had sworn all the young fellows to secrecy.

So Rollington, being thus disposed of, put on his coat and waistcoat, and walked slowly towards Andrews's rooms.

Rollington opened the door; and the two stood face to face, eyeing each other curiously, as who should say—

"Gentlemen of the Guard, fire first."

"I hope, Rollington, your not coming here before was accidental, and not intentional."

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I was having my innings. It is strange that cricket should so often have caused inconvenience to both of us; but, if I hadn't been playing, I don't think I should have come of my own accord. We are both about to leave this place for good, and are not likely to meet again or, if we do, are not likely to be friendly."

"Don't say that, Rollington. I have seen a good deal to admire in your character. There may have been mistakes on both sides; but I hope we shall part without malice."

"I don't know about mistakes, sir—there may have been; but this I do know, that you have never been at any pains to clear them up. If you had, perhaps my life here would not have been such a— Well, it's no use talking about it now. Do you know why I leave?"

"No, Rollington."

"Why, as I found I could do no good here—I can speak plainly now—owing to the dead set you have always made against me, not only by withholding a helping hand, but by taking every opportunity to humiliate me and keep me back, I wrote to my father, and told him if he did not take me away at the end of the half, I would do something that would ensure my being expelled."

"Indeed, Rollington!" said Andrews, with a look half of surprise, half of regret. "I am sorry to hear that. I had no idea you felt so bitterly against us."

"Bitterly!—what sort of life does a small boy lead here, till he's big enough to take care of himself? You know it well enough, and all the cruelties, tortures, and miseries he has to undergo. Is it a better one when

he's older? You know that too. If he has the slightest independence about him, and doesn't choose to submit to the toadyism, spying, and tale-bearing—in short, to the system—Look here," he said, getting incoherent, and out of temper; "only the other day, some cowardly scoundrel injured my bats and cut the india-rubber off my gloves, merely out of spite, because I'm in the Eleven and he isn't. Did you set him on?"

"Come, come, Rollingson—you are forgetting yourself. And it is scarcely fair of you, that you should take advantage of my authority over you having lapsed to use such language to me. It is not gentlemanly, and I am not certain it is not cowardly, under the circumstances."

"You are right, sir, and I beg your pardon. Pray attribute it to my training here. However, I am only wasting your time and my own, as I dare say we are all out by this time. Good-bye."

"I assure you, Rollingson, I cannot—I beg of you not to part like this. An insult to those who have been honestly endeavouring to carry out the intentions of the founder! Come, *Consilio non impetu*. You will take my 'Sermon' as a little remembrancer, and shake hands?"

"No, sir—I will take neither your 'Sermon' nor your hand. You would laugh at me if I did. I desire no remembrance of the time I have passed here, still less of the relations between us. If you wish me to think more kindly of you in the years to come, let these be our last words. Good morning."

"I call Heaven to witness, Rollingson, that it is your perversity that has prevented the reconciliation and friendship I was anxious to effect and initiate from this day."

Rollingson muttered something beneath his breath, and went out, slamming the door behind him.

"What a confounded hypocrite and humbug that fellow is," he said, when he rejoined us. "He wanted to make friends with me."

And he then recounted to our admiring ears the above scene.

But our turn had come to field out; and we forgot all about it—for the present.

The cricket match had come to an end. It was a hot, sultry evening in July, and players and lookers-on were almost equally exhausted from the hard work and excitement under a blazing sun. The boys were

lying about in groups under the trees in the playing-fields, a few of them smoking their surreptitious weed, which hardly appeared to diminish their languor and discomfort. Others were fast asleep. There was not a breath of air, and the only noise which disturbed the stillness of the evening was the monotonous pat of the ball against the wall of the fives court, where two enthusiasts were playing.

"I think we are going to have an awful thunderstorm," observed Rollingson—"my nerves seem all unstrung, and my head just as heavy as lead. I think that fellow Andrews has hipped me, or I'm going to be ill. What was that I read somewhere, the other day, that the blood is like the quicksilver in the barometer, and gives warning, by shrinking back into the vessels of the heart, of some approaching calamity to the body? Mine feels running cold at this moment. I wonder if it's true. I wish somebody would say something amusing."

"Bosh!" said Larkins. "Go and borrow one of the Hag's pills and doses"—by so disrespectful and undeserved a name was the excellent housekeeper known. "The sun's scorched your liver—and I don't wonder at it. I tell you what will be jolly. Let's get Chernocke to ask for leave to bathe. There'll be plenty of time before the rain."

Chernocke, the senior monitor, easily obtained leave from the Doctor, and we went to get our towels.

The bathing squad marched gaily out of the gates, their towels flying, and eager for the spray. The favourite place for good swimmers was an old lock about a mile and a half from the town. It was a lonely spot enough, on the brightest day. The river ran at the foot of the bleak and dreary-looking downs, in whose sides a disused chalk pit yawned, in which huge masses of chalk were piled about in picturesque confusion, looking like the fossil teeth of some antediluvian Anakim. Of course, there was a supernatural inhabitant, the terror of the superstitious, whose rank, titles, and habits of conducting himself generally I have forgotten. But there was a good reason for the timid rustic avoiding the place after nightfall; for tradition has it that, just above the pit, the victims of the plague which once broke out at Harchester were buried. By the side of the lock was what once had been the keeper's house, deserted now and nearly in ruins; for when the railway was opened, the

bargee's occupation was gone, and a barge might only occasionally be seen, creeping along at a wretched pace, as if ashamed of its feeble opposition to King Steam. There was just enough roof left on the house to enable the accomplished diver to stand upon it, and take a header into the lock. The door had long since fallen from its hinges, and—

"The window jingled in its crumbled frame,
And thro' its many gaps of destitution
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,
Like those of dissolution."

While what had once been a pretty garden was a disorder of gravel and mould, old iron and timber, weeds and wild flowers, amidst which stood upright the inevitable grindstone, which by some queer freak of man is almost always the only useful thing left in deserted places.

The air had become more oppressive, and heavy thunder clouds came rolling up, making the water in the lock look as black as ink, save when it was lighted up by an occasional flash of lightning. But the weather did not seem to have affected the spirits of the boys, who now arrived, shouting, running, and jumping. The heat was favourable to the enjoyment of a dip; and even Rollington had lost his "blues," and was as merry and reckless as the rest of them. Then came the easy process of undressing; and flop after flop lashed the still water into mimic waves; and the puffs, gasps, and wheezes with which swimmers always think it necessary to accompany their pastime, were heard on all sides. I think I was the first who was out of the water—or, at all events, I had advanced farther in re-dressing myself—when a voice cried—

"Clear the lock, you fellows! Divett and Rollington are going to take headers off the lock house, and race through the hatches. Come and hold them up, somebody!"

The header off the lock house was a feat seldom attempted, as the drop was between twenty and thirty feet; and, unless the diver went well in, head foremost, the consequences were very unpleasant, not to say dangerous. But the dive through the hatches, in addition, increased the difficulty, and required a first-rate swimmer to accomplish it.

The two had climbed to the top of the house, and were waiting the signal to plunge. It had grown darker and darker, and their white bodies stood out in relief from the

black sky, as motionless as statues, when a horrible, wailing shriek rang through the still air, followed by a loud clap of thunder. We all started, and some one said, in a nervous tone—

"What on earth was that?"

I was looking at Rollington, and fancied I saw him trembling.

"Why, it's only a goat-sucker," said Larkins; "probably got hold of a fat moth, and that's his way of expressing his satisfaction."

"Come, you fellows, make haste," says Chernocke. "We are after time, and the rain's coming on."

One, two, three!

The two take a short run, and plunge into the water about the same time, and disappear. We all run about the lock to see them come up. The black head of Divett emerges first.

"Divett wins!" shouts the crowd; and the boys at the hatches close them. Three seconds, three minutes, three hours—I know not—elapsed.

"Why, what's Rollington doing?" says one; for he had not reappeared.

"Oh, he's only larking," says another. "He must have been through long ago."

But still he does not come; and five minutes must have passed since he dived. Chernocke, all of a sudden, turns very pale, and runs farther up the river, peering anxiously over the banks. We all follow silently: the terror of the unknown thing is upon us. A figure suddenly appears in our midst. It is Andrews, with a fishing-rod in his hand. He has been whipping the streams in the meadows.

"What is this, Chernocke? Why haven't you taken the boys back to College?"

Chernocke, with a face white as death, related the circumstances as well as his faltering voice will let him. When he mentions the hatches, we hear Andrews exclaim, beneath his breath, "Merciful God!" And he runs back to the lock, taking off his coat, waistcoat, and braces as he goes; and, directly he reaches it, plunges in.

The dreadful truth has flashed upon us, as we follow him, and a kind of suppressed sob murmurs through the trembling crowd. We have not long to wait to know the worst. Andrews reappears. What a change a few seconds has made in his face! Indescribable, indeed! But when I saw the Laocoon in the Vatican, many years after—

wards, this scene was brought back to me. In a very low but firm voice, in which there was *something* we had never heard before, he said—

"Boys, lift up the second hatch! Let him who is swiftest run for a doctor; others go to the cottages yonder, and get what blankets and assistance they can."

Some of us carried him back to College, after all efforts to restore him had proved fruitless. Who they were, I don't know; though, after so many years, I have the scene vividly before me. I only remember one incident of the dreary journey back. The stiles through the fields were formed of six wooden stairs. One of the boys, on reaching the topmost step, gave a groan, and fell forward fainting. It was one of the two who had let down the hatch *too soon!* For that was the way poor Rollington met his death. He must have made some mistake in the hatch through which he had to dive, and had, literally, been caught by the heels. In endeavouring, afterwards, to soften the inconsolable grief of the two poor boys who had caused the dreadful accident, the doctor said he died no lingering death, but that the shock must have killed him instantaneously. It is a curious fact, that both these boys—many years afterwards, and in different parts of the world—were themselves drowned.

The usual festivities of the week were, of course, abandoned. Fortunate were those who had examinations to pass for the sister college at Oxford, which could not be pre-termitted. The others might have gone home; but they begged so hard to be present at the last scene of all, that the authorities did not refuse them. The death of a boy, whether liked or disliked, at a public school, has an effect unequalled, I believe, even when the best beloved of a family is summoned. Who could have foreseen so dreadful an event? There was Pickleton, his fag, when we returned, oiling the bat with which he had obtained the triumphs of the day. The child cried when he heard the news, but would not believe it, and went on with his work. The score of the day's match had already been sent to *Ball's Life*, where his name appeared the following Saturday—

"Rollington, st. Jones, b. Richardson, 53."

With a note by the editor:—"A painful interest is attached to this match, from the

fact that that promising young cricketer, Mr. Rollington, was drowned the same evening it was finished, while bathing." On the desk in his study was the Shakspeare, open at the part he was to take on the Speech Day to-morrow. It was the second scene in the third act of "Richard the Second." I was to have been Scroop. I read through the scene mechanically, till I came to the lines—

"And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

I then remembered he had hinted at a sort of presentiment of his coming fate, and wondered if the words put into the mouth of the unhappy King had suggested it. There were his cricket gloves, thrown hastily down, still wet from the hard exercise of the day; while the hands that had worn them were lying stiff and cold, in the little room yonder, looking into the court, where a feeble taper burned, and cast the Chinese shadow of an enormous nose on the blind—that of the nurse, I supposed—at which, with the tears in my eyes, I couldn't help laughing for a second, though my sorrow was genuine and sincere. For do not smiles and sighs tread upon each other's heels pretty swiftly in this kaleidoscope of a world of ours? As, when we greet Jones laughingly in the street, and part sorrowing as we think how the poor devil has thrown away his time and talents, taken to drinking, or gambling, or beating his wife, or what not? He was my friend, and he was gone; and let us hope that none of those who saw him laid in his grave, ever, in the after-years, had cause to envy what then appeared so cruel and untimely a fate.

He was buried in the middle of the square formed by the hoary old cloisters, beneath whose verdant turf lay many far better and wiser than he, who had left behind them names more respected, perhaps, but not more beloved than his. Curious as is the perversity of boys, it attained a sublimity when they almost unanimously declared that the feeling which prompted Andrews to insist on performing the service was vengeful and brutal. His face was pale and stern, and he read the divine words solemnly, indeed, but without the slightest apparent emotion. The bell tolled from the gray chapel tower, frightening the jays and crows who had their habitation there, who, wheeling in black circles over our

heads, seemed, by their shrill cries and stately croaks, to protest against the ceremony that disturbed them in their undisputed republic.

When all was over, every one passed and looked into the grave, and then returned to the chapel to hear the funeral sermon. A sort of murmur of disapprobation arose when it became evident that Andrews was going to preach. He looked round at us all for a few seconds when he stood up, and, for the first time, we saw his face working with suppressed feeling. He recovered himself shortly, and with his arms outstretched towards us, and in a tone of voice half imploring and half peremptory, gave out his text with an emphasis and feeling which turned every young heart towards him:—

“Agree with thine adversary quickly whiles thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily, I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.”

* * * *

Two or three years ago, I was staying at a country house near Harchester, where, amongst other guests, were two gentlemen who had been at Eton, and who were anxious to see the neighbouring College. I volunteered to be cicerone; and, as we drove close to the scenes where the above events took place, I pointed out the chalk pit and lock house, and related the story to them as I have to you. As we drove up to the gates, there emerged from underneath them an aged and stooping figure, apparently very infirm, whom I instantly recognized to be Andrews. I remarked to my friends, and to old Joel the porter—

“How comes the Bishop here? I thought he was in Heligoland a hundred years ago.”

“So he was, sir,” said Joel, who had not recognized me till I told him my name; “but he left it soon after he went there. He’s got a house near here, and is over pretty nearly three or four times a-week, and walks in the cloisters for an hour at a time. He must have been wonderful fond of that poor Mr. Rollington; he’s put him up a splendid tablet, with a whole Latin poem upon it, which some of our gents says is beautiful. Lor, sir! remember your grand-

father well. Yes—the Bishop’s here pretty often, I can tell you. We don’t often open the cloisters to visitors; but as you’re an old boy, sir, I’ll open them for you” (and half a crown).

Thus did I revisit the old places; and, standing again by poor Rollington’s grave, mused more sadly, perhaps, o’er the years that had flown, than on my old, old friend who was lying beneath me.

SCAMPS.

WHY is your scamp so popular?—the darling of staid matrons and mature virgins, sighed for by modest maidens, able to melt and mitigate the severity of stern and exact men? In his case, whether they hate the sin or not, folk concur in adopting the Christian principle of loving the sinner. Men of scrupulously correct conduct and conversation, of high principle and active industry, who talk, though sedately, yet well and sensibly, not altogether without a certain bated humour and resigned cheerfulness, are generally made much of, admired, and respected; but such respectabilities are driven into at least temporary obscurity on the appearance of a thorough scamp in the social circle. His careless ease of manner and random sallies eclipse their best efforts. Of course, our Joseph Surfaces, and the sincere originals of his assumed character, would not bemean themselves so far as to indulge in the levity and nonsense in which Dick this or Charley that—scamps generally carry their pet names almost to their graves—is trifling away words and minutes. It is, however, trying to find the talk becoming gradually too buoyant for their graver wits to keep up to it; and they would give a great deal to be able to make Mrs. Grundy’s fat sides shake, and the Misses Grundy to reveal countless dimples in convulsions of laughter.

The pet scamp’s reckless foot steps upon one moral corn after another; yet the most sensitive seem to be merely tickled rather than excruciated. A bold defiance of the lightning of public opinion, a rude unveiling of time-honoured sanctities, a headlong onslaught on conventionality, a naïve confession of folly or luxury almost bordering on licence, a highly flavoured story, a general tone of Bohemianism and unorthodoxy, are each and all met only with playful remonstrances and inviting deprecations. He goes

to the extreme limits which delicacy permits in a deliberate or unconscious effort to shock; yet no one seems inclined to be shocked, except perhaps one or two emphatically steady, well-to-do individuals, who are accustomed to ruling some social roast, and who are chagrined at finding their place taken, and their occupation suspended.

Under the influence of a good specimen of the genus scamp, Mrs. Grundy will eat her own words by the bushel; will hear with patience, or even delight, all her pet maxims turned to ridicule; and would make an unpractised observer believe that her very nature was undergoing a radical change. One of her best points is her objection to countenancing viciousness or irreligion. How, then, are we to account for her partiality for the scamp, who professes or implies indifference as to the concerns of his soul, whose views on practical morality are decidedly loose, and whose character is very far from being like Caesar's ideal wife—above suspicion?

He is idle, afflicted with chronic impecuniosity, probably in debt. He is an utter and irreclaimable spendthrift, far from being morbidly particular as to how or whence he gets the wherewithal to carry on a fresh fling, or tide over an embarrassment. His relatives and friends often suffer inconvenience and privation, owing to his demands on their pecuniary resources. Yet, withal, he is an undoubted favourite. Rigid critics can prove to demonstration that he is unprincipled, selfish, and inconsiderate; but, somehow, their pains are wasted. He is not only tolerated, but welcomed, where those whose stainless and exemplary life give them at least the semblance of a right to censure him are received but coldly in comparison.

The career of such a one tempts the question whether virtue and steadiness are in themselves repulsive, while vice and levity are attractive, even to those whose views are correct, and whose aims are high. Certainly, thoroughly popular men are seldom strict in their self-discipline; and the men whom we must perforce respect most are often those whose companionship we desire least.

The truth of the matter seems to us to be this: that it is the accidents of his character which make a good man unacceptable and a vicious man popular, while the essentials of either character are agreeable and admirable. That every one has faults is a mere truism; but we repeat it for the purpose of saying that there are unpopular and popu-

lar faults, and that the faults of one who is under strict self-control are very likely to belong to the former class, while our scamp is pretty sure to have a preponderance of the latter kind.

The scamp is not liked because he is vicious. Heaven forefend! But the very qualities which have made him attractive are those which lead him into numberless temptations, to which he is weak enough to yield; for scampishness is never allied with strength of character. Wildness and debauchery are not the *differentia* of a scamp. These are, we know, compatible with a resolute disposition and an iron will. A strong-minded man may debase himself to be a libertine and a scoundrel; but there will always be a gulf set between him and the ideal scamp—of whom, by the way, it will be as well to give an accurate and detailed description.

For, unfortunately, we are nowadays so much addicted to a loose and vague use of words, that the generality have rather hazy notions of their signification when there is any need for nice discrimination; and, even amongst philosophers, many portentous controversies turn on mere differences of terminology.

Your true scamp, then, to put forward first his most prepossessing traits, is impulsively kind-hearted, and when intimacy or relationship permits, caressingly affectionate. Children dote upon him; servants prefer his kindly speeches, and, if they be female, his hasty kisses, or chucks under the chin, even to his handsome 'tips.' The housekeeper idolises him—for does he not praise her jams and confections, and ever and anon embrace her gallantly, declaring she looks younger than ever, and run off, laughing cheerily, as her plump hand makes its leisurely way towards his ear or shoulder? Then he has the "imperence" to steal a kiss from her prettiest housemaid before her matronly eyes, for which she tries to rate him roundly; but ends up by laughing at his comic impersonation of the deepest contrition. She tells the butler that there's not a grain of harm in him—he's too full of fun. When at home, he is attentive to his sisters, who adore him, and are very proud of his good looks—he is necessarily good-looking, if not absolutely handsome; and willingly consent to their pin-money being curtailed, that his allowance may be supplemented, or his debts paid. His mother has spoilt him all his

life; and encourages him in the follies, over which she weeps in secret, by concealing her anxiety and sorrow from him, and providing him, as far as in her power lies, with the thews and sinews of extravagance.

His idleness—not persistent, but still lamentably recurrent—is a source of grave apprehension and vexation to his father; but he takes rebuke so good-temperedly, and is so frank and candid in acknowledging his delinquencies, that the parental anger speedily evaporates—as also, truth to tell, does the effect of the filial fit of repentance.

After having broken down in his premeditated lecture, the baffled sire tries to be cold and distant to the prodigal at dinner; but his *bonhomie* is impervious to any degree of frigidity, for he is more than usually merry and facetious; and, by the time the joint is removed, no one is laughing more heartily than papa at the youth's mirthful, irresistible drollery. For if he is not absolutely witty, he exhibits an exuberance of animal spirits which is desperately infectious. Unfortunately, he is not much at home; as he is by nature fond of excitement, and the taste is fostered by the ready welcome he receives from pleasure seekers of all kinds. Without any natural inclination towards excesses, he finds himself gradually being drawn into a vortex of dissipation, against his better judgment, owing to his inability to say "no." Apart from brilliant qualities, some of the first reasons for his being a universal favourite are the easiness of his manners, which is owing, in great part, to the independence and fearlessness of his disposition; his invariable cheerfulness—in which respect he is a veritable Mark Tapley; and his unflagging genial complaisance. He is never *ennuyé*; therefore his companionship is everywhere refreshing, and is a very cordial to the *blasés* and enervated votaries of pleasure and fashion. His temperament is eminently sanguine; so that he dismisses the future with confidence, and concentrates his energies on the enjoyment of the immediate present. Moreover, he is not conceited, being rather disposed to underrate his abilities, which are very good, and have only needed industry and application to turn them to excellent account. As it is, he has a better taste and a larger stock of general information than many erudite scholars. He has, also, a modest opinion of his own moral qualifications, which makes him tolerant and lenient in judging of others. He has a great love for

sympathy, which, therefore, he is readily able to enlist; while he is a faithful and consoling confidant to whom to impart any peccadillo or foible not to be trusted to any one more precise. Mention any little weakness you can think of to him—he has either experienced its thralldom himself, or can quite understand it. Indeed, his knowledge of human nature would put many a philosopher to the blush.

The characteristics which I have enumerated as making our scamp acceptable are not in themselves bad, and for their sake society is willing to palliate the vicious tendencies which follow in their wake. Moreover, he is a living protest against routine and conventionality; and, as such, must needs be grateful to those who, though they persist in hugging the chains and trappings of polite society, still secretly pine for the liberty which they deny themselves. There is a suspicion of something improper about him, which has a piquancy—a hazy notion of "delicate and mysterious" wickedness; and perhaps, too, of impending punishment, which makes him interesting in the eyes of the unsophisticated. His light-hearted playfulness is suggestive of innocence, in spite of his notorious idleness and extravagance; and his bold profession of *outré* sentiments rather confirms the impression than not. In short, he affords society an ample opportunity of displaying that inconsistency which, in some form or other, is the one constant and universal factor of variable, multiplex human nature. After all, his candour is more apparent than real—being, as I have hinted, a means of deception. The scamp knows by intuition exactly how far the curtain may be withdrawn which conceals the *coulisses* of life, so as to stimulate curiosity under the pretence of satisfying it, without outraging tender susceptibilities. He can trace the thin line which severs tacit approval from open reprobation. His irreverence is condoned by its humorlessness. He does not run amuck against institutions or their representatives, but seizes upon their ludicrous side—pretty nearly everything which has to do with humanity has a ludicrous side—with such keen discernment, that the justice of his satire disarms resentment.

It is a moot point whether he be a flirt or not, but an understood thing that marriage is not included in his programme. Of course, this is a great recommendation; as

Mrs. and Miss Grundy can dispense, in his case, with the countless precautions and artifices in vogue in the mart matrimonial. He has a confidential, brotherly way with the young lady, which she finds pleasant, and can also often turn to account in exciting the reckless flame of jealousy in some too cautious admirer.

Thus, there are sundry reasons why the Grundy family announce that Charley Ne'er-do-weel is "nobody's foe but his own"—a statement which is either utterly destitute of meaning, or else palpably false; and why they fail to observe, or decline to believe, that his kindness of heart does not prevent him from perpetually committing acts of unmitigated selfishness, that his cheerfulness is for ever degenerating into levity and thoughtlessness, his independence into defiance of wholesome restraint, his sanguine hopefulness and boldness into reckless improvidence. Because he is merry in season, he is pardoned for being merry out of season.

To produce a scamp, the materials for a really fine character must be warped and wasted for lack of a guiding and sustaining principle—just as a fine sea-going yacht would come to grief were she without rudder or ballast.

We have heard a scamp denounced as dishonest, heartless, and selfish, for not scrupling to bring embarrassment, or even ruin, on relations and friends. There is only too much ground for the condemnation; but his judges and detractors should be warned that they may be, after all, more selfish than he. For the highest and most refined selfishness is quite compatible with regularity, and even asceticism, of practice; while your scamp is always more of a fool than a knave—his crowning folly consisting in the unfounded buoyancy of hopefulness which no reiteration of disappointment avails to overwhelm. Warning and exhortation he listens to with respect, but dismisses as well-intended manifestations of morbid dependency. Thus he is betrayed, over and over again, into conduct which, if deliberated, would stamp him as a villain and criminal, dead to all good feeling. All the time, his notions of honour are strict; he is ever careful not to wound the feelings of others—the distress he causes in his home he cannot but fail to observe, but considers it uncalled-for and inexplicable—and ever ready to yield to the kindest and most unselfish impulses.

It is obvious that such a character as this is continually on the edge of an abyss of iniquity and degradation, though possessing capacities equal to the pursuit of a bright and honourable career.

Though we have endeavoured to demonstrate the amiability of the true scamp, we trust no word of ours will be construed into an encouragement for any who are not scamps to affect the *rôle*. Rather may we be fortunate enough to convince some recognized scamps that they are capable of better things—for moral weakness is by no means incurable—and to rouse in them the loftier ambition of being respected as well as loved. It cannot be stated too emphatically that an affectation of scampishness is sure to fail in winning applause or popularity.

The co-operation of society is needful for the maintenance of the character of scamps; so that an access of wealth, equally with total loss of means and credit, renders it all but impossible to play the part. Scampishness is very seldom kept up, in its salient features, past the prime of life. Either some moral tonic is found to effect the adjustment of good qualities requisite for reformation, or a decrepit *roué* and maudlin bore is all that survives of the once jovial and entertaining scamp.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VISITOR.

I WAS sitting in the room which my father uses for a sort of business room, doing all his writing and his reading of the papers there—I cannot say his studying, for, excepting these political pamphlets, I never saw my father take up any book excepting the Bible, and that he cannot be said to study, as he simply reads a chapter night and morning to the household, which practice is chiefly owing to my mother, whose early impressions had something of a Puritan taint, as my father calls it, in them. At any rate, so far as our own family is concerned, I know that the practice is not followed by my uncle Humphrey or my uncle Furnaby.

However, I am wandering away from what I have to narrate. I was, then, sitting

in this room, in a high-backed chair that hid me from any one entering in at the door, reading attentively a copy of Mr. John Lyly's "Euphues" that Mr. Lydgate had lent me, when suddenly the door opened, and a man was ushered in, and desired to take a seat until my father could come to him.

As the light from the window was full in his eyes, he did not see me at once; so that I had an opportunity of getting a good look at his face and figure before he observed me.

I did not think he was quite a gentleman, though he was dressed as one: it rather seemed to me as though he had on his master's clothes; and, somehow or other, he brought Sir Everard Tylney to my mind, though there was no actual resemblance between them. He sat down, and twirled his hat round and round impatiently, as if he was in a hurry—all the time gazing into the sunlight outside, which of course dazed his eyes; and I knew that if he withdrew them he would see green and red windows quivering before him, dark where the panes of glass were, and quite light in the framework that enclosed them, such as I had made myself see a hundred times, when I was in an idle mood, on a bright sunshiny day; or perchance he might behold a dozen coloured suns hovering about, if he dazzled his eyes sufficiently. So, quite secure of being unnoticed, I sat still, and gazed at him; for I had a curious instinct that he was a man of whom I should hear more.

He was a man of perhaps forty or thereabouts, with a stolid leaden face, in which one at first did not perceive any intelligence; but a sudden noise outside, like a low whistle, caused his face to wake up, and become alive. The thin under-line of his lip moved, the pupil of his eye dilated, there was a quick movement of the nostril, and he passed his hand across his unwrinkled forehead, and smoothed still closer the short, thick hair, whose black was already mingling with gray. He inclined his head forward a little, and placed his hand behind his ear, eagerly listening to hear if the sound should be repeated.

"Tis only Thomas, whistling to the pigeons," said I, rising. "He calls them at this hour to be fed."

Instantly the man's face became stolid and immovable, as I had first seen it. If he had been surprised out of himself—or, per-

haps, into his natural self—when he thought himself alone, he was not going to continue such weakness when he found himself in company.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said he. "The sun has been blinding me, so that I was not aware of your presence."

And he stood up, bowing deferentially; nor did he sit down again, but remained standing, as though awaiting my commands. And just then my father came in, and after having looked along the passage and listened for awhile, he cautiously closed the door, and advanced towards the stranger.

"Good news?" he asked, as he gave his hand, with an odd mixture of heartiness and embarrassment, which, perhaps, did not pass wholly unnoticed by the other, for he replied, a little stiffly—

"As far as I am enabled to say, quite so." Then he paused. "By request of one whom I need not mention, I have been to—" and again he hesitated.

"To Mr. Furnaby," said my father. "Speak out—no fear of my daughter, she's as zealous a little Tory as you'll find in the three countries."

But the stranger still hesitated.

"He did not wish to be ungallant," he said; "but private matters were private matters, and—" Then he dropped his voice, and the only word I heard was "Chamillard."

To which my father responded—

"Oh, certainly," and turning to me, said, laughingly—

"You will have to go away, Grace. Women can't be always trusted with secrets."

I was a good deal disappointed, for I had been interested; and would have liked to know who, and whence, and of what kind this man was. But I was obliged to comply; and I think our visitor had a grim satisfaction in my mortification, as though he were repaying the march that, in his estimation, I had stolen upon him; for though he bowed very deferentially, I could see an ironical smile play slightly round his mouth as he opened the door for me.

I was more than half inclined to listen, for I feared my father might be led to do something imprudent. However, I could not condescend to that, even for the good that might arise from it; besides, I had a conviction that if I did so the man would suddenly open the door, and find me with my ear at the keyhole. Therefore I gave up the idea—partly out of virtue, partly out of

necessity—and made my way to my mother, who was much more affected than I should have expected, and turned so white that I thought she was going to faint.

"What is the matter?" I asked, in alarm.

"Do you know who the man is?"

"No, child," she replied; "it is only that I am fearful. I like not these secret doings, and this writing and sending of messages through out-of-the-way courses. There is something that seems to me to bode danger in all means that are not open and straightforward. I may be over-timorous; but your father is so prone to put faith in all around him, that I fear, through rashness, he may become involved in what he otherwise would avoid."

"But there can be no real danger to a loyal subject such as my father is, who would die if needful for his Queen and his country," said I.

For my fears ran more upon Sir Everard's having him in his power, as he had Clarinda, and so working on my feelings through him, as he was doing through her. But this, perhaps, was a foolish thought of mine. Certainly, I had never contemplated danger such as my mother pointed at; and now my own fear vanished away, and all that she had said took its place.

"Surely, all know my father is a loyal man?" I said.

"Perhaps so," she answered; "yet still 'tis better to keep from intermeddling too much with political affairs, in these times of excited party feeling."

So we sat together, with the door open, listening for the sound of footsteps in the hall, which should tell us that the strange visitor was departing; and, as is usual in such cases, the time went very slowly, and we were ready to start at the slightest sound we heard.

At length, the door of my father's room creaked on its hinges, and we heard the two walk across the room without speaking. There was a sort of stealthiness about it that made my mother grasp my hand tightly, and murmur involuntarily—

"Men love darkness rather than light"—

But I stopped her.

"Not my father," said I.

"No, not thy father, child; but those who have more guile than he has."

"Sir Everard Tynney?" I spoke interrogatively.

"Nay, child—Sir Everard is a true and

honourable gentleman; he will keep thy father from harm. I fear not him."

"My uncle Furnaby's name was mentioned," I said.

Then my mother gave a great start.

"I thought Ralph would keep clear of that," said she.

"Of what?"

But my father, having sped his guest, came upstairs to where we were sitting; and seeing us look so anxious, was inclined to be angry.

"Why, Patience, woman," said he, chidingly, "canst thou not trust me after these long years? Why should'st thou be afraid?"

"Because thou hast no fear," she answered, trying to smile through her tears. "Thou wert ever so, as I have good cause to remember, since the first day I saw thee."

Then my father's anger passed away, and he smiled too; for the remembrance of the day when he had faced the angry villagers, and caught up the little trembling girl upon his horse and had ridden away with her, came full before him.

"And there came no harm to me through the danger that lay therein," said he.

"No," answered my mother, solemnly. "The Lord was with thee then, Ralph, so that the plague smote thee not."

"And now?"

"Thou art in the hands of men in the present case; and who knows whether they may be trusted."

"I will adventure it, nevertheless, in a good cause."

"Ralph, Ralph," said my mother—"beware!"

I know not if Mr. Lydgate had any idea that something was hanging over us—that is, over my mother and me, for my father was in as good spirits as ever; indeed he was, if that were possible, more buoyant than ever. But the next day Mr. Lydgate came, looking a little downcast; whereat I rallied him, and asked him whether his last sonnet to "Melissa" had been returned; for Uncle Oliver had made a jest of "Melissa" lately, and had taken occasion once or twice to disconcert Mr. Lydgate by allusions to his early poems.

But he was in no humour to be merry; and he answered, gravely—

"Mistress Grace, I wish to speak seriously."

And then it occurred to me that he might know something about my father; for I

knew that one party had its spies upon the other, and that Mr. Lydgate was our adversary in politics, though in nought else. So I became as grave as he was; and, indeed, I turned so white, that he said, tenderly—

"Do not be afraid, Grace—there is nothing to alarm you."

He had never called me Grace before, and now appeared quite unconscious that he had done so; but it made my heart give quite a leap, and I began to wonder if—possibly, Mr. Lydgate—that what I had half thought, just for one moment, might really be true.

"I have been trying to find out the answer to a question I have been wishing to ask for a long time, and I have not succeeded; therefore, I have come to see if you will help me, Mistress Grace," he said.

"If I can," said I.

"That I think you may," he answered; "since none other is able to do so."

"Perhaps you put too great faith in me," said I.

"I hope not," he replied; "since I should grieve to have my faith fail me."

"I hope it will not," said I, "since I should be glad to help you; though how can you tell that I shall be able to answer you in this matter?"

"Because 'tis a personal one, that only you can answer, Grace," said he—again calling me by my Christian name, forgetting the "Mistress" altogether—"and I trust it will be in your heart to answer it as mine would wish."

There was no occasion for him to have said more, for I understood then well enough what he meant; and, indeed, it suddenly seemed as if I had known it all from the beginning—from the very first moment that I had ever seen him—and that I had been thinking of nothing else ever since. It came flooding over me like a great river, whose waters caused all the beauty that I had ever felt in my soul to bloom out anew with threefold freshness and vigour. But he seemed to think 'twas necessary to explain. And so he poured forth his story;—how, from the first moment he had heard me speak, that a new chord was struck in his heart, though he knew not how deep an echo its music had awakened until he saw me that night at the theatre; and after that, fear came, and doubt, and wonder; and how he could no longer bear the uncertainty. And he begged me to tell him whether or

not his love for me could meet with a return.

Then, for awhile, I sat half-stupefied. It was not that I did not know my own mind—it was not that I was surprised; for now that Mr. Lydgate had spoken, it appeared as if he had told me nothing that I had not expected. But it was the haunting fear I had of Sir Everard Tylney that kept me silent. I knew that he also loved me; that he was a determined man; that he had it in his power to work much evil in our family; and I did not dare to offend him mortally,—as I knew I should do, by doing what my heart dictated—until Clarinda was free from his power.

"Oh, Clarinda! Clarinda! how can I forgive your folly?"

So spoke my heart within me. And my face must have shown that I was suffering; for Mr. Lydgate took my hand gently, and said—

"Have I offended you, Grace?"

"No—oh, no," said I at length.

"Then what is it?" he asked. "Is it that you grieve for me; that—but, Grace, it cannot be. Surely, I have watched too closely to be mistaken. You will not send me away without a hope that I may one day win your love, even if the thought is new to you now."

"It is not new," I said.

And then I stopped. And all at once his countenance changed, and the flush of hope that had lighted it up died away; and he said—

"I see how it is. Mistress Selwode's tender heart grieves to speak the pain that must be mine. Be it so. Let the words, then, be unsaid—I will understand them, though they be unspoken. Farewell, Mistress Grace; but at least bid me God speed on my long journey."

I looked up at him in amaze, for I had not heard that he was going away; and I suppose that something he saw in my look gave him good courage again.

"Grace!" he said, drawing nigh to me—"Grace!"

And then, I do not well remember what I said in answer; for I had forgot all about Sir Everard and my fears when Mr. Lydgate spoke my name again. But whatever 'twas that I said, Mr. Lydgate was satisfied; and our hearts, for the moment, entered that Eden wherein all men have walked throughout the ages of the world—an Eden whose flowers are fading, and where the blight

falls, and the clouds gather; but an Eden, still, whose flashes of sunlight shine out brighter than moon and stars; whose gentle winds blow soft, to drive the vessel calmly on; and whose influences make straight the crooked path, and cause the rough ways to grow smooth and easy to be trodden.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MY WHIG LOVER.

AS I said in the last chapter, Mr. Lydgate and I had entered Eden; but as into the original Eden grief and sorrow had entered, so in ours also there was the serpent lurking among the buds and blossoms to destroy our happiness, and this serpent was no other than Sir Everard Tylney.

And when the great hush of joy that came into my soul and kept me silent was somewhat abated, I began to think of him; and suddenly I started back, and put Mr. Lydgate's arm from around me; and I said, mournfully—

"But it cannot be."

"Why not, sweetheart? If thou lovest me, what let or hindrance is there?"

But I only repeated—

"It cannot be."

"True, for the present," he answered; "for my father is not a rich man, and the estate is heavily mortgaged, and I have small wealth of my own. But in the future, Grace, when I have made my way, which this new hope will make me doubly earnest for, there will be no obstacle then."

"I care not for riches," said I.

"I know that," said he; "therefore, why should you fear? Your father has shown no dislike to my coming, and your mother would make no objection."

"Perhaps not," said I. "It is not that."

And then I stopped; for though, through fear of Sir Everard, my prudence had come back to me, yet it took some thought and courage to say what I had made up my mind to say, especially as Mr. Lydgate looked disturbed, and as though he half distrusted the truth of the answer I had given him. However, I steadied my voice as well as I could, and then said—

"Mr. Lydgate, I cannot enter into an engagement with you without acquainting my parents."

"Neither do I wish it," he replied. "I would have spoken to your father first, had it not seemed over-bold to do so until I had pleaded my cause with you."

"I am glad of that," said I, "since it must not be spoken of, and therefore cannot be entered upon."

I do not know how I could speak so coldly and hardly as I did; but the great fear had fallen upon me again, and I knew that for Clarinda's sake, for Harry's sake, and even for Mr. Lydgate's sake, I must not anger Sir Everard. His half-intimated threats, for I can call them nought else, rose up before me, and magnified themselves until I felt that, at any cost, I must prevent their being carried into execution. And all at once I seemed to see the line that the jessamine sprig had stained, writ up in flaming letters before me—

"Dead is the knight who for my sake is slain!"

And I felt a shiver run through me.

Mr. Lydgate gazed at me in wonder.

"But, Grace, have you not told me that you love me?"

"I have told you so."

"And that you do not fear the opposition of your parents."

"Nor do I," I replied.

"What then is to prevent?" he asked.

"I have my reasons," I answered.

"What are they?" said he. "I have no faith in them. Let me but hear them, so that I may rend them in pieces at once."

But 'twas not in jest that I was speaking, though he seemed to think so; neither could I explain my reasons fully. And this made it difficult for me to frame my speech so that he should understand me aright. For I wished not to offend him, nor that he should take his love from me; though I did not dare openly to accept it.

"What are these reasons, Grace?" he asked again.

"I cannot tell you. You must believe them on my word, Mr. Lydgate; and believe that, on account of them, I can enter into no engagement."

"That is too hard," he rejoined. "I have not faith enough for that."

"Have you not?" said I, sadly enough. "Could you not believe in me without a promise?"

"What do you mean?" he asked. "When you said 'yes' did you mean 'no,' and do you wish to take your answer back?"

"No, I do not," said I, in a low voice.

"You are incomprehensible, sweetheart," quoth he. "You say one thing one moment, and another thing the next. What am I

to believe—that you love me, or love me not?”

“Whichever pleases you best,” said I; “only you are to ask for nothing further. Do you love me well enough for that?”

For it seemed my turn to question now.

He was silent for a moment.

“Grace!” said he, suddenly.

And I looked up, and met his eyes fixed earnestly upon me; and for a moment we looked into each other’s souls.

“I believe thee—I trust thee—sweet-heart,” said he. “Thou wilt not deceive me. What dost thou wish in the matter? Only tell me, and I will obey.”

Then said I—

“I can enter into no engagement without the consent of my parents; and for weighty reasons, that I am not able to speak of, I should not wish it to be known that—I that I cared more for you than for others. Let it be as it was before you spoke.”

“That cannot be, since we know one another’s hearts,” said he.

“Let that knowledge, then, suffice, without any promise on either part until a year has gone by,” I answered.

“And shall I never hear of you when I am away?” he asked. “Must I live on without a single word?”

“Away! Whither are you going?”

“Abroad.”

“To join the army?” I said, with a shudder; for, in spite of what is called glory, I can never think of the fighting abroad without horror.

“No,” said he. “I’m not fitted for a soldier. I am going to study at some of the foreign universities. Having taken up the literary profession, I must climb my way upward, through much study and labour.”

“Tis a pleasant one,” said I. “It has fields of beauty wherein one can lie down and find content, and miss much of the turmoil of the world.”

“And yet,” he answered, “life’s battle has to be fought out on every field; though he who has the grasp of the higher developments of man has power over the meaner things of life. And in this higher intellectual life, if he should meet with one whose aspirations are as his own—whose spirit soars with his—then, indeed, may an Elysium be found on earth; and he may dwell in a Golden Age, forgetting that there is decay and death upon the earth, inasmuch as he has already entered upon immortality.”

“If with it we live nigh to God,” said I, in a voice scarce louder than a whisper, half hesitatingly—for I knew not how far Mr. Lydgate’s faith might go; for some men, in their straining after this world’s wisdom, forget the greater wisdom appertaining to the world to come.

But he looked down upon me with a sweeter smile than I had thought it possible for man’s face to wear.

“The highest, noblest life on earth,” said he, “is lived with God.”

I was so thankful for those words; for they gave me sure confidence that I had found one to lean upon—one who would help me through the troubles of the world, if it should come to pass that my present difficulties might be removed, and I could openly accept the love he offered me. And for awhile I was silent; for I was too full of happiness to speak a word.

“And am I never to hear of you during this year of trial?” he asked, referring to what I had said.

“Harry Fanshawe will write to you, and you will hear through him.”

“But Captain Fanshawe’s words will not be your words. How can I be content?”

“It cannot be otherwise,” said I. “I am thankful for your love, Mr. Lydgate—the knowledge of it will be a well-spring of strength to me, until I can accept it fully; though I cannot do so at the present time. Yet, if it be any consolation to tell you that, whatever happens, none can ever hold the place that you do in my estimation, I give it you. I can do no more. You must trust me, and leave me free from any promise.”

Again he looked at me in silent questioning, as though he could not comprehend me.

“And yet,” said he, “I know you love me, sweetheart; and in the knowledge of that love I will obey you; and at the year’s end I may ask again, and have your promise.”

A year! What an age it seemed to look forward to. What might not a year bring forth? What might I not effect with Sir Everard? Yet a chill came over me as I thought of our last interview, and of how determined a man he was. But I did not dare to betray any symptoms of fear before Mr. Lydgate, or rouse his suspicions in any way; and so it was arranged that he should wait a year, and that then, with the consent of my parents, we might enter upon an engagement.

'Twas better so: it left me free to deal with Sir Everard without compromising Mr. Lydgate; for I knew enough of the nature of the former to be convinced that he would prove a jealous adversary, and would leave nought unturned to injure his rival.

And so I was free, and yet had a secret of my own that made me happier than I had ever felt before; though my life, up to the time of my unfortunate acquaintance with Sir Everard, had been one of youthful joyousness and calm content.

Clarinda could not fail of perceiving, when she came from Windsor, that there was some change in me.

"Why, child," said she, "how you have improved. I shall be positively jealous of you when Sir Everard comes back."

"Have you not got over that folly, Clarinda?" said I, sharply.

"No, my dear," said she. "I am disposed to contest the post of Cynosure to Sir Everard with any one who is likely to dispossess me of it. I had a fancy, at one time, I was safe from you, on account of this Mr. Lydgate, of whom our uncle Oliver thinks so much, since I thought you inclined to one another; but it seems I was mistaken, since he is off to Italy, and you are blooming here, without any sign of pining, or of wasting grief, at his departure."

I stooped down to pick up her handkerchief—which, by good fortune, she let drop at this moment—and, as I gave it to her, she asked, suddenly—

"Grace, has Sir Everard writ any letter to you since he went away?"

"To me?" I said in surprise—"no, never. Never," I repeated; "nor do I wish to hear from him."

She did not seem altogether convinced, and remained silent for awhile; then, all at once—as though she had forgotten of what she had been speaking—she asked me if I had heard of Mr. Steele's marriage.

"Yes, Mr. Lydgate told me of it; and how Mr. Steele had been an ardent lover, and had brought about the marriage in a very short space of time. And that Mistress Scurlock was a well-favoured woman, something of a beauty; and had a little fortune, which would be by no means displeasing to Mr. Steele, though he would have married Mistress Scurlock without a penny."

"And has taken a house in Berry-street," added Clarinda.

"Yes," I answered, wondering what made

Clarinda think of Mr. Steele's marriage just at this moment.

Then she said—

"Mr. Steele is a great admirer of the Duke's, and is one of the Prince's gentlemen, and, moreover, Gazetteer."

"And what then?" I asked; for I had known all this before.

"'Tis an unfortunate combination for us," said she; "such men do more harm to our cause than a little. The Prince inclines too much to the Duke and the Whig party already."

"You are getting quite a politician, Clarinda."

She smiled, and shrugged her shoulders prettily, as if deprecating the idea, that at the same time was not displeasing to her.

"A little plotting gives one importance," said she, "and that is what ail women like. One does not care to be on the down side of the wheel all the time; one wishes it to take a turn and bring one up, up—which will never be whilst the Duchess rules the Court."

"Take care, Clarinda," said I. "There's no one that will be much benefited by the Duchess's fall, excepting Mistress Masham, who may—if one's eyes and ears do not deceive one—rise into her kinswoman's place. But what matters it? I am tired of these secret interviews, these mysteries, these cabals; and, moreover, I am afraid of them. 'Tis dangerous meddling with edged tools; and my mother and I are beginning to fear the use of them."

"Pshaw!" said Clarinda, contemptuously. "My mother was always afraid of a shadow, if it fell across my father's path. Now, I am more in dread of realities; and I am half afraid that Harry will want me to make the acquaintance of Mistress Steele, since he is so mightily fond of her husband's company; and, with my present relations at Court, the thing would be impossible. Besides, one does not know what sort of a woman she is, and I distrust the society of these geniuses. Harry is mixing himself up with them too much; and Heaven knows that poor Harry is not much of a genius himself! Now, Sir Everard—"

"Do leave off speaking of him."

"Nay, my dear—he is my *beau idéal* of a gentleman. I wish Harry were like him."

"Be thankful that he is not," I said, so earnestly that Clarinda started.

I had half a mind to confide in her, and

yet I knew that it would not be safe; and I feared more than ever now to raise up any further difficulties.

"'Tis all Uncle Oliver's fault, I do believe," continued Clarinda, reverting to her former speech. "He introduced Harry to all these strange people, and Harry has become fascinated; and I should not be a bit surprised if it ended in Uncle Oliver's and Harry's going over to the other side, which would be very mortifying just now, when everything is going our own way."

"Do not be too sure of that," said I. "Our party won't make its way by groping in the dark."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That I hate all intriguing, and that I don't believe any good ever comes of it. Why can't we do openly what we are doing underhand? If the Duke, and my Lord Godolphin, and the rest, are not managing affairs aright, let the voice of the nation speak out against them, and turn them out of office."

"The voice of the nation!" ejaculated Clarinda. "My dear, where have you met with that phrase? Mistress Masham and I have had long communings lately, and we hold that the 'Divine right,' which has grown into disrepute of late, is the true guide of Governments. You must not let my father hear you speak so. I fear you have been dallying with the enemy."

"My father has a judgment in political matters," said I; "and he is too just a man to withhold the right from others."

"So-ho!" quoth she. "Why, my dear, you have been contaminated during my absence, and have lost sight of your own principles. I must inquire into it."

And all of a sudden there rose up in my mind a remembrance of what my uncle had said to me—

"That the young Whiglins were no whit different to the young Tories in a maiden's eyes; and that when a youth came a-courting, I should not stop to inquire after his politics."

And so it has proved. And, somehow or other, I began to perceive that Mr. Lydgate's opinions have insensibly become mine; and that I was ready to swear by him, and renounce all for his sake—even as Juliet had forsworn the Capulets.

Alack! alack! what will not the blind god bring us to? Was I indeed the same Grace Selwode that had read Virgil with my uncle

in the harbour at Selwode, or had some wonderful transformation taken place?

But I must be more careful of my words, or Clarinda may suspect something; for women see clearer into women's hearts than men, in their less acute natures, dream of.

Have I begun already to be a dissembler?

BARODA—HOW WE GOT THERE, AND WHAT WE SAW.

THE death of the Guicowar of Baroda, which has lately been recorded, recalls to my memory a few pleasant days spent in and about his capital town, Baroda. The amusements provided by him possessed at least the charm of novelty, and may be of interest.

There are possibly a few who hardly know where Baroda is; so I would refer them to the happy possessors of shares in the Bombay and Baroda Railway, who are sure to be able to point out the exact spot. In the event, however, of the reader not knowing any of these gentlemen, it is as well to say that the place in question is in the province of Guzerat, near the coast, and between two and three hundred miles northward of Bombay—notice, between two and three hundred. But talking of distances in a large place like India, that is quite near enough; and by talking in that manner, there is a faint hope of doing away with Smith's popular idea that Brown will see his mother because he is going to India, although probably a thousand or more miles will separate them.

I have pointed out the place; but you can't get there, at present, without all the mixture of comforts and discomforts peculiar to a ship. I had just passed that pleasant or unpleasant time called the honeymoon. Don't condemn me as a bad husband. I quite appreciated Flo, and she quite appreciated me; but shut up together in a little cottage by the sea-side, to which we were condemned by the laws and customs of English society, it was possible to see too much of each other. Now, however, for the other extreme. We have just arrived on board H.M.I. troop ship —, a noble vessel, commanded by Captain —, R.N., who, we are told, is a good fellow, sufficiently liberal-minded not to consider the newly joined ensign—who does not quite understand the etiquette of a man-of-war—a

savage for not taking off his cap each time he steps on that sacred spot, the quarter-deck, or in some other manner not conforming to good old customs existing in the British navy.

I have been shown my cabin, Flo hers; for, alas! we are sentenced to separation—thanks be for a time only!—for no fault of mine, except that I am not a field officer. All ladies who, through want of foresight or otherwise, have been guilty of marrying any officer below the rank of major, are thereby condemned to live together in a cabin set apart for them, with a nursery adjoining it; and much as they may appreciate the music that their own first-born is in the habit of making at night, and at other times, it is a question whether the sound will be as pleasant when accompanied by several other little voices, the owners of which seem quite to forget—or rather have never learnt—the laws of harmony.

There is no help for it. Flo, with Spartan fortitude, has made up her mind to make the most of it. I have tossed with Captain —, an old friend, and have won the best berth in the cabin we are to inhabit together; the troops are all on board, and old Topmast, the first lieutenant, is asking the captain of the day to send some of them to assist in hauling in the hawsers.

We are off! The band is playing "Cheer, boys, cheer." Could one but penetrate into the secret thoughts of those on board, what a contrast would be presented! Ladies thinking of the children they have left behind; young soldiers building up castles in the far East; and old Major —, the jolliest fellow on board, rejoicing; but, you see, he has been enjoying himself in England, and the prospect of Indian pay, and soon probably the command of his regiment, make him hope to pacify several friends (?) now lamenting his departure.

Let us pass over the oft-told tales of ship life, resting assured that Malta Opera is as charming as ever, Alexandria as dirty, the donkey boys, if possible, more annoying, and the Pyramids still in the same place, and carry the imagination to the hotel at Suez.

The train has just arrived. We have spent a long night, as the Egyptian authorities think little of driving a train full of soldiers on to some siding, and there detaining it for an hour or two, as may be convenient. But we have forgotten all this, and are en-

joying the hot coffee provided for us by a thoughtful Government, to refresh us before embarking on board the steamer and troop boats waiting to convey us to the sister of the troop ship we have just left. We find her just the same, with the exception of being painted white, which colour is supposed not to attract the rays of the sun. The captain is a fine, gentlemanlike old man; the first lieutenant most active—so much so that he wishes to set the troops to work at once, forgetting the long night they have spent; but he is full of zeal, so one can forgive him. Again we are off. We pass Moses's Well, and steam over the spot where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed, and admire their faith in crossing to such a dismal looking wilderness, believing that there they would find a land flowing with milk and honey. Five days in the Red Sea, and we pass through the Straits of Babelmandeb, which have been described by a poet as the Gate of Tears—

"Lone, unheeded from the bay,
The vessel takes her weary way,
Like some ill-destined bark, that steers
In silence—through the Gate of Tears."

On the right is the Island of Perim, a spot about a mile in circumference, where a detachment of native troops, with a European officer, guards the British Jack which is displayed to passing vessels. This island, at present neither useful nor ornamental, if fortified, might in time of war be of the greatest use, being the key to the Red Sea. One of the officers of the ship told us that the French intended taking possession, and despatched a cruiser to hoist their flag; which vessel called in at Aden, and her commander dined with the Resident. "In vino veritas," after dinner, the gallant captain stated his intention; the Resident immediately sent a note to the captain of one of our ships, who steamed off, and welcomed our French friend on his arrival at Perim by displaying the British flag.

But we are a long time *en route* to Bombay, so will pass over Aden, and the description of Bombay harbour, which is to be found in the "Indian Travellers' Guide," and say good-bye to the good ship — and her officers, who have been very kind, and drive out to Malabar-hill, where, thanks to letters of introduction, we are comfortably settled in a cool bungalow.

Our draft is detained at a small military station near Bombay. My subaltern is

proud to command them; so Flo and I are enabled to accept an invitation from an old friend, Captain S., at Baroda, to be present at a series of entertainments to be given by his Highness the Guicowar; and for the first time in India we take our seats in a first-class carriage—with the exception of being doubly roofed and having venetians to keep out the sun, just the same as those in England. Not so the third-class carriages, which have two stories, resembling in some degree the two decks of our old line-of-battle ships, one above the other, which accounts for the nickname which seamen have given them—viz., two-decker carriages, which are crowded in the extreme with native passengers, who, on arrival at each station, seem to consider it necessary to compete against each other in making a noise. The “Pawnee Wallah,” or water carrier, is in great demand, and is called for by numerous thirsty souls in each carriage. He is, however, a philosopher, and does not allow himself to be put out, but goes first to where he sees the chance of most “pice.”

The fair sex—if such a term can be applied to the daughters of Ind—are separated from the men; why, I was not able to ascertain, unless in the Hindoo Church ritual there is some law corresponding to one in force in some of our English churches nowadays.

We have passed over the splendid bridge across the Nerbudda River, stopped for refreshment at Surat, and here we are at Baroda, where we are met by Captain S., and driven to his bungalow, and congratulate ourselves on being well housed, as guests are arriving from all parts of Guzerat, and they are being put up in open bungalows, furnished *pro tem.* by the Resident and officers of the —th Regt., N.I., stationed there. A. sent a basin; B. a table; C., a good fellow, would have sent something, but his house was full of friends—so he couldn't.

To-morrow there is to be a ball at the Muckunpoora Palace. Notwithstanding that argument, frequently urged, that “to-morrow never comes,” to-morrow has come. It is eight p.m., and outside each compound may be seen three or four huge elephants, waiting to take the several guests to the railway station, where a special train is waiting to convey them to a station about a mile and a half from the palace. On arrival there, a strange and novel sight presents

itself. From forty to fifty elephants, several palanquins and carriages, are waiting to convey the guests to the palace; and hundreds of men, bearing torches, are in readiness to light the way. In addition to the latter, lamp-posts are placed at regular intervals along a temporary road over the fields. In the palace yard a regiment of soldiers are drawn up, presenting a soldier-like appearance.

This regiment of Highlanders is part of an army in the service of the Guicowar—officered by Europeans.

The Highland dress is very complete, and, as a matter of course, looks rather ridiculous on natives. What would the gallant 92nd say to seeing the Gordon tartan put to such a use? There is an old Scotch proverb that says, “It is ill to take the breeches off a Highlandman;” but there is an exception to every rule—in this case furnished by the Guicowar's Highlanders, for, if report be true, they wore “flesh-coloured” tights down to the knee.

The guests are introduced to his Highness, who shakes hands in a friendly way. Before the dancing begins, each has a wreath of white flowers placed round his or her neck; the Guicowar himself decorating the ladies and “Burra Sahibs,” or great people; the Prime Minister, or Bhow Sahib, performing the remainder of this ceremony, which at a native court is considered of great importance.

Dancing in India is much the same as dancing at home, except that one can hardly be expected to be so energetic; and the gay young bachelor, who has at home been accustomed to ask only and get as many dances as he pleases, may, in India, be a little annoyed to find that the few “spins” that grace the country are quite alive to the fact that they are valued, and distribute their favours accordingly. Mr. Brown, in the Uncovenanted Civil Service, good-looking, gentlemanlike, approaches Miss —, respectfully saying—

“I think, Miss —, this is our dance.”

“Is it really?” she says. “Well, I suppose we must dance it; but it is so warm.”

The warmth meaning that she wished to dance with So-and-so, of the Civil Service, who is in receipt of three times as much pay as Brown. Poor Brown! Never mind, he has had his dance, and it is time for us to go. So the elephants are drawn up, and

we make a start, looking forward to wild beast fights, which have been promised to us to-morrow. Flo does not like the idea of seeing them; but if she stays away, she will be the only lady that will, and her absence won't stop the cruelty—if such it is—so I have prevailed on her to come; and we step into one of the carriages sent by the Guicowar to convey us to the arena, in the native city, where we find that a separate gallery has been set apart for the ladies and a chosen few to accompany them, and another upstairs for gentlemen, where champagne and B. and S. are amply provided, proving that amongst natives there are observers of men and things who have noticed that Englishmen, on all occasions, seem to consider a little stimulant necessary.

The excitement commences by elephant baiting. One of these playful creatures being let loose in the enclosure, is made still more playful by swarms of men, some holding red cloths, which they wave before him for his amusement; others, with long spears, occasionally reminding him that he must not go to sleep. For a short time he is undecided, and far from pleased; when all of a sudden, and when least expected, he manifests his displeasure by a charge, and a most exciting one for the spectators; for having singled out one of his tormentors, he chases him for a considerable distance, and nothing but the great activity shown by the latter, and the manner in which he keeps turning round and round, saves him. There is a dead silence, and all the spectators have an anxious appearance. The elephant's trunk is within a few inches of the man's shoulder. Well done, my good man—your presence of mind saves you. He has let fall a red cloth. This for a time attracts the elephant's attention. He stops, and tramples on it, and the would-be victim takes refuge in one of the many holes in the wall for that purpose.

Now for elephant fighting! Two are let loose in the ring, covered over with ropes, what a sailor would call rigging. They have each a Mahout or rider on their neck, but seem to require little urging from them; for they no sooner see each other than they charge most desperately—their foreheads, as may be imagined, coming together with considerable force. One of them does not seem to like it, and makes a bolt, closely followed by the other, with his trunk in the air. The Mahout on the fugitive, thinking that the up-lifted trunk has a meaning, slips off his neck

and holds on to the ropes on the off side, thus keeping out of sight.

It is considered that they have fought enough, and they are secured. The manner of securing them is worthy of notice. When their whole attention is absorbed in each other, a native creeps up behind, with two iron grips, which are joined by short chains, holding one in each hand. These grips are made to open and shut, and have spikes inside them. By tightening the chain connecting them, they close; so that when one is thrown round each hind leg of the elephant he is powerless, not caring to move on account of the pain he would cause himself by walking, and by so doing tightening the chain. This instrument of torture is not long left on; but the hind legs are secured by ropes, allowing just scope enough for the beast to walk to his stables.

The most exciting fight has yet to come—viz., one between two rhinoceroses. They are no sooner let loose in the arena than they go straight at each other, using their horns nobly for half an hour or so. Poor beasts!—they are bleeding at the neck, and look exhausted, so we are glad to see men rush in with fireworks to separate them, in which they succeed, but not without considerable risk. One rhinoceros charges a man, who, as may be supposed, runs as quickly as he ever ran in his life, but not fast enough to prevent his being tossed. He is on the ground, the beast passes him, and, as soon as he is able, turns to make a second charge. But, fortunately, the wounded man has been dragged into one of the holes. This ends this day's performance, which is fortunate, as the ladies have seen enough, and vow that never again will they be present to witness such sport; but have promised to see the cheetah hunt to-morrow, which, they are assured, will not be such a shock for their feelings.

Here we all are, at early dawn, at the railway station, where we all met on the night of the ball, and another special train takes us to the spot where the elephants, &c., were in waiting for us; but this time we have new conveyances—country carts, drawn by bullocks, each holding four. We take our seats. The procession is formed, headed by a cart containing the Bhow Sahib, then another with the cheetahs, or hunting leopards, hooded, and looking anxious to be off. Away we go across country, getting dreadfully knocked about, as we drive over every-

thing, and the carts have no springs. We have got about three miles, and now the excitement begins, as we see an immense herd of antelopes. The Bhow Sahib does not drive straight at them, but keeps working round, and gradually edging in. The cheetahs sniff the air, keeping their noses pointed in the direction of the herd. We are within about two hundred yards: the hood is taken off, and a cheetah let loose. Like the Prime Minister, he starts off almost at right angles to the direction of the herd, gradually working in. Every now and then, the stately old buck throws back his horns, showing symptoms of alarm; but the cunning cheetah crouches down behind some bush, remaining there until the deer begin to graze again, when he steals in a few yards. For a hundred yards or so, a cheetah has greater speed than a deer, but after that distance he is done. This our friend well knows; so he waits till within that distance to discover himself, singles out the buck, chases him for a few minutes, makes a spring on his back, toppling him over and seizing him by the neck. The poor beast suffers; but our attention is attracted by a really pretty sight—the flight of the remainder of the herd—composed of two or three hundred of probably the most graceful little creatures in the world, who, in their retreat, spring over all the little bushes that obstruct their path. The “shirkarees,” or huntsmen, run up to the victim and cut his throat. He is then cut open, and some blood caught in a wooden ladle. This is held near the cheetah’s nose, and is so tempting that he lets go his hold of the neck, drinks the blood, is hooded and again placed in the cart, ready for another run. We have two or three more, and return to an excellent luncheon at the palace, drink the Guicowar’s health, which he gracefully (through an interpreter) acknowledges, expressing his gratitude and the pleasure it gives him to see so many guests. He then takes the ladies to see the Ranees—a privilege denied to the gentlemen. This ends the morning’s amusement; but in the evening we are to see all the jewels, which are to be sent in charge of a mounted escort to the residency. Flo afterwards told me, in confidence, that some of the ladies, when they saw them, were forgetful of the tenth commandment. It was time that they should leave Baroda, which we did, having enjoyed the novel scenery and sport; but after all, in my opinion, exciting as all we have seen

has been, there is no scenery in the world to equal the old gray spire, with the distant pack of hounds, to be seen in our English shores.

THE THREE VOICES.

A VISION.

AS I pondered, chafing sadly,
‘Gainst a woman’s wayward will,
Came three voices hovering round me,
Whispering, sought to soothe my ill.

Each against the other pleading,
Vie to win my doubt-vexed heart;
Lures of pleasure, memories witching,
Promises and hopes impart.

Working out their earthly mission
In the world’s arena wide—
Past, and Present, and the Future,
Stood contending at my side.

Spake the Present, reasoning grossly—
“Mortal, is thy life too long?
Do the moments lost repining
To thy space of life belong?

“Bitter thoughts and vain regretting
Will recall no joys again;
Warfare with thy fretting spirit
Temper not the aching pain.

“Hour by hour, the moments flying,
Add the present to the past;
He, that tyrant, hung’ring snatches
All within his grasp at last.

“Round thee Earth is joyous singing,
Glorying in its light and sun;
Seize the moments, join thy fellows,
Whilst thy life is yet unrun.”

But I answered, chiding harshly—
“How can I find part in mirth?
Shadows from the past are blighting
All the joy for me on earth.”

Spake the Future, whispering softly—
“Though the present be so sad,
Though the past have memories bitter,
List to me, and be thou glad.

“I can wipe out sorrow deftly,
Hope bestowing as my boon;
I can make thy lifetime brighter,
Brighten as the summer noon.

“Said’st thou, ‘Sweet the moments vanished’?
Times as sweet may be once more;
Said’st thou, ‘Pleasures, love are fled?’
Hope, they’ll smile as erst of yore.

“Would’st thou scale ambition’s summit,
Nations stirring with thy name?
Sorrow banish, and endeavour—
I will lead thee on to fame.

“Would’st thou aim at softer blessings,
Woman’s heart and love abiding?
Angel’s beauty waits thy wooing,
Angel’s worth in mortal hiding.”

But I answered, sighing deeply—
 "Weave no more those visioned fancies;
 Keep these lures for gladder pulses,
 In whose veins the spring blood dances.

"I would sooner share my sorrow
 With the thoughts which Memory brings;
 Sooner live with ghosts requickened,
 'Neath her dark and shadowy wings.

"Sooner tend my wasted garden,
 Sere with drought and sad decay—
 Than be blithesome in a landscape,
 Rich with flowers and blossoms gay."

Spake the Past, in accents kindly—
 "Mourner, thou hast chosen well.
 I will sweeten e'en thy sorrow,
 Round thee watching, ever dwell.

"I will bid the Present serve thee,
 As she flees at my approach;
 Wrestling from the grip of Future
 Moments lost when I encroach.

"From the garners of his riches,
 Shall the Future thee endow;
 As she yields before the Present,
 With the boon thou cravest now.

"What thou now hast joyed and suffered,
 Can but once be borne to mortal;
 Virgin love, with all its passions,
 Treads but once the worldly portal.

"Wherefore, then, desire a pleasure?
 Joyless turning in its capture;
 Since to thee no more shall loving,
 Yield again its pristine rapture."

Weary with my weight of trouble,
 To his pleading I gave heed;
 I, unknowing, blinded mortal,
 To the impossible agreed.

Upward to the azure cloudland,
 Noiseless wings they phantoms bore;
 Backward gently, through the ether,
 Came this message to my door.

"Though thou wilt not hear my promise,
 Wilt not take my gift of hope?
 But through sorrow's mournful valley,
 Would'st for ever cheerless grope?"

"I will leave my gift behind me,
 Patient till her hour be nigh;
 Till with Time's collusive aiding,
 Welcomed much her voice shall cry.

"Teach thee 'tis not meet for mortal,
 For himself to fashion ways;
 Rather should he take un murmuring,
 Glad as well as gloomy days."

TABLE TALK.

THE discovery of the oil wells in America, some few years ago, aroused an excitement and amount of speculation only second in extent to what followed upon the feverish gold mania of the Californian and

Australian days. "To strike ile" became the new slang phrase for making a rapid fortune; and men grew as eager after petroleum as after the precious metal itself. The lucky discovery has certainly helped to enrich commerce, and—to destroy the city of Paris. But oil wells, although not on such an abundant scale as those in the United States, are not such novel features of nature, after all. Strabo refers to one in Northern Asia in these words:—"It is said that, in digging near the river Ochus, a spring of oil was discovered. It is probable that, as certain nitrous, astringent, and sulphurous fluids permeate the earth, greasy fluids may also be found; but the rarity of their occurrence makes their existence almost doubtful." Coming down to later times, in Maitland's "History of Edinburgh," we are told that, about a mile to the eastward of the Pentland Hills, there is a small village called St. Catherine's, where there is a spring called the Oily Well, from an unctuous substance wherewith it is covered. Maitland wrote more than a century ago; but the well of which he speaks still exists, and is running still, the same unctuous matter covering its surface as of old. Another oil well is that of St. Margaret's, at Restalrig, near Edinburgh. Early in the mornings, before the waters have been disturbed, a dark, rich scum of petroleum is to be found. There is a romance in even the commonest things. Why not, therefore, in "ile"? A curious account is given by a modern traveller of a certain oil well on the Continent, which may not be altogether uninteresting. "Near the village of Egern, in the Bavarian Tyrol, on the west side of the lake called Tegernsee, and a little removed from it, there issues a source of oil sacred to St. Quirinus, and held to be his blood. A little chapel, always locked, encloses it. On entering, it is a filthy pool, seventeen feet deep, in a basin of masonry. The bulk of the liquid is water, covered with a thick, dirty scum of oil, blotched with large, lazy bubbles of a nasty brown colour, slowly bursting, and formed by a gas which rises with the oil. The smell is resinous and pitchy. The colour of the oil varies peculiarly: in the pool, or in an opaque vessel, it is brownish; seen through a glass, it resembles the green on the belly of a hare which has been shot for some days; but when being poured out of a vessel, the stream resembles the brilliant ruby of claret. Religious fervour has thus formed a poetical

connection between this quality of changing colour and the livid green of a martyr's corpse—the ruby representing the living blood of the saint risen again, more perennial even than the blood of St. Januarius. The spring emits forty-five quarts a-year, costing five shillings a quart—a perquisite of the curé. It blazes like oil when thrown on the fire."

ONE REASON WHY SO many stray *jeux d'esprit* have been fathered upon whomever happens to be the favourite wit of the day is that the obscure author, who has yet his reputation to make, will often connive at the falsehood in order to secure a hearing, and not come forward to claim the little offspring of his brain till it has been accepted and recognized by the world, as being of higher origin. How many inedited jokes and puns have been thus ascribed to Theodore Hook, T. Hood, Rogers, Sydney Smith, and others of the "illustrious-dining-out" school? While, as to riddles, every great public man who has ever been known to amuse himself with such unconsidered trifles has had the credit of enigmas and charades without number thrust upon him. Fox, Sheridan, Macaulay, or Whately may, perhaps, one day have cited or admired one of these; and his name thus becoming associated with it—we hardly know to what extent in our minds, the next step is to attribute its invention to him. I give the following charade, because its subject was first pointed out to me by the late Archbishop of Dublin—premissing that the verses were not written by that prelate, nor by the Bishop of Winchester either. Now, what are the odds that any one of our readers, who happens to notice and recollect it, does not, after a short lapse of time, believe and assert to his dying day, on the authority of ONCE A WEEK, that it is the composition of Archbishop Whately, or of Bishop Wilberforce—he does not quite remember which?

"By fraud or by force tho' my first be obtained,
Its owners when robbed of it make no complaint;
Of beauty and rank it is part of the state,
And alike of the learned, the wise, and the great.

Now, mark! in its centre if I should be found,
Like a Dryad of old, in stern durance I'm bound;
But oh! what a change, if 'tis you that be there!
Soft and warm 'twill unfold you, with fostering care.

My sensitive next, if disordered and tost,
Is so hurt that its name and its character's lost;
By the drunken and riotous though it be made,
Yet at court to its rise much attention is paid.

When from Eden expelled, toil and sorrow his dole,
On the bosom of earth Adam first made my whole;
On the steam vessel's course, it is found in its track;
On the brow of the great, and on King David's back."

Answer—Psalm 129, v. 3—"The plowers plowed upon my back, and made long Furrows."

CATS ARE HELD in great estimation in the East, and large prices are sometimes paid by native ladies for fine Persian specimens. In Cairo, a sum of money was left in trust to feed poor cats, who daily receive their rations at the Mahkemah (law courts). Many animals have in Arabic a large number of names—more than 560, for instance, being applied to the lion. The following story, current among them, will illustrate this fact with reference to the cat. A Bedawi was out hunting one day, and caught a cat, but did not know what animal it could be. As he was carrying it along with him, he met a man who said, "What are you going to do with that *sinnaur*?" Then another asked him, "What is that *kutt* for?" A third called it *hirr*; and others styled it successively *dhayun*, *khaidà*, and *khaital*. So the Bedawi thought to himself, this must be a very valuable animal; and took it to the market, where he offered it for sale at 100 dirhems. At this the people laughed, and said, "Knowest thou not, O Bedawi, that it would be dear at half a dirhem?" He was enraged at having his dream of wealth thus rudely dispelled, and flung it away, exclaiming—"May thy house be ruined, thou beast of many names, but little worth." The Arabs say that the occasion of the cat's first appearance was as follows:—The inhabitants of the ark were much troubled with mice. Noah, in his perplexity, stroked the lion's nose, and made him sneeze; whereupon a cat appeared, and cleared off the mice. In the East, as in Europe, a black cat is regarded as "uncanny;" and various parts of it are used for magical and medicinal purposes. Its claws, for instance, are said to be a charm against the nightmare.

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ONCE A WEEK

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IV., of magnificent memory, said that a woman was at the bottom of all the troubles a man got himself into. One fine day, a painter in his

Majesty's palace fell down from a ladder, and broke his leg.

"Who is she? Who is she?" asked the King.

"May it please your Majesty, it is a man."

"Nonsense, nonsense! Who is she?" again demanded his Majesty.

"May it please your Majesty, it is a man."

But the King was in the right. The painter had broken his leg because he had leaned too far over his ladder for the purpose of giving a kiss to one of the royal housemaids.

Now to apply the august maxim, and show how Mrs. Brownsmith got me into trouble.

My wife is a splendid woman, as you would say if you saw her. But proud as I was of her, we had not been married long before I saw that if I was to be master for life, I must assert my authority at once and for ever.

I waited for an opportunity, and an opportunity came.

We were in the breakfast-room of our little villa, near Sandstone, and a long altercation ended thus—

"Well, Mr. Brownsmith, if you have made up your mind not to take me to the seaside, I have made up my mind to go to

my mother's house, and stay there till you choose to behave like a man, and not like a savage. I go."

With an eloquent sweep of her rustling petticoats, she left the room; and shortly after, I saw her cross the garden, in the direction of Acacia Cottage, where my beloved mother-in-law resides—unhappily for me, within five minutes' walk of us.

"I'll show her—I'll tame her ladyship," in an evil moment I thought to myself.

So I packed a small portmanteau, ordered a fly to take me to the station, and left this little note on my wife's dressing table:—

"Dear Augusta—I leave for London by the 2.30 express, and I shall not return until I receive an apology from you. My address will be Langham Hotel, Portland-place, W.

"Sunny Villa, Friday."

Certainly, I thought, I had the best of it. There shone before me a pleasant run to town—Exhibition in the morning, theatres and opera in the evening, a conqueror's return home, and triumphant entry into my house before my subdued wife, an overflowing forgiveness on my part, a joyful reconciliation, and peace for evermore. Soon, with excited spirits, I was borne away from my home towards London by the express. There was but one occupant of the first-class carriage with me, and a most agreeable companion he was—full of conversation, well educated, as far as I could judge, very obliging and entertaining. The only thing I did not like about my companion was his style of dress. It was most decidedly of the *outré* order. Boots with patent leather tips; trousers of a monstrous pattern; a low cut, bright-coloured waistcoat, across which wandered a chain apparently so massive that any hotel-keeper to whom it was offered would gladly allow one to live luxuriously on the strength of it for a month. Then, as I raised my eyes higher, my sight was dazzled with a huge blue satin

scarf, fastened by a pin of gigantic size. Add a cutaway green coat, unbuttoned, a white open overcoat, a white hat, and bright kid gloves, and you have before you the dress of my companion. However, he was a downright good fellow, and most amusing *vis-à-vis*; and very glad was I to travel in such good society. Anecdotes without end were poured into my enchanted ear. My quarrel, my wife, my home, were all forgotten; and, in the highest spirits, we rushed along towards London at the rate of some forty miles an hour. I had almost forgotten to say that early in the journey my friend, who had a flask of sherry, had placed it at my service. We had just passed F— station, when the gentleman with whom I was travelling directed my attention to some alterations that were being made in Mr. Montgomery's park. By leaning out of the window, I could get a good view of them. As I drew my head in, my friend kindly handed me my pocket handkerchief which I had dropped. The wind and dust which I had picked up while hanging out of the carriage window caused me to use my pocket handkerchief freely about my face and nose. How very sleepy I felt—how I yawned! I recollect nothing more, save that I think my friend took *his* pocket handkerchief, and kindly wiped my face. When I say that I recollect nothing more, I am hardly using the right expression—I mean that I can recall nothing more that occurred in my friend's presence. Would to Heaven that I could remember nothing more!

The next thing I can recall is feeling rather cold; then, rather confused and cramped. I seemed apparently to be in my coffin, and without a shroud on. In a few minutes, I discovered that I was lying under the seat of the carriage, in the state Adam was in when he was made—no, just a trifle more clothed than he was, for I had a pair of socks and a short flannel waistcoat. So you can easily understand that I was neither very warm nor very presentable. When I had succeeded in dragging myself out of my bed, I still felt drunk and confused; but as I gradually collected my senses, I saw that my late absent kind friend had left behind him, for my use, his patent tipped boots, buff trousers, gaudy waistcoat, scarf and pin, white coat, and hat. Moreover, he had not forgotten to draw down the blinds. He had, however, I discovered, taken my purse with him, and had forgotten

to leave his own behind. Between yawning and anathematizing, a few more moments passed away. Suddenly, I heard the sharp, shrill whistle, and then the deep groaning of the break. Into my friend's trousers I tried to jump; but, alas! either, in my confusion, I put the wrong leg in, or poked it between the lining and the cloth, or the wretch had played me a schoolboy's trick, and had fastened up the lining of his nether garments.

The train was stopping—O, horror of horrors! I extricated my leg from the confounded trap, and rushed to the window. The train had stopped! I verily believe that from that moment my first gray hairs began to appear. With desperate tenacity, in a state of almost perfect nudity, I hung on to the door and window. Good gracious!—a scurrying of steps outside! Who is coming into my carriage? An old lady, who will scream and give me into custody? A young lady, who will faint? A father of a family, who will kick me down the platform? A ticket collector, who will—Ah! ah! ah-h-h! there is a hand on the outside moving the handle of the door! Oh, the agony of those seconds! I would rather be hanged, I would rather be torn asunder by wild horses, I would rather live for six times my natural term of existence with six scolding, fault-finding wives, than go through the agony of those moments again! Pen cannot describe what I suffered. Beads of perspiration raced down my poor, cold, shivering features—my hair stood on end, my teeth chattered; but to the door and window my hands clung with a strength of grasp that Policeman A + Policeman B could hardly have overcome without tearing my fingers from their sockets.

A bell, a guard's whistle, and an engine shriek! Hurrah! we start again. I am saved—saved—saved! I feel desperately faint, but in time I recover.

Saved, indeed! Poor wretch! I little knew what was in store for me. Slowly and deliberately, I dressed myself in my ex-friend's clothes. Unaccustomed to be decked in gorgeous array, I began, with half-collected senses, to think what a figure I looked.

"Hallo! what's that? What is the train stopping again for so soon?"

I was well acquainted with the line, and knew that the express ought not to stop at the next station. Some accident, I thought.

"Tickets, tickets all ready here."

What on earth is the meaning of all this? I draw out my friend's ticket. His is only to F——. I am going to London. Never mind, it is of no consequence, I can pay the difference. Ah, but then I have no purse. *N'importe*, I can draw a cheque at Paddington, and wait till it is cashed.

The door was opened, and I beheld the guard, station-master, and two policemen.

"All right," said one of the latter to the station-master, "this is our man; directly he is out of the carriage the train may go."

"All *wrong*," said I. "You have made a mistake—I have no intention of getting out here. I am going on to town."

I never saw a policeman on duty laugh before; but over the stern, hirsute face of W.C.—which stands for Wilts Constabulary—No. 1172, there passed something like a grim smile as he replied—

"It is of no use, my man—you must come out at once; you are fairly caught. If you obey us, and accompany us quietly, we will give you no unnecessary pain; but if you hesitate or resist for one moment, we shall at once put on these."

As he spoke, he got on the step of the carriage, and held up before my bewildered gaze a pair of handcuffs, which rattled most ominously. Good gracious! what could be the joke in all this? Mechanically, I did what I suppose others would have done. I got out of the carriage. The train moved on. I assumed stern indignation, though ill at ease.

"Now, then," said I, "what the dickens do you mean by all this?"

"Come, come, my man, your swagger won't do with us. You must come along," was the answer of my guardians.

"But what am I charged with? What do you want me for?"

"Well, that *is* a good joke, and you are a cool hand," replied W.C. 1172. "But now, business is business, my man. We are bound to take you up, and you are bound to come with us, quietly if you will, if not—" Here he again held up the handcuffs. "You are charged with forging a cheque for £970 on the Sandstone Bank; and with half-killing, if not actually murdering, P.C. Smith, of the Somersetshire force. We are going to take you to the lock-up; and to-morrow you will have to appear before the magistrates. I am obliged to caution you that

you need not say anything; and that if you do say anything to commit yourself, it will be brought up as evidence against you."

Good Heavens! And so I was a forger and a murderer!

"Well—but," said I, "these are not my own clothes. A gentleman in the carriage changed clothes with me; or, rather, he left me alone—ahem!—naked; and I put on his clothes, and then you came, and—and—Confound it, you don't think I am he?"

"Oh no," said W.C. 1172, "you aint him—not a bit of it, you are yourself. Well, you must think us green, to try and palm that off on us."

And immediately there arose a subdued official chuckle.

Ere long it came to pass that I was obliged quietly to accompany my captors to the police-station. Mr. Inspector booked the charge, whereby it seemed that I really was a forger and all-but murderer. It was quite in vain that I protested and vowed that I was not the forging murderer in question, but Edward Fitzgerald, of Sunny Villa, near Sandstone. I was cut short in my protestations with—

"You must prove that before the magistrates to-morrow, if you can."

And so I was consigned to a cell, there to await to-morrow. But first I was searched; and on me, to my disgust, were found a ticket to F——, not to London, where I had said I was going, and a clasp knife slightly stained with blood.

"No use denying it, my man. We have got you, and shall not let you escape?"

I felt half distracted by the position I was placed in.

"Please, Mr. Inspector, may I telegraph to my wife?"

The Inspector was a naturally kind man; and, probably, a momentary dream of my possible innocence flitted across his official mind.

"Well, I hardly know," he said. "However, write down the telegram, and let me see it. I suppose, too, you will want me to lend you a shilling?"

Quickly I wrote—

"From Edward Brownsmith, Police-station G., North Wilts, to Augusta Brownsmith, Sunny Villa, Sandstone."

Dearest—I am taken up wrongly on suspicion. Come at once. Bring vicar of parish to prove my identity."

In an hour's time, a grim policeman handed me the following telegram in reply—

"Edward—I am not so easily taken in by your dodge. Come home; take me to sea-side; then all forgiven."

Now, I never before, in my recollection, swore at man or woman; but I am afraid that then my mouth did form what, I suppose, the sapient concoctors of the new "Public School Latin Primer" would term a monosyllabic dental word, terminating with the stem N; and they would probably further describe it as a transitive verb. Thank goodness, my wife cannot understand all that!

Depict the utter wretchedness of that night I spent locked up in my cell! Before post—but subject to police inspection, and, I believe, also police copy—I wrote a most humble, imploring letter to my wife. Goodness knows what amount of dirt I ate in that epistle. Next morning, about twelve o'clock, I was had up before the magistrates. Everything that you already know was brought up against me; and, moreover, it was sworn that Jabez Gough, dressed as I was, had left Sandstone station dressed in the very clothes I had on, had a knife and ticket such as were found on me. My telegram and its answer were brought forward as condemning evidence. It was stated that the reply was supposed to be from an accomplice, and in cypher; and a remand was asked for. I was remanded. One or two of the magistrates seemed slightly to hesitate; but, really, my slangy dress, my worn and harassed appearance, and circumstances in general, were so much against me, that I was not surprised at what happened. Before the court was up, I was again put into the dock before the Bench. To my glad surprise, I saw, about to come into the witness box, my wife, the clergyman of my parish, and two Somersetshire magistrates, one of whom, as afterwards appeared, was known to some members of the North Wilts bench at G—. Quickly it was proved to the semi-omniscient eye of all-searching unpaid justice that I was what I am, and not the notorious forging malefactor, Jabez Gough, who had so many other *aliases* that I dare not attempt to pick out his real name.

The meeting with my wife and friends, the respectful but not at all servile apology of the policemen, my late guardians, the dinner with some of the magistrates who

had sat in judgment on me, the journey home next day, the unceasing banter which I everywhere encountered, and the *awful* curtain lectures from my wife, I pass over, and leave to the imagination of my readers; though to me they were stern realities. All I can say is, that if there are many wives who possess the twenty-Caudle-horse—I beg pardon, twenty-Caudle-mare power—that Mrs. Brownsmith is gifted with, I am surprised that there are not more suicides per annum than the Registrar-General would have us believe.

Of course, I had to take Mrs. B. to the sea-side. She put on the inexpressibles there, and has worn them ever since—to the great misfortune of her henpecked husband. I hear her gentle voice calling me to roll the grass-plot. It's hard work, but—

"Coming, my De-a-r. C-o-m-ing!"

WILLIAM HONE.

WILLIAM HONE, bookseller, was in many respects a remarkable man; but, like many other men who have attracted a large share of public attention and interest in their time, he is rapidly being forgotten in this age of progress and eager thirst for novelties. In general minds, the name of Hone is associated in two ways—one in connection with a famous trial for blasphemy; the other with the celebrated, but now little read, "Year Book." The life and labours of William Hone, however, are replete with much interest. He was born at Bath, in the year 1779. His father, a worthy and respectable citizen of that town, intended the future satirist for the law; but his son's tastes lay in another direction. He came to London, and there started a small bookseller's shop. But Hone, like many other men of literary tastes, does not seem to have been the best of business men. Difficulties crowded in upon him; he failed more than once, but managed, by extraordinary efforts, to keep his head above water. Meanwhile, his pen was busy. He first began to write for the periodicals about the year 1812, and some of the bitterest satires on the political abuses of the day were written by Hone. His name, however, did not attract much attention until the year 1817. We may here premise, that never, throughout the whole course of English history, was the law of libel more stringently or tyrannically enforced against the writers

and publishers of political squibs than under the Sidmouth Administration during this year.

The Government had just managed to pass the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; and, by the mere power of a Secretary of State's warrant, every political writer was subject to be imprisoned on suspicion. Moreover, he was open to an *ex officio* information, under which he would be compelled to find bail or go to prison.

Lord Sidmouth, with true political bigotry, was determined by all means in his power, constitutional or unconstitutional, to crush, if possible, the liberty of the press. But his efforts were unavailing. One man, at least, he frightened, and that one was the brave William Cobbett. On the 20th of March, this disappointed democrat of no principles showed the white feather in his fear of the new Inquisition. On the 28th of March he fled to America, and the redoubtable "Register" was silent for four months.

The chief victim, however, of the power of *ex officio* information was William Hone. He was accused of publishing blasphemous and seditious parodies of the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. Hone was not the author himself; but received the original manuscript, it is said, from John Wilkes. We shall not attempt for one moment to defend or extenuate a production which must offend all true Christians. But it was not the production itself, so much as the principle involved, which aroused the popular sympathy on the side of Hone. The public had no liking for Hone's foolish parodies; but they had still less liking for the high-handed measures of an arbitrary Government.

The first trial of Hone opened on the 18th of December, 1817. He was merely an obscure bookseller—nobody knew him. The man was poor and of no position. His little shop in the Old Bailey was little more than a bookstall of the humblest order; and with his catch-penny political pamphlets were mingled, in his general stock, innocuous old authors, whose principles or antiquity, it matters little which, could offend neither the Government of Lord Sidmouth nor that of the Czar himself.

And yet the Government had determined to throw all their strength into crushing this humble and unknown individual—on the principle, we suppose, *pour encourager les autres*.

The scene of the opening of the first trial has been well described elsewhere, and is worth quoting:—

"A middle-aged man—a bland and smiling man, with a half-sad, half-merry twinkle in his eye—a seedy man, to use an expressive word, whose black coat is wondrous brown and threadbare, takes his place at the table, and begins to turn over the books, which were his heralds. Sir Samuel Shepherd, the Attorney-General, takes his seat and looks compassionately, as was his nature to do, at the pale man in threadbare black. Mr. Justice Abbott arrives in due time, a special jury is sworn, the pleadings are opened, and the Attorney-General states the case against William Hone, for printing and publishing an impious and profane libel upon the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; thereby bringing into contempt the Christian religion."

Now, the whole guilt of the offence lay in the fact that it was nothing more nor less than a political squib. The Attorney-General himself, in fact, partly owned to this; and as he read passages from the parody on the Catechism, the crowd in court went into convulsions of laughter, to the great indignation of the Bench. The indictment was closed, and the case for the prosecution finished. Hone defended himself. He was too poor to employ counsel; and even if he could have afforded it, would not have done so. He was a thorough student, and understood the vantage points of his case better than any advocate retained and fee'd for the occasion. And an eloquent defence this poor, shabby, timid man made. He repelled indignantly the idea that there was anything atheistical or blasphemous in his parodies. "They were not to inquire whether he were a member of the Established Church or a Dissenter—it was enough that he professed himself to be a Christian; and he would be bold to say that he made that profession with a reverence for the doctrines of Christianity which could not be exceeded by any person in court." And his defence was as ingenious as it was eloquent. At one part of his speech, Mr. Justice Abbott desired that he would not read certain passages from the parodies in question. Hone's apt reply was—"My lord, your lordship's observation is in the very spirit of of what Pope Leo the Tenth said to Martin Luther: 'For God's sake, don't say a word

about the indulgences and the monasteries, and I will give you a living.”

And then, speaking of parodies, he said the editor of “Blackwood’s Magazine” was a parodist—he parodied a chapter of Ezekiel; Martin Luther was a parodist—he parodied the first Psalm; Bishop Latimer was a parodist, and so was Dr. Boys, Dean of Canterbury; the author of the “Rolliad” was a parodist, and so was Mr. Canning. All these distinguished men, Hone argued, wrote their parodies in no irreverent spirit, nor yet did he himself.

The Attorney-General lost temper, and replied that Martin Luther and Dr. Boys were both libellers. The judge, in his charge to the jury, tried his hardest to gain a conviction; but to no purpose. The jury retired, and in a quarter of an hour Hone was acquitted. But the Government had determined to gain a conviction at all hazards; and Hone’s troubles had only commenced. On the next day, he was indicted for publishing an impious and profane libel, called “The Litany; or, General Supplication.” Another and less merciful judge presided. Lord Ellenborough, weak and enfeebled by a late illness though he was, and mortified by the acquittal of Watson, the Spa Fields meeting leader, for high treason, was resolved that this last offender against the laws of loyal speaking should not go unpunished. It has ever been the boast of Englishmen that their judges, with a few unenviable exceptions, have been impartial. But Lord Ellenborough, in this case at least, is one of the exceptions—and a most flagrant one to boot. The legal form of the proceedings was much the same as on the day before. Hone was again his own counsel. He quoted parodies by the score—especially those of the Litany which the Cavaliers indulged in so vehemently in their attacks upon the Roundheads and the Puritans—to prove that his own were no worse, and had no more impious intent, than hundreds of the same character which had been written before; but all to no purpose—so far, at least, as my Lord Ellenborough was concerned. The animus of the Lord Chief Justice is best described, perhaps, in the concluding words of his charge to the jury:—“He would deliver the jury his solemn opinion, as he was required by act of Parliament to do; and, under the authority of that act, and still more in obedience to his conscience and

his God, he pronounced this to be a most impious and profane libel. Believing and hoping that they, the jury, were Christians, he had not any doubt but that they would be of the same opinion.” But the jury were not to be so palpably coerced; and, after a deliberation of an hour and a half, they returned a verdict of not guilty.

Thus ended the second trial of the poor bookseller. Everybody expected now that the affair was ended, and that the Government would see the inutility of proceeding further in the prosecution; but they were mistaken. Two juries had acquitted Hone, but there was yet a chance of a conviction from a third. On the 20th December, another indictment was made against him for publishing a parody on the Creed of St. Athanasius, called the “Sinecurist’s Creed.” Ellenborough was again the judge—bitter and hostile as ever. Poor Hone was ill and exhausted. Alone and unsupported, he had spoken on the first day six hours; on the second, seven; and before this, the third day, was closed, he would be on his feet eight hours, combating, for life or death, the sternest judge in the land. The Attorney-General had finished his address. Hone asked for five minutes to collect his thoughts before replying. The request was refused.

It is needless to enter further into the details of the story of this famous third day. Another verdict of not guilty was returned, and Hone left the court a free man. Not the least affecting sequel to this trial is, that it killed both judge and prisoner. Lord Campbell says—“The popular opinion, however, was that Lord Ellenborough was killed by Hone’s trial; and he certainly never held up his head in public after.” As for Hone, he always himself attributed the nervous attacks under which he afterwards suffered—and under which he finally sank—to the over-exertion which he was forced to employ in defending single-handed his own cause. A large sum, however, was subsequently subscribed for him, “as a persecuted but triumphant champion of the press.”

Hone now again entered business as a bookseller. He gave up the rôle of the satirist, and turned his attention to more useful and permanent work. The chief fruits of his later industry were the publications with which his name is most honourably associated. The courage which Hone displayed during the three trials was the moral courage of a man, innately brave, aroused in a

moment of necessity. But Hone's ordinary temperament was one of study and contemplation. Books, especially old books, were his hobby; and his darling delight was to be delving into rare and curious ground, only known to the plodding few. Hence, few but a man like William Hone could have edited such publications as the "Year Book," "Everyday Book," &c.

He was, however, incapable of enterprise, in the worldly sense of the word. He fell into debt, his bookselling business again failed, and he was arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained some time. Through the kindness of Mr. Tegg and other friends, he was eventually released, and enabled to open the Grasshopper Coffee-house. In this place, we believe, he edited the "Year Book." Even still his evil genius seemed to follow him. This business did not succeed, and he again became involved. At this period of Hone's life, a remarkable change came over him. He had hitherto, although not an atheist, been decidedly a freethinker. He was led, however, to attend the ministry of Mr. Binney, at the Weigh House, and his character became changed. This new religious connection resulted in his becoming sub-editor of the *Patriot*, and this post he held until his death, in November, 1842. The following is an extract from the announcement of his death, which appeared in the newspapers of the day:—

"Mr. William Hone, the well-known author of the 'Everyday Book,' and other popular works, died on Sunday last, at his house in Grove-place, Tottenham, after a long illness and much suffering, which he bore with the most exemplary patience. In early life he was celebrated as one of the first satirical writers of the day. His 'Political House that Jack Built' went through upwards of fifty editions; and it is said that by illustrating this and similar works the fame of George Cruikshank was first established."

In speaking of the works with which Hone's name is most generally associated, it is difficult to give to those who may not have enjoyed the reading of them anything more than a faint idea of their merits. The "Year Book," the "Everyday Book," and the "Table Book," are all much of the same character, and after the same plan. The whole three may be looked upon as interesting collections of "unconsidered trifles."

Curious anecdotes, quaint scraps of information from old books, queer epitaphs, reminiscences of obsolete manners and customs which once obtained in this "Merry England" of ours, and a hundred and one other little dainties of a like sort, are here thrown together in a delightful confusion. In the "Year Book," however, as also in the "Everyday Book," the subjects of rare gossip or pleasant song are arranged to suit the season. Each day, from January 1 to December 31, has its own especial selection of curious notes. Take our present month of September, for example. Here are some notes upon the first day of shooting. Speaking of setters—

"Wood (*Athenæ Oxon.*) says that Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, son of the great Earl of Northumberland (*temp.* Eliz.), was the first person who taught a dog to sit in order to catch partridges. Dudley must have got the idea from having seen dogs sit and beg."

Here is another on shooting flying, which reads curiously in these days of Hurlingham and pigeon shooting:—

"Pegge relates that William Tunstall was the first person who shot flying in Derbyshire. He was paymaster-general and quartermaster-general of the rebel army, and made prisoner at Preston in 1715. He was *taken* flying, and narrowly escaped being *shot* flying. He died in 1728, at Mansfield-wood House, and was there buried."

So in another place we shall find some account of old Bartholomew Fair; or a description of White Conduit House, and the Roman remains at Pentonville.

The whole, moreover, is pleasantly leavened with more immediate gossip of the day, which makes the whole a very storehouse of interesting commonplaces for general readers. Occasionally, too, some neat and homely verses are introduced, which, without being very aspiring, are light and facile. One specimen must suffice:—

"I at my window sit and see
Autumn his russet fingers lay
On every leaf of every tree:
I call, but summer will not stay.

She flies, the boasting goddess flies,
And pointing where espaliers shoot,
'Deserve my parting gift,' she cries;
'I take the leaves, but not the fruit.'"

The periodicals of the present day supply much of the want that Hone's books were intended to meet at that day. Yet, never-

theless, many a pleasant and instructive half-hour may worthily be spent even now over the interesting collections of the famous bookseller.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

I HAD now, in the midst of the apprehensions that hung over my mother and myself, something to look forward to, something to muse upon, that seemed to carry me onward, and raise me above all petty vexations.

And these apprehensions that we both felt were not in my case lightened by the return of Sir Everard Tylney, and the inconsiderate behaviour of Clarinda, who, under guise of encouraging Sir Everard's attentions to me, contrived to see a great deal of him; and it was often difficult even for me to say whether he was not after all deceiving me, and that his real aim in coming was to see Clarinda.

My father, however, and Harry Fanshawe had both made up their minds that I was the object of attraction; and my father evidently was well pleased, and would like me to become the wife of one likely to play a brilliant part in the coming triumph of the Tory party.

My mother, too, to whom Sir Everard paid great deference, was well inclined towards him; and once said to me, "that if I had no intention of marrying Sir Everard, 'twould be well if my father should give him a hint to that effect, as it was very wrong to lead a man astray in his best affections."

But I implored my mother with such earnestness to say not a word to my father, but to let things take their course, that I think she rather inferred that my feelings were not unfavourable towards Sir Everard; and I was too fearful of bringing matters to an open rupture to undeceive her.

In the meantime, the plotting, as I called it, went on as briskly as ever, and it was expected that great things would be done after the opening of Parliament; for affairs had got into that state that every one distrusted every one, and there was so much jealousy among the Whig party—partly caused by Mr. Harley's skilful management—that my Lord

Godolphin, between both parties, had a hard struggle, and met with so much blame, that it was a wonder he did not throw up the reins in disgust. But power, I suppose, is coveted by most men; and no one likes to resign it unless driven to do so.

And so time sped along, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, and the opening day of the first Imperial Parliament of Great Britain came, to which those who had favoured the Union had so long looked forward as a day to be rejoiced in. Mr. Lydgate had told me how great a part Mr. Defoe had had in bringing matters about, though my Lord Duke of Queensberry's name was so great as in a measure to eclipse the other one. Not, perhaps, that my Lord Duke got more credit than he deserved, but because he was more talked about; for one finds in the world that a great name is ever apt to be more on people's lips than a humble one, however much the latter may merit.

The Queen was in excellent spirits, for the Union had been one of the schemes nearest her heart, and now that 'tis accomplished she feels not a little proud; and I dare say she experienced a flutter of pleasure as she spoke her opening speech.

I hear much on every side of this measure, and there are so many different views taken up, that I cannot rightly decide which is my own opinion; but I know that Mr. Lydgate approved, and therefore I have a leaning towards the feeling of satisfaction that animates the mind of our most gracious Sovereign.

The day passed off well enough; and a few evenings afterwards, we—that is, my father, my mother, and myself—were sitting together, when suddenly there came a loud rap at the front door—such a hearty, thundering, impetuous knock, that my mother gave a start and a smile, and said—

"I wonder where poor Jack is?"

For 'twas one of Jack's knocks, and made her think of him all at once, though he had not been present in any of our thoughts that day. And her smile had scarce time to die away, when we heard a brisk, eager footstep on the stair, and in another moment we were all crowding round a gay young soldier, shaking him by the hand, kissing him, and my mother and I half crying with surprise and joy; for 'twas Jack himself, and no one else—though how he came among us just then was a marvel.

"Where did you come from, Jack?" says

my father at last, when he had shaken his arm off.

"Latest from the Hague," answers Jack. "We landed last night, and I've made the best of my way to London, as you see."

"We?" says my father.

"Oh," replies Jack, "the Commander-in-Chief is close upon my heels."

"The Duke!" exclaims my father; and I could see that his countenance fell.

"Who else?" returns Jack. "Isn't it time for him to come and look after his character, when those scandalous papers have been taking it away?"

"I haven't seen much amiss in print," says my father. "There was some truth from an eye-witness that perhaps was not pleasant; but that's not the fault of the papers."

"Truth, indeed!" says Jack. "I wish we'd had the eye-witness in our camp. He'd have tasted a little discipline that would have mended his tongue and his manners. But it will be all set to rights now that the Duke has come. He'll be in London tomorrow, and see the Queen the first thing. There's something wrong somewhere, and Corporal John will not let it rest."

"Nor Mrs. Corporal," said I, venturing a jest—for I saw my father knitting his brows, and I feared an outburst. My mother, too, cast an anxious glance at him; but as for Jack, he was too gay-hearted to dream that he was saying aught that was annoying.

"But what matter all these ins and outs of politics to us," says Jack, "further than that the Duke must be cleared? I've not been in old England for so long, that I feel like a prisoner let loose from prison. So let us talk of home affairs. You're looking a bit pale, mother—you want the Selwode breezes; but as for Grace—why, Grace, I'm prouder of you than ever; you're fit to be a duchess. Mother, didst ever see any one improved like Grace?"

Then he whispered to me, in his old teasing way—

"Hast got over a sweetheart yet, Grace?"

"Nonsense, Jack," said I, turning red.

"What is it, Jack?" asked my father.

"Nothing," said I, putting my hand over Jack's mouth.

But he pushed it away, and taking my two hands in his, he answered, demurely—

"I was only asking if I had any chance of another brother."

"Of a dozen, Jack," said my father, with a hearty laugh.

Then my mother came to my relief.

"Of none in particular," said she; "there is safety in a multitude, you know."

For 'tis a subject on which my mother will not jest, though my father likes to have his laugh now and then. She says it is too serious a matter to speak lightly of; and I am sure I think so too.

So no more was said; for Jack can read my mother's face like a weather-glass, and would do nought to send it down to rainy. My mother is very proud of Jack, and he is very proud of her. He put his arm round her, saying—

"Was there ever such a mother as mine?"

And she, in her pretty, deprecating way, said—

"Nay, no flattery, Jack."

"'Tis none," said he. "I've dreamed over the plague story, and how my mother came to Selwode, oft and oft since I've been in danger myself. Somehow, it's all come nearer to me; and the greater the peril, the more I've thought of you, mother, and felt you near me."

My mother could not chide him if she would; for the tears came into her eyes, and I saw she would have broken down if she had spoken a word.

Besides, Sir Everard Tylney came in; and when he saw Jack, he seemed even more startled than we had been.

"What cheer?" says he, holding out his hand to Jack. "How has it fared with you since last we met?"

"Well and ill," returns Jack, "as is the lot of a soldier. And how with you? For you disappeared so suddenly, that some of our men feared there had been false play."

Sir Everard gave a shrug of his shoulders, but I could see that the speech did not please him.

"I had to go unexpectedly," said he, "and had no time for leave-takings."

"Well, all's well that ends well," says Jack, carelessly; "and I'm glad to see you safe in England."

"And I you," says Sir Everard—though his face belied him.

"The Duke's in England," says my father.

Jack was looking another way, so did not see, as I did, the quick look that passed betwixt him and Sir Everard, and the almost gasp of consternation that the latter gave. He was as much disturbed as my father had been; and I was in fear from their manner that this sudden appearance of the Duke

might bring about that indefinable catastrophe that I was dreading. Therefore it was a relief to me when the two went out together, and Jack was left to my mother and myself; for then I dared begin asking him lots of questions that I was afraid to ask before my father.

And it came out that Jack was burning with indignation against the traducers of his general.

"I could almost turn Whig myself, Grace, when I think of it," said he; "for I saw the papers, though few others did. The Duke has treated me almost like a son, and I would lay down my life for him. But it's the way through the army: every man would follow him, and do his bidding, at whatever risk it might be. If one could only trace the source from whence the vile aspersions came, 'twould be a satisfaction to hang the fellow, whoever he may be. It almost seemed as though we must have a traitor among us, there was such a minuteness in the details."

It was all I could do to prevent giving a shudder; for it all appeared to me to be coming out so clearly now, that I wondered any one could be so blind as not to perceive what seemed so very apparent. Surely, Sir Everard had been abroad. Sir Everard, through Jack's introduction, had had opportunities that few others could have had. Sir Everard had, as it seemed to me, sneaked away when it appeared advisable to him to withdraw; and Sir Everard was to all appearance extremely disconcerted at the present moment. In fact, it was all so very plain to me, that I could not help thinking that Jack must be very stupid indeed not to see it.

But Jack was as innocent of suspicion as Clarinda's little Patty, and so overjoyed at seeing us and being in England once more, that he did not put two and two together as I was doing. To be sure, he knew not what had gone before, and so, perhaps, was not likely to do so—which I, unreasonably enough, did not take into consideration when I blamed his want of perception.

When my mother and I were alone again, she looked at me anxiously, as much as to ask whether anything had struck me amiss.

But I only asked her a question in return—

"Mother, what is the matter?"

"I don't know, child," she answered; "but it seems as if something were coming. Would that these schemings were at an end. Your

father is too honest a man to put his hand to a political plough. He is far too honest."

"Yes, the honest ones get taken in," said I—"the unprincipled come off best. And yet," thought I in my heart, "there surely ought to be honesty in politics; and there must be, only 'tis this crooked Sir Everard that has set me doubting."

And then we sat for awhile without speaking, both thinking of the same things, and more especially of the strange man who had been to see my father, and of my uncle Furnaby; for he was one of our greatest fears—since we knew which way his heart leaned, and how apt my father was to put faith in those who flattered him.

"I wonder where Charlotte Furnaby is?"

"What made you think of that?" asks my mother, with a start. "I have been wondering about her too."

"Her Majesty took a great fancy to Charlotte when she was in waiting," said I, as if pleading for her. "And," I continued, after another silence, "her Majesty likes Mr. Harley better than all the Whigs put together, and Mistress Masham is getting a firmer hold than the Duchess."

"Yes."

"And Clarinda is all in all with Mistress Masham. It is well to have friends at Court."

And I tried to speak cheerfully.

"If the Queen could always hold her own perhaps," answered my mother, doubtfully; thinking of how her Majesty had had to give way in the late clerical appointments.

Then I jumped up.

"Mother," said I, "all we can do is to trust, to wait, and to hope for the best."

"Yes," says she.

But we found it no such easy matter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JACK'S SUSPICIONS.

THERE are few such brothers as Jack. He is as different from Ralph Furnaby as can be, who pays no regard whatever to his sisters, treating them with much rudeness, as though the nearer the relationship the greater the incivility he may show. For me, I think it shows very little true gentlemanliness to be thus minded towards them, especially as he prides himself upon his perfect knowledge of how a man should conduct himself towards ladies. I am continually struck with the difference that there is be-

tween him and Jack; and perhaps I feel it more than ever just now, because I want some one to lean upon, and have confidence in, although I dare not confide my troubles even to him. And he is too unobservant to find out that I have any; and yet I feel that he is in some way a protection.

Above all, he prevents my having so much of Sir Everard's attention—for I can easily make excuse of wishing to talk to my brother, whom I have not seen for so long, without raising any jealousy; and we can slip down to the river, and, if 'tis not too cold, can take a barge across to Spring-gardens, and see a little of nature in spite of coming winter, or anywhere else wherever we like; and 'tis all right so long as Jack is with me, for that cannot anger Sir Everard.

I am truly thankful that Mr. Lydgate is out of the way. Uncle Oliver heard from him the other day, and said that he had inquired for all in and near Soho-square; so that I know I am included in that. Also, that he had been writing more verses, which he had sent to Uncle Oliver to look at.

"The poor lad hath found another sweet-heart, I fear," said he. "Thou shalt look at the verses. Perhaps some Italian damsel hath smitten him with her charms."

I answered nought; nor have I asked him for the verses, though I have thought of them many times since. These thoughts of mine concerning Mr. Lydgate have much comfort in them, and I look forward to the time when what he spoke of to me may indeed come to pass.

'Tis well I have something to help me out of the present, for I see so much to distress and disturb in what is going on round me. My father has become very irritable since the Duke's return; for he is afraid that his influence is as strong as ever, and may be all these projects, that there has been so much ado about, may be brought to nought.

And then I am in constant fear lest Jack should suspect what I more than suspect—namely, that Sir Everard and my father are mainly at the root of those articles in the papers; and 'twould almost break Jack's heart to find it so, since he worships the Duke; and, moreover, it would doubtless do him an injury at head-quarters, and cause blame, and perhaps disgrace, to alight on his innocent head. Oh, that this time would go quicker! I wish I could go to sleep, and sleep until this day twelve months; for by

that time there would surely be an end to all anxiety.

Winter is fast setting in, and here we are, and here we are to remain; for there is no thought of Selwode, though I know that Jack would like to spend his Christmas there. My father, however, has no intention of doing so, and he goes oftener to his club than ever, and looks as gloomy as possible.

Sir Everard, I perceive, avoids much conversation with Jack—which, whilst it renders me uneasy on one score, relieves me at the same time from his company. Not that Sir Everard has forgotten our interview, or is inclined to give up hope. In a thousand nameless ways, he makes me understand that his aims are still the same, and he is ever courteous and respectful. But it is all to no purpose.

In the meantime, the wind of political discord blows stronger than ever, and my father's face grows blacker and blacker. Clarinda's tidings from Mistress Masham are not encouraging; for though she says that the Queen still greatly inclines to Mr. Harley, and would like to see him at the head of affairs, still her Majesty is timid in some things, and the Duke and Duchess are very persistent.

But at this crisis a thunderbolt fell in the midst of us; and this was no less than the apprehension of one Mr. William Gregg, a clerk in the Secretary's office, for a grave and treasonable offence.

Marshal Tallard, who had been made a prisoner at the battle of Hochstet, had been permitted by Government to write home to his friends in France; but lest there should be information of any political character contained in his letters, they were all sent to Mr. Harley's office to be looked over, and thence transmitted to France. Now, this Mr. Gregg, and no one knew who else beside, had taken advantage of these letters to carry on a treasonable correspondence with M. Chamillard, the French Secretary of State, and to give him private information of official matters, as had been discovered by the intercepting of one of the packets. The adverse party, of course, pointed at Mr. Harley as being implicated; and, indeed, there seemed, from different incidents, reason to fear that such might be the case.

It was the prevailing topic of interest; and Mr. Harley's being already in disfavour with the Ministry placed him in no envious position. My father was terribly excited;

but Sir Everard either governed his feelings wonderfully, or was not altogether unprepared for what came upon the rest of us with such a stunning shock. He was quite cool, and manifested no such uneasiness as my father did; though why my father should feel it so personally, I could scarce make out, since he did not altogether approve of Mr. Harley's principles, though he looked upon him as the only man to whom the Tories had to trust as a leader.

All at once, I remembered the strange visitor who had been to see my father; and then the name of Chamillard, which had slipped my memory, rose up as one that I had heard that day. And then I began to be oppressed with fear almost beyond endurance. What if my father should have been drawn in unwittingly to commit an act of treason?—certainly unintended and unpremeditated on his part, for he would sooner have cut off his right hand than have done a disloyal deed. But he might have been led to it by Sir Everard, who, I was unjust enough to believe, would let him be the cat's-paw, while he himself escaped without hurt or damage. I watched and listened with such intensity for any unusual sign or sound, that I started whenever any one spoke to me suddenly; and if there came a louder ring or knock at the door than usual, I went quite white, and my teeth chattered—for I knew not at any moment but what my father also might be arrested.

I was too well aware of my uncle Furbaby's hopes and aspirations to hide from myself the danger of being in any way connected in an intrigue with him; and coupling his name with that of M. Chamillard, it is not to be wondered at that I fell into a state of anxiety.

My mother shared my fears, though we did not speak them out; for it seemed as though the hearing of them aloud would in some way bring them to pass. So we drew closer together, and guarded ourselves carefully from letting Jack or Clarinda know that we were moved beyond ordinary. But after awhile, as matters grew more involved, I became so eager for the slightest scrap of information as to how the examination was proceeding, and whether or not Mr. Harley was guilty—which even Jack could not believe, for he said that the Duke had a high opinion of Mr. Harley's integrity; and that, indeed, Mr. Harley was bound by ties of gratitude. But what is gratitude, when in-

terest comes in the way? Do we not see that with many it makes itself fleeter wings than even riches, and flies away?

Naturally enough, too, I began to turn my thoughts to the two smugglers who had been taken up, and who had been in the employ of Mr. Harley, for obtaining some information between Calais and Boulogne. A terrible idea seized me, that possibly the dark stranger who had been with my father might be one of them. But still I could not remember having noticed anything foreign in the man's accent, and he appeared to be rather superior to what I imagined a smuggler would be; and yet a smuggler would need all the sharpness and shrewdness that evidently belonged to the person I had seen. And then I depicted to myself all foreigners as dark men. 'Twas a miserable state to be in; and I grew so nervous and excited, that at last Jack himself could not help noticing my anxiety.

"Why, Grace," said he, "you take interest enough in public affairs to offer yourself as Prime Minister. What has made you take this turn? Not Uncle Oliver's readings, I warrant; for they were all of the old classic world, and you have stepped into the new and matter-of-fact one. What has caused it?"

"Circumstances," said I. "One can't help learning and knowing everything in London. 'Twas very different at Selwode."

"Yes," says he, as if thinking of something else.

"I wish we were at Selwode," I said, half sighing.

But he was not thinking of Selwode: he had been attending to what was going on more carefully than I had given him credit for doing. And said he—

"Grace, sit down."

"What for?" said I.

"I have something to say to you."

"I can listen standing."

"No, you can't," says he; "you're not fit to stand—you're trembling now. I can't tell what has come to you these last few weeks. You look as if you had not slept for nights. Indeed, I can't tell what has come to all of you."

Then he made me sit down, whilst he sat down beside me, having first looked behind all the curtains and into the cupboards, just as he used to do as a boy, when he was going to tell me some secret.

"Grace," says he, very gravely, "I have my suspicions."

I gave a low scream.

"What do you suspect, Jack?" I asked.

"Perhaps *you* know, Grace," said he, looking intently at me. "You look terribly frightened, child."

"I don't know anything," said I—which, indeed, was the truth, as I was abounding in suspicions like himself. "What is there to know, Jack? Oh, tell me, Jack—tell me, if there really is anything!"

And I clasped my hands together.

He did not expect to see me so moved, and answered—

"Don't be alarmed, child. Suspicions don't hurt any one, and mine are not like to do any harm to you."

But I was too full of fear to be quieted down, even if there should be nothing in what Jack suspected.

"Mine are only suspicions, Grace; but if I can work them out, this house will be rid of one visitor at least."

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"I can trust you, Grace, I know," he replied. "Well, then, I suspect that *your* friend, Sir Everard Tylney, has had a greater share in those scandalous articles in the paper than you or I, or any one in this house, could believe. And, if so, what will the Duke think of *my friend*?" And he laid a scornful emphasis on the last two words. Then he added, "Or, I may say, what will he think of myself?"

Then, at length, the same thought that had occurred to us had crossed Jack's mind also, and without doubt it was a true one; though it was but half of what I feared.

Then, at last, the vague fear that had been haunting me had come into Jack's mind as a certainty; and without doubt he was in the right.

I was too much aghast at his words to speak at once, for the difficulties of the position crowded up anew before me. Suspicion might be thrown on poor Jack, who was guiltless as a babe. And yet my father was certainly involved in some way, though I knew not how far. Then, also, Clarinda—what might happen to her if Sir Everard's anger and revenge were aroused? And Harry. Ah! Jack little knew of the wheels within wheels that worked in favour of silence and endurance.

"If my opinions prove true," says he, "I'll bring the rascal to a quick account."

And his colour flashed up, as it always does when he grows earnest.

"Jack—dear Jack," said I, springing up, and putting my arms round his neck, "you must leave Sir Everard alone."

He looked at me, astonished.

"You must not harm Sir Everard—you must do nought to cast a stain on him. Promise me—oh, Jack, in mercy promise me!—that you will take no step against him."

I spoke so frantically, that Jack was bewildered.

"Why, Grace!" says he—"why, Grace! I did not expect this. I thought not that Sir Everard had so large a share in your interest. From what I have seen, I should have said the love was on the other side, and my sister cared not for her suitor."

And Jack saw right enough; but what could I say? However, 'twas not in my power to say much; for now that his speech had startled me out of my unnatural state of constraint, I was sobbing so that I could hardly get out a word.

"Grace, darling," said Jack, "beware of that man. I have watched him since I came home, and much that I heeded not when I saw him abroad has come to me. He is a dangerous man—a man of little or no principle—one who would stand at nothing to compass his ends."

I knew it all as well as Jack, and better—if he only knew all. And yet, all I could do was to sob out—

"Jack! Jack!—leave him alone."

"Grace," says he, "is there any engagement?"

"No," said I, so eagerly that he looked at me sharply.

"Has he made any proposal?" he asked; for Jack and I were used to have no secrets from one another.

I hid my face on his shoulder, and sobbed out—

"Oh, Jack!—oh, Jack!—don't make me more miserable than I am."

"Why, child, I would do all I could to help thee," said he. "What is the matter? I can't make it out a bit. Put it in my hands, and I will make it all clear and straight for thee. Shall we keep Sir Everard, or send him away? There used to be no secrets, Grace—which shall it be? And yet," he added, coming back to his original suspicion, "if it be as it seems clear to me it must be, my sister would not marry a traitor—a base traitor!"

"Sir Everard is no traitor," said I, quickly.

For I knew that he and my father were leagued, and that the word that applied to the one would fall upon the other also.

"People may be traitors to other than their sovereigns," said Jack; "and a traitor is a despicable, a villainous, a contemptible scoundrel, such a one as I would not own for a brother."

"You may not have to do so, Jack," said I. "I shall never marry one that is unworthy."

Why could I not speak out plainly? Oh, Clarinda, Clarinda! And oh, my father, and my fears!

"Then," said Jack, quickly, "let me prove this Sir Everard so, as I believe I can do. I hate the man, Grace: he is false—he is not worthy to bestow a thought upon."

I knew it; and yet all I could do was to implore Jack, earnestly—

"Promise me, Jack—promise me on your honour. For the love of Heaven, Jack—dear Jack—don't move a step against Sir Everard Tylney!"

And I was so vehement, that for the present Jack consented to be silent.

EVERYBODY OUT OF TOWN.

IT is a most unnecessary proceeding this "annual exodus"—or, if you will, the general *villegiatura*—unless one is oppressed by business or bills. To take an entire rest on the scene of one's ordinary labours, with the implements of toil continually entreating, by suggestive attitudes, to be taken up again, is not easy for those whose heart is in their work, but whose physical condition needs repose.

Habits of study or business are apt to be importunate, and in such cases flight is necessary. This reason for change of scene applies equally to town and country; and affords no solid support to the prevalent idea that the metropolis is intolerable, and not to be endured, during autumn and the wane of summer.

What valid reason can an idler give for considering himself bound to ruralize in August and September?

"Grouse, you idiot!"

"My dear sir, fortunately for game, and other beasts and fowls with which the Legislature is not concerned, your sportsmen, even including pigeon shooters, form a small per centage of the unfeathered bipeds who

yearly make their passage away from the Egypt of bricks and mortar."

Heavens! what a confusion of metaphor between swallows, or cuckoos, and the children of Israel! But let it pass. For the purposes of my argument, we may consider sportsmen annihilated—with all deference to the good friends who are now amusing themselves on my moors—the plural is not a mistake—and beside my covers.

There are thousands of idlers who never see a live grouse, and who would much rather not put up a fussy partridge or detonating pheasant; yet who stay in town mechanically all the year until August, and then as mechanically take their departure. Surely it would be more sensible, and embrace a greater variety of change, to visit the country once a-year—one year in spring, the next before harvest, and so forth.

They have one excuse which I will honestly put forward for them: the peaches, hot off the sun-beaten wall. Never mind the possible wasp: the chance of peril adds excitement to the enjoyment of the melting lusciousness. A cold peach is like a cold kiss—*i.e.*, to those who never had a warm kiss; and as a bought peach is a cold peach, it is about as satisfactory as a bought kiss. The one luxury which Covent-garden cannot supply is a peach in perfection.

As long as everybody goes out of town, no one person can give as his reason that he migrates to escape from his friends and acquaintance. With all the talk about bodily fatigue, broken health, pining for fresh air, &c., the secret truth is that there is a tacit convention in fashionable circles to separate into points and segments before the constituent atoms have bored one another to death.

London would be healthy enough in the autumn were it not for "the season." "The season" might be kept up all the year round, if society were in a constant state of flux; but wholesale congregation at one time involves equally wholesale separation.

Meeting the same people over and over again, under similar circumstances of heat, crush, and indifferent refreshments, becomes extremely irksome after two or three months. Monotony makes such inroads on the appetite, that the best of fare fails to compensate one for daily martyrdoms to fashionable Mammon. Being endowed with a memory if possible too retentive, I find myself re-entering previously traversed cycles of con-

versation. My associates are, many of them, treating their limited stock of ideas as parsons do their sermons, and going over them again. A *fresh* scandal is an impossibility. The whole gamut of folly has been run over so often, that a suspicion of staleness taints the sprightliest and most original variation. You would hear with indifference that Aristides had been found guilty of peculation or embezzlement, or that Cato had eloped with the mother of the Gracchi. Professor Monti, our great philosophical and scientific star, can no longer at once astound and instruct. Really, that man has a wonderful knack of teaching male and female *dilettanti* to swim and splash, with confidence and ease, on the surface of the unfathomable tarns of physiology and metaphysics. But we are getting used to the set of theories he has been ventilating since Easter; and some of us are even beginning to venture to object, or actually contradict. The professor gets confused by such intrepidity, and, being more at home in a lecture than a discussion, thinks it high time to retire, with a view to prepare a fresh series of surprises and paradoxes. Then again, little Schlechtwetter, whose broken English made him quite an acquisition, is becoming a proficient in the language, and proportionately uninteresting. The once pungent Picrick has fired off all his epigrams; his sallies are becoming few and feeble; and we are beginning to realize the fact that simple unseasoned ill-nature is scarcely entertaining. He himself has a latent consciousness that an interval of solitary meditation is requisite for the replenishment of his pickle-jars and cruets.

Then there are no end of flirtations—which have grown tedious to one or other of the persons implicated—which it would be awkward to break off, save under cover of simultaneous flight. In a word, we have all seen too much of each other lately. And so the great social conglomerate falls to pieces. Those who are engaged in Parliamentary duties, and some of their belongings, linger on till the prorogation, and then nobody is left. The Bar has long ago taken to flight. The Bench is repairing its shattered constitution: The first fiddles of the medical profession, of course, take advantage of the slack time, order change of air to all their patients who can move, leave the rest in the care of the second fiddles, and are seeking hygiene for themselves in rural retreats or in travel. City men who can afford it, ab-

sent themselves at the same time, out of sheer imitation, or at least send off their families. Obviously, then, to stay in town openly and contentedly is to argue yourself *nobody*. You can have no connection with either Court, Lords, or Commons; you can't have any acquaintance amongst county families; you are not a sportsman, nor a member of the Alpine Club; nor have you been worn out by professional duties. Should you happen, as is not impossible, to possess none of the foregoing qualifications, you follow the lead given by the great ones, who act as bell-wethers, like so many sheep. Though not the rose, you can at least be so near the rose as not to appear in a place whence the last rose of summer has departed. Some, who do not care to be in the fashion, take their holiday with the hard-workers, lest they should be suspected of want of work or lack of industry. But none confess the truth, preferring to abuse London. This habit is perhaps fostered by our reminiscences of the complaints of Rome uttered by classical authors, and their pastoral aspirations. If circumstances compel you to be in town, you can vindicate your claim to consideration by bewailing your hard fate, and, like the sick Falstaff, "babbling of green fields."

This year, your humble contributor, who, though no misanthrope, likes occasional isolation, determined that the easiest and most effective method of getting out of everybody's way would be to stay in town. I rose superior to the social annihilation involved in the scheme, feeling that there was a certain quiet dignity in remaining stationary while everybody else exerted himself to hurry off, and so accomplish for me the severance I desired from my kind and class. Of course, I calculated that the inevitable residuum, composed chiefly of stipendiary magistrates, civil servants, professional men, officers on duty in metropolitan barracks, and such small deer, would so little suspect my presence that I should be able to escape them. My special object was to test the popular belief as to the wretchedness of London in the dull time, having got into the way of thinking that popular beliefs are probably fallacious.

I determined that it would not do to use my clubs; which was, perhaps, as well, seeing that they are in the hands of cleaners and workmen, so far as I can see from passing glances. As for the result of my experiment, I found that I was the victim of a

gross deception. That emphatically expressed dread of being among the last in town is all moonshine. Some unmistakable entities showed no signs of leaving, and did not even give up receptions and visits; while numbers of second-rate people, who are tolerated as hangers-on to good society, were still sneaking about, in spite of ostentatious farewells and signs of removal. The latter pestered me with abject apologies for not being elsewhere, expressions of wonder at seeing me, and lamentations at having been obliged to change their plans. Of course, I had long been aware that by going out of town, the Neerstirs, and Mrs. Colonel Kilgust, and old Lady Chatterill meant pulling down their front blinds and denying themselves; but I had fondly hoped that they were isolated instances of folly.

Some of these silly folk evinced a design to enliven the assumed cheerlessness of my lot by improving my acquaintance, having got me, as they thought, to themselves; and had I seized all the opportunities that offered, all my time might have been taken up in being entertained—Heaven save the mark!—as a *somebody*. I am a man of some determination; and having made up my mind to be a *nobody* for the once, I was not to be done out of the luxury of a novel sensation.

It is to be hoped that no person of refined and exquisite sensibilities, who has an idea that the East-end is a perfect Galilee, will proceed any further in the perusal of these pages. I do not say so because of the verdict which may be passed on my conduct, but for fear of the effect of my candid avowal on their delicate organisms. With this word of warning, I will out with the monstrous truth. I shifted my quarters to the City! Yes, I—the oracle of the clubs, the dowager's darling, the confidant of "paladins and peers of high degree," who am courted—yea, verily, courted—by the most exclusive; I, the arbiter of taste and the mentor of budding beaux, the welcomed in the most sacred penetralia of the westest of the West—positively took a small set of rooms in Charterhouse-square. Though not in the least ashamed of my lapse from orthodoxy, I cannot suppress a shudder, out of sympathy with the outraged feelings of my fastidious acquaintances. I can only hope the shock may do them good. All I can say is, that after having tried for weeks what

life in London is like without the park, club, operas, and society, I am alive and well, and rapidly recovering the ravages of the season. Moreover, the time is passing away very pleasantly. Excuse me, I quite understand the meaning of all that nodding and elevation of eyebrow, but your surmises are quite groundless; else this paper had, on my honour, never been begun. Alone in that perfect and engrossing solitude which only an unsympathizing crowd can afford, I am harmlessly contemplating varieties of my species hitherto ignored. If I can be rightly said to have enrolled myself as a Bohemian, my Bohemianism is of the mildest and most unobjectionable type.

Even in my Oriental seclusion, it is occasionally impressed upon me that many would-be somebodies are only nominally out of town. I spied a well-known dandy emerge the other day, with a parcel under his arm, from a hosier's in Birchin-lane. By casual observation and subsequent inquiry, I have discovered that the Countess of ——— lays in a stock of confectionery and groceries at wholesale price in the City, though professing to deal at Fortnum and Mason's. The Ladies ———, too, buy fabrics which are now selling at reduced prices in Cornhill and Cheapside. They will disport themselves next season in more various and gorgeous plumage than those who spend double the money on dress. What a pity it is to neutralize all the merit of thrift by a false assumption of prodigality!

But, to dismiss the West-enders, let me tell you how I employ myself and manage to make existence tolerable. I am cultivating the habit of observation as only a loafer can. Now, your lounge is quite distinct from your loafer. The former is either in a vacuous and torpid condition, or else he is recalling a past scene of distraction, or anticipating a coming ditto; so that passers-by fail to attract his attention, or, if they do, the impression is slight and fleeting. The loafer, if he have any powers of observation, can exercise them to the full, as his immediate past and future are a comparative blank. My note-book is getting crammed with jottings on people, buildings, localities, and scenes. The feeling of utter irresponsibility and freedom has strange charms. I am wearing out old, comfortable clothes, and abjure gloves: behaving, in fact, as if I were in the country. I dive into wicked-looking taverns, glaring gin palaces—nominally to

imbibe bitter beer, really to imbibe knowledge. I stop in a crowd, and witness the entire drama of Punch and Judy with as much satisfaction as in my schoolboy days. My dinners are a series of experiments, which on the whole turn out successfully enough, as I possess the happy faculty of being able to eat anything within reason, if nothing better is by to tempt my appetite. And I find your nobodies have very definite ideas on good living, up to a certain point. In the evening, there is almost always cool fresh air on the Thames Embankment or the Viaduct; and if a barge or two loaded with hay happen to be floating up, you might imagine yourself in the country, so rural is the scent. I tried, one Sunday, to traverse some of my favourite new haunts, but could not stand the ghastly dullness and emptiness of the streets, and the blind, dead look of deserted houses and closed shops. So I imitated my neighbours, and went an excursion either for the day, or from Saturday till Monday.

What exquisite scenery a Cockney with five or ten shillings a-week to spare has within his reach! No capital in Europe can vie with London in this respect. I will not dilate on the beauties of the Thames valley, nor on the objects of interest in London, as they have been already chronicled by those who have studied them more than I; but will merely reiterate that, as a place for autumn or summer residence, town is much underrated by those who have not studied its various recommendations.

Any one who is only led into the country by vanity, and a wish to be in the fashion, might just as well stay at home for any real enjoyment they can get out of a trip. To such wretched beings a total cessation of urban excitement is misery, which must almost counteract the good effects of pure air. They would very likely be better if they kept up so much of their usual round as is consistent with regular hours and wholesome diet. There, however, is the rub. A change of scene, a withdrawal from all opportunity for dissipation, is necessary to induce a change of habits—which is very frequently a medical adviser's main point in ordering change of air. Professor Tyndall finds the summits of virgin peaks among the Alps requisite for the reinforcement of his system, and he speaks of London as being partly to blame for his want of condition; but if he worked in moderation, and

contrived not to inhale the poisonous fumes of his laboratory to excess, he might maintain his bodily and mental vigour at a tight pitch for years, without any more holiday than falls to the lot of a bank clerk. Of course, men who work at high pressure require the stimulant of thorough change, and the tonic of mountain or sea air, to repair the abnormal waste that goes on during the spell of toil. But for this London is not to blame, saving as being a great centre of industry. An idler, again, finds it advisable to leave town because he has got to the end of his resources—not because the locality is not sufficiently healthy for him. He would flag far sooner in the healthiest part of Norway. So I have come round to the point whence I started. To hear the ecstatic way people revel in anticipation of rural bliss makes one almost wonder how they can have kept away therefrom so long, as there is no greater contrast between town and country at this time of year than any other. From heat, one probably undergoes more discomfort there than here; but in the one case it is borne cheerfully, and in the other made a fuss about.

I do not endeavour to make out so good a case for the metropolis because I dislike rustication or travelling. If I am too partial an advocate, it is because this unnecessary habit of periodic migration spoils almost every spot of beauty and interest. Though not, I take it, endowed with any very fine artistic perception of the lovely and sublime, by some fatality the ubiquitous and conspicuous tourist always turns up just where the scene would most suggest silent contemplation—a mental process quite incompatible with his effusive presence. The same worse than prosaic individual is invested with a romance and interest of his own when in the town whereof he is an indigenous product. In studying him in his proper sphere, you are observing nature as much as when among fields, woods, or fells. If he would only refrain from going out of town in appreciable quantities, both the complex and simple aspects of nature could be viewed with greater pleasure and profit. Really, it is a positive duty of those who can to set the example of varying their time of flight. I would not wish to be selfishly exclusive. I could tolerate, or get out of the way of, one-fourth of the number of tourists to be found at present in any given localities; but the whole number overtakes my powers. There

may be practical objections to the plan I propose, and some advantages in the present system; but as they are not the reasons for which it is ostensibly maintained, I will not discuss them, my object having been to show that the opinions generally advanced about going out of town are founded on pretence and fallacy. My own notions on the subject may be tinged by the fact that I am myself staying in town; but as there must be a certain amount of one-sidedness in all human conclusions, so there may be an increment of truth in a one-sided judgment, and I may hope that my views herein recorded may not prove entirely destitute of soundness. At any rate, they may help to induce contentedness in the minds of those who are staying in town, not from inclination, but necessity.

IL PARADISO.

THE sweet old Paradise is not yet lost,
 Even in these the latter days, to those
 Who think it worth the seeking; and the glow
 Of happy love that made the ancient hours
 Of earth yet young, but rich with sweet content,
 Has not all vanished. But, as sunset gleams
 That linger long upon the western hills,
 Ere yet the coming of the lonely night,
 Illumines still the lateness of the world;
 Youth, in the first frank impulse of the soul,
 Finds all things beautiful, and each one lays
 The golden flower unsullied to his heart—
 Till later years, with all the wearying cares
 And sordid wranglings of the busy marts,
 Have numbed the Godlike sense, and that first dream
 Of light and love is lost into a cloud.
 And what is love, the passion all men feel
 For all the troubled moments of their lives,
 But the foreshadowing of th' Eternal love
 That waits upon the ages unfulfilled?
 And thus it is, through all the fretful world,
 Men toil and weep, and ever love to lay
 The burden of a trouble at their hearts,
 Forgetful that this earth of ours withal
 Hath much of Eden round about it still.

A FEW WORDS ON DOGS AND THEIR DIET.

A REFERENCE is made in "Table Talk," for September 16, to the fact that dogs will occasionally eat fruit. As an observer of the habits and manners of numerous species of dogs for nearly half a century, I may state that although in the wild state these animals are probably carnivorous—although I am by no means certain on this point—when domesticated they may, either by necessity be forced to live on food very different from that which in a state of nature they would select, or from

a morbid appetite induced by civilization, and especially by associating with their masters at meal times, they may acquire a taste for articles of food which, *a priori*, we should have supposed would have been rejected with disgust. In Siberia, Alaska, and some parts of Northern Europe, fish—either fresh or dried—is their staple article of food, simply because they must choose between it and starvation.

We learn from the works of northern travellers, that on sledging expeditions each dog is allowed two dried salmon per diem. It must, however, be recollected that the fish in those regions seldom exceed three or four pounds in weight, much of which is lost in the process of drying. Occasionally, however, dogs not driven to such diet by necessity seem to have a marvellous relish for fish, although to a less degree than cats. Thus, the author of "Life in Normandy"—a book that should be read by every lover of nature—describes conger-eel hunting by dogs, who are trained to the sport by being allowed when young to worry, or perhaps eat, an eel that has been caught by an old, trained dog; and I have somewhere read of a well-to-do dog, residing in all luxury at a country hotel, who used to take a daily walk to a neighbouring canal in search of minnows or gudgeons, on which he pounced with avidity.

In many vine-growing countries, the dogs seem unable to resist an apparently unnatural taste for grapes; and they do so much damage to vineyards, that in Bordeaux the *gardes champêtres* are authorized to kill every canine vagrant found amidst the vines, unless he is duly muzzled; and miniature gallows may be seen in all directions, with the unhappy victims suspended by the neck.

Many dogs are remarkably fond of strawberries; and in all probability it is the sweetness of such fruits as grapes, strawberries, and gooseberries that constitutes their chief attraction. Dogs that do not delight in sugar and confectionery are comparatively rare.

Few dogs are so peculiar, not only in relation to their food but to their habits generally, as the Chinese, or Japanese pug dogs, which are occasionally brought over to this country, but are seldom able to bear our climate for any length of time. Two or three years ago, and possibly up to the present time, one of these dogs might be seen

following a lady residing at Reigate; and a distinguished naturalist, Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, has given the following account of it:—

"It is a small, long-haired spaniel, with slender legs, and rather bushy tail curled up over its back. It differs from the pug-nosed—called King Charles's—spaniel, in the hair being much longer and more bushy, the tail closely curled up, and the legs being smaller and much more slender. The nose of the Chinese or Japanese pug is said by some to be artificially produced, by force suddenly or continuously applied. But that is certainly not the case in the skull that is in the British Museum; for the bones of the upper jaw and the nose are quite regular and similar on the two sides, showing no forced distortion of any kind, such as is observed in the skulls of some bull-dogs; for I believe that some 'fanciers' are not satisfied with the peculiarity, and do sometimes try to increase the deformity by force."

The following particulars of her dog were sent to Dr. Gray by the lady who owned him:—

"He is called a Japanese pug-dog. They say he was the origin of the King Charles's breed; but I do not know if this be correct. He is of a very jealous disposition, and timid, being afraid of the noise of a train, the popping of a coal from the fire, and any sudden noise. He pretends to be very brave in attacking strangers, or the gardeners; but the moment they turn upon him he is off like a shot till he is at a safe distance, when he barks loudly.

"When first he arrived from Japan—the spring of 1864—he would not tread on grass; but now he is well accustomed to our lawn, and will run about like other dogs. He prefers cold weather, and is always better in health; though, excepting once, he has never been ill since his arrival in England. He does not like strong light—his eyes looking watery and not quite open if he be in sunlight; but of an evening his eyes look very bright and large; and if in a good temper, he will roll himself in the curtains, or under our dresses, growling or barking with pleasure. Damp weather does not agree with him; and if his hair gets wet he is almost sure to take cold, unless thoroughly dried, which process he cannot bear. His temper is most uncertain, as he may be lying in your lap and quite peaceful, and if you touched him very likely he would snap. He

bites his best friends; in fact, he is a small tyrant, so we are more or less afraid to touch him. He feeds on cabbage stalks, boiled; but in summer he likes cucumbers, both rind and inside: this is his greatest delicacy. He will eat beetroot, lettuce stalks, asparagus stalks, white of egg, and fish. He is very fond of meat; but we do not give him much, as we find a vegetable diet so much more wholesome for him. He has a trick of spinning round and round until he is apparently giddy, when he will roll over on his side and get up again: he does this for his dinner, or when he is hungry. He follows, when we take him for a walk, very well; but being so small he cannot go very fast, and it is a tedious process to get him along. If we have been away from home, or out for a few hours, he shows his joy by running about in a wild sort of way, snorting and wheezing; but if we pat him, he would bite us.

"He certainly does not appreciate the usual way people pet dogs, like patting, fondling, &c. His length of body is about 15 inches, and height about 10 inches."

The following extract from a letter sent by Dr. W. Lockhart to the same distinguished naturalist may serve to throw some light on the mode in which these phenomena originated:—

"The pug-nosed dog, the skull of which I sent you, probably originated in Pekin and North China, and was taken thence to Japan, whence it was brought to Europe; and thus this breed is called Japanese. I do not know whether you will agree with this idea. I merely state what I think is the fact of the case. There are two kinds of pug in China—one a small black and white, long-legged, pug-nosed, prominent-eyed dog; the other, long-backed, short-legged, long-haired, tawny coloured, with pug nose and prominent eyes. Sometimes, in these dogs, the eyes are so prominent, that I have known a dog have one of them snapped off by another dog in play.* The preference for vegetable food is a fact; but I think it

* Sir Rutherford Alcock tells us that he was deputed to find a pair of these dogs—"with eyes like saucers, no nose, the tongue hanging out at the side, too large for the mouth; and white and tan if possible, and two years old," and that he succeeded in obtaining them. The "two years old" clause was probably inserted to insure their having had the distemper. Two of these interesting animals, belonging to a friend of mine, died from the distemper when they were about a year and a-half old.

is a result of education, as most of them will take animal food. This is usually kept from them, so that their growth and organization may be kept down. The sleeve-dog—apparently the name by which it is known in China—is a degenerated, long-legged variety of pug, rigidly kept on low diet, and never allowed to run about on the ground. These dogs are kept very much on the top of the ‘kang,’ or stove bed-place, and are not allowed to run about on the ground; as it is supposed that if they did so they would derive strength from the ground, and would grow large. Their food is much restricted, and consists chiefly of boiled rice. They are very subject to ulceration of the cornea of the eye, from deficient nutrition. They exhibit very little attachment to the person who feeds them.”

There must apparently be two varieties of the Japanese pug-dog; for while Dr. Lockhart especially refers to their prominent eyes, Mr. Fortune writes as follows:—“The lapdogs of the country are highly prized, both by natives and foreigners. They are small, some of them not more than nine or ten inches in length. They are remarkable for snub noses and sunken eyes, and are certainly more curious than beautiful. They are carefully bred. They command high prices, even amongst the Japanese, and are dwarfed, it is said, by the use of ‘saki’—a spirit to which their owners are particularly partial. Like those of the larger breed, they are remarkable for the intense hatred they bear to foreigners.” From the last words, it would appear that the Reigate dog was faithful to the traditions of his forefathers.

It is “a far cry” from Japan to Ireland; but a dog belonging to a gentleman in the county of Wicklow had a taste so much more remarkable than any of those recorded in this article, that he seems to deserve a notice in it. He was a long and rough-haired terrier, who swallowed crooked pins whenever they were given to him. If he received a straight pin, he would always bend it with his teeth before swallowing it. His diet seems to have affected his temper, although it did not appear to interfere with his bodily functions. In illustration of this mental peculiarity, it may be mentioned that if any one during dinner, when he was allowed to lie under the table, happened to touch him with his foot, the offending member was at once rudely and fiercely seized;

and it is on record that he once tasted the fleshy calf of the Bishop of Ossory. This remarkable animal—the dog, and not the Bishop—died at a good old age, in or about 1812. Mr. Jesse, in his “History of the British Dog”—which is a complete encyclopædia for canine lore—vouches for the truth of the story.

TABLE TALK.

WE HAVE DISCOVERED, to our cost, since the reopening of the discussion on the designs for the new Law Courts, that what is beautiful to one man is ugly to another. It is not to be wondered at that “Gothic” and “Anti-Gothic” should disagree as to the demerits of Mr. Street’s drawings, and let fly letters in the *Times* at one another about them. When Lord Byron and his friend Hobhouse were standing on sacred and historic ground in front of the Parthenon, Hobhouse threw up his eyes and his hands, and sighed—“Well, surely this is very grand.” The poet replied—“Very like the Mansion House.” I suppose neither “Anti-Gothic” nor anybody else wants to see a replica of the Mansion House west of Temple Bar. One such star in the metropolitan horizon is enough and—to people who do not habitually dine in the Egyptian Hall—to spare. Allowing for every variety of taste, we have been asked by correspondents of the daily papers to insist on the erection of a palace of justice in almost every possible—and impossible—form, from the Parthenon of Callicrates to the Town Hall of Ypres, and the Cloth Market at Bruges. But it appears to us that it is not so much a copy of some existing edifice that is wanted by the nation as an original design for a palace of justice, at once suited to the purposes for which it is intended, to our English climate, and our English genius. If it illustrates anything, let it give form to our abstract conceptions of the freedom of the constitution and the majesty of the law under which we live. I have seen an edifice constructed for the reception of the lunatics of the county of Cambridge. It stands on a hill. At a distance, the effect produced is that of a village street—a great many small houses joined together; but when you get near it, you perceive that it is all one building, and are told it is the county madhouse. I believe it serves the purpose for which it was built to perfection, but architecturally it

is a failure. Mr. Street proposes to build a national palace of justice on precisely the same plan. His design has no homogeneity but that of material; no beauty but that of kaleidoscopic variety of windows and water-spouts; no grandeur but that of the stone, and iron, and wood of which it is built. It is, in fact, a design which might be cut up into a number of pretty villa residences; but which, in its entirety, is no more worthy the name of a national law court than it is of a national cathedral—being nondescript, and fit for neither. If it has a likeness to anything, a fitness for anything, it is for some giant monastic institution. As a design for a court of law, it is a terrible failure. Whatever the House of Commons may do in the matter, the fact remains, that the invited and chosen company of English architects showed themselves, in the year of grace 1871, incapable among them of making any worthy design for an English palace of justice. We have a suggestion with which to close this note. Why not apply to the profession in France, Germany, or Italy? With greater models before their eyes, cannot they do better for us what we want done? Mr. Street, however, deserves our thanks for doing his best. If he has missed his mark this time, he may be able yet to rehabilitate his reputation as a great master of the architectural art. Probably, it would not be for his own good even that his present plans should be forced upon us reluctantly. Let us remind him of a verse from a famous old poem, the "Satyr Menippée"—

"Souvent celui qui demeure
Est cause de son meschef;
Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure,
Peut combattre derechef."

Thus Englished in 1595:—

"Oft he that doth abide
Is cause of his own pain;
But he that flieth in good tide,
Perhaps may fight again."

The Law Courts, let us hope, are not to be the only great metropolitan work of this half-century.

A CORRESPONDENT: In reference to the epigram in your "Table Talk," p. 220, I may quote from Cuthbert Bede's "Tour in Tartanland," published by Bentley in 1863, and recently reissued by Messrs. C. Griffin & Co., under the title—"A Holiday Ramble in the Land of Scott." In speaking of the graveyard at Melrose Abbey, Cuthbert Bede men-

tions "the following epitaph on a tombstone that bears no date, but has evidently braved the storms of two centuries:—

'THE EARTH GOETH
ON THE EARTH,
GLISTRING LIKE
GOLD:
THE EARTH GOETH TO
THE EARTH SOONER
THEN IT WOLD:
THE EARTH BVILDS
ON THE EARTH CAST-
LES AND TOWERS;
THE EARTH SAYS TO
THE EARTH ALL SHALL
BE OVRS.'

To this the author appends the following foot-note:—"A good deal has been written about this inscription, or one something like it, for variations of it appear in many English churchyards, the 'wold' of the second line being converted into 'mould'—e.g., 'The earth says to the earth, we are but mould;' 'Earth goeth upon earth, as mould upon mould.'" In 1853, a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" introduced it as "an unpublished epigram by Sir Walter Scott"—a novelty which, of course, was soon contradicted. It seems probable that the original lines may be dated back to the time of Edward III., and were affixed to a wall-painting—discovered early in the present century—in the chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross, at Stratford-upon-Avon. A facsimile was published at the time, in an account of the paintings, edited by J. G. Nichols, Esq. The lines are quoted in Wheler's "History and Antiquities of Stratford-upon-Avon," p. 98; and in Longfellow's "Outremer," p. 66. See also Pettigrew's "Chronicles of the Tombs," p. 67; and "Notes and Queries," 1st s., vii., 498, 576; viii., 110, 353, 575; 3rd s., i., 389 (p. 355).

TWO ARTICLES published in ONCE A WEEK, on what is called "Spiritualism," attracted a great deal of attention, and led to a correspondence on the subject with several leading scientific men, who are devoting their energies to a thorough investigation of this most interesting matter. Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., editor of the "Quarterly Journal of Science;" Dr. Huggins, vice-president of the Royal Society; and Mr. Serjeant Cox, are among these gentlemen; and they are persons eminently qualified to conduct such an inquiry with intelligence and impartiality. It appears that, as far as they have yet gone, they have not arrived at any theory that will

satisfactorily explain the undoubted phenomena of "spiritualism," as it is termed. They will no doubt arrive at a satisfactory result, and tell us why tables turn, fiddles and accordions are played without hands, and mediums contrive to know what snuff your great-grandfather preferred. They will probably say, and prove to a demonstration, that there are no spirits in the case at all, but that certain natural causes produce all the phenomena. They have put Mr. Home's accordion into a wire cage: while he held it bottom upwards, and had his other hand firmly on the table, a distinct tune was played on the instrument; yet, on the testimony of three unimpeachable witnesses, no hand could have touched the keys. The question to be settled is, how was it played? Mr. Home then let go the accordion altogether, and placed his hand in the hand of the person next him—and still the playing continued! Of the cause of this, Mr. Crookes says:—"Respecting the cause of these phenomena, the nature of the force to which, to avoid periphrasis, I have ventured to give the name of *Psychic*, and the correlation existing between that and the other forces of nature, it would be wrong to hazard the most vague hypothesis. Indeed, in inquiries connected so intimately with rare physiological and psychological conditions, it is the duty of the inquirer to abstain altogether from framing theories until he has accumulated a sufficient number of facts to form a substantial basis upon which to reason. In the presence of strange phenomena as yet unexplored and unexplained, following each other in such rapid succession, I confess it is difficult to avoid clothing their record in language of a sensational character. But to be successful, an inquiry of this kind must be undertaken by the philosopher without prejudice and without sentiment. Romantic and superstitious ideas should be entirely banished, and the steps of his investigation should be guided by intellect as cold and passionless as the instruments he uses. Having once satisfied himself that he is on the track of a new truth, that single object should animate him to pursue it, without regarding whether the facts which occur before his eyes are 'naturally possible or impossible.'"

BUT LORD LINDSAY makes a statement of Mr. Home's powers still more wonderful:—"I was sitting with Mr. Home and Lord

Adare, and a cousin of his. During the sitting, Mr. Home went into a trance, and in that state was carried out of the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window. The distance between the windows was about 7 ft. 6 in., and there was not the slightest foothold between them; nor was there more than a 12-inch projection to each window, which served as a ledge to put flowers on. We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately after we saw Home floating in the air outside our window. The moon was shining full into the room; my back was to the light, and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window-sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window, and glided into the room feet foremost, and sat down." How was this done?

A CORRESPONDENT: On Monday evening, September 4th, I was returning from a distant part of my parish to the village of Brancepeth, near Durham. The Castle clock, which is five minutes before railway time, had just chimed half-past nine. I was walking upon the flagged footway at the entrance to the village. The direction of the pathway is N.E. and S.W. My back was therefore towards the N.E. Suddenly I became aware of a bright light behind me, my shadow in front of me being as distinctly visible as during a bright full moon. I turned round quickly, and beheld a brilliant meteor, intensely white, like magnesian light, slowly passing the North Star. It was moving towards the pointers of the Great Bear, which at the time were almost immediately below the Pole Star. On approaching them, the meteor burst into seven fragments, each very white, but fringed with purple. I was not conscious of any noise from the explosion. The effect was to increase the brilliancy for an instant, for one or two of the larger fragments appeared to give out as much light as the meteor before its destruction. The fragments burnt about three seconds, and then died out, falling to the earth as sparks, but apparently not reaching the ground.

In Number 198 will be commenced a new Novelette by Sir C. L. YOUNG, Bart.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

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THE CIVILIZATION SHELL.

BY CAMILLE BARRERE.



MAN of considerable wit, whose name I cannot remember, recommends amateur politicians, unaccustomed to the bitterness of polemics, to swallow a toad every morning, in order to harden them against disappointments. The aforesaid man of wit is right; but, in justice, he might have extended his prescription to the ill-starred mortals whose lot it is to receive the visits of, and especially to hear, inventors. An inventor is not precisely a man, nor is he an animal; but something between the two, partaking of the nature of both. He is disagreeable, suspicious, and strongly disposed to become abusive when the devoted

individual who listens to his endless developments shows inattention or irreverently drops to sleep. If you agree with him, he is yet unsatisfied; if you raise any objection concerning the practicability of his scheme, he believes your intention is to steal his invention, and use it for your own benefit. If your intellect is not sharp enough to detect, on a moment's notice, the beauties of the scheme, the inventor puts you down as an oppressive fool, unworthy of listening to him; if, for your misfortune, you express incredulity, he

straightway charges you with malignant conspiracy, and threatens you with the awful penalties of justice.

It requires, in fact, a remarkable amount of training before a moderately good-tempered individual is in a fit state of mind to receive one inventor, still less twenty inventors. If he did not undergo severe practice, he would most certainly kick the twenty inventors as many times down the steps. The writer of these lines was in Paris during the second siege, and part of his official duties in a military department consisted in receiving and giving satisfaction, as far as possible, to the raving lunatics styled by courtesy inventors. Although I had arrived at a tolerable degree of perfection in the art of eluding personal collision with the most pugnacious, I sometimes found myself placed in positions as awkward as ludicrous. Out of the two or three hundred inventors whom it was my fate to hear, I feel perfectly convinced that not a single one left me satisfied; although I lavished on all of them magnificent promises, and flattering assurances that their particular scheme would receive the preference. Many denounced me at the Hôtel de Ville as an idiot; others, as a dangerous spy; others still, as a disguised gendarme. An armourer who had invented a convenient portable cannon, with a range of 35,000 yards, with which, said he, it was easy to bombard the National Assembly at Versailles by placing his cannon on the top of the Pantheon, rushed to the Ministry of War, and vouched that I was an agent bribed by M. Picard to throw in the shade a contrivance by which the Assembly could be speedily despatched to a better world. Another, who had devised a plan to blow up the before-mentioned Assembly, like Guy Fawkes, at very little expense, through the agency of a telegraphic wire, one end of which would correspond to the Hôtel de Ville, and the other to a cellar filled with nitro-glycerine under the Versailles Palace,

very nearly compromised me by his vehement denunciations.

But amongst the extraordinary suggestions which were made to me, there was one so amusing, that I cannot refrain from relating it fully, for the special edification of the reader.

One afternoon, I was peculiarly joyful, having since the morning been abused by no more than fifteen inventors—which proportion was unusually small. Just as the clock was striking four—the hour of departure—and I was congratulating myself on my light day's work, the door suddenly swings open, and there enters a man, with a copious beard, a luxuriant and uncultivated head of hair, a pair of bloodshot eyes, a ragged coat, jack boots, a thick stick, and a countenance betraying a remarkable amount of dirt and suspicion; the whole surmounted by one of the greasiest hats which ever appeared in an old clothes shop.

A rapid glance sufficed to warn me of the approaching danger. The man was snorting. I prepared for the attack, and asked him, with one of my most amiable smiles, how I could oblige him.

The owner of the jack boots surveyed me with considerable agitation.

"Sir," he began, twirling his stick in dangerous propinquity to my person, "such as you see me, I am a benefactor of humanity."

I contented myself with a bland acquiescence and an uneasy look at the stick.

"Sir," continued he, with a fierce scowl at me, "do you mean to say that I am not a benefactor of humanity?"

I answered, with the sweetest modulation which my larynx could produce, that I had never uttered anything of the kind.

"Well, sir," pursued my tormentor, slightly appeased by my submission, "during the siege I imagined a contrivance by which the whole Prussian army would be sent to sleep, with a sorpifonic of my invention, and captured without resistance. And would you believe," said he, interrupting himself, and rubbing his eyes with his sleeves, "that the military commission before which I appeared asked me whether I had been lately liberated from the lunatic asylum of Charenton?"

Under the circumstances, I thought it very likely; but deemed it opportune to draw my pocket handkerchief.

"But," said the owner of the luxuriant

but uncultivated head of hair, swelling with the conscious pride of a mistaken genius, "I have now surpassed myself. I have found the means of putting a stop to this horrible civil war, without shedding a drop of blood. My name will be handed down to posterity, and my grateful compatriots will erect in my honour a monument in the place of the Column Vendome."

I became attentive.

The benefactor of humanity looked cautiously round the room, and whispered in my ear, in a hollow voice—

"This is my plan: 'The Civilization Shell!'"

At these words, in spite of my practised gravity, I burst into such a violent fit of laughter, that the inventor leaped in his arm-chair as if the "civilization shell" had exploded in his pocket. It was with the utmost pains that I restored his equanimity, and prevailed upon him to sit down and continue the exposition of his plan.

"Here is how I intend to proceed," pursued he at last; and he drew out a quantity of papers, which made me turn pale and feel faint. "I first of all cut a shell into three pieces; and, instead of putting therein explosive matter, I fill it with proclamations to the soldiers, telling them how they are deceived by their generals, and fighting for mistaken motives. As the shell falls, it separates into several pieces, the proclamations spread out on all sides, the soldiers pick them up, read them, are converted, and refuse to advance any farther."

"But," objected I, timidly, "suppose the soldiers do not know how to read?"

"They ought to, sir—they ought to," answered the humanitarian, with a dark frown. "Besides, cannot men be paid to teach them how to read?"

Although taken aback by the grandeur of this suggestion, I ventured to remark that the shell, in falling, might crush three or four of the soldiers destined to be converted.

This was too much for the excitable civilizer. He bounced up, with every hair on his countenance—and they were many—bristling like those of a porcupine.

"And this is," he shrieked, "how genius is treated! Stupidity of men! Thunder and lightning! I go to report you to head-quarters. You will hear from me before twenty-four hours."

And with these and many other revengeful words, he rushed out of the room. I followed

him to the staircase, where, his rage being at its climax, he missed his footing, and rolled head first down a flight of twenty-five steps, in company with his stick and papers.

In convulsions of mirth, I had just enough perception to see him, as he went round the corner of the street, turn round with a hideous scowl, show me his fist, and disappear for ever.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANYTHING BETTER THAN SUSPENSE.

AFTER I had had this interview with Jack, I could not have said whether it had given me relief or whether it had but increased my difficulties, as I had now another fear to contend with, and this was my dread of Jack's entangling himself in some quarrel with Sir Everard. Besides which, I knew that Jack had taken to following me, and I feared his discovering any of our home secrets.

Poor Jack! I almost wished him safe back with the army, and that he had not come a-nigh us at this juncture.

If he had only stayed away until this trouble had blown over! But who knew when there would be a lull in the storm? It was hard to tell; for the Whig party, who had been somewhat distrustful of their leaders' doings—owing, I suppose, in a great measure to the machinations of Mr. Harley—now seemed willing to make amends; and, as a kind of first fruits, conveyed to the Duke their resolve to push matters against Mr. Harley, whom they were now anxious to displace from his post.

Seven of the Whig lords were formed into a committee for the examination of Gregg; and as the examination proceeded, I felt my heart sink lower and lower, and I knew not how much longer I could bear the weight, especially when I heard that the two smugglers were going to be questioned, and that their words might implicate some whose probity had never been suspected. Many—and among these some of his own party even—said that 'twas a great chance if Mr. Harley himself got clear off.

And when I began to cast up dates, and to put this and that together, I felt more and more convinced that my father's interview

must have some connection with the doings that had come to light.

My uncle Furnaby had gone from town rather suddenly, and Aunt Furnaby had writ to my mother asking to see her for an hour on particular business this evening; and this I, in my fright, placed to the account I had already drawn up in my mind; and, indeed, it seemed as though everything was tending one way. And full of fear, I wandered up and down the house, first wishing to meet with one and then with another, in order to ask some trivial question; and then, if I saw them, shrinking away lest I should be led into betraying myself.

I went into the dining-room, and had advanced into the middle of it ere I perceived that I was not alone, but that Sir Everard Tynley was standing in the shade of the window curtains.

How it came into my mind, I know not; but I suppose it was the boldness of despair that made me resolve to put an end to my suspense, and to know the worst at once. I marvel at my courage, now that it is all over, and wonder how I had the face to close the door, and tell him that I must speak with him—and, more than that, that I must have an answer to my question.

"Ay, that you shall, Mistress Grace," quoth he—"there is little that I wish to hide from you."

It was a brave answer, had there only been truth behind it. However, 'twas civil; and so I began, or rather tried to begin.

"Sir Everard," said I, "I have been in mortal terror these last few days, and I can endure no longer. I can bear anything rather than this torturing suspense, so—"

"Think twice of that," says he. "If suspense were to become certainty, how would you bear it?"

"It cannot," said I, in a hoarse voice—"it cannot. What I want is for you to contradict all that is making me afraid of every sound. You can do it—you must do it! You must tell me that I am in a dream."

"Nay, how can I do that, unless you tell me what is troubling you, fair mistress?" said he.

And he waited for me to speak.

"When you were abroad—"

"Yes, Mistress Grace."

For I had stopped short.

"The Duke—the letters—the papers—Sir Everard—my father."

He smiled.

"I will not be so cruel as to pretend to misunderstand you, Mistress Grace. You have an idea that I had somewhat to do with those articles that appeared in the papers?"

"Yes."

"You are clever, Mistress Grace. You have much penetration. I am indebted to you for finding in me an author for what some men would not, at the present time, care to own."

His tone and manner had so much irony in them, that I could not discover whether or no he was in earnest.

I looked up at him.

"Please tell me, Sir Everard," said I, waiting like a criminal to receive sentence.

"Did Mistress Grace think them well written?" he asked. "I know she is something of a judge in such matters."

"Sir Everard, this is trifling."

"Well, then, we will leave the style of the compositions, and proceed to the question of authorship. Mistress Grace Selwode thinks, from many collateral evidences that seem to point that way, that her humble servant wrote those letters; and that, through the connivance of her father and the kindly interest of her brother abroad, he had opportunities and facilities that might not have been possible to all. Is it not so?"

"It is. And all this is not true, Sir Everard. This is what I want you to contradict on your honour as a gentleman."

I spoke hurriedly, keeping my eyes fixed on his immovable countenance.

"I regret that it is not in my power to comply with your request, however much I might desire to please you, Mistress Grace. Your clear comprehension has pierced too far for me gainsay it, and has solved a mystery which is unsolved by the public at large."

I covered my face and sank down on the chair beside me. It was over. I had my answer. I had the certainty instead of the suspense; and, as Sir Everard truly asked me, "was it any easier to bear?" For a moment I was inclined to answer "No;" and yet now I had got rid of the doubt, and the feverish hoping was allayed, and there was the dull, heavy pain instead of the anxious torture. Yet, I had not asked all even yet.

Sir Everard waited. He had the grace to say—

"I am sorry for your distress, Mistress Grace; but in these political times, men must take risks for their party."

"I have another question to ask," said I.

"I am ready to answer."

"Some time ago a dark-looking man came to our house upon secret business."

"Yes."

"You know him?"

"Yes."

"Who was he? What was he doing?"

"Pardon me," he replied, "if I do not answer."

"Sir Everard," said I, starting up, "you must answer me. How do I know but what my father is in danger with these intrigues—that there may be danger in being connected with Mr. Harley, though on my father's part 'tis nothing but zeal for his party, whose triumph, he believes, would be for the good of his Queen and his country. For there breathes no more loyal a man in these realms than my father. You know it, Sir Everard, as well as I know it myself."

"Yet the misfortune is," he replied, with something of a sneer, "that these patriots are oftentimes misunderstood."

"You are cruel, Sir Everard," said I, indignantly.

"Nay, the cruelty rests with you, Mistress Grace," he replied, "for whom I would willingly lay down my life."

He spoke earnestly, and there seemed a degree of sincerity in his words; and yet I knew 'twas false—for there are some things as dear as life almost, and I doubted if Sir Everard were unselfish enough to be capable of sacrificing himself in any way.

"And yet," said I, "you will not ease the pain in my heart, that is rending me day by day. These tortures help to kill one, Sir Everard; they perhaps kill not the body, but they do wear out the spirit. You do not know what I have suffered since this trial of Mr. Gregg's began—how every fresh circumstance seems to bear witness against my father, who is so rash and unsuspicious. For pity's sake, Sir Everard, tell me one thing. These smugglers, Bera and Valiere. Was the stranger who came for—for—I know not what he came for, but my uncle Furnaby's name was mentioned, and also that of M. Chamillard."

Sir Everard started.

"How deep are you in these secrets, Mistress Grace?" said he.

"No deeper than I have told you," I replied; "'tis all suspicion—racking suspicion that fills me with alarm. Perhaps, if I were better informed, I should have less cause for fear."

"Perhaps so," he answered, thoughtfully.

Then, after a pause, he said—

"It was not one of the smugglers, Mistress Grace. You may ease your mind of that. Yet 'twere as well that the man whom you speak of should not have been seen here."

"Then there is danger?"

"Your father, as you truly said, is a rash man. He scarce weighs his actions cautiously enough."

"But, Sir Everard, is aught done—has there been aught done that has endangered him?"

In my excitement, I grasped his arm. He laid his hand on mine, and before I was aware, had raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"Dearest Mistress Grace," said he, "wilt thou not give me the right to be thy true and faithful knight?"

But I snatched away my hand, hastily.

"Sir Everard," said I, "this is no time for that question—graver matters are in hand."

"I think there can be none graver," he answered—"at least, none lie so heavy at my heart."

"You have not answered me," said I. "Is there any danger to be apprehended from the visit of that person?"

"I trust," he replied, "that whatever danger there may have been, or may be, it will be in my power to avert. Providences happen in a wonderful manner sometimes; and, though 'tis dangerous to have one's handwriting found in possession of doubtful characters, yet there are means of cancelling such things; and I trust such means are in my power."

"Then," said I, "there has been cause for fear, and there still may be cause for it; but 'tis not in connection with these men that have been acting as spies for Mr. Harley?"

He did not give me a direct reply.

"There has been danger, there still may be; but 'tis not from a quarter that need be apprehended at the present crisis."

I was not satisfied.

"But when, and where, and how might a cause for alarm arise?" I asked.

"Mistress Grace," he replied, "would that you could trust me better than you do. But at least believe me in this: I know what measure of danger there is, and I give you my pledge of honour that when there is the slightest ground of apprehension, I will acquaint you with it. But I trust there is nothing likely to threaten but what I can ward off. When there is, rest assured that you

shall hear it from myself. Will that satisfy you?"

I was not sure. If it had been Mr. Lydgate who was speaking, I should have said "yes" unhesitatingly; but I had not that same perfect confidence in Sir Everard. Nevertheless, things had turned out no worse than I had anticipated—on the whole, somewhat better in this last matter; and so I was fain to be content.

"You must try to trust me for once, Mistress Grace," he continued. "Will you not deign to believe that your interests are as sacred to me as my own? I give you my solemn promise that, on the slightest prospect of danger, you shall receive due warning from me."

"Thank you, Sir Everard," said I; "you have relieved my mind as much as it has been possible to do so, and I am grateful to you."

"The gratitude is on my side," he answered. "I have been highly favoured to have been enabled to do so slight a service to Mistress Selwode."

It was his courtly way of putting it; for nought could be accounted slight that had in any measure to do with the safety of my father, which Sir Everard really seemed anxious about.

"'Tis a common cause," said he—"one that we may all join in. And I trust there may be no falling out or minor division among us until this matter of Gregg's—I may also say this danger of Mr. Harley's—is overpast. Union gives strength, Mistress Grace. Disunion tends to weakness and to untoward events. We must hold together."

Perhaps Sir Everard was thinking, as I was, of Jack and his suspicions; for Sir Everard is too shrewd a man not to fathom one so transparent as my brother, and may be he thought I would give him a caution not to push his investigations too far at the present crisis. For he knew, as well as I knew, that whatever touched himself touched my father also. And yet I can't tell Jack so; for 'twould grieve him worse than Sir Everard now angers him. I must coax Jack to a state of quiescence, if I can.

Sir Everard is a clever man, I can't help allowing; yet 'tis a cleverness I care not for—a worldly wisdom that causes him to be ever on the alert, and to suspect before he trusts—that is, if he ever arrives at trusting at all.

How different to Mr. Lydgate, one whose

superiority is in his soul and intellect, giving him a life far above the common life, and so tinging his everyday character as to make it pure and noble.

And then I remembered the words of Mr. Lydgate—"The highest life on earth is lived with God."

And I know that it is so; and that if men would but or could but comprehend this thoroughly, that we should find the millennium already begun.

Mr. Lydgate tells me there were some noble specimens among the Puritans, whom our party so much despise. There were fanatical and superstitious ones, no doubt, among them—men whose zeal went beyond their discretion; but, says he, "There was marrow and sinew in some of the old Ironsides, and they did the work given into their hands with a straightforward, honest manliness." Yet, sometimes, although I like to hear what he says, I half fear for Mr. Lydgate, his views differ so from those I have been accustomed to hear. I am afraid, too, that I am beginning to entertain opinions myself that formerly I should have set aside without so much as thinking of at all.

Whether 'tis that my mind is forming itself through the instructions I have received from Uncle Oliver, or whether it is that the blind god has blinded my eyes so that I do but see as Mr. Lydgate sees, I know not; but, however it may be, there is a great change wrought in me.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I MEET WITH MR. DEFOE.

MY mind was more easy after I had spoken to Sir Everard Tynley, and perhaps it softened my manner to him; for I could not but feel that he was, in some sort of way, my father's protector, and so had a right to demand my gratitude.

Jack perceived the change in me, for he was still on the look-out to find whether his surmises were correct. However, having between us broken the ice, it was easy for me now to beg of him to delay his suspicions.

"What matter now 'tis over," said I, coaxingly, "who wrote those letters, Jack, or how they came about, since they will do the Duke no harm? One can see, from all that is happening, how the storm will end, and that he will maintain his footing with friends and foes as well as ever; and 'tis better to let bygones be bygones, than to rip up old sores which the world hath forgotten."

"Very casuistical reasoning, Mistress Grace," says Jack. "I should say Sir Everard had been prompting you, and setting you up as a shield against my indignation. I can't make you out, child. I like not this lover of yours, and thought not that you favoured him. And yet, since I attacked him, you have turned round to defend him as though he were one of the family."

Ah! it was one of the family I was defending—more than one, if Jack did but know it.

"Jack," said I, "perhaps some day you will understand me."

"I hope so," said he.

"And till then, Jack," I went on, earnestly, "it must be your sister or the Duke. You must decide between us."

"Coriolanus!" quoth he.

"Nay, not so bad," said I, smiling; for I knew he was thinking of one of our old discourses with Uncle Oliver—"there's nothing going to be lost to any one, if you will only keep quiet, and not begin to suspect, or to find out, and so make quarrels."

"I do think," said he, drawing me nearer to him, "that my sister's suspicions are not far from mine. Nevertheless, I will promise to wait till I see how matters turn; and if I can stay my hand for your sake, I will try to do so. But you don't know how a man feels who has been treated by the Duke as I have been."

"Besides, Jack," said I, willing to strengthen my argument, "it might also place you in a bad position."

I saw in a moment that I had spoken unadvisedly, for Jack's face burned all over.

"What!" said he, "suspect me of treachery! No, it could never come to that. The Duke would never suspect me. If the fellow had done aught that could bring the shadow of a stain upon me, his blood alone should wipe it out—in spite of you, or any one else, Grace."

"Oh, Jack!" said I, in a fright, "don't talk so. If you only knew how frightened I feel sometimes, and how I wish we were all quietly back at Selwode, and there was an end of these party squabbles and differences, you would let your visit home be a comfort to me, and not a fresh anxiety. Indeed, Jack, you don't know what a rock you are to me, if you will only stand steady, and not fall down upon everybody."

"Your lover more especially. Oh, Grace, I wish it were not so!"

I wished I could tell Jack how it really was, but I knew it would not be safe; so I managed as well as I could to quiet him down, and got him to talk of other things—of his experience abroad, and whether he thought the war would be over soon.

I was glad when Uncle Oliver came to see us, for he carried us into another train of thinking, and had so much to tell us of this and of that, and of the witty sayings of my Lords Dorset and Wharton, and Mr. Steele; and then he had been to see Mr. Steele's wife, of whom he spoke as a woman of some good looks beyond ordinary; and he said—

"Mr. Steele thinks all the world of her; though she is a little more captious than I should like, had I to choose for myself a wife."

"I should like to see Mr. Steele again," said I.

But Clarinda has not made Mrs. Steele's acquaintance yet, though Harry had so much wished it; indeed, she had told him plainly that she could not lose favour at Court by taking notice of his Whig *protégés*. By the Court, it was plain she meant Mrs. Masham; for she says that, let things go as they will outwardly, neither my lord Duke nor the Duchess will ever grow into the Queen's favour again.

However, I cannot tell how that may be, neither do I care, if this present trouble were only at an end. Every one is wondering though, I hear, that Gregg is very persistent in his denial of any guilt attaching to Mr. Harley. I truly hope that it may be so proved.

I was walking with Uncle Oliver to-day along some of the streets, in which I do not often find myself, and we passed close by Newgate and the Old Bailey. I felt very sad and solemn as I looked up at the building, and thought how many evil consciences lay therein, and how many despairing souls and hardened sinners. "*Venio sic fur*," I repeated, half aloud, reading the motto on the dial; and I gave a sigh.

Uncle Oliver can remember the building of the new prison, the old one having been destroyed at the time of the Great Fire. How much has taken place within its walls during the comparatively short time of its erection—and how much more is to come! I thought of the unfortunate Gregg, whose condemnation was certain.

"Look there," said Uncle Oliver, suddenly

calling my attention to a middle-sized man, somewhat spare in his proportions, who had paused at the gate of the prison, as though meditating whether he should go in or not. He was a man between forty and fifty, of dark complexion, with a hooked nose and a sharp chin. There was much benevolence as well as intelligence in his face; and I felt attracted towards him.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"One who is not unacquainted with Newgate," he replied. "That is Master Philip Lydgate's friend, of whom he thinks so highly."

"Mr. Defoe!" I exclaimed, in so loud a tone that my voice reached him, and he turned round and looked inquiringly at me for a moment; then, as if there were something familiar in me that he could neither quite recognize nor yet drive away, he half advanced, raised his hat, and then again seemed doubtful.

"I beg your pardon, young lady," he said, "but I have forgotten where I have seen you."

I was blushing as red as a June rose, so my uncle told me afterwards.

"Nay," returned Uncle Oliver, "'tis we who should ask pardon. 'Twas my niece's indiscretion in speaking your name so loud. I did but tell her who you were, and her surprise overcame her."

"I offer you my best apology for my want of manners," said I, coming to my senses. "I had so often heard of Mr. Defoe, that I had wished to see him; and 'twas so unexpected, that I forgot I might be heard."

Again he looked at me intently, as though recalling some memory.

"There must be some influence at work between us," he said; "for it seems to me that you are not altogether unknown to me—whether in reality or whether in a dream, I cannot tell, but I have some visioning of your face and voice."

I shook my head.

"Only in a dream, I think; for I have scarce been in London until the last few months."

"And I have but just come from Scotland," said he.

At the mention of Scotland, much that Mr. Lydgate had told me came into my mind—how that Mr. Defoe had great sympathy with the persecuted religious people there, and I wondered if, by any possibility, he might know Aunt Hetty. I think, if

Uncle Oliver had not been by, I should have asked him the question, for there was that in his face that would have encouraged me to speak; and as it was, I feel that I must have looked very wistfully at him, for he said to me, in a pleasant voice—

“Is there aught in which I can be of service to you, madam?”

“I think we ought to introduce ourselves,” said Uncle Oliver, “after having trespassed so unwarrantably upon Mr. Defoe. My name is Oliver Selwode, and this is my niece, Mistress Grace Selwode.”

“Ah,” interrupted Mr. Defoe, “I have heard your name many times, and I believe we have met before. But ’tis the young lady who puzzles me—I almost seem to have heard her voice before.”

I laughed.

“Oh, no,” said I, “if I had seen you I should never have forgotten it.”

Mr. Defoe smiled and bowed with so much politeness, that I should never have believed that what Sir Everard had spoken of his homely sphere could be true. But some men are gentlemen by nature; and I suppose he was one.

Then he and my uncle fell into a discourse upon passing events, to which I listened with much interest, and was somewhat surprised to find how warmly Mr. Defoe espoused Mr. Harley’s cause; since, from all that Mr. Lydgate had told me, I should have supposed him to be of an entirely opposite way of thinking. At any rate, he laid much stress on the fact that Mr. Harley is not supported by the more violent Tories, which he seems to think argues much in favour of his liberal tendencies; also he appears to be strongly persuaded that Mr. Harley—who had been brought up a Whig—had merely joined with the Tories through disgust of his former party, and would in the end come out in his true colours. This may be so; but it does not savour of that high principle which should belong to an honest statesman. How, for the sake of a private or political grudge, a man can bring himself to act in favour of his natural adversaries, and to the disadvantage of his friends, I cannot understand.

But Mr. Defoe speaks the best he can for Mr. Harley; and my uncle told me afterwards that Mr. Defoe had been much indebted to him, for that ’twas he who rescued him from prison, and had had the wit to see his talent, and to employ him; and said he—

“’Twill be no good thing for Mr. Defoe if Mr. Harley cannot stand the shock of this present crisis.”

Before we parted Mr. Defoe again turned to me.

“I cannot divest myself,” he said, “of the feeling that you and I have met before, young lady; or that there is some reason for our being brought together. I feel, to-day, some of those impressions which have oft guided my pen to write, or my tongue to speak, or have prompted me to some especial action; and I believe that there is more in these mysterious feelings and partial revelations than we are ordinarily wont to allow. It seems to me that the invisible world acts, as it were, as a higher court to the visible world, and decides cases for us—pleading, or removing obstacles, or giving aid and help, in a way that we but look upon as mere accident, forgetting that nothing happens by what man calls chance, but is ordered by an over-ruling Providence.”

I looked up eagerly, for what he hinted at interested me greatly, and ’twas a subject I should like to pursue.

“Is there not danger in the doctrine?” asked my uncle. “May it not lead to the invocation of saints, and carry out the doctrine of intercessions through them?”

“I think not,” answered Mr. Defoe, “if ’tis viewed arightly. None can accuse me of a leaning towards Papacy in any form. I have ever been a rigid Nonconformist, as my persecutions may prove; but I hold that this doctrine of mine—which, by the way, hath been held by sound divines—may be shown from Scripture; and, moreover, may be attested by thoughtful men, who are observant of the premonitions that they receive in the sudden turning aside of themselves, from what, had they not met with a wonderful and inexplicable check, would have placed them in certain danger. Then there are the strange influences that bring men together without any apparent cause, but, as is afterwards shown, for some especial purpose; or the equally strange force that keeps them apart, against what would seem the natural order of things, both of which appear to me to be phases of the spiritual element that is constantly at work, giving one to theorize that those destined to exercise an effect on each other’s lives are drawn together through some supernatural agency that we, not understanding, are apt to look

upon as simple chance or accident, as we call it."

"And dreams?" I said, "do you think that dreams foretell events?"

Mr. Defoe smiled.

"Ah," said he, "I must not get out of my depths, or you will but think me a diviner, a would-be astrologer, or at best only a fortune-telling impostor. Yet one might go on talking for ever on the subject, and involve one's self in wonder, that the fool might call folly, though the wise man would pause ere he invested it with such a name. And so, Mistress Selwode, I must let time prove, instead of my theories, why it is that you and I have met, or whether there hath been any influence between us in former times."

"I will be bound," saith my uncle, laughing, "that Master Philip Lydgate hath mentioned your name more than once; for I have all at once remembered the esteem in which he holds Mr. Defoe. And Grace has been wishing to catch a glimpse of you for many a day, in consequence."

"Ha! then you know my friend Philip?" said Mr. Defoe, looking at me with new interest.

"Yes," said I—and again I blushed, though I tried to look unconcerned—"he is a friend of Uncle Oliver's."

"Of course," returned Mr. Defoe. "I knew there was some especial train of thought in connection with your name, Mr. Selwode, though I had for the moment forgotten it. In the midst of so much work of one kind and another as falls to my lot, things are apt to slip one's memory occasionally. And then, I have not seen Philip Lydgate since my return."

"Nor are you likely to do so at present," replied my uncle, "since, by the last accounts, he was in Italy."

"Italy!" echoed Mr. Defoe, in surprise. "What has he gone there for?"

Uncle Oliver shrugged his shoulders.

"These young men must see the world," said he. "He would visit foreign universities, and have a better opportunity of examining foreign literature than he can have at home. Perhaps, too, he wishes to catch the inspiration of the Italian poets, and thinks he must breathe the air that they have breathed, and realize the beauties their eyes have beheld. Our great Chaucer and Shakspeare were indebted to Italian influence. And, may be, Master Philip Lydgate expects to be similarly affected."

"I like plain English sense, plainly rhymed," quoth Mr. Defoe, as if meditating upon something. "I doubt that foreign turns and graces add much to the language, whether they may not perhaps rather weaken. Plain English is better."

"And yet you hold foreigners to be as good as free-born Englishmen," said I.

And then, half ashamed of my boldness, I looked upon the ground.

My uncle laughed, and said—

"Well done, Grace, thou hast foiled Mr. Defoe with his own weapons."

Mr. Defoe smiled; and soon after we parted. But I cannot get our meeting out of my head, and I have a feeling that something is to come of it, and a half belief that it is in connection with Mr. Lydgate. Whether is it for good or evil? And then I fall to musing upon the invisible world, and wonder whether there are beings winging their way between me and Italy.

I have taken quite a fancy to Mr. Defoe; there is something honest about him, very different to Sir Everard Tydney. And then, he is the friend of Mr. Lydgate!

BACHELOR INVALIDS AND MALE NURSES.

"IT must be so wretched for the poor dear boy, being ill in his bachelor quarters, with nobody to nurse him!"

The speaker is an average specimen of the British matron; and the victim of combined sickness and solitude is a young artist, in whom she takes great interest, and with whom I am very intimate. Her emotions of pity are—in spite of a constitutional tendency to sentimentality, aggravated by education and habits—sincere enough; but still she seems to enjoy them with such gentle satisfaction, that I cannot find it in my heart to undeceive her as to the real condition of their object. To hear that he was in a state of prosaic comfort, bordering on luxury, and having the pleasure of entertaining his friends without troubling himself to play the host, would at first produce a disagreeable revulsion of feeling.

In fact, when people have allowed this or that idea to root itself in their breast, however slight the adhering fibres may be, however ephemeral the growth, a sudden wrenching away thereof is pretty sure to be disturbing and irritating.

I satisfy her that he has all necessary at-

tendence; but still leave a little margin for pity. With every wish to be honest, it is out of the question for me to assert and prove that he is better without any "ministering angels."

My rhetoric is decidedly unequal to the task of putting so unchivalrous a notion into a polite and palatable form; and the indignation which I should bring on myself, added to the sense of injury which ensues on enlightenment when one has been bestowing needless sympathy—as though the unconscious object had elicited it on false pretences—would be morally and physically bad for the good, motherly soul.

The remark I have recorded is one out of dozens to the same or similar effect which I—and, I doubt not, all men—keep hearing from mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins—in short, from the sex generally.

The pity so expressed, except so far as it relates to the bare fact of illness, is in seven cases out of ten misplaced, or at least exaggerated. This point I shall endeavour to prove—in the first place, to mitigate the real anxiety which women naturally feel when they know that their bachelor friends or relations are ill, and left to the tender mercies of hirelings and the rougher sex; in the next place, to divert the freely bestowed compassion of susceptible and impulsive natures from useless channels; and lastly, in the hope that some reminiscences of bachelor sick-rooms may be found entertaining, and not altogether un instructive.

Far be it from me to underrate the merits of female nurses, or to depreciate the fortitude, patience, and devotion with which thousands upon thousands of them are continually sacrificing time, rest, and health in tending sufferers. My aim is to show that men can, at a humble distance, follow their example. Moreover, I shall forbear to speak of dangerous or protracted illness, out of which it is, in my opinion, impossible to extract any kind of amusement, and in which cases feminine aid is almost invariably invoked; or, again, of any such unhinging of the nervous system as Elia describes in his "Essay on the Convalescent."

The real state of the case with regard to my friend, the invalid artist, upon whom I considered commiseration on the score of loneliness and privation thrown away, was as follows.

He was suffering from the effects of a bad

fall, which had given him a severe shake all over; and having had his left hand badly cut, his right arm bruised, and one of his ankles sprained, he was completely helpless, and required unremitting attention. The surgeon had reported favourably on his case from the first; so that it was in an eminent degree typical of the sort of ailment with which I am concerned. Well, D'Aubiton had been previously laid up at home; and, though very fond of his mother and sister, he expressed himself strongly in favour of the masculine system of therapeutics—he found it so very much more lively. There is an inclination in a great many domestic circles to make a business of an illness, and to maintain a certain formality and decorum in the sick chamber, which is not good for the invalid. Conversation carried on with bated breath, or in shrill whispers, and the sound of stealthy footsteps, is not soothing, but depressing. Then, again, it makes one feel out of the world to lie upstairs, and to hear, when temporarily excluded therefrom, the distant sound of the going and coming below in which one usually participates.

Moreover, what medical man with a family practice would dare, even after the experiences of the late war, to give one permission to go on smoking, if there were women about to comment and report on such a terrible lapse? Now, a bachelor's rooms are the entire house, as far as he is concerned. Should they be *en suite*, he can command the whole domain from his bed. If not, he knows that the utmost he is missing by being upstairs is a stray dun or so. If a smoker, he can still indulge in the habit in moderation. Unless perfect quiet is essential, his friends come to him instead of his going to them, and they keep him supplied with the current gossip. They go on pretty much as usual, and talk and laugh as if the only difference between themselves and their prostrate friend was his inability to move about. Altogether, there is not so very violent a contrast between his life in health and sickness as is conveyed by the phrase "laid up" in its domestic application. Now and then, a little fatigue may result from this state of things which would be avoided under a feminine *régime*, but there is ample compensation in the sustained elevation of tone imparted by going on as much as possible in an ordinary way.

I really believe that, on the whole, D'Aubiton almost enjoyed being on his

back. True, in his case, the circumstances were perhaps unexceptionably favourable. He is well off, being more of an amateur than a truly professional artist; so that material comforts were available in an uncommon degree. Moreover, as he is very popular, the danger was rather that he should be too well looked after than too little. No one who stayed with him, or paid him a fleeting visit, could credit himself with a piece of absolute self-denial—unless, perhaps, that of foregoing the delights of a lounge in the park, an opera, or *petit souper*; for if his taste impelled him, he had every opportunity of enjoying variety and profusion of enticing beverages and excellent cigars, with something hot and strong to keep off the night chills, and an occasional pipe to dispel drowsiness. Those of us who undertook night duty were not sorry to have a valid excuse for enjoying the deep stillness of the small hours, and that intense mental activity which only those who indulge in the bad habit of late vigils ever experience, compared with which the flow of thought in the best part of the day is muddy and sluggish. Often the watcher had a companion; and then the two took it in turns to indulge in a nap, if their eyes grew heavy. I spent two or three nights there; and remember, with relish, the passages of quiet *causerie* which made the time fly with astonishing speed. We certainly did not find the nursing irksome or fatiguing, nor did we acquit ourselves any the worse for being thoroughly comfortable and cheerful over it. Neither had our charge any reason to accuse himself of “vampirism,” as Mr. Lowell calls it, as none of us exhibit any of the physical symptoms of incipient angelhood.

What would have been the case, it may occur to some reader to ask, if the invalid had been a poor man? Simply, that his friends would have worked harder for him, and got fewer refreshers while employed on the case. It is astonishing how much time busy men manage to save or manufacture for the benefit of a friend in need. Those who are friendless are indeed worthy of all commiseration, though even they are to be congratulated on the spread of the principles of humanity, and on the extinction of the class of harpies of whom Mrs. Gamp is the ideal representative.

To show how far unorthodox measures may be carried without detriment, I will recall a scene of my college days. One of

my set was seized with a sharp attack of lumbago, and his doctor ordered him a warm bath, recommending the slipper pattern as the most efficacious. The scout borrowed the very fac-simile of Madame Tussaud's—I mean Marat's—bath. We let the evening slip away; so that by the time we thought about getting hot water the bed-makers had gone out of college. Our kettles were the only resource. By contributions and requisitions, we got together about a dozen kettles, while most of the owners assembled in the sick man's rooms. Four fires on the same or the next staircase sufficed to boil the kettles, and in due time the contents were poured into the bath. On fathoming with a cane, the depth was found to barely reach three-quarters of an inch. By the time we had heated two more relays of water, it was getting so late that most of us despaired of accomplishing our task; when one of those bright flashes of inspiration which distinguish true genius illuminated my inventive faculty. The water in the bath would reach up high enough to cover the patient's lumbar region if the toe were tilted. Two lexicons were accordingly placed under the toe, sundry learned volumes wedged in to keep the other end steady, and the arrangement pronounced. *nem. con.* a success. Triumph rendered us hilarious. We lowered the sufferer into the steaming vault, and parboiled his feet by way of a start. At last, we got the temperature right, and crammed him in; put a rug round his neck, fez on his head, and cigar in his mouth. His appearance was highly comic; and we laughed at him until he, perforce, became infected with our merriment. His ailments and pains were soon quite forgotten; and at last, one of us took advantage of his inability to move without help to tickle his nose with a feather. Next morning, his symptoms had vanished. All the same, the fact of such unwarrantable folly having passed off once without bad results should not justify nor recommend its repetition.

The mechanical faculty, which is generally more largely developed in men than in women, may be turned to good account in a sick-room; for even if this or that contrivance does not answer the purpose for which it is intended, its trial is pretty sure to interest the patient, and divert his thoughts from his maladies and—what is also an important matter—his apprehensions. The healthier and stronger one of the lords of

the creation is, the more appalling are the unaccustomed sensations of illness to him. The old ditty is right in numberless instances:—

“When a man’s a little bit poorly
He makes a fuss, wants a *nuss*,
Sends for the doctor, who makes him *wuss*:
And thinks he’s going to die most surely.”

But before their own sex they try to bear up; and the effort is highly beneficial if nothing serious is amiss. It is in strict accordance with the usual run of human nature for those who exaggerate the gravity of their own megrims, to underrate, if anything, those of others. There is, therefore, less risk of needless fears, prejudicial to recovery, being fostered by male than by female nurses. Herein I mean no more than that of two people of opposite sex; the chances are in favour of the petticoat wearer being more disposed to coddle, humour, pamper, and generally make a fuss over a man “a little bit poorly,” than the one that wears the breeches—an ambiguous phrase, but let it stand for the context to explain.

I must not let myself be betrayed by the zeal of advocacy into over-stating my case, and seeming to claim for man actual superiority in an essentially feminine department. My purpose is limited to showing that we do not fall so far behind our sisters; and that, aided by circumstances, we may even prove a match for them.

It has been already implied that women are generally placed at some disadvantage when attending a bachelor, owing to the marked isolation of bed-rooms in family dwelling houses. But do they reduce those disadvantages to a minimum? I think not. They may possess superior capacities for nursing; but often act injudiciously, in letting their fondness for the pursuit carry them away. I am inclined to alter Pope’s dictum to “every woman is at heart a nurse.” It is, at least, more true than the original. They love a sick-room; and the more marked its distinctive characteristics are, the more do they feel in their element. They try to invest a slight illness with the melancholy interest appropriate to serious maladies—to realize, on too slight a pretext, the cherished ideal of an invalid and his “environment,” as the great modern apostle of silence might say. A little fictitious anxiety, when there is no real cause for alarm, is found to be a pleasant stimulant. It is not too much to say that there are some

women on whom it is conferring a positive favour to be laid up under their auspices. In their case, the often-cited statement of Rochefoucauld, that we find a certain satisfaction in the misfortunes of our friends, may be unreservedly accepted.

The conservative proclivities of the domestic state encourage the exaggeration of invalidism which we have been considering, and keep up the traditional sombreness which was the glory of the sick-room in the days of bolus, warming-pan, and lancet; when a disease was deprived of its specific characteristics by a system of smothering, choking, and desiccation, and all the constitution had to do was to fight it out with the remedies.

May there not be, sometimes, an unconscious gratification derived from the temporary reversal of the relations of the sexes: the dependence of the stronger on the weaker, giving the latter a latent or unacknowledged sense of power and importance?

Whatever be the subjective history of a taste or passion for tending the sick and wounded, it should in no way interfere with our appreciation of and gratitude for its objective exposition. Over-kindness and excess of sympathy are faults decidedly on the right side. The mistakes caused by such a disposition will become less frequent as rational ideas spread more widely and take deeper root, to the displacement of error and prejudice. Very few women are unfitted by temperament or habits for the position of nurse; a far larger proportion of men are so. Again, few men have an actual taste for nursing; though a large proportion can accommodate themselves to the duties and responsibilities thereof when necessary.

It probably does not occur to those who think that the tender mercies of male nurses are cruel, that all the bandaging and most of the critical watching in our hospitals is the work of young medical students, and is performed with surprising fidelity and skill, even by the veriest tyros.

The acknowledgments which I have made to the merits of home nursing allow me to say that the most luxurious way of going through an illness is to be laid up within the precincts of a hospital, and to have the attendance of a trained sister and nurse. Friends and relatives can pay you visits *à discrétion*, and you combine the moral and intellectual advantages of bachelor nursing with the perfection of physical

treatment. Your attendants are not at all likely to take an exaggerated view of your case; and their natural manner, and their skill, give you a tranquillizing confidence.

Defend me from your professional, but untrained, nurse! Her capacity for sleep is prodigious. Your need of attention has a lulling influence in proportion to its amount. If she does chance to vary her programme by a little watchfulness, she is pretty sure to regale your mind and brace your nerves by a recital of her experiences as to sick-beds and death-beds; from which you probably gather that no one with your symptoms ever recovered. She is far more pathetic—being, indeed, a little maudlin—in her commiseration than any of your womankind. Better far would be the most uncouth and clumsy specimen of the male persuasion.

Next to the blessings, only to be obtained within the bounds of a hospital or nosocomium by bachelor invalids—though very few are so fortunate—I shall decidedly rank the peculiar advantages of male nursing, with the hereinbefore-mentioned reservations; and can only assure the fair sex that the decision is made because—to adapt a phrase of Aristotle's—"I love them well, but the honest truth better."

I will conclude with a practical suggestion—namely, that a wooden handle, suspended within reach of an invalid's upstretched arm, would, in very many cases, be found a great comfort in enabling him or her to change position with facility. There is one over every hospital bed, and any medical man could explain the contrivance in detail.

ON HATS.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

YES, truly, on hats—and *at* hats; for of all the mad inflictions and despicable makeshifts with which modern humanity has been afflicted—for many generations now, alas!—we think that hats are the least endurable and the most abominable. Is there anything which can be said for that monstrosity—that ugly, elevated, formal—or formless—black cube which we wear, wherewith to "take our walks abroad," and wherewith, as we think, to look handsome and jaunty? With our own deluded hands, we place the thing on the top of our head. It is a traitor and a fiend—this hat. It is of black stuff, this indurated softness and soft induration,

with which we complacently surmount ourselves, making our poor bewitched persons willing scarecrows. We are, in hats, Herods out-Heroded, tom-fools, "topped and tailed"—or rather, not "topped and tailed," like proper "gooseberries;" for our top, "taken off," is not even competent with a tuft, like that to a gooseberry, but it is a hat; and our tail is *two tails*, which, in full evening dress, we wear dangling behind us—black above with our hat, and mad therefore; black below for our dress coat, and just as mad because of it—in as far as it is not common sense to indue such absurd sartorial appendages as the tails to a modern evening coat—in the way it is accepted, and supposed the right thing, this coat.

Now, if—as we hope we shall, since our cause is so good and so national—nay, universal (for we believe that in America they wear as many hats as we)—now, if—as our quarrel is inspired by taste—we are assisted by the Genius of Dressing in this essay, or this intended onslaught, to begin with, on that thing hat, we will extinguish, put an end to, rout, demolish, and extirpate it. We will banish it, if we can. We will remit it to the Jericho for hats. We will expel it eventually—everlastingly, perhaps—from all the town and from all the country, from our streets, ways, public places, walks, and whereabouts; nay, kick, project before us, drive ignominiously, and compel into aerial scamper this black horror, then flying into the void, until it and its dire type or semblance—which, for the punishment of mankind, must have commenced, we believe, in the fell contrivance of the author of mischief himself (we mean the Devil, who must have been the true original hatter)—is utterly done with. And we shall then have merited a reward, or testimonial, from the great public; and we shall have achieved a matchless name in history.

Now of this fiend, who invented hats, we truly are of opinion that, to make himself the more insupportably hideous when he wants to frighten, he wears a hat. As "honesty is" *not* "his best policy," this hat is his best policy. To achieve his end the more successfully, when he wants to alarm, the fiend, who is somewhat cunning, wears a hat—a *black hat*, we may be sure. We are told by Shakspeare that the "Prince of Darkness is a gentleman;" but we are certain that he would never have recourse to so questionable a thing as a hat if his aim

was to please or to seduce. We expect, in the innovation and clearness in our streets which we shall labour to secure in this matter of the abolition—total, whole, irreconcilable—of hats all over the world, from the very fear, when the fun is presented, of the ridicule and absurdity of going with hats, to earn the applause and to extort the compliments of all the crowd of costume-contrivers—the tribe of tailors—the community of clothiers; who, we need not say, are powerful as kings in this tailor-like world, wherein men are compelled to be dressed, to be men at all. Consequently, the makers of clothing must be men-makers. Clothes we know, and the tailors we know; but men we should never know, if we saw them unadorned. No one would recognize his brother or his friend, hardly himself. This is a very deep and serious thought in regard to clothes, showing that mankind are more of the clothes than the clothes are of mankind. Let our readers try to think of a man apart from his clothes, and they cannot. And first, in this victory over clothes—of which we will make wise men independent—we will cause people to jeer at their hats, to laugh at them, to hate them, to put them behind them, and to grow ill in affright and disdain at the thought of them, remembering that they ever wore these things, counting the hideous idols even their ornament, as in their days of darkness they did, but which they shall do no longer, if we can write. Even the white hats shall grow paler at the terrors awaiting them. The tailors are the potentates—the *dii potentes*—who order human outsides. They are the producers of the specimens. They send men into the world. As for nature, she has very little to do with the presenting of men, as we know them. We know men only as we see them in their garments. We should scarcely recognize them if we saw them in their *robes de chambre*. A man only becomes a man when he has his clothes on. The tailors are the fathers and the mothers of the men, and they send them forth “clothed,” if not “in their right mind.” Your heroes are nothing until they have their clothes on, and these rightfully disposed. A little consideration will assure us now of the true meaning of the scornful adage that “nine tailors make a man,” concerning which there is an obvious mistake, for the converse is the truth, and nine men are made by one tailor—aye, ninety and nine men, if the tailor be a *gentilore*, as

the Italians say, in a good way of business. Majesty is a makeshift until it has its robes. Prince Vortigern was as a fowl or a fool—was no man—until he had invested himself in that frontispiece and retrospective piece, or backpiece, which made him human, and therefore fit decently to be looked upon: we mean the famous painted vest, handed down to us in history, which the happy, regal young gentleman, and then ornamented spoiler—from his audacity, or his grandsire’s audacity—contrived like a kilt, needing it to wrest from that “Naked Pict,” and to make himself a man therewith; the other thereafter, aware of his bareness, retiring discomfited into the background. We need not apprise the discreet, quickly seeing reader, afraid of showing knees, that all clothing—in one sense—hints nobility, and comes of the longest, implying proofs of sufficiency. Before clothes were invented, there was a great gap. Thus we are not far wrong in seeking countenance from their high mightinesses, the tailors, who are lords of more than the “United Provinces”—of apparel. They are of the oldest dynasty—a sublime “craft,” or fraternity, because of this whole subject of personal cover; and of the tailors—the representative exponents and natural heirs—it may be said that they date from that grand first of the sartorial family, Figleaf the First, the distinguished founder of the line, who, in this article of clothing, led off in the grand masquerade which followed—a procession of clothes which has passed down all the periods of history, and which—not only for its own extravagance, but also for its extraordinary origin—has so much to answer. Clothes, indeed, have made the world preposterous; and the “quirks,” and “quillets,” and the meanderings of tailoring are ridiculous; to all which tyranny we quietly submit, because rule has been set over us, and a trebly-starched, rasping ruff of penitence, as it were, set round our neck.

But we must get back to our hat, which fiend we have not yet exorcised; nor have we dismounted this hideous black bird—as we almost believe it—from his bad eminence on the top of our head. There to-day it will be the first object that we shall present in the street, spite of all our eager metaphorical baring of our arms towards the desirable—not doughty end, but that doubling-up or crashing end. Shall we not impel, in our indignation, into the fluffy limbo of

all disused or condemned hats—wherever these expiate or perish—this special hat with which we have been abused?

The English are a practical people. The English are a nation supposed to be distinguished for their common sense. Why not, then, cry out with energetic remonstrance at hats? Depose, abolish, for ever put aside, and pass over to Tophet, that insane adjunct, even the familiar, domestic hat; which, if we do retain it, we should keep to avail ourselves of, at times, to frighten our children with, or alarm disobedient dependents. Old Bogie wears a hat—we are sure of it. Let us warn our children—so as to let them down easily—of the ugliness of this hat. Let us guard their tender, docile minds from its insinuations: for some have even been betrayed into vanity by hats. Let us trample this beast, which is even not a black mole; for it is abnormal, rectangular, square, pipe-like. Inverted, it is as a black vase out of which to burn blue fire.

And we may aver that the old peoples knew not this ugly thing, hat; and that there is only one "ancient people" who may be said to be at all familiar with it, and that is the Jews; who in these days—so dear to them are old hats—mount several supernumerary hats, sometimes one above the other, over their heads, and take their "walks abroad" with them, with the invitation to look in their dulcet coo or cry—"Old clo'." The very name "hat" proves its horrible, uncomfortable, "thwartships," contradictory and thornlike, *gruesome*—as the Scotch say—origin. We recall that "Hat" was the name of the Egyptian evil genius; and such was the horror mysteriously entertained of Hat, that we are not aware of a single instance, spite of all their ugly hieroglyphics, that an ancient Egyptian is ever seen to wear hat on his head. Now "Hat"—doubtless one of the forms of this demon hat—was a black, flying, four-cornered, miniature horror; vagrant, and pitching and tossing—a sort of street imp—like our own hats in a high wind. And when adrift, these *Strigæ*, *Harpyiæ*, or black, flying, ominous hats, seeking, like foul Pharaohnic beetles—not the grand *Scarabæus*, but his sable brother—their own native Nilotic mud, would in this voyage alight sometimes on the wrong heads, to the terror and amazement of the people, scattering at the dire sight. We could accumulate proofs of the ill-omen of hats. Bishop Hatto, of the Mouse Tower—or

Rat Tower—on the island in the Rhine, was the delinquent to whom the swarms of rats swam, to punish for his frightful guilt; when, in his agony of fear afterwards, he shut himself up in his tower, thence called the Mouse Tower—*mouse* and *rat* meaning the same in German—to escape the judgment for his setting fire to his stores of corn rather than supplying it cheaply to his starving province, when the people were unable to pay. Thus is the very word "hat" an ill-omened and detestable word—one to execrate—one to feel a pain all through us at the pronouncing of.

Nor, physiologically—or when we take things to pieces—searching into the meaning of hats, and considering them as some of the admirable old philosophers did—those stupendous men—do we fare any better in our analysis, or find light in the darkness, or relief in this dole;—for it must be remembered that we have a great Evil wherewith to grapple in these hats—the folly of a whole people—nay, of Europe. Therefore let the reader bear with us; for we will convince him of the desperate lengths of these hats, and make him lay his own hat aside at once and for ever—or we are not wise men, but merely adventurous—not in actual earnest. Consider these monstrosities as possibly produced in the world of flesh. Come round-us, ye anatomists, and let us lay open the secrets of these hats, exposing them to the light of day. They are built up much like the body, composed of solids, semi-solids, of soft integument; of membranes, wool skin, of leather, strips of brown pasteboard. Hats have glue for blood, or a resinous liquefaction of some kind or other; carbonized deposit to stiffen; animal nap or silk like the cat's back, or short and smutty like the skin of a mole—burrowing incessantly under kitchen ranges, seemingly, to become the softer and the sootier. Hats have their impertinences—their vulgarities. Where is a more forlorn object than a hat after a heavy shower?—pulpy, porous does the hat become, a locomotive waterspout; nor does a greater wretch breathe than he who seems to appeal for help—but finds it not—from under a hat. Hats are heathen, dogmatical, *dogged*; fit rather for dogs than men; things to alarm; things to fire off from the mouth of a cannon, and to astonish an enemy with. In the old fable of the "Man in the Moon," the wrongdoer held up to scorn was

spared the last infliction; and he was never so libelled and exposed to detestation as to be represented wearing a hat—as every one can see to this day, or night, when the full moon appears. Again—what is more insupportable than the sauciness of a new hat paraded in your face? You feel ashamed or “small” at it, unless your own hat be brand new. The new hat—all shine and “simper,” as it were—on the head of your enemy—for every man is your enemy with a new hat—is an unwarrantable insult. Of this the wearers even seem conscious; for they are never at ease under a new hat, and they blush and fidget, as if they had got a great glorification on their head putting you down.

A new hat on a man's head seems to come of cockneydom—it betrays its own ignoble origin; it springs vulgarly, so to say, from the gutter. All new hats are low. When freshly turned off from the flat iron, or goose, be the hat the adornment of 'prentice, parish clerk, or—we were rashly almost daring to say—peer, the new hat is perky and vulgar, vulgar for its very gloss. Hats are a prodigious generation. They increase and multiply, and they populate the earth. Hats are of all ages, sizes, and conditions. The reflection alone that there are millions of hats in the world will dismay. They are a cloud on the earth. There are hats large, languid, lawful, or legal; small and simple; broad and belligerent. They are serious, dignified, aldermanic, church-like, attorney-like, rotund, rhomboidal, or curvilinear; they are cusped and globular, puny and perky, insolent or somnolent, vinous and vicarious, domineering or “devil-may-carish.” In a word—to borrow a figure from that game at cards called among the old-fashioned “all fours”—hats hint of all and of everything, of “high, low, Jack, and the game”—and the lame as well. Besides other wonders, we have found hats even musical, in certain states of the wind—pipes adroitly fingered according to the stops. Some hats are sonorous—as, if you try upon the roof, you will perhaps have proof; or if you tap to prove the crown of your hat like a drum, something will come. Again, as to new hats, I never forgive a man that I may meet with in a new hat—unless he makes to me the amplest apologies, due to me from his wearing a hat at all.

Homer has a fine description of the terrors of the helmet of Hector, and of the fright

of his child at the father when he has the helmet on his head, and when Andromache brings the babe to kiss him, when accoutred for battle. But what would Homer have said to a modern hat? Horses, asses, mules—the wonder is that all do not take fright at the innumerable hats that pass along, except that custom reconciles everybody human to everything, and four-footed creatures give in to the most preposterous sights. Why are we condemned to wear hats? We whine and pine under them; everybody is aware of their absurdity—yet no one has the courage to interpose authoritatively, and swear that he will never more be made the fool of in the wearing of his hat. But it will not do for obscure persons—for you or I, my good friend reader, unless you are a duke, which I find it difficult to believe, though I should be delighted and awed if such was the fact—to try and rid ourselves of these imps—of this crowning grotesque, this hat. If I were, in an agony of indignation, to throw my hat down under my feet and to trample upon it suddenly in the street, the people would only laugh. They would conclude that an apparently sane person the moment before—with hat all proper, as the heralds say—had suddenly gone mad; and a mistaken but pitying bystander might perhaps even pick up the hat, and put it on our head. But not so mad as you might think, my friends; for we have groaned under this hat—not the same hat, of course, otherwise it would be the devil indeed, or a Wandering Jew's hat, but hats renewed—for very many years.

Why do we persist in the wearing of these hats? Why are we such unconscious—nay, such unwilling—frights? Why are we, in melancholy necessity, compelled to parade the roads, in the gay street or park, in the City among serious businessmen, wearing these skipjack-hats, which are the disgrace of an age which calls itself civilized, and which are caricatures? Shall we be condemned to always cry “Fie!” to this hat? Out upon it!—this monstrous mockery, this hat! Was it Guy Fawkes, as the supplement to his conspiracy in the Government coal-hole; was it Ignatius Loyola, Timour the Tartar, the Flying Dutchman—who, condemned and yet defiant as he was, thought to frighten the very devil by mounting a hat—Machiavel, Jonathan Wild, or Sixteen-String Jack, or Sawney Bean, the man-cater, who invented

hats? The mark of Cain must have been a "hat on his head." John Stuart Mill, in his benevolence in advocating the rights of woman—which must have included the right never to wear a hat—and Professor Kingsley with his "Water Babies"—have doubtless seen and protested against that mad social tyranny exercised by this hat. Who can support the grief—who can hold out against it? Our pen darts fire instead of ink, and over the rustling paper run the most pungent expletives—very vinegar—at this hat. This which has ridden us for centuries, trampling us like the dragon of our own St. George, who would have had a matchless horror, indeed, worthy of his spear, in this dragon hat—from which, oh, good St. George, if none other can, deliver us! Pierce it, and run it through!

The shameful state of subservience into which we are fallen through these hats has, indeed, its piteous side. Why, oh, why were we born to be deformed in this way? What is our enormity that we are incessantly to be walking outrages of good taste? We come into the streets solemnly and unconsciously wearing these things. We go a-courting with this "ruin to love" on the top of our head. We are not sensible, with hats, how we are placed without the pale of beauty. We are declared—proclaimed—"upon our head is set a price"—truly a price! because we have—or are supposed to have—paid for our hat at the rate, we imagine, of twenty-four shillings at Lincoln and Bennett's; or four-and-six, or two-and-six, at the other extreme, at the Tophet—or in the Hades for hats—in Great St. Andrew-street, Seven Dials. Why is there no means of passage possible to the respectable from Charing-cross to Temple Bar, except by wearing a hat? Why cannot you go into a bank to cash a cheque—if, fortunate human being, you have a cheque to cash—and disarm not suspicion of your style, unless you wear a hat? It is a mere superstition, the wearing these hats;—a bowing before idols. Also, why is Sunday so strictly the day of hats, that men, putting these things on their heads, always consider themselves well-dressed? Why are hats thought so excessively respectable that swindling is always carried out the more successfully from under one? Why does universal mankind so pertinaciously believe in hats?—even to that extent that the great William Penn,

the founder of Pennsylvania—as it is related—"put his hat on his head" when he wanted to inspire confidence while he was making his treaty with the Indians, and that he succeeded?

If any one doubts this as the most striking proof of the veneration for hats even in the most uncultivated mind, he can refer to Bancroft in his "History of the United States," and there he will be easily satisfied; for the sage historian further assures us that it was a shovel hat, as inspiring more particular trust, that Penn wore—indicative of that peaceful agriculture which was to be the bond of amity, and the test and the witness of that future strictly unaggressive settlement, and of his agrarian digging intentions.

How is it that hats are the passports to society—the credentials, as it were, of your position—which you hand to the servant at the door on your first entering a house? There must be some competent devil in your hat, who with his magic—unsuspected by you, but to your possibly eventual fateful compromise, as carrying about with you a talisman—opens all doors before you; ensuring, by the spell, smiles and confidence—spite of the guy which you are really—wherever the wearer betakes. Friend, we should advise you to look into this matter—into your hat. The cloud, in this sense, will certainly have no silver lining, by way of silver paper to your hat. Does not your hat look sometimes awful to you at night—especially when, in the silence, you go to bed? How looks it in the flicker of the waning lamp in a corner? The "Mysteries of Udolpho"—were, no doubt, a hat. Beware of your hat; in it, perhaps, may be a scorpion. It may be that you are carrying about with you unknowingly—nay, even deceived and enraptured with it, you may hug a devilish hat; the very symbol—the *galea* of his fiends—best known, indeed, to its own Dark Master; that after serving through life as your horrid—at last become indispensable—Familiar, pressed to your bosom when you were most earnest in loving discourse, and mounted on your head as your signal of triumph—it may be that this very thing, this hat, shall eventually prove your own black means of admission into the last "court of horror"—of hats. This may be your fatal pass into the "bad place"—your own hat may be it—that which shall frank you into the great devil's Hades, where tier on tier, and circle on circle, shall rise, like a

terrific—although, even in its terror, sublime—inundation, crowds, myriads, waves on waves of a whole “black sea” of hats—encircling you as by a ghostly multitude, with faces crammed under the hats! This would be, indeed, that which the great imaginative author of the “Confessions of an English Opium Eater” describes as the “tyranny of the human face,” especially when seen, by thousands, in one awful nightmare glance in hats. This hint about the demon origin of hats, reader, and your still retaining your hat as a devil’s passport, implies serious thought—very serious thought. This grievous truth has, very possibly, hitherto been unsuspected by you, my dear friend—least of all, in relation to that supposed innocent thing, your own hat—which I shall call a hypocrite of a hat—of which I advise you to relieve yourself instantly, if you do not hate bad, ugly, and stupid things—loving innocent, pretty, and good things, as you ought to like them.

THE CAVE OF CRO-MAGNON.

THE tourist passing by railway from Limoges to Agen cannot fail to be struck with the wild beauty of the scenery as he traverses the tortuous defiles of Périgord. He sees the Vézère flowing in the deep valley below him, limited by picturesque cliffs of varied and often fantastic shapes; and in these cliffs he may, with a little careful examination, recognize a number of cavities. Some of these are natural, others are the work of human hands. The natural caves in this and the adjoining districts have formed the earliest homes of man at the far remote period when he hunted the reindeer in Southern France. The fauna of that country was very different then from what it is now, and included the mammoth, lion, reindeer, musk ox, and other animals now extinct, or driven by climatic influences to other and distant regions. That man was contemporary with these animals has been demonstrated, beyond all question, for some years by the facts—1, that remains of human industry have been found associated in the floors of such caves as these with their bones; 2, that these ancient animal bones have been found cut or sculptured by man; and 3, by the simultaneous occurrence in the same strata of human bones with those of these animals. Previously to the year 1868, the

caves in this district had only yielded evidence of the first and second of these facts; but in the month of March in that year, the construction of a railway embankment in the immediate vicinity of the Les Eyzies station led to the discovery of a cave or shelter, now known as the Cro-Magnon Cave, in which the third fact was demonstrated. A projecting ledge of cretaceous limestone, rich in fossil corals and polyzoans, and having a thickness of eight yards and a length of nearly nineteen yards, was first exposed; and on digging beneath this ledge the workmen soon came upon broken bones, worked flints, and, lastly, human skulls; the value and scientific importance of which were fortunately recognized by the contractors, who at once stopped the works, and wrote to an eminent geologist connected with the railway, who was then staying at Bordeaux. This gentleman, on his arrival at Les Eyzies, carefully examined the spot, and succeeded in exhuming two skulls and some other fragments of human skeletons, as well as worked bones of reindeer, and many chipped flint implements. At this period M. Durey, who was then Minister of Public Instruction, hearing of these discoveries, confided to M. Louis Lartet, the son of the eminent palæontologist—to whom, in conjunction with Mr. Christy, we are indebted for the “*Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*”^{*}—the scientific examination of the cave. Before commencing with a thorough investigation of the floor and its contents, he found it necessary to support the vault by a pillar; for a deep crack was very perceptible, and threatened its entire or partial fall. In digging the hole for the base of the pillar, the workmen met with a succession of four black beds of ashes, indicating ancient cooking places, one on another—the lowest of them containing the stump of an elephant’s tusk. The pillar having been set up, a methodical examination of the several beds, and of their contents, was commenced. The

* It is much to be regretted that neither Mr. Christy nor M. Lartet was permitted to see the conclusion of this magnificent work. The English palæontologist died from inflammation of the lungs, brought on by exposure to wet in examining some bone caves in Belgium, just as the first *Fasciulus* appeared, in 1865; his colleague lived to see ten *Fasciuli* published, and succumbed under the troubles of the late campaign. The manuscript is now in the hands of the translator, Professor Rupert Jones, and some years will probably elapse before the “*Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*” is completed.

four layers of ashes were separated from each other by intervening strata, and closely resembled one another, except in thickness, the lowest or first formed being the thinnest of the series, and the others proportionably thicker. The lowest layer of ashes had an average thickness of four inches, and contained worked flints, bits of charcoal, broken or calcined bones, and a part of the tusk already noticed. The comparative thinness of this layer indicates that the first stay of the hunters of the reindeer in this cave was a comparatively short one.

The first hearth was covered by a layer, about a quarter of a yard thick, of calcareous *débris*, detached bit by bit from the roof during the temporary disuse of the shelter by men. Then followed an indication of its being again used, in the form of a second layer of ashes of about the same thickness as the first, and containing pieces of charcoal, bones, and worked flints. Above this was another layer of *débris*, fallen from the roof, about half a yard in thickness. Over these were a series of more important layers, all of which contained, in various proportions, charcoal, bones (broken, burnt, and worked), flint implements, and pebbles from the bed of the river, with numerous marks of hammering upon them. These layers have reference to a period during which the cave was inhabited, if not continuously, at all events with such short intervals of absence as not to admit of the intercalations of *débris* from the roof between the different hearth-layers, which correspond with the successive phases of the third period of habitation. The third layer of ashes from the bottom had a thickness of eight inches; and above it lay a bed of red, unctuous earth, a foot thick, containing similar objects, although in less quantity. On this earthy layer was superposed the fourth carbonaceous bed, the widest and thickest of all—it being, on an average, a foot deep, and double that thickness in the centre, where it has been excavated into the deposits below it, so as to form a principal hearth. This bed, both from its thickness and its richness in the products of human hands, may be regarded as indicative of a far more prolonged habitation than the preceding ones.

Above this thick hearth-layer was a bed of yellow earth, containing not only bones, flints, and bone implements, but amulets or pendants. It was limited upwards by a

very thin bed of hearth-stuff, scarcely two inches thick, which had been removed before the arrival of M. Louis Lartet.

It was in the calcareous *débris* lying on the upper surface of the yellow band of earth that the most valuable results of the investigation—the human skeletons and the accessories of the sepulture—were found.

Lastly, above these different layers, and all over the shelter or cave-roof itself, lay a mass of rubbish that had gradually been separated from the higher cliffs, from four to five and a half yards in thickness, whose formation must have occupied a period that carries back the date of the burial to a very distant period in the pre-historic age.

At the back of the cave was found the skull of an old man, which alone was on a level with the surface of the floor, and, from its exposure to the calcareous droppings from the roof, was partly covered with a stalagmitic coating. The other human bones, belonging apparently to four other skeletons, were found around the old man, within a radius of little more than a yard and a half. Among them was the skeleton of a woman, whose skull presents in front a deep wound, made by a cutting instrument; but which did not kill her at once, as the bone showed an amount of natural repair which must have occupied some weeks. By her side was the skeleton of an infant which had not arrived at its full development. The other skeletons—one of which was very imperfect—were those of men. Three distinguished palæontologists—Dr. Pruner-Bey, Professor Broca, and Professor de Quatrefages—have drawn up independent reports on these fragmentary skeletons; and although differing materially in some respects, they agree in opinion that the bones presented the following peculiarities, which were apparently common to all the skeletons:—the craniums were large and well formed, and the brain cavity very capacious; while the frontal bones showed that they had belonged to a race endowed with high mental qualities.

From the appearance of the facial bones, it is deduced that the eyes were small, and sunk in flat orbits; thus giving to the face a sombre expression. The nose deviated in most respects from the Aryan type, presenting nostrils opening downwards and sideways. It was thus widely open to the winds, and well calculated to enable the savage hunter to scent his prey. The bony palate

presented certain peculiarities, being remarkable for its slight depth, and for the narrowness of its arch laterally, such as in modern races is found only in those who have "a weak phonology"—as in the Finns. The ascending branch of the lower jaw of the old man of Cro-Magnon is very peculiar, being remarkable both for its thickness and its dimensions; and in this respect he takes his place between the uncivilized races and the anthropomorphous apes. It must, however, be recollected, by those who would bring forward this fact in support of the ape-origin of man, that he was larger and stronger than modern man, and that he must have required a very broad surface for the insertion of his muscles of mastication.

The thigh bones, or femurs, from Cro-Magnon are not only remarkable for their length, but for their breadth and thickness; in the latter respects, no modern specimen approaches them. In their breadth, but in no other respect, they resemble those of the anthropomorphous apes. Moreover, the shin bones, or tibiae—extending from the knee to the ankle—instead of having the shaft of a prismatic or triangular shape, as is the case with these bones in the white races of the present time, are compressed laterally, so as to present a sabre-like appearance, with the edge looking forward. Tibias of this conformation are termed *platynecmic*, and occur normally in the great apes, and in many negroes. This peculiar modification in the shape of the bones has been observed in pre-historic tibiae from many sources; as from the Gibraltar cave, where they were discovered, in 1863, by Mr. Busk; in various French dolmens, by Broca and others; and in Denbighshire, by Mr. Boyd Dawkins. But though this modification seems to belong to most of the pre-historic races of man, it does not belong to all; for the human tibiae of the reindeer period, found in several of the Belgian caves, are prismatic and triangular, like ours.

How are we to account for this remarkable peculiarity? Various hypotheses have been suggested; and the developmentalists maintain that it shows the simious origin of our ancestors. Professor Broca's view, that the compression of the upper part of the bone is of an anthropological character, connected with functional relations, is probably the correct one. He regards this conformation as connected with the strength of the muscles of the leg, especially those of the

hinder region; and remarks that the triangular form of the upper part of the bone is particularly observable in the races which have the calf well developed.

It is worthy of notice that of the three most perfect adult skeletons—viz., those of the old man, aged sixty or more; the woman, aged from thirty-five to forty; and a male, aged about forty-five—two presented marks of violence. The wound in the woman's head has been already described, and was doubtless given by a murderer armed with a small stone axe. On the lower part of the old man's left thigh bone there was a well-defined depression, evidently resulting from the blow of a very hard body, inflicted long before his death. It was an injury such as is now sometimes produced by a spent bullet, and was probably inflicted by a smooth projectile, thrown perhaps from a sling—although it might have been caused by the blow of a horn or antler, or of an elephant's tusk.

From the above facts, M. Broca arrives at the conclusion that in the Cro-Magnon race there is a remarkable union of characters of superiority and inferiority. The great volume of the brain, the development of the frontal region, the fine elliptical profile of the anterior portion of the skull, and the largeness of the facial angle, are incontestable characters of superiority; while, on the other hand, the great breadth of the face, the projection of the jaws forward, the enormous development of the ascending branch of the lower jaw, and the extent and roughness of the muscular insertions, point to the idea of a violent and brutal race, which is confirmed by our recollection of the murdered woman, and of the wound in the old man's thigh bone, which probably occurred in battle. The simplicity of the sutures between the cranial bones is such as is now observed in savages; while the asperities of the thigh bone indicate that it must have been clothed in a highly developed mass of muscles. In three points—the excessive breadth of the ascending branch of the jaw bone, in certain slight peculiarities in the ulna (one of the bones of the fore-arm), and especially in the flattened or sabre-like shank-bone—the skeletons approach those of the anthropomorphous apes. We thus have as complete a picture as, with our imperfect means, we can contrive to draw of a race which, in some of its features, attained the highest and noblest stages of

human morphology, while in others it descended below even the lowest of the types of man at present living on our globe.

"Paradoxical," says M. Broca, "as this may appear, it is in full accordance with what the researches of Christy and Lartet have taught us regarding the life and manners of the cave-dwellers of Périgord generally.

"The men who, in the quaternary period, were the initiators of progress and the precursors of civilization—they whose were the remarkable works of industry and art which we wonder at to-day—necessarily combined with the intelligence of the inventor and workman the physical force and habits of war and the chase, which alone, at that time, could assure subsistence and security. At the present day, with our powerful metals, our terrible arms, and our country long since cleared—with all the resources furnished by agriculture and commerce—we can live peaceably the life of civilization; but when immense forests, which the axe of stone could not fell, covered the greater part of the soil, and, instead of agriculture, hunting only could provide sustenance for man; when the immediate wants of life necessitated a constant war against wild animals, such as the mammoth; and when, at last, the hunting territory—the sole resource of a tribe—had to be continually defended against the encroachments and attacks of neighbouring tribes, men were obliged, under pain of destruction, to accommodate themselves to circumstances, and live the violent life of savages.

"The cave-dwellers of Cro-Magnon were, then, savages—like all men of their time; and we are not astonished that such conditions of existence have left strong traces in their skeletons. But these barbarians were intelligent and improvable; and whilst continuing to struggle with nature, and to war against their kind, they knew how to make leisure enough to increase their knowledge, to develop their industry, and, still further, to rise to the culture of the arts. These aptitudes, so precious—rare at all epochs, but truly extraordinary in respect to the time they were manifested among these cave folk—could not have dawned but by favour of a fine cerebral organization, of which we have found the morphological expression in the skulls of the Cro-Magnon race.

"What has become of this remarkable race, appearing to us as a shining point

amidst the darkness of the far past? In cultivating the arts which embellish life and soften manners, did it lose some of the warlike energy which could alone serve to defend it against the fierce aggressions of surrounding barbarism? Did it succumb, like those who, coming before their hour, disappear, starved by the inclement conditions among which they try to introduce a premature progress? Or rather, surviving that inevitable struggle in which its civilization perished, did this race escape extermination but to fall into the universal barbarism, and to lose at length—under the isolated or combined influences of crossing, of social change, and of the gradual transformation of the fauna and the climate—the anatomical characters which had formerly distinguished it? We may hope that future discoveries will furnish new elements for the solution of these important questions; but at present we can only be sure of one thing—that the race of Cro-Magnon was entirely different from all other known races, ancient and modern."

Such are the conclusions of M. Broca, with which we entirely concur. In a note, he refers to the idea propounded by Dr. Pruner-Bey, that a modern race presents the same type of skull as the ancient race of Cro-Magnon. The argument against this opinion so strongly preponderates over the few that have been advanced in its favour, that it is unnecessary to do more than make this passing allusion to the subject.

A slight attempt to ascertain whence the mysterious cave-dwellers of Périgord came—men to whom the dog, sheep, and our other ordinary domesticated animals were unknown, and to whom any kind of money would have been a superfluity—was made by M. Louis Lartet. Certain sea shells which were found associated with the human remains were of Atlantic origin, and do not occur in the Mediterranean, and they are especially common on the shore of La Charente. Again, with these shells were found pebbles of basalt, which could not have been taken from the valley of the Vézère, but might have been obtained from that of the Dordogne. Hence we are led to suppose that, before coming to the cave district, where they found conditions specially favourable for their mode of life, the reindeer hunters had sojourned on the Atlantic coast; and that they arrived at the banks of the Vézère after having

ascended to the valley of the Dordogne. Their history prior to their arrival at the shores of the Atlantic will probably for ever remain a mystery.

TABLE TALK.

THE RAPID GROWTH of the metropolitan city must strike everybody with astonishment. Whence come the people who inhabit all the houses that rise, with mushroom-like rapidity, in every suburban district? What is to supply the ever-increasing wants of the working class for homes in which they can live in health, physical and moral? Will they have great suburban settlements to themselves?—little townships of cottages with gardens, in the place of courts, and narrow, ill-odoured streets? Something of the kind seems not improbable for the year of grace 1921, half a century hence. George Stephenson's workmen's trains already run, but not enough of them. The language of the great engineer was prophetic. "Now, my lads," said he to his son and nephew, "I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day—though I may not live so long—when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country; when mail coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working man to travel upon a railway than by foot." What the artisan and labouring class wants are pure air, pure water, and healthier and more wholesome habitations. These conditions can only be satisfied by suburban residence.

WE COMMEND THESE two advertisements, culled from the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday, September 26th, to the attention not only of the curious in such matters, but of mothers whose straitened circumstances make it a necessity that their unmarried and educated daughters should do something for their own living.

WANTED immediately, in a preparatory school, a YOUNG LADY to teach and assist generally with the pupils. Music, rudiments of French and Latin indispensable. Must be a member of the Church of England. Salary £10.—H. R., Salter's, Manchester-terrace, Kilburn.

It appears, then, that in the experience of H. R., the magnificent sum of ten pounds

per annum is a sufficient salary to induce young ladies acquainted with music and the rudiments of the French and Latin tongues, and members of the Church of England, to apply for the vacant post. Who now shall say that the advertisement from the *Times* of thirty years ago, which Ralph Nickleby read over for the benefit of Nicholas and his mother, in which a certain Dotheboys Hall was named, and one Wackford Squeers proposed to engage an usher—M.A. preferred—salary £5 per annum, with board and lodging, was exaggerated? So much for the prospects of a good girl anxious to support herself, and having at least a smattering of music, French, and Latin. Now let us see what would have been her opportunities if she had been bred to washing instead.

WANTED, a LAUNDRYMAID in an industrial school. She must be able to wash and iron well, and teach the same to the girls. She is also required to walk out occasionally with the girls. Wages £18, and everything found.—Apply to the Matron, 22, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, W., between the hours of four and six.

The advantage appears to be all on the side of the girl who can give instruction in the arts of the laundry.

I READ in the papers the other day that, somewhere in the suburbs of London, a postman going his rounds as usual, to empty the pillar letter-boxes, found, to his surprise and discomfort, that in one of them a swarm of bees had taken up their quarters; and this reminded me of the many popular errors afloat with regard to bee-swarming. It is a common notion, for instance, that the noise made by the country-folk with the key and warming-pan is in order to "make the bees settle." This is quite a mistake. The noise is not made until the bees show a disposition to wander, and then the real use is to let the neighbours know that a swarm is in the air, and to serve as a notice for them to watch the place where they settle. It is of use, also, as a sort of proclamation that the proprietor of the bees has seen the swarm issue from *his* stock, as a proof of identity should it settle in some neighbour's grounds.

In Number 198 will be commenced a new Novelette by Sir C. L. YOUNG, Bart.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 198.

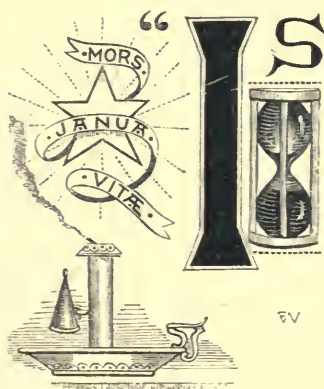
October 14, 1871.

Price 2d.

BROKEN TRUST.

BY SIR CHARLES LAURENCE YOUNG.

CHAPTER I.



MISS DUNN there?"

"No, sir. Do you wish to see her?"

"I do, at once—my strength for speaking is fast going, and I feel that there is no time to be lost."

The person who

had inquired for Miss Dunn was an old man, lying helpless on his bed. The nurse, whom he had addressed, called, in a low tone, to some one in the passage, and quietly resumed her place by the fire. It was a cold, stormy night in November, and the wind and rain were beating against the roof of Avebury, and especially, it seemed, against the windows of this very room where death was making ready for his last attack. But neither cold, nor wind, nor rain—no, nor death itself—was heeded by the paralyzed occupant of the old-fashioned bed; for, excepting a certain pallor, his iron features were as instinct with life and strength as ever.

"Where is Miss Dunn?" he soon exclaimed, impatiently.

"I am here, sir," answered a soft, low voice. "What can I do for you, Mr. Ravenshill?"

The iron features relaxed a little as the sick man gazed upon the dark wavy hair and large gray eyes of the young woman who now stood beside his bed.

"Nurse, it is about your supper time, is it not? You can go downstairs, and have it there. Miss Dunn will attend to me in your absence."

On this suggestion the nurse, casting something in the nature of a distrustful look at her temporary supplanter, withdrew, and closed the door quietly behind her.

"You have been with me now, Miss Dunn, in the capacity of housekeeper and companion, for nearly a year, I think."

"I have been at Avebury for eleven months, Mr. Ravenshill," was the reply.

"During that time, you have been all that I could have wished you to be. You have attended carefully to domestic matters, and have been cheerful and obliging to the half-alive man whom you undertook to serve."

"It has not been a difficult task," she answered, humbly; "for it has been more than a duty—it has been a pleasure."

Mr. Ravenshill gave one sharp glance, and continued—

"It has been the misery of my life to suspect every living creature with whom I came in contact. I began life as trustfully, as hopefully, as unsuspectingly as most men. Circumstances made me change my faith. Man and woman, I thought, conspired to deceive me. I retired from the world, and gave myself up to the study of philosophy. Young woman, I did wrong. I found out, too late, that true philosophy can only be learned while living and moving in what is called the world. The last years of my life have been eminently selfish. I have striven to make amends by my will."

It was now her turn to glance sharply, and for a moment she looked keenly at the dying man; but she said nothing. He resumed—

"I hope that my will will make two people happy, or, failing my first intentions, will benefit a portion of mankind. I have

no time to spare. You will hear the details when the grave has closed over me. I have sent for you, in order, while power of speech is still left me, to put you in possession of a Trust."

She dropped her eyes and said, quietly—"Any commission or charge you may think fit to give me, Mr. Ravenshill, I will do my best to fulfil."

"You came to me originally, Nina Dunn," said the old man, steadily, "through an advertisement I caused to be inserted in a daily paper. The reference to character you gave me was not as satisfactory as it might have been. But I heard from your lips your own story, and I chose to believe all you told me."

Miss Dunn looked up sadly, and said—

"It was all true. My life has been an unhappy one. It was my misfortune only if I could not satisfy you as I could wish to have done."

"I say that I chose to believe you. Your conduct while beneath my roof has confirmed my belief. Now, listen to the responsibility I charge you with, and beg, as a last favour to me, that you will accept."

She bowed her head in silence.

"You are young in years, Miss Dunn—only twenty-three, I think. But I see that you know something of the world, and that you have suffered. I have selected you to be the companion of a young lady till such time as she shall marry. You, perhaps, in common with others, have thought that I had no relations in the world. You are wrong—I have two, whom I have endeavoured to make happy by my will."

He paused, and closed his eyes—as if exhausted by so much speaking, or by emotion produced by thinking of these two, whoever they might be. Had the nurse still been in the room, she might have noticed a contraction of Miss Dunn's arched eyebrows, and a frown upon Miss Dunn's white forehead; but the expression passed away instantly, as Mr. Ravenshill opened his eyes again.

"The young lady to whom I wish you to be a companion is now in France, being educated; and her name is Maude Mourilyan. When I am dead"—Miss Dunn put her handkerchief to her eyes—"as soon as my funeral is over, you will start for the Continent. Money and full instructions will be given you by my executors, and it will remain with you to accept or refuse the charge."

"You have been so good and kind to me, Mr. Ravenshill," said Miss Dunn, sobbing, "how could I be so ungenerous as to refuse your last request? I will do everything in my power for Miss Mourilyan."

"I thought so," said the old man, in a gentle voice. "She is my niece and ward, and is an orphan. You will wonder why you have never seen her here, or the other one, whom I destine for her. The explanation is too long and sad. Till she marries, you must be with her, and watch over her. I have chosen you to fill this office, Nina Dunn, because, though young, I believe you are no longer thoughtless; and having seen something of the miseries of this life—as I know you have—you will be able to acquire an influence over Maude, and teach her not to be giddy and foolish in the exercise of her independence."

"I will do my best—indeed I will, Mr. Ravenshill."

"Say no more, I am weary of talking. Oh, how long will this faint flicker of life-light last?"

Miss Dunn withdrew from the bedside, and took the nurse's place by the fire, and listened to the wailing of the wind and the restless pattering of the rain.

"How long, indeed!" she muttered, as she drew nearer to the fire. "And then I am to go to France. Oh, how I yearn to be once more free!"

Three weeks passed away, and a great hatchment, bearing the arms of the Ravenshills, was elevated above the hall door at Avebury. The house was shut up, and Miss Dunn was on her way to a town in the south of France, where her future charge was to be found.

CHAPTER II.

A BEAUTIFUL spring morning in Italy. Two young ladies were strolling in the Cascine Gardens at Florence. Both were tall, and of perfect figures; but one had glorious golden hair and laughing blue eyes, the other had wavy hair and thoughtful gray eyes, and this one seemed slightly the older of the two.

"Now, Nina, do consent to what I propose," said the fair-haired girl, as the two sat down upon a bench in a secluded part of the gardens. "I have quite made up my mind on the matter, and you must give in."

"Have you really thought it out, Maude? Do you know what you are doing? Have

you considered that you are actually endeavouring to throw away a fortune? How can you seriously expect me to help you in so mad a project?"

"You may call it mad, if you please, Nina—I do not. I have no idea of being married simply for the sake of a fortune. I am to wait for a man whom I have never yet seen, and, when he comes, I am to shut my eyes and marry him. Why, what would be the consequences? We should both be miserable for the rest of our lives—and all for the sake of a little money!"

"A little money!"

"Little or big, it's all one to me. I don't believe in wealth as you do. Come, consent."

"Tell me again exactly what it is you wish me to do, you foolish girl," said Nina, fondly. "You always make me do exactly what you like."

"Dear me, Nina! I thought I had explained it all perfectly. This is what I want to be done: I want you to change places with me—you to be called Maude Mourilyan, and I, Nina Dunn. I am certain that this man—"

"Your cousin?"

"Yes, I believe so—this cousin will come hunting after me, and worry me out of my life, in order to get this wretched fortune. He is certain to track us down; and if we now change names, why, he will at once set to work, and make violent love to you!"

"Pleasant for me. And then?"

"Then? Oh, you will snub him, of course. Or, when he has avowed his ardent passion, we can show him his trifling error, and so get rid of him for good and all."

Nina laughed merrily.

"You settle these things easily, Maude, dear. But may not this change of names put me in a very false position, in every way? Suppose he is a better man than you imagine him to be? Suppose he *really* falls in love with me? How then?"

"Oh, you are so clever, Nina, you will be sure to find a way out of it, somehow or other."

Nina laughed again.

"And supposing, dear—only supposing—I was to approve of his attachment, and fall in love with him—how then?"

"My dear Nina, you will be heartily welcome to him, I assure you, as far as I am concerned."

"I am half convinced," said Nina, gaily. "But there is another thing to be considered. Will such a trick be quite fair upon him?"

"Oh, never mind about *him*," exclaimed Maude, impetuously. "Never have pity on a man in such a case. I heard such things about men and their heartlessness when I was in France, that I almost hate the whole race of them."

"What would you think of a heartless woman, I wonder?" thought Nina, but she only said—

"One more supposition: if, believing you to be indeed Nina Dunn, he should pass by Maude Mourilyan—fortune and all—and fall in love with you for your own sake—how then?"

"My dear Nina, you are talking absolute nonsense. Such a supposition is too wildly absurd to be entertained for a single instant. Come, Nina, don't suppose anything more. Say you consent to my little plot, and promise to help me to carry it out well. For six months we have heard nothing of Louis Ravenshill, and I am sure the evil day cannot be delayed much longer. No one knows us in Florence. For the future, you must be Maude Mourilyan, and I, Nina Dunn."

Nina did not answer immediately. The smile had vanished from her face. She rested her cheek upon her hand, and her gray eyes were fixed upon the distant hills. At last she said, in a grave tone—

"You cannot see what will be the end of this, Maude."

"Never mind that. No harm can come of it."

"And if harm should come of it," continued Nina, in the same tone, still gazing far away—"if I consent to do what you desire, and if harm should come of it, don't forget, Maude, that the proposal of the change of name came from you."

"I will not—I promise it."

"Or that I did not yield without considerable reluctance, and fear of what might come of it."

"I am ready to take all the consequences."

"Then it shall be as you wish," said Nina, in a gayer tone; and she withdrew her gaze from the purple mountains, and looked tenderly at her companion. "We will change places. I am sure it is wrong of me to give in, but I cannot resist you—you shall have your way."

"That's my own dear Nina—Maude, I mean—for we must begin to play our parts at once. I think we must institute a system of fines—a pair of gloves for every mistake we make. Now, Maude, dear, we must go home—the sun is getting terribly hot, and I have some shopping to do before we go in."

She laughed lightly and happily as she rose quickly from the seat, and half pulled Nina with her.

"Come along: I long to begin our acting."

"What an eccentric child my young charge is!"

"That's one pair for me. You forget already. You are to be the child and the charge now—I am the sedate companion."

She threw up her pretty head, and put on a demure look, and looked more fascinating than ever. The two girls then started merrily for the town.

What time these two fair schemers had been arranging matters in the Cascine Gardens, a young English gentleman was indolently finishing his breakfast at a certain *café* in Florence. He was well dressed, and did not affect any strange costume, as some of our so-called phlegmatic countrymen appear inclined to do the instant they are off their native soil. He possessed a pleasant and good-natured face; and, if one might judge from the remnants of viands and fruits before him, he was blessed with a tolerable appetite and easy conscience. Having called for a cup of *café noir* in order to complete his *déjeuner à la fourchette*, he drew out his cigar case, strolled out to a little table beneath the awning over the pavement outside the restaurant, lit his fragrant weed, and allowed his thoughts to wander in the following manner:—

"Man is born to disappointment. Truly doth the poet sing, 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.' Poor untravelled mortal, I actually supposed that Italian flower girls were really girls, and were really pretty. Cast your eye, Ralph Lyall, over those hideous creatures who are vending those thorny roses without any smell, save what may be imparted to them by their dubious vendors, and own to another disappointment. Romance and reality!—oh, dear—oh, dear! Romance—a lovely creature, with white feet and neat ankles, long, brown hair, dusky face, passionate eyes, pearly teeth, and a bunch of flowers. Reality—a fat, bloated wench, with a big

straw hat and a print gown. This is a first-rate cigar. I hope I have got enough to last me till I get home again. I thought I had brought enough for two; but having been alone all this while, I have been obliged to do double duty. Travelling alone becomes, certainly, dull work after a little; and I am oppressed with the consciousness that I ought at this moment to be sitting in my chambers in the Temple, waiting patiently for that client who never comes. Well, I have waited for that person so long, that it is but fair he should wait a little for me now; and if he is only half as indulgent as I am, we shall suit each other admirably. Who comes here? Typical British females, I am sure. Shield me, O omnipotent press!"

And Mr. Ralph Lyall took up a small Italian newspaper, and, ostrich-like, thought to hide himself behind it.

He need not have been so terribly shy. The two ladies who were the objects of his apparent fear simply stopped for a moment to look into a shop window. While doing so, they—poor unsuspecting creatures!—were for that moment objects of special interest to three different persons who happened just at that time to find themselves within the four corners of the small piazza. The first person who specially remarked them was a buttoned-up, shabby-genteel sort of man, with a black moustache and beard, who started when he first saw them, and who, when he had apparently satisfied himself with a sharp, quick glance, passed rapidly into a bye-street. The second was Mr. Ralph Lyall, who, observing from beneath his paper that these British females were not after all so "typical" as he had at first suspected, and that they had young and pretty figures, took courage, lowered his paper, and looked at them approvingly. The third was a young man, somewhat dilapidated in his general appearance, but still with something of the unmistakable air of a gentleman about him, who sauntered into the piazza with his hands in his pockets, and who did not notice the two English ladies till they had finished their inspection of the shop window, and passed on their way close to him. Then it was his turn to start; and he looked after them with a puzzled air, and said to himself—

"English girls, I am certain. And where have I seen that face before? Those gray eyes are of a kind not easily forgotten. You don't recognize me, but I am sure we are

not strangers, mademoiselle. Ah, of course, I remember now. I had the honour of being of service to you in London, when you had a difficulty with an unsympathizing cabman. And you don't remember your champion! There is no such thing as female gratitude. I must be just, though, and remind myself that I wore a better coat in those days, and looked, on the whole, a trifle more glossy than I do at present. Let me see, what modest refreshment can I afford? Etruscan beer is, perhaps, the cheapest, and decidedly the nastiest—still, it is tolerably wholesome, effectually quenches thirst, and is unquestionably very filling."

He strolled up to the *café*, and sat down at a little table close to Lyall, who was busy with the paper, and called for beer.

At this moment, the buttoned-up, shabby-genteel man, with the black beard and moustache, re-entered the piazza from the by-street down which he had disappeared. He looked cautiously around him, and then his attention was directed towards Lyall, and to him he came up with an unlighted cigar between his finger and thumb. He took off his hat politely, and said, with a tolerably good English accent—

"Pardon, monsieur. Will you permit me?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Lyall, looking up; and, apparently not much pleased with what he saw, he pushed a match box forward, saying—

"Help yourself, monsieur."

"A thousand thanks."

And the shabby man lit his cigar, and moved away.

Hearing English spoken so close to him, the young man who was modestly partaking of beer looked up at Lyall.

"Strange, upon my word! Two recognizable faces within ten minutes! How are you, Lyall?"

"Eh? I beg your pardon. What! Louis Ravenshill—and in such seedy attire—impossible!"

The two young men shook hands heartily.

"Not at all impossible. It is I, Louis Ravenshill. Somewhat dilapidated, it is true; but still the same that was with you at Oxford. I am only surprised that you recognize me."

"Well, my dear fellow, I am bound to say you don't look quite so smart as you used to in the High."

"Ah, but the butterfly is only an ephemer-

meral. That phase of my existence came speedily to a close."

"You certainly disappeared very suddenly from the flock of the Bland Mother."

"I was a member of the venerable College of St. James for the period of eighteen calendar months, Lyall. At the end of that time, I arrived at the conclusion that I was not destined to distinguish myself in either classics, mathematics, natural science, or law and history: the obvious result was the conviction that to remain at Oxford was only to waste time and money. Now, both are decidedly limited; so I departed that life."

"And what have you been doing since?"

"Travelling. Like a comet, I am continually on the move; unlike a comet, I do not succeed in startling the universe."

"My dear Ravenshill, comets, when they appear, are at least brilliant. You are again unlike a comet."

"Ah, you allude to my personal appearance. Your tailor ought to have taught you by this time—unless he is very confiding—that a gentleman cannot look particularly brilliant as regards externals when he has to exist on two hundred and fifty pounds a-year."

"Two hundred and fifty a-year!" exclaimed Lyall, in astonishment; "why, I always thought you were heir to a considerable property."

"So I am—or, as I am speaking to a lawyer, I ought to be accurate—I am devisee. But, unfortunately, the considerable property has a considerable condition attached to it."

"Indeed! May I ask what that is?"

"Oh, certainly. Shall I bore you very much if I tell you rather a long story?"

"Not at all. Go on."

"I will; but, Lyall, if you have the smallest compassion for your fellow-creatures, give me a real cigar. I pledge you my word, I have not tasted such a thing for months."

"Poor Louis! That is indeed coming down low."

Lyall handed his case to his friend, who selected a cigar, lit it, and at once commenced his story.

RALPHOS.

NOT the least pleasing feature of the intellectual tastes of the present day is the growing interest in the study of natural history, and more especially of the natural

history of our own islands. Not so many years ago, the vulgar fashion was to despise—or, at least, to look but lightly upon—the studies which found their subjects in the bare stones of the rugged hillside, in the simple flowers of a common meadow, or the tangled intricacies of some dilapidated hedge. A man who was known to take a pleasure in climbing some steep ascent to break stones with a mallet, and then journey delightedly home with the cherished chips of a long day's labour and search, was hardly accredited by his neighbours in general, who could not understand his movements, with the reputation of a painstaking geologist.

Illustrating this idea, a good story is told of Dr. Adam Sedgwick, the celebrated professor of geology at Cambridge.

The doctor had been doing a hard day's work at his favourite science in the mountains of Cumberland, and, wearied by much climbing and scrambling, on his return sought the hospitality of a humble cottage in the neighbourhood. The professor is a plain man, rather eccentric, and no great patron of Poole's, especially when on his geological travels. He consequently soon made himself at home upon the only viands the good wife of the cottage had to offer—eggs and bacon; and a right hearty meal he made withal. The old lady had noticed his peregrinations during the day round about the neighbourhood, and had unhesitatingly made up her mind that the poor old gentleman was “daft.” The meal finished, the great Cantabrigian called for the reckoning. With a look of intense kindly sympathy for her unknown visitor's condition, the good dame replied—

“Weel, I'm thinking ye've seen better days; but mappens fourpence wouldn't hurt ye.”

The warm-hearted Cumberland wife manifestly had little knowledge of the “manners and customs” as belonging to the votaries of science. But this obtuseness of understanding was common in the last generation, even with people who might have been expected to be more intelligent.

The diligent gleaner, too, of rare specimens of wild flowers or plants, which the uninitiated would walk over in happy unconsciousness of the treasures beneath their feet, was scarcely recognized as a worthy toiler in the fields of botanical research; and we all know the mystery which used to

vex the minds of the *hoi polloi* as to the sanity of the gentlemen who delighted, at the close of the gray, sultry evenings of the early autumn, at the still hour when “the drowsy beetle wheels his drony flight,” to explore the narrow country lanes and hedgerows. Little did they understand the pleasure which those same gentlemen, armed with net and dark lantern, experienced in beating the hedges and luring into the meshes of the capacious net some valued specimen of the moth or beetle tribe, ruthlessly awakened from its first slumbers to be duly impaled as a prize in one of the mysterious pill-box-looking receptacles which these gentlemen are wont to carry in their pockets by the dozen. We are afraid that in those days of muscular Christianity, the enthusiasts, according to the popular voice, would have gone by some less complimentary title than that of entomologists. Boys at school, again, were certainly allowed the harmless hobby of collecting the different varieties of birds' eggs, and arranging them in all their simple beauty of speckle and colour; but if a properly grown up man had indulged in such a fancy before the eyes of the multitude, he would have been thought a fit object for the care of his friends. But the popular idea has changed much of late years, and old prejudices, which were but the fruit of ignorance, are fast vanishing before the strong light of more general education.

People are beginning to understand that there are sermons even in stones, and that the glory and purpose of the Infinite are to be discovered as much in the pebble by the brook, or the wild flower of the woods, as in the storm-beaten cliff or the mountain oak of centuries old.

Every intelligent person now is something of a dabbler in science, and it has become the fashion to know a little at least of the history of natural objects round about us in every direction.

In these days, during the fine summer weather, a geological expedition, a botanical meeting, or an entomological raid, is as common an arrangement in the amusements of society as a picnic party or a croquet tournament. And the taste is not confined to the upper classes. Working men in this country, by the score, are ardent students of the science of nature. Hugh Miller was but a working man; and there are plenty of

men of the same brave stamp of genius in the rear yet.

Any very abstruse knowledge of any branch of natural history or science must always, of course, be confined to the real professional students; but on the principle, to reverse the old maxim, that a little knowledge is better than none at all, we hail with delight the daily increasing popular taste in this direction.

One subject of natural history, however—and this, too, one of the most interesting—seems to have made but comparatively slow way as yet. We allude to the study of the habits and manners of even our commonest British birds. The reason ordinarily given is, no doubt, a good one. You must catch your hare before you can cook it, says Mrs. Glasse, and birds are not like stones, flowers, and plants—stationary. Here the geologist and botanist have a facility and an advantage over the naturalist. To be able to know the manners and characteristics of birds properly, requires much expense of time and favourable opportunities, such as do not occur every day, not to speak of a liberal outlay of money sometimes. Nevertheless, much more might be done than has been as yet in making known the many curious facts connected with some of our most popular birds.

One of the most interesting, for instance, of all the tribes of our indigenous birds is the *corvine*, embracing, as it does, so many varieties alike in their general character and appearance, yet often widely dissimilar in their particular habits.

The raven, rook, crow, magpie, and jackdaw all belong to the same great family, but there are many important distinctions between each of these varieties. Of the raven, as king paramount of the tribe, let us now gossip.

There are more beautiful birds in the range of the feathered creation than ravens, rooks, and crows; but none which seem to have taken, even from the earliest days, such a mysterious hold upon the attention of man.

Our ancient friend, the raven, has held, from time immemorial, an honoured place in the pages of story and the song of the poet. We have all heard, in imagination, the wailing, plaintive "never more" of Poe's immortal raven; and seated in our quiet chamber, of late winter's nights, over the last slumbering embers of the fire in the

grate, have fancied, with an involuntary chill, that we saw that self-same bird of ill-omen—

"Perched upon a bust of Pallas,
Just above *our* chamber door,"

and imagined that we heard, through the gloom, the same sad, melancholy refrain which erst fell upon the ear of the mad, dreamy poet.

A more melodramatic raven, however, is Barnaby Rudge's Grip—which, by the bye, as most of our readers know, was not, like Poe's bird, a merely mythical one, but a "character taken from life," the said Grip having belonged in the flesh to Mr. Charles Dickens himself, and after death was duly stuffed and enclosed in a glass case. Everybody has read the novel wherein Grip figures; but some of the passages descriptive of that remarkable bird's accomplishments are too good, while we are upon the subject of ravens, not to be repeated, the more so as they are generally supposed to be no exaggeration of the real conversational powers of the actual bird belonging to the novelist:—

"The raven, in his little basket at his master's back, hearing this frequent mention of his name, in a tone of exultation expressed his sympathy by crowing like a cock, and afterwards running over his various phrases of speech with such rapidity, and in so many varieties of hoarseness, that they sounded like the murmurs of a crowd of people."

And again:—

"Barnaby unstrapping the basket and putting it down in a corner, with the lid open, Grip's first care was to shut it down with all possible despatch, and then to stand upon it. Believing, no doubt, that he had now rendered it utterly impossible and beyond the power of mortal man to shut him up in it any more, he drew a great many corks in triumph, and uttered a corresponding number of hurrahs."

One more quotation, and we have done with Grip:—

"— and this must be my birthday—my birthday, Grip."

"The bird received this information with a crow of such duration as a cock, gifted with intelligence beyond all others of his kind, might usher in the longest day with. Then, as if he had well considered the sentiment, and regarded it as apposite to birth-days, he cried 'Never say die.' a great

many times, and flapped his wings for emphasis."

But there were remarkable ravens before either Poe's melancholy bird or the faithful Grip. In Pliny's time, talking ravens seem to have been a novelty, and he tells us, through the quaint English of worthy Philemon Holland, that "Agrippina, the empress, wife to Claudius Cæsar, had a blackbird or a throstle at what time as I compiled this book, which could counterfeit man's speech—a thing never scene nor knowne before." And that "the two Cæsars also, the young princes—to wit, Germanicus and Drusus—had one stare and sundry nightingales taught to parle Greeke and Latin." And then proceeds to give a dissertation on "the understanding and wit that ravens have." "Let us not," says he, "defraud the ravens also of their due praise in this behalf, considering that the whole people of Rome hath testified the same, not only by taking knowledge, but also by a public revenge and exemplarie punishment. And thus stood the case. In the days of Tiberius, the emperor, there was a young raven hatched in a nest upon the church of Castor and Pollux, which, to make a trial how he could flie, took his first flight into a shoemaker's shop, just over against the said church. The master of the shop was well enough content to receive this bird, as commended to him from so sacred a place, and in that regard set great store by it. This raven, in short, being acquainted to man's speech, began to speak; and every morning would fly up to the top of the rostra, or publick pulpit for orations, where, turning to the open forum and market-place, he would salute and bid good morrow to Tiberius Cæsar, and after him to Germanicus and Drusus, the young princes, both Cæsars, every one by their names, and anon the people of Rome also that passed by. And when he had so don, afterwards would flie again to the shoemaker's shop aforesaid. This duty practised—yea, and continued for many yeres together, to the great wonder and admiration of all men."

The sequel to this anecdote, and the story of the untimely end of this remarkable raven, and the terrible revenge taken thereupon, are too good to be lost, and are in the pleasant old Roman's best style. We still quote from Holland's translation:—

"Now it fell out so, that another shoemaker who had taken the next corwiners

shop unto, either upon a malicious envie that he occupied so near him, or some hidden spleene and passion of choler, killed the said raven."

But retribution was quickly at hand.

"Whereat the people tooke such indignation, that they, rising in an uprore, first drove him out of that street and made that quarter of the city too hot for him, and not long after murdered him for it. But, contrariwise, the carkasse of the dead raven was solemnly entered, and the funeralls performed with all the ceremoniall obsequies that could be devised. For the corps of this bird was bestowed in a coffin couch or bed, and the same bedecked with chaplets and garlands of fresh flowres of all sorts, carried upon the shoulders of two black-e-mores, with minstrels before, sounding the hautboies and playing on the fife, as far as to the funeral fire, which was piled and made in the right hand of the *causey* Appia, two miles without the city, in a certain plain or open field called Rediculi. So highly reputed the people of Rome that ready wit and apt disposition in a bird, as they thought it a sufficient cause to ordaine a sumptuous burial thereof, by murdering a citizen of Rome in that city wherein many a brave man and noble person died and no man ever solemnized their funerals: in that city, I say, which afforded not one man to revenge the death of that Scipio Æmilianus, after he had woon both Carthage and Numantia."

Pliny manifestly thinks, with us, that there was rather too much honour paid to the memory of the defunct bird.

One more story of the raven taken from antiquity, for the verity of which Macrobius is responsible, will bear repeating. On the return of Augustus, after the victory which extinguished Cleopatra and her fatal fascinations, a raven which some one in the crowd was carrying greeted him with "Ave Cæsar, victor Imperator." The bird—which of course some artful old Roman, with a prospective eye to business, had trained for the occasion—immediately became Imperial property at a good round price. But the story has a ludicrous sequel. Other competitors, with equally gifted ravens, waited at the royal gates with their precious wares, and these also were purchased. A poor cobbler, however, encouraged to hopes of improving his own means by the success which had attended the ventures of the

other owners of ravens, purchased one himself, and forthwith proceeded to instruct it in the way it should walk, or rather talk. But the pupil was far from being an apt one. He either would not or could not talk. The cobbler was in despair, and would often give vent to his wounded feelings by crying out that his labour and his outlay were lost—"Opera et impensa periit." The bird, however, with the reflection peculiar to his species, had meanwhile been studying the lesson in silence, and at length made himself master of it.

Augustus, passing the cobbler's stall one morning, heard the raven; but ravens were getting, as far as the Emperor was concerned at least, a drug in the market, and he was passing on, when the bird cried out, in the most plaintive tones, "Opera et impensa periit." The rest may be imagined. The Emperor, amused by the apt sagacity of the complaint, added one more raven to his already goodly stock, and the dream of the poor cobbler was at length realized.

The raven was well known and was held in great reverence and honour among the ancients in many respects. In the old days of augury, every circumstance of its flight and every modulation of its voice were carefully noted. It has been said that of these modulations no fewer than sixty-four have been enumerated, without reckoning minor shades of difference. This, we think, however, is rather a far-fetched notion. The "Koack, kzoack" is simple enough to any ordinary ear; but delicate indeed must that one be which can detect more than threescore variations of the raven's guttural note.

Tame ravens are not such everyday objects as might be imagined; and it is remarkable that there are so many of these birds found. There is no craftier fellow among birds than the raven, and it is almost impossible to catch a full-grown specimen alive. The manner, however, in which they are obtained for training purposes is this. While still unfledged, the young birds have a happy knack of falling out of their nests, and flapping their wings heavily to the ground. And it must be noted here that the parent ravens—in common with their humbler relations, the rooks—seem to have a certain law among themselves, that if a young fledgeling is imprudent enough to tumble out of the nest he must henceforth look after himself: the old birds will

take no trouble to rescue the unlucky delinquent, and on the ground he may lie, to live, die, or be captured.

Thus it is that, the next morning, young ravens are often found in the northern countries, where "ravens most do congregate," sitting croaking on the ground at the foot of the tree wherefrom they have fallen, helpless and easily captured. Even in this case, to secure young ravens is no work for dainty fingers; for, with that fierce pugnacity of their tribe to which we shall afterwards advert, infantine as they are, they make such determined attacks with their powerful beaks, that the obstreperous young bipeds must be wrapped in a cloth or a plaid before they can be safely held. And it is a curious fact that, when a raven makes its attack, it does not merely peck with its beak, but throws its whole weight upon the blow.

Another necessity for taking a raven young is, that otherwise—even if it were possible to catch an "old bird"—you would never teach him to speak. There are a large number of tame ravens in Thuringia. There, at almost every other inn, the traveller is saluted with the complimentary cry of "Thief! rascal!" as he enters the hostelry.

Like their tropical rivals the parrots, the first and commonest accomplishment of the raven is to answer to his name; and this, by the way, reminds us of a good story which we remember to have heard or read of somewhere.

The scene of the incident was one of those fairs which, in our boyish days, we remember so well, and with pleasant and not altogether unregretful feelings that our modern civilization is rapidly making them institutions of the past. The date may be guessed at from the fact that Belzoni, afterwards celebrated as the great Egyptian traveller, owned a booth in the particular fair in question, wherein he figured as the Italian Hercules, and amused the groundlings with his wonderful feats of strength. On the outside canvas of one show was depicted the representation of a huge bird, which which was described in gigantic characters as the "Learned Raven."

There was a goodly congregation assembled within the precincts of the booth to witness the performance of the wonderful bird, and, as a matter of course, a respectable sprinkling of the sex, old and young,

which is especially accredited with the bump of curiosity. The raven duly appeared, went through sundry tricks not supposed to be general with ravens in their natural state, such as picking out from a circle of cards, each of which was conspicuously impressed with a capital letter, the components, letter by letter, of some desired word, and arranging them in their proper orthographical order; and then, selecting the fairest damsel in the company, made her a bow and his own reputation in the hearts of every one present at the same moment.

One old lady, however, unwilling to let well alone, asked the showman, with a patronizing air, if the raven had a name.

"Yes," said the showman, in his rough manner, "he knows it well enough; but he don't like to be asked his name."

But the elderly dame, to whom a certain air of religious asceticism, which hardly befitted such a scene of gaiety, had imparted an authoritative mien, challenged the "learned raven"—

"What's your name?"

"Beelzebub!" cried the raven; and, clearing the stage at a sloop, made straight for his inquisitive interrogator, who was only too glad to "skedaddle" from the scene of action, amid the uproarious laughter of the company.

We spoke, a while ago, of the fierceness of the raven in its wild condition. The raven is especially a solitary bird, always living in the wildest district that it can find, and especially preferring the hill countries. In its own favourite haunts, this bird reigns supreme; and woe betide any intrusive stranger of the feathered tribe presumptuous enough to trespass upon its domain. It is a curious fact, too, that the raven and the eagle—the king of kings among birds—often nestle in close proximity. Neither interferes with the other; but, as a rule, the raven is a determined foe to his statelier and more imperial neighbour.

"What a brave soldier the raven is!" says the old Highlander; "he fights the eagle, who is four times his size."

This burst of admiration, however, admits of some qualification, as the following quotation from an eminent naturalist will explain:—

"There goes the white-tailed eagle! Launched from the rock of Linir, she advances along the cliffs on her way to the

inland hills, where she expects to find a supply of food for her young. Now she is opposite the premonitory of Ui, whence, croaking in fierce anger, rush two ravens. The eagle seems not to heed them; but they rapidly gain upon her, and separating as they come up in her wake, one ascends, the other glides beneath, menacing and attempting to peck her. While she regards the one below, that above plunges towards her; but perceiving that she is ready to meet him, he reascends a few feet; the other, in the meantime, threatening vengeance below. I never observed, however, that they actually came in contact with the object of their pursuit, which seemed to regard them as more disagreeable than dangerous, and appeared to hurry on merely to avoid being pestered by them."

In the matter of fierceness, too, the raven only follows the characteristics of all other carnivorous animals, for the food of the raven—unlike that of its smaller congener, the rook—is almost entirely of an animal nature. A raven will eat almost anything in the flesh form, either alive or dead. Worms, grubs, caterpillars, and insects of all kinds are equally welcome; but the daintiest meal of all to him is carrion. For this reason, ravens are plentiful on the sheep pastures of Scotland, where, from the largeness of the flocks, there is always sufficiency of food among the dead sheep or lambs for the hungriest and most insatiable of ravens. Notwithstanding his fierceness, however, this bird has little of the nobility of bravery in his character. He has a natural *penchant* for attacking wounded or dying animals which cannot help themselves; and in this respect the raven is no different from the vulture. If any unfortunate sheep, as is often the case, is lying in a ditch unable to disengage itself, the poor animal is soon put to death by continued attacks upon its eyes by our voracious bird.

Even the spiked armour of the hedgehog is no proof against the raven's beak; for he will drive it through the poor beast, tear away the prickly skin, and devour the carcase at his leisure. In North America, and in many other countries, the raven is a regular attendant upon the hunters, and follows them for the purpose of feeding upon the offal of the animals which may happen to be killed in the chase.

The cautious manner in which this bird approaches and attacks his prey is described

with great fidelity by Byron in his "Ma-zepa":—

"I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there, between me and the sun,
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die
Ere his repast begun.
He flew and perch'd, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before,
I saw his wing through twilight flit;
And once so near me he alit
I could have smote, but lacked the strength;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be called a voice,
Together scared him off at length.
I knew no more."

The cunning of the raven is proverbial, as much in its domesticated state as in its wild condition. We have not space for many anecdotes, but one which we think is not generally known will sufficiently exemplify the craftiness of this sable gentleman. It is told by Mr. Wood, the well-known writer on natural history:—"One of these birds struck up a great friendship for a terrier dog belonging to the landlord of an inn, and carried his friendship so far as to accompany his ally on little hunting expeditions. In these affairs, the two comrades used to kill an astonishing number of hares, rabbits, and other game, each taking his own share of the work. As soon as they came to a covert, the raven would station himself outside, while the dog would enter the covert and drive out the hares from their concealment, taking care to send them in the direction of the watchful bird. On his part, the raven always posted himself close to one of the outlets, and so soon as any living creature passed within reach he would pounce upon it, and either destroy it at once, or wait until the dog came to his assistance, when, by their united efforts, the prey was soon killed. Rat-hunting was a favourite sport of these strange allies, and it was said by those who witnessed their proceedings that the raven was even more useful than the ferret would have been."

The raven, although included by ornithologists in the catalogue of British birds, is to be found all over the world.

"It croaks as gravely as with ourselves on the shores of the Black and Caspian seas, visits our Indian metropolis of Calcutta, forces its way over the guarded shores of Japan, dwells among our busy descend-

ants in America, ranges from Mount Etna to the Iceland cold of Hecla, and braves the rigour of the Arctic region as far as Melville's Island." Captain Ross speaks of it as one of the few birds capable of braving the severity of an arctic winter; and Sir John Richardson, in mentioning the raven, says that it abounds in the four countries of North America, and visits the remotest islands of the Polar Seas. In the most intense winter colds it frequents the barren grounds, its movements being directed in a great measure by those of the herds of reindeer, musk-oxen, and bisons, which it follows, ready to assist in devouring such as are killed by beasts of prey or by accident. No sooner has a hunter slaughtered an animal than these birds are seen coming from various quarters to feast on the offal; and considerable numbers constantly attend the fishing stations, where they show equal boldness and rapacity.

The same author, by the way, speaking of the raven's extraordinary power of imitating the human voice, mentions an instance of one which he had often seen at Chatham, which was so perfect in this linguistic accomplishment that he more than once turned out the guard, who thought they were called by the sentinel on duty.

This adaptability of the raven to any climate is one of its most remarkable characteristics. In the Alpine countries of Central Europe it inhabits the wooded mountains during summer, and sheltered valleys in the winter. In Corfu, Sicily, and Crete it is common; and in Egypt, like the vulture, it is a privileged bird, performing the part of a useful scavenger.

In the United States the raven is, to some extent, a migratory bird, retiring to the extreme south during severe winters, and returning towards the middle, western, and northern districts at the first sight of milder weather.

The British raven was formerly thought to be an inhabitant of the southern hemisphere; but this is erroneous. The raven of Mexico and the equatorial part of the South American Continent is a distinct bird, larger than our raven, with a long and wedge-shaped tail. The raven of South Africa is also different from the European variety; being smaller in size, with a more brilliant metallic lustre on its plumage, and has been named, in consequence, *Corvus splendens*.

To what age a raven will live has been often discussed, but never satisfactorily. Since the world began, however, he has had the reputation of being, like all annuitants, a good long liver.

Reverting to our old friend Pliny once more, we are told that—

“Hesiod (the first writer, I take it, who hath treated of this argument, and yet like a poet), in his fabulous discourse touching the age of man, saith, forsooth, that a crow lives nine times as long as we; and hartts, or stags, four times as long as hee; but ravens thrice as long as they”—which would bring a raven just drawing to the close of his natural life up to a very respectable old age, we think.

The old Highland proverb is little less moderate in its calculations:—

“Thrice the life of a dog is the life of a horse;
Thrice the life of a horse is the life of a man;
Thrice the life of a man is the life of a stag;
Thrice the life of a stag is the life of a raven.”

Taking all this *cum grano salis*, there is, nevertheless, little doubt but that the raven lives as long, if not longer, than any other animal, not excepting the elephant. There are plenty of authentic records of ravens that have lived over a hundred years; and there are many instances where this bird has attained the age of seventy or eighty years without losing one iota of its activity, or the fading of one spark from its eyes.

The peculiar interest in the raven, beyond that taken in other birds, must be attributed chiefly to the superstitious feeling long entertained in men's minds with regard to this sable biped. Several reasons undoubtedly contributed to this superstition originally. The funereal hue of the bird; its sedate, methodical movements; the fact of it being a rapacious bird of prey; and last, but not least, its wonderful power of imitating the human voice, so as to deceive even men themselves—were all, probably, combining causes to the one result. In the earlier ruder times, when blood and rapine were the rule of the day, there would be ample invitations for the gloomy feeder on carcasses; and we may rest assured that his presence was about as acceptable as that of a shark, which follows for days in the wake of a ship, is to superstitious mariners.

The ancient Scandinavians had a terrible

respect for the sullen bird of Odin. Their belief was that the raven was accustomed to watch for Odin's return every evening, and, perched upon his shoulder, to relate all the incidents that had taken place on earth within its ken. Even up to comparatively recent times, this superstitious dislike of the raven, as a bird of bad omen, has been very strong.

In the old Roman days, “to feed the crows on the cross” was a phrase; and even in the later gibbeting days of this country, the same expression, with a slight modification with regard to the instrument of punishment, was a common one. No wonder that such a bird was looked upon with awe and dread by the ignorant and superstitious. The poets, too, have not helped to shield the character of the unlucky bird. Ben Jonson, in his “Masque of Queens,” makes his hag watch the raven—

“I have been all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And soon as she turned her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.”

And does not Lady Macbeth say, in her soliloquy—

“The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements”?

Yet a raven, especially a tame one, is not such a bad fellow after all. That ravens are capable of a strong attachment is well known.

One of these birds used to be kept, about the year 1808, at the Red Lion, Hungerford. A gentleman's chaise, in turning into the yard, ran over the leg of his Newfoundland dog; and while examining the injury done, Ralph was evidently a concerned spectator. When the dog was tied up under the manger with the horses, Ralph attended upon him with peculiar kindness. This was so marked, that it was observed to the hostler, who said that he had been bred from his pin-feather in intimacy with a dog, that the affection between them was mutual, and that all the neighbourhood had been witnesses of the acts of fondness they had conferred upon each other. This dog, also, had his leg broken; and during the long time he was confined, Ralph waited upon and carried him provisions daily. By accident, the hostler shut the stable door, and Ralph was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but in the morning the

bottom of the door was found so pecked, that Ralph would, in another hour, have made his own entrance-port.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JACK'S ROMANCE.

JACK came to me this morning with a very troubled countenance, which is with him a most unusual thing; for though he has been where life and death are more equal chances than they are with us in peace at home, yet he has been ever light-hearted in the midst of danger; and those who have seen him when the cannon were roaring and the foe close upon him, say that he knows not what fear is.

My father says he is a true Selwode, and he is proud of him. The only fault he finds with him is that he thinks he rates Corporal John—as he calls the Duke—too highly; but then Jack says that none but those who have fought under him know how great a commander he is, and so Jack gets enthusiastic, and my father gets angry, and says—

“Tis a pity he can't command his Duchess.”

Which, Jack says, is not to the point. Besides, says Jack—

“Twas said long ago that—

‘Alas, ’tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife.’

And if a kingdom, why not an army?”

However, Jack is going back in a few days now; and I dare say he will be made a colonel in a very short time, if the Duke is allowed to have his own way, which he generally has, though the Queen interferes occasionally. So there was nothing on that head to trouble him.

I had never seen Jack look so thoroughly out of spirits before; indeed, he looked so melancholy as he sat down beside me, that I should have laughed had it not been that Clarinda was on my mind; and I thought that perhaps he had come to know of Sir Everard Tylney, and was distressed on that account; and if that were the case, I knew how a fiery, impetuous young man—and a Selwode to boot—would deem it his duty to act.

Therefore I began to feel frightened, and my hand shook a little, though I tried to keep it still.

I waited a little, not daring to ask—

“Jack, what is it?”

Presently, he coughed twice; and then, to my infinite relief, he said—in a somewhat sepulchral tone, certainly—

“Grace, I'm in love!”

“Oh, dear Jack,” said I, jumping up, “is that all? I am so glad. I was afraid it was something very dreadful, from your face.”

“I am hopelessly, desperately, irrevocably in love,” says Jack; “and I'm going away the day after to-morrow.”

“And who is it?”

“I don't know; and I don't know where she comes from, or where she lives. And she may be dead for all I know, since 'tis ten days since I have seen her.”

Jack's speech was so strange, that I looked up to see whether he might not have been with some of his gay companions. But 'twas early in the morning, and Jack was not given to the bottle, as are so many of the fine gentlemen in the army and about town. Perhaps, too, he had been in a good school; for the Duke keeps his army in excellent order and discipline, and is not one who would overlook excesses in his officers.

“Do explain yourself, Jack,” said I. “Where have you seen this lady who has made so great an impression upon you?”

“She isn't a lady, and yet I believe she was born to be one. There never was a queenlier bearing—”

“Stuff, Jack!” said I, stopping short his speech; “have you nothing more important than this to tell me?” I began to fear that Jack was taken in by some designing person or other. “This is nothing serious, or ought not to be. You must go away and forget it. Such things are all very pretty in a story, and one applauds King Cophetua's discernment in marrying the beggar-maid. But such beggar-maids don't go about London, especially in these days.”

And I wound myself up into a great state of anger and indignation, and quite expected that Jack would do the same; but he only said—

“Indeed, 'tis serious. Grace, and I thought you would have listened to me at least; but 'tis no matter—I can go away and be shot in some of these battles for the honour of my country; and 'tis, perhaps, the best thing that can happen to me. No

one will care—except my mother, perhaps!”

And Jack gave a heavy sigh, and looked so quiet and rueful that I relented a little.

“Well, I will hear you, if ’tis any relief,” I said, rather unwillingly. “When and where did you meet with this enchantress?”

“I have but seen her twice,” said Jack; “but if I had seen her hundreds of times, I could not be worse in love.”

“Perhaps better,” I could not help muttering, *sotto voce*. “And when and where was it you saw her first?” I added aloud.

“Let me see,” says Jack; “it seems to be a thousand years ago; but, in reality, ’tis not more than a fortnight. I was on the steps of St. Paul’s Cathedral one Friday morning as the people went into service. I don’t know what it was that made me stop there, for I was thinking of nothing connected with the building; and then all at once it came into my head about the Plague and the Great Fire that my mother used to tell us about, and then I wondered what it must have been like over forty years ago, when she made her escape from the great city, and whether the shop where her father thought to make so much money was still in existence; and from that I went on to how strangely my father had met with her, and how differently he had married to the rest of the family—with the exception of my aunt Hetty, of whom we know nothing—when suddenly I heard the sweetest voice I ever heard in my life, saying—

“‘Will you buy some violets?’”

“I looked round, and there I saw a girl—”

“Yes,” I interrupted—“with the sweetest, loveliest, beautifullest face in all the world—just like an angel’s.”

“Just like an angel’s,” repeated Jack—“you are quite right. I could not have given a better description myself. She had on a dark dress of some coarse material, and a thick shawl wrapped round her, which made a sort of a hood for her head, so that only just her face was visible, and that she hid as much as possible in the folds of the shawl. She was very fair, and quite pale, and looked as though she was in great trouble about something; and her eyes had a sort of staring look of despair about them, and she trembled and seemed as scared as a young fawn. She had a small basket with bunches of violets in it on her arm, which she was offering to the

people as they passed, and shrinking back as one after another either heeded her not or answered her appeal roughly. She was moving sorrowfully away when I said—

“‘How do you sell your violets?’”

“‘A penny a bunch.’”

“‘How many have you in your basket?’”

“‘Twelve bunches. I hoped to have sold them all, but people don’t seem to care for them. They are quite fresh. I gathered them this morning in the fields at Kensington.’”

“‘I will take them all,’ I said; and she gave me such a grateful look, that I wished there had been twice as many of them. I took out my purse, and put a guinea into her hand—which, however, she looked at with dismay.

“‘I cannot give you change,’ she said.

“‘I do not want any,’ I replied. ‘Bring me another bunch of violets to-morrow.’”

“‘I would rather give you change,’ she answered—‘this is too much;’ and she wanted to give me the money back.

“‘You are not used to selling flowers?’ I said.

“‘She coloured up a deep crimson, and answered ‘No,’ in a low voice.

“‘Nor anything else?’ I said.

“‘Not till we were in trouble.’”

“‘Well, you must take my payment,’ said I, ‘or I won’t buy your violets.’ And, Grace, she was actually going to take the flowers away, when I so feared that I should not see her again that I said, ‘No, I must have the flowers, and you shall bring me what change you like to-morrow.’”

“And on the morrow she did not come,” said I, “and you lost both your heart and your guinea.”

“Wait and hear,” returned Jack. “On the following day I went at the appointed time, and my little flower-seller was there before me. She had the change for me, and a bunch of violets, which she said was almost the last she should be able to get. I would not take the change. I told her that ’twas but for the pleasure of seeing her again that I had told her to bring it—that she must keep it, and I must make payment for the bunch she had brought me.”

“Oh, Jack!”

“She tried to make me alter my resolve, but it was of no use.

“‘You are in poverty,’ said I, ‘and you want money’—for I knew it by the eager wistful look that came into her eyes at the

sight of the gold—"and you must take back the silver, and take this other guinea besides," and I slipped the money into her basket. 'I have plenty and to spare,' I added, 'and it is not often I have an opportunity of doing a deed of charity. I shall be going back to the wars soon, and it will be a good action laid to my account if aught happens to me.' She looked up as though she were going to demur; but I said, 'Will you take away my chance of doing a little good—perhaps my last chance?'

"'I hope not,' said she. 'Wars are sinful and cruel. I am sorry you are a soldier.'

"'You can keep the money to pay for prayers for me, then,' I said, jestingly; but she looked so serious that I felt ashamed of myself.

"'We can ask and receive without money and without price,' said she. 'If it had not been for that,' she murmured in a lower tone, 'I should not have met with a kind heart to help me.'

"'And I shall see you here to-morrow?' said I.

"'Yes,' she answered. 'There will be one more gathering of violets, and that will be the last. I shall thank you for ever,' she added; 'you do not know how much good you have done.'

"And then she hurried away, and I felt more sure than ever that there was some mystery about her, and that she was in deeper distress than she cared to tell; so I fell to planning how I could penetrate it, and whether I could befriend her in any better way than in a mere pecuniary one. I went to St. Paul's the next day, and the next, and so on, until to-day; but my flower-seller has never appeared since, and I have wandered all about Kensington day after day without success; and she may be starving or dead for aught I know. And the day after to-morrow I go away—and what am I to do?"

"There does not seem anything to be done," said I.

"No," he replied, "nothing."

"You must try to forget her, Jack," I answered. "There are many pretty faces in the world, and you know nothing further of her."

Jack roused up fiercely.

"Wait till you are in love, Grace, and then tell me if it is possible to follow your advice."

"But, my dear Jack," said I, "it may be

all a fancy on your part. There's a bit of romance about it, and there may be no very deep feeling concerned. You can't tell how soon it may go off."

"Am I romantic?" asked Jack.

"Well, I can't say that you are."

"No," returned Jack; "I am a plain, straightforward fellow, and know my own mind, and I never felt so down-hearted in all my life. I feel inclined to throw up my commission, and search every nook and corner in London until I find her."

"Nonsense, Jack—and you a captain, and certain of rapid promotion! I never heard of such a thing. You will come home loaded with honours, and we shall all be so proud of you—prouder even than we are now."

"And perhaps I sha'n't come home at all, Grace, but be lying on the battle-field, looking up at the sky and never seeing it, as many a poor fellow has done, and many another will do, before these conquests come to an end. Victories!—pshaw! My little flower-seller said war was sinful and cruel, and I believe she was not far from the mark. It's a fearful sight, Grace, to see the mangled corpses and the dead horses, with terrible gashes in their bodies, poor dumb creatures, led to the slaughter without any will of their own. 'Tis all barbarous, Grace, and military glory is but another name for murder."

"And you a soldier, Jack!"

"And I a soldier, and shall be one until the war is over. If I am killed, 'twill be but another victim to glory. If I live—"

"What then?"

"I'll lay down the sword and take up the ploughshare."

"Who has been talking to you, Jack?"

For it was such a change from my thoughtless, reckless brother, that I thought some one must have been persuading him to these things.

"No one has spoken to me," said he; "but after one or two campaigns, one gets sick of the whole thing. 'Tis a poor trade to make one's living by death, and that is what it comes to. I can fight hand-to-hand as well as any man, and have had some hard blows. I have no fear—for one gets mad and excited, and scarce knows what one is doing, only that there is a whirl and a roar and a dash of the enemy, and one must be up and doing if one would not get cut down one's self."

"Jack, do you remember carrying the flags that were taken at Ramilies?"

"Why, of course—'twas not so long ago," said he.

"You were gay enough then over the war," said I, "and proud of the Duke."

"I'm proud of the Duke now. There never was a better general, and I shall be no disgrace to him. You need have no fears about me on that point. But, nevertheless, a man's opinions may alter."

"They wouldn't have altered, I suspect, if it had not been for this foolish fancy, Jack."

"It's no fancy, Grace—it's a reality. Promise me, Grace, that you will try to find her, and see what her trouble is, even as I would have done if I had been able to stay in England. Will you promise me this, Grace?"

"What nonsense, Jack! How shall I be able to know your particular flower-seller from scores of others?"

"Because she is no flower-seller," said he. "There is something mysterious about it. She does not speak or move like an uneducated person. I never heard such a sweet voice in my life."

"And what is she like, Jack?" said I, willing to humour him as he was going away, yet feeling how little likely it was that I should meet with the girl who had made so great an impression upon him.

"She has hair like golden ripples," said he, "and blue eyes; and she is—well, I am not sure but what she is just the least bit like Clarinda; and yet she is not like her, for there is a thoughtful look in her face, and a deepness in her eyes that makes one wonder what she is thinking of. You will try to find her, Grace?—promise me."

"As well as I can, Jack; but I don't see how I am to do it."

"You can go to St. Paul's sometimes; or you can notice the flower-sellers on the Mall, or on Exeter 'Change, or the Ring, or at any of the places where you go, and especially at Kensington."

"Where I am not likely to be."

"Well, if you are, you can look about and inquire if there is any one that answers to the description."

"Yes," I answered, vaguely.

"That won't do, Grace. I would help you with all my heart and soul if you were in trouble."

"Would you, Jack?" said I—and I won-

dered for a minute whether I should return his confidence, and tell him of my anxieties. And yet he was going away, and it would be only laying another burden upon him; so I said, "I think you would help me, Jack, and I will do all I can for you."

Thus I had given my promise, though how to perform it seemed a matter beyond my power.

CHAPTER XXX.

I HEAR OF AUNT HETTY.

"GOTT sei gelobt." This is what, Jack tells me, the Germans say on every trifling occasion when they experience any degree of thankfulness or relief; and, truly, I may echo it with every sentiment of gratitude; for the crisis is past, and my father is safe, and there is no longer any cause for anxiety. Sir Everard has certainly been the human instrument employed, and to him I feel my indebtedness very fully; though I cannot but wish that he were not the person who has laid me under so great an obligation.

Truly, again I say that I am thankful, though the present hopes of our party are blighted. Uncle Oliver says it is a regular Whig triumph. But, somehow, I do not feel annoyed; perhaps I do not care for my own party so much as I once did, having new friends amongst the adversaries; perhaps, also, I am beginning to get disgusted with politics, since I see so much that one despises mixed up with them.

The Whigs, as a faction, were more especially the triumphers than my lord Duke, since he and Lord Godolphin had aimed rather at a fusion of party, that so, out of the various elements of good in each, a perfect Government for the benefit of the country might be obtained. But this vision has been dispelled, and the Ministry is now composed of purely Whig material.

How it will prosper remains to be proved. 'Tis certain that the Queen is not well pleased, and is as partial to Mr. Harley as ever; and that had it not been for the persuasions of the Prince, her husband, she had never listened even to my lord of Marlborough.

Clarinda says that Mistress Masham is wild with anger, in her quiet way; and declares that Mr. Harley's time is coming, and that the Whigs will have but a short reign.

But people always content themselves in this way when they are defeated, and give

so many good reasons for their want of success, that one wonders they never took them into consideration before.

And it is all over! The wretched Gregg met with his fate at Tyburn; though the Queen would have been willing to save him, could she have done so without injury to Mr. Harley; and there is no more fear of the smugglers. Indeed, Sir Everard tells me that all is safe, but that we must keep my father clear of any communications with M. Chamillard for the future.

"That I will see to, Mistress Grace," said Sir Everard; "for your father has greater confidence in me than you are pleased to have."

What could I say? I gave him my warmest thanks, for I felt most grateful to him. I fear he presumes upon it, and this places me in an awkward position, for I dare not anger him by a positive rebuff until my fear on Clarinda's account is at an end. And when will that be? And yet 'tis dishonourable, I fear, to let him think he has any hope, when I know so well that my heart is already given away. Altogether, it appears to me that from the thoughtless, light-hearted Grace Selwode that I was scarce more than a year ago, I have become as full of disguise and intrigue as any of the fine ladies in town. Two lovers, and keeping both in abeyance! And then I opened again the paper which Uncle Oliver had given me a day or two since, containing Mr. Lydgate's verses, which he said he had been keeping for me to ask for—as if 'twere likely I should do so, though I was longing to have them. And I had read them over many times since then; for it seemed to me there was a question in them for me—just the one I was always pondering over; or rather, I might say, a message promising that he would come back to me:—

"Under the trees in summer time,

Under the chestnut trees,
Looking up into their cool green shade—
By a thousand layers of green leaves made,
When the clustering flowers are past their prime,
And the idle wandering breeze
Slyly shakes the branches to and fro,
And brings down a shower of summer snow,
In the golden summer time.

"Under the trees in summer time,

Under the trees I lie;
Peeping up into their boughs to see,
If the sun can dart down one ray on me;
Whilst drowsily sounds the sheep-bell's chime,
And the babbling brook goes by;
And the birds sing cheerily many a tale,
Whispered to them by the passing gale,
In the golden summer time.

"Under the trees in summer time,

I lie and dream of thee—
And I dream that in days to come thou and I
Shall meet again, as in days gone by,
When laughing summer is in her prime,
Beneath the chestnut tree.
When the listening breeze may tell each bird
The sweetest secret that ever it heard,
In the golden summer time."

Surely, here was a poet writing to me. How easily my heart understood it all: that he was wondering when we should meet again, and that he longed to tell me the "sweetest secret" that ever I heard—over again. Where would it be? Under the old trees at Selwode, where once we had held discourse? I hoped so, for there was a stillness, a peace in the country that made one feel better, and more in harmony with all that is pure and true.

The town stifles me, and I hoped that we should have left it ere this; but my father is infatuated, and will not leave town. I wonder he marks not my mother's pale face; but nothing will induce him to stir a step. He says that—

"'Tis not always those who gain the first battle that win in the whole campaign."

Still, everything appears to be on so firm a basis at present in the adversaries' camp, that I think it will take some time to undermine them. I do so long to be at home!

And then I turn to my verses again. [*Mem.* I do not intend to give them back to Uncle Oliver unless he asks for them.] Ah! what is life but looking onwards—onwards to the future? Hope is the pole-star of mortality. I believe not in those who say, "Hope is for the young, memory for the aged." 'Tis a poor saying. Hope is for all; and the nearness of the end of life makes it scarce less distant than when we opened our unconscious eyes upon the light. We are but a shade nearer that golden west where the sun seems to wake and sleep, luring us on to follow it. An El Dorado, more splendid than Sir Walter Raleigh pictured to his followers, lies in the sunset for us, whither the earthly breezes are wafting our slackened sails. I often think of the jubilant city with its glorious gates of pearl when I look into the sky at eventide; and image fantastic palaces, with golden turrets and fairy-looking cities, on the margin of still blue lakes, up far away in cloudland. Landscape after landscape of elfin beauty have I traced, and have dreamed a dream of the abodes of bliss.

What has this to do with Mr. Philip Lydgate? And I scarce can answer the question, save I am looking forward, and not backward, every time I think of him. True, memory may have its fascination, but memory but goads me on to images of the future.

Then suddenly I start, for I remember all at once poor Jack and his romance, and how little I have done to help him since he went away. I have not altogether forgotten my promise, for I have looked around when I went to Exeter 'Change or on the Mall, to see if among the flower-sellers I could see any who answered to Jack's description, but in vain.

Neither had I fared any better at Kensington, whither I had been with Clarinda; though the hedgerows, gay with roses and woodbine, had made me think of the violets for which Jack had paid so dear. 'Twas very quiet at Kensington, for the Prince was not well; but Clarinda—who seemed to be quite at home at the palace—took me through the state rooms, and told me of the *filles* that had been given there, and in the splendid gardens. Now the great ball-room made one feel sad; and there was a deserted air about it, though the beautiful myrtles and orange trees were flourishing as ever. What will the poor Queen do if aught should happen to the husband to whom she is so tenderly attached? And the myrtles, and the orange trees, and the rare flowers in the splendid gardens all made me think of Jack's poor beggar girl, even in the precincts of royalty.

To-day something more especially touched my heart in connection with her. Perhaps 'twas the sense of my own happiness which made me resolve to put on my new *sacque*, and go to St. Paul's, where service is holden, though the building is not yet completed.

I did not like to go quite alone, so I determined to take my little maid Jenny with me; and we set off—she walking demurely a step or two behind me, carrying our prayer books.

Surely, if the flower-seller were to be met with, 'twould be on a hot day like this, when she might be sure of a sale for her posies among the dusty Londoners, who would be thankful for a glint of fresh flowers and cool green leaves in their stifling rooms.

However, Jenny and I sauntered up the steps and into the cathedral without meeting with any one whom I could take to be Jack's enchantress. Neither upon looking

round did I discern any one who was likely to be the flower-seller. So, after turning my head in various directions, in a manner I was not accustomed to do in a place of worship, I composed myself to attention, and Jenny did the same; and we listened to the prayers, and psalms, and lessons for the day, much to our edification; and, it being Wednesday, we had the Litany, in which when "those who travel by land or water" were prayed for, I especially thought of Jack and Mr. Lydgate. For who knows whither they are moving at this present moment?

I felt a degree of comfort when we rose to leave the cathedral. I had a feeling that it was good to go into the house of the Lord; and that prosperity would attend those who with true heart frequented His courts, even as it had been promised to the Jews by the Psalmist that they should prosper who loved His holy Jerusalem.

And musing upon this thought, and with a strange, prophetic feeling in my heart that something was about to happen, I descended the steps towards Ludgate-hill. I was conscious that something unusual affected me, and yet 'twas no feeling of fear that any evil was a-nigh me. Rather it was a singular sense of destiny bearing me forward on rushing wings, whither I knew not, but to no danger—for, as Mr. Defoe would have said, it seemed as though guardian angels were pressing round me.

And so I was going along Ludgate-hill, scarce noting the shops to which, ever and anon, Jenny called my attention, when I became aware of a man coming towards me whom I recognized for Mr. Defoe; and was just wondering whether he would know me or not, when he came straight up to me, as if I were the very person he expected to see, saying—

"Well met, Mistress Selwode. I was wishing to see you above all persons."

"Wishing and thinking sometimes bring people," said I.

"Not always," he answered. "'Tis only under certain conditions."

"But wherefore did you wish to see me?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "I have found out the influence that drew me towards you, and believe that you were thrown in my way—to speak according to man's speech—to be an instrument of good."

"In what way?" I asked; yet was I no whit surprised at his words, for they seemed

to be but part of the sort of dream that had come over me.

Then said he—

"I have been a good deal in Scotland, Mistress Selwode."

"Yes," said I, interrupting him; "and you know Mistress Archibald Graeme, and can give me tidings of her." For I knew it must be that which he had to say; quite forgetting, in the moment of excitement, that it was a forbidden subject at home.

He looked at me earnestly.

"Yes," said he, "the same expression, the same eyes, the same face; but the one faded, the other in the flush of youth. Even so, young lady, 'twas the likeness I perceived, though I could not recall it at the time."

"Then you know my aunt Hetty," said I. "Can you tell me aught of her?"

He half glanced at Jenny, who was looking into a jeweller's shop by which we had stopped; and it came into my mind that she might be hearing what was not intended for her ears; so, signifying to Mr. Defoe that he should tell me what he had to say as we walked along, I bade Jenny walk some paces behind; and then, lowering my voice, I said—

"What do you know of my aunt Hetty?"

"She is in trouble," said he, slowly—"in sore trouble, almost to death."

His solemn manner awed me.

"Is she dying?"

"She has scarce food enough to eat," he answered; "and her husband is dying."

"O, sir!—O, sir, where is she—what can I do? If Uncle Oliver only knew!"

"Mr. Oliver Selwode has taken no heed of her for more than two years," replied Mr. Defoe, "though she wrote to him at the beginning of her troubles. Mistress Graeme made me promise not to speak to him."

"You do not know my uncle," said I.

"Yet he wrote not to his sister in her distress."

"He never heard from her—the letters missed. I know that he was the only one who had pity on her, except my mother. Perhaps you know—"

"Somewhat of her history?—yes," he said, a little bitterly. "She suffered through liberty of conscience not being allowed her—through a bigotry that some men call religion."

My colour flashed up as I interrupted him, and I spoke with more dignity than I had thought I possessed.

"Perhaps Mr. Defoe is a little unjust,"

said I, "in condemning without hearing both sides. My aunt Hetty grievously offended her family by an all but clandestine marriage. There has been much sore feeling about it, but I think none even of those who condemn her most would have the heart to let her perish. None know of her distress."

"Bravely spoken, Mistress Selwode," said he. "You do right to stand up in defence of your family. I like it in you, and it assures me that I have not done unwisely in seeking to make you an ambassadress between those pining in prison and those living in luxury."

"In prison!" I exclaimed; and then, remembering Jenny, I sank my voice to a whisper—"in prison, Mr. Defoe?"

"Not far from here," he continued—"in Newgate."

Aunt Hetty in Newgate! The knowledge for a moment almost overwhelmed me. I felt as though I should have dropped; and Mr. Defoe, seeing how I trembled, gave me his arm for a moment. What would my father have said had he known that his daughter was listening to one whom he almost regarded in the light of the archfiend—and, moreover, listening to what he had to tell me of Aunt Hetty?

"In Newgate!" I repeated.

"I have seen her there to-day," said he. "There, in the debtors' portion of the building, lies the unfortunate Archibald Graeme, dying—dying of slow, inward fever that is draining his life away—without a comfort except that his angel wife is watching beside him, and his daughter is occasionally permitted to see him. The girl is living with an aged relative, as poor as poor can be; and, but for their earnings and self-denial, Archibald Graeme would have been in his grave ere now."

"And to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives."

The words rang by as though I were still in the cathedral. They were in the same portion with the petition for those who journeyed by land or water, and I was trying to remember whether I had pleaded them with especial uncton.

"What can I do?" said I after a pause—rather as a question to my own thoughts than as one to Mr. Defoe.

"Have you ever been in a prison?" he asked.

"No," said I, shuddering. "'Tis a very fearful place, is it not?"

"It is," he answered; "and yet, Mistress Selwode, if you remember the poet's words—

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.'

And so it is with Archibald Graeme. His conscience is unfettered; and, in the midst of bodily suffering, his soul soars forth in freedom that no prison-bonds can control. Should you be afraid to see him? I was going to Newgate when I met you—will you accompany me thither?"

For a moment the proposal dismayed me; then I said—

"I should not be afraid. I will go."

For it seemed to me the right thing to do, and surely even my father could feel no anger when he heard the story. So I was turning back with him when I thought of Jenny, and what should be done with her; and with that it came into my mind that I could neither take her nor send her home alone, so I said—

"I cannot take my maid, Mr. Defoe, neither can I send her away without explanation, which I care not to enter into. May I therefore appoint another time?"

"Any time that pleases you."

"This afternoon, after dinner," said I. "It must be a secret expedition, for I know not if it would be permitted. Yet it seems right to go—does it not? There appears both right and wrong in it."

He looked at me approvingly.

"Consult thy mother, Mistress Selwode," said he. "I will not lead thee in any path against thy parents' commands; yet plead poor Mistress Graeme's sorrowful case as well as thou canst, and the Lord be with thee."

And so we parted—I promising to meet him, if I might, at the corner of Wych-street and the Strand, by four of the clock; and he was not to wait more than ten minutes for me. I had put my purse into his hands, and begged him to provide all the comforts that could be obtained with its contents for poor Aunt Hetty.

And then Jenny and I made the best of our way homeward.

OLD TEXTS AND NEW SETTINGS.

IV.

THE DISGUISE OF WOMEN.

IN the island of Cos, as Sir John Maundeville tells us, there still lived, in his time—that is to say, during the fourteenth century—the daughter of that eminent physician,

Hippocrates, M.D., who had then been dead, if history lieth not, nearly two thousand years. The goddess Diana, for some reason of hers unknown to Sir John Maundeville, had changed her by magic art into the form and figure of a loathly dragon, a hundred fathoms in length. She inhabits—for one may suppose that she is still there—an old castle in the island, whence she comes out two or three times every year, but does no harm to anybody. And she is doomed to remain in that form until some knight be found bold enough to kiss her on the mouth, disguised and hideous as she is. This once done, she shall turn again into a woman. Not long before Sir John visited the island, a knight of Rhodes undertook the adventure. Mounting his charger, he rode boldly into the castle where she lay; but when the dragon lifted her head the knight's courage left him, and he turned to escape. Whereupon the dragon tossed him, horse and all, into the sea. This accident brought the adventure into disrepute. But there was another—a young man who knew not of the dragon. He, wandering about the island, came upon the castle, and entering it discovered her on one of those rare days when she was permitted—in the strictest privacy—to resume her own shape, in order to comb her hair. She told the youth, who was not yet a knight, that if he would go away and get knighted, and then come back and have the courage to kiss a harmless dragon on the mouth, she and all her wealth would be his. He went, was made a knight, and returned to the adventure. But, alas! when the dragon came out—so loathly and misshapen—his courage failed him too; and he fled in haste. She, when she saw that he turned not again, began to cry as a thing that hath much sorrow; and then she returned to her cave. Here she sits still, waiting for the knight to come who shall dare to kiss her on the mouth.

Sir John, of course, never expected that any one would believe this story, which we are to take as the work of an old bachelor, a misogynist, and as a very subtle allegory. It treats, under the veil of a local fable, of the disguise of women. Woman, he tells us, is doomed by the goddess Fashion ever to appear in some shape other than her natural one. She appears—occasionally, that is, when she goes into society—always in this disguise, and never doing any harm to people. In her own castle—that is, at

home—she puts on her natural shape; but to the outer world she can never appear as she really is, until a knight has been found bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. Then the woman's form appears: the disguise drops off, she stands before her deliverer, and reveals the precious secrets of her soul. Then the flowers of love and sympathy grow up and bloom in the sunshine of love, and the real self—starved and imprisoned hitherto—springs into the light of a freer and brighter air.

Modern damsels do not, it is true, assume the disguise of a loathly dragon. That is because Fashion is kinder than she was wont to be. But under other shapes they hide themselves just as well from the knights of these days. Every young lady belongs to one of a few types, under the disguise of which she goes out to dinner and into society. She is, perhaps, the young lady disguised as a butterfly, who always talks of balls, and operas, and concerts, leading one to believe—which is quite absurd—that all her thoughts are that way directed. Or she is, in the semblance of a dove, the religious young lady: she has given up her mind to early services, vestments, and confession, or to the spiritual welfare of Quashee and Sambo. The idea that any one is going to believe that is more absurd than the other. Or, perhaps, got up as an owl, she is the young lady who goes in for study, and displays more knowledge than the admirable Crichton. Now she cannot possibly like it, or hope to persuade me that she would not much rather appear in her real shape. Or, sometimes, one has the luck to take into dinner the young lady, disguised as a magpie, who loves to talk on the very confines of those mysterious regions where young ladyhood is not supposed to penetrate. Then, under the influence of fear, anxiety, and confusion, you find the dinner slip away with a rapidity quite startling.

They are all alike in one respect. Whenever there is a new book of any importance, they are all quite sure to have read it. Darwin, for instance. I have not read that author, and do not intend to, because I care nothing at all about ancestral honours. But I always pretend to an acquaintance with the book among my disguised young ladies; and, curiously enough, *I have never yet been found out!*

All this is the disguise of society. Why

should girls be afraid of showing themselves to the world as they show themselves to their brothers? They may, if they like, spoil the curve of a lovely head by piling up a heap of false hair; or they may ruin a figure like that of the Venus of Milo by tight lacing—the dear little idiots; or they may inflict torture on themselves worse than any endured by an Indian Yogi, by wearing heels three inches high, and so being unable to stand upright. All this they may do, if they please. I am not a married man, and I have no right to interfere. But what I have a right to complain of is, that I can never get the damsels of society to show themselves as they are—to be natural—unless I go through that preliminary performance which the young lady of Cos wanted so badly. And then how do I know how she will turn out, and what she will be like? I am afraid. I am a lineal descendant of the knight who ran away, and I confess that I am afraid. Is there no other way? Perhaps this is the reason why, as Mr. Weller, senior, informed the world, more widows are married, than single women.

SUMMER SUNSET.

THE sun was sinking to ocean's rim,
As his sister rose o'er the Eastern height;
Who playfully darted an arrow at him—
An innocent arrow of silvery light.

He answered the challenge, and merrily sent
From his chrysolite quiver a golden shaft;
But the darts they met, and shivered and blent,
So well did the archers ken their ain craft.

While the stars from the hill came up in a throng,
All eager to join in the sport of their queen;
And each one hurled, as they floated along,
A bright little bolt, all cold and keen.

So the sun gave in with a gallant grace,
And his hand to the conquering maiden kissed;
O'er the wave shook his tresses, then covered his face
With a fleecy wreath of the rising mist.

TABLE TALK.

THERE is one particular column, or part of a column, as the case may be, of the *Times* and the other daily papers which has a peculiar charm for some people. I allude to the births, deaths, and marriages department. There is much of human nature in the sympathetic feeling which induces us, over our matutinal coffee and rolls, to turn to that one particular column,

and see if any of our married friends has been blessed with a son and heir; if any of our single ones has been caught in the toils of matrimony—with “no cards,” of course; or if some one of our acquaintance has paid the last debt of nature, and shuffled off this mortal coil. But I have often thought that our forefathers had a knack of advertising these momentous family events in a fashion more interesting to the general public than we do in these degenerate latter days. Take a few of the demises first, as they were announced 150 years ago:—“April, 1732.—Mr. John Middleton, wholesale boddice maker. Reputed worth £10,000.” How much more information is there in this than the bare obituary notice of the present day. Here, again, under the same date:—“Mr. W. Green, at Wandsworth. Worth £10,000. Formerly a pawnbroker.” And a little further on we have another of the same:—“Relict of Mr. Chambers, pawnbroker, of Blackmoor-street. Worth £15,000.” We now turn to the more cheerful chronicles of the marriages, about the same date:—“Mr. Bridges to Miss Knight, a lady of £10,000 fortune.” Here, however, is a still more aristocratic announcement:—“The Ld. Petre to Miss Ratcliffe, daughter to the E. of Derwent-water, whose fortune is said to be £30,000.” How the mouths of unsuccessful suitors must have watered with vexation in those days, when the lady’s fortune was thus openly confessed before the world.

A CORRESPONDENT: I am reminded by your recent christening anecdote of another. A good many years ago, the Precentor of L— Cathedral was also incumbent of a remote and primitive perpetual curacy in the county of Stafford. His clerk married late in life; but his wife produced him three children, two of which—boys—died in infancy. When the first was born, he was christened “Jonathan,” and died shortly afterwards. When the second was brought to the font, he also was christened “Jonathan.” The parson thought it odd, but made no remark at the time, as the first Jonathan was no more; but when he went by invitation, as usual, to the rural christening feast, he inquired the reason of the repetition of the name, and was satisfied by the old man’s prejudice in favour of it as being “very blessed.” Jonathan the second, however, died; and after an interval of two or three years, a girl was born, and was in due course presented by

the parents for baptism. When Mr. W. requested the sponsors to name the child, he was astonished to hear again the name of Jonathan, as he knew the child was a girl. He appealed to the father, and remonstrated that it was not a female name—but in vain; the clerk piously urged that it had pleased God to take the other two, and so they wished to have another Jonathan. Jonathan, therefore, was the name intended; Jonathan it was christened; Jonathan it was registered; and Jonathan became, and probably now is, the wife of a small farmer in the parish which—next to Stilton—makes the best cheese in the midland counties.

IN A RECENT number, at p. 307, we quoted an old French verse which illustrates that favourite excuse of all cowards—“The man that fights and runs away shall live to fight again.” Mr. Robert Bell, in his edition of Butler’s poems, published in 1855, made a foot-note of a wonderful collection of epigrams on this matter. Butler has the well-known couplet—

“For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that’s slain.”

On this Mr. Bell remarks that Demosthenes, when reproached for running away from Philip of Macedon, replied, “A man that runs away may fight again.” Scarron has—

“Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi,
Qui meurt, il n’en est pas ainsi.”

In Nicholas Udall’s version of the Latin apophthegms of Erasmus, A.D. 1542, there is—

“That same man that renneth awaie
Maie again fight an other daie.”

And in the “Musarum Deliciae,” A.D. 1656, there is—

“He that is in battle slain
Can never rise to fight again;
But he that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.”

The prudence of Demosthenes has borne much fruit.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

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By SIR CHARLES LAURENCE YOUNG.

CHAPTER III.



IF you find yourself bored, Lyall," said Ravenshill, "just mention it, and I'll leave off. At an early period of my chequered career, I was unhappily, or happily, left an orphan. I was, however, believed to be the destined heir of a large fortune, which an uncle had publicly stated he should bequeath to me. I never saw this uncle, except when I was quite a child. I was born on the Continent—in Germany. I do not think I cared much for the Vaterland, for I certainly grew to love change of scene. Consequently, as a boy, I never stayed long at one school. My general impression is, that I was educated here, there, and everywhere. If I liked my educational sphere, I remained there a year or so; if I did not, I ran away at once. I was not responsible to any one in particular, as far as I could make out. The uncle I have mentioned was my guardian, and, I presume, he must have been of much the same free and easy disposition as myself; or his behaviour might have resulted, and probably did result, from the most supreme indifference as to what became of me. Hence, I encountered no difficulties on his part when I objected to any of the educational spheres I have alluded to. I was at school in Germany, in France, in Switzerland; and, in process of time, matriculated

at St. James's. A little while ago, my uncle took it into his head to shuffle off this mortal coil. His will was read, and astonished everybody except myself. I assure you, it is much more convenient never to be astonished at anything. His real and personal estate—about ten or twelve thousand a-year—was devised to me on condition that I should marry my cousin, Maude Mourilyan, within three years of his decease. In the meantime, it is in the hands of trustees, who have to pay me the magnificent sum of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year. If I should fail in discharging this absurd condition, the estate is to be divided for the benefit of certain charitable institutions; and the principal sum, from which my present income is derived, is to be handed over absolutely to me. *Voilà tout.*"

"How long ago is it since your uncle died?" asked Lyall.

"Six months."

"Then, my excellent friend, why in the world are you not married yet?"

"Ah, I thought you would ask that question. You always were an easy-going sort of fellow, Lyall, whose motto is 'anything for a quiet life.' And, under my circumstances, you would marry a woman as soon as smoke your cigar. As it happens, I am of a different temperament."

"I should scarcely have thought so."

"Of course, you cannot appreciate my difficulty. It wouldn't be you if you did. To me, liberty is everything. Fancy tying yourself down to a woman you didn't care a straw about, simply for the sake of ten thousand a-year! Absurd!"

"Well, it may be absurd. But I shouldn't mind trying the experiment."

"Ah, Lyall, I wish we could change places. I would prefer being a rising bar-rister."

"Rising!—ha, ha! Yes, like a balloon—because you are lighter than the surrounding atmosphere."

"Well, that's better than crawling along the ground."

"But, tell me, Ravenshill. Have you ever seen this young lady, Miss Maude Mourilyan?"

"No; but I can quite imagine her. Indeed, my fancy has so often painted her, that I should recognize her portrait anywhere. A bony sort of girl; high nose, stone-coloured skin, screwed-up lips; small eyes and thin hair; skimpy figure and bad complexion. Oh, I know her, Lyall."

"What nonsense! For all you know, she may be beautiful—"

"Oh, yes—she may be; but I am certain she isn't. It is not my luck, my dear Lyall. A beautiful bride, with ten thousand a-year, is the sort of thing I used to make romances about when I was twelve years old. I am rather more than that now, and not quite so imaginative. Talking of beauty, did you observe two girls go by here just now?"

"English girls? Yes, I saw them. Was there any beauty there?"

"I am bound to say that nature appears to have been kind to them. Oddly enough, one of them is an old acquaintance. I rescued her once from the rude hands of an extortionate driver of public vehicles. I rather think I was induced to punch his head, and was summoned before a magistrate in consequence."

"I hope she was sufficiently grateful."

"I have no doubt she was—but she never told me so. She certainly did not remember me just now when I passed her. She looked full at me—bestowed on me a stony glare—and nothing else."

"My good friend, how could you expect anybody to recognize you in such a work-house suit of clothes?"

"Ah, Lyall, that's just it. It's wonderful what a difference a well-cut coat makes in a man's social appearance. What do they say—nine tailors make one man? Bosh, my dear fellow—one tailor makes nine men: that's the fact."

"Let us be serious, Ravenshill. I, at all events, cannot bear to see you in this state. How are you living?"

Ravenshill burst into a merry laugh.

"Upon my word, you puzzle me for an answer. I really hardly know how I do live. I have been picking up a few extra francs by—don't laugh—by teaching English. Rather a good notion, isn't it? I wonder what they would say at Oxford, if it was known

at St. James's that Louis Ravenshill had turned into a professor of English! Ha, ha!"

"My dear Ravenshill, this is no laughing matter. You have not reflected as seriously as you ought. Now, take my advice—take counsel's opinion, honestly given, and without a fee. Come back to England with me, and see if you can't contrive to hit it off with Miss Mourilyan: take your ten thousand a-year, and your position, which is yours by right, and be—not simply respectable—but an ornament to society. Now, look here—I am going to meet a friend of mine at Leghorn, who is the happy owner of a charming yacht. If you will, I can get you a passage back to England in the *Minerva*. Anyhow, the voyage will be delicious. Now, make up your mind, and say you will come."

"My dear Lyall, the offer is very tempting, as far as the voyage is concerned; but I am inclined to think that your friend would be in a perpetual state of anxiety as to his plate and other valuables, if he had such a wretched-looking fellow as I on board."

"Nonsense. I will sign a bond for their safety, if he has any misgivings. Besides, I can rig you out with some yachting garments."

"You are an awfully good fellow, Lyall!" exclaimed Ravenshill, seizing his hand, "upon my word. I'll think about it."

At this point, their conversation was interrupted by the shabby-genteel man—who, hat in hand, came forward once more, and said—

"Has monsieur completely and entirely finished with the *Giornale*?" pointing to the newspaper Lyall had put down.

"Completely and entirely," returned Lyall.

And, with an apologetic gesture, the shabby man took it away; and this time sat down a little nearer to the two Englishmen.

"Confound that fellow!" muttered Lyall, "he looks like a police spy. Come, Louis, I have been about two hours at my breakfast, and I think it is time to move on. Stay here a moment while I go inside, and pay my reckoning."

He went in, and left his friend outside.

It took some little time to cast up Mr. Lyall's various items; and when that was done, and he had received his change, he lingered a little longer to have some gossip about Florence and the Florentines with the well-dressed, handsome lady who pre-

sided over the bureau of the restaurant. His surprise was great when, going to rejoin his friend, he met Ravenshill, pale and silent, in the doorway.

"Why, what is the matter, Louis—are you ill?"

Ravenshill merely directed his friend's gaze towards the farthest corner of the piazza, and there he saw again the figures of the two young English ladies whom he had previously noticed. Neither Ravenshill nor Lyall, however, observed that the man who had asked for a light for his cigar, and subsequently for the newspaper, was then stealthily crossing the piazza in the direction that the two ladies had taken.

"Ah! I see. The fair unknown. What then?"

"Unknown no longer, Lyall. It's all over. Take me away to the yacht. Hide me among the pirates of the Archipelago, if you please. There's a train at Leghorn in half an hour. Come along!"

"What on earth are you raving about?"

"One of those English girls is the cousin I have told you about—Maude Mourilyan. They passed close to me, and I heard what they were saying. The fair one said—'The mosaicist made out my name well enough; did he not, Maude? The Signorina Dunn was easy enough for him; but what a sad mess he made of Mourilyan!'"

"Then the dark-haired one, with the gray eyes, is your long-lost cousin, eh? Upon my word, Louis, I congratulate you."

"Thank you, Lyall; but I don't want to be congratulated. Oh, that the yacht was in the next street, sails set, and a fair breeze!"

"Why, what nonsense you are talking, man—she does not even know you."

"I tell you, Lyall, that we have met before. She may recognize me next time we meet—may find out who I am."

"Louis, Louis, do try and be sensible. Run away from a beautiful wife, and ten thousand a-year!"

"Lyall, it's no use talking to me," returned Ravenshill, in a more serious tone than he had yet used, and which made his friend regard him gravely. "I wish to shun that girl. Ever since I was made acquainted with the terms of my uncle's will, I have felt an antipathy to the cousin for whom he destined me. Of course, it was unreasonable; for I believed that I had never seen her, and knew, by report, but little of her."

"Acknowledging so much, why not be reasonable, and try and conquer your absurd aversion?"

"I might do so—only I tell you, that now I know I have seen her before."

"But how on earth does that fact alter the circumstances?" exclaimed Lyall, somewhat impatiently.

"Do you believe in presentiments?" asked Louis, quietly.

"Firmly. A surer sign of dyspepsia I have never known."

"My belief goes a little farther than that. When first I saw the girl, her face made a great impression on me, and I had a sort of notion we should meet again. I admit now, as I could not but admit then, that she has a fascinating face; but in the idea of meeting her again I took no pleasure."

"Tut, man! Sympathy was at work by contradictories. You are meant for each other. Why fight against so pleasant a fate?"

"Simply because it is not pleasant. I own that there are youth, beauty, and fortune; but—"

"More buts?"

"I feel an intuitive dislike to her."

"Is that all? My dear friend, what does that great authority, Mrs. Malaprop, tell us? These things always begin 'with a little aversion.' The notion that well-meaning female intended to convey was, probably, never believe in love at first sight."

"I do not; but I do believe in mistrust at first sight."

"What a horribly suspicious fellow you are, Louis. My small experience of my learned profession is founded principally on the criminal branch, but I think I have a greater respect for humanity than you have."

"It's no use talking, Lyall, I tell you. You have made me an offer of taking me away in a yacht—I close with that offer; only let us go at once."

"I seriously doubt whether I am justified in taking you away now."

"As you please. I leave Florence to-night: it remains with you to decide whether we shall go together or not."

"Well, if you put it in that way," answered Lyall, resignedly, "I suppose I have no alternative. You will allow me to pack up, I presume?"

"Of course. Where are you staying?"

"At the Hôtel de Ville."

"Ah! I reside in a humbler quarter. I

will walk back with you, and we can arrange what train we will go by."

"Very well. If you have made up your mind, I don't see that I have anything more to say. A man who refuses ten thousand a-year, simply because a young and pretty wife is thrown in, is past all ordinary argument."

"You are quite right, Lyall—he is."

Lyall shrugged his shoulders, as if further argument would indeed be waste of breath; and the young men left the piazza, and walked in the direction of Lyall's hotel. As they were leaving the square, the black-bearded, shabby-genteel man passed them hurriedly, looking at a small scrap of paper he held in his hand. He went straight to the *café*, and called for absinthe.

He re-read what was written on the paper.

"*'I will come to you at dawn.'* Dawn, eh? Bright omen for the unhappy Steno. Ha, ha! To think of chancing on her here! Steno, my son, the smiles of fortune are not all exhausted yet. You have been neglectful, Steno. You have lost sight, for a time, of your duties. You are happily reminded of them. To all appearances, duty is becoming pleasant. I am actually impatient to begin. Dawn, eh? How shall I amuse myself till then? To sleep, my boy—to sleep through this inexorably sunny afternoon. Afterwards, you may dine—dine on your wretched principal. Relief is coming to the starved garrison."

He finished his strong drink, and slunk away from the gay *café* and shining piazza to more congenial shades.

CHAPTER IV.

NIGHT fell upon Florence. There had been gay crowds in the Cascine all the evening. Many carriages, full of brilliantly dressed ladies, had been drawn up in the large open space where the Grand Ducal band, in those days, used to play. Many were the cavaliers. Intrigue reigned supreme, in alliance with a sickly and sensuous sentiment, which the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen of all nations there assembled chose to glorify by the name of Love. Two young English ladies, who had been driving about alone, had attracted considerable attention, and light tongues were busy with them. No one knew them—which was sufficient for many Lotharios to pretend they did. One Englishman, with a cynical turn of mind apparently, had wan-

dered among the carriages, and, with the utmost indifference to the muttered oburgations of Italian coachmen, in gaudy but ill-fitting liveries, had bobbed his way among the horses, and mentally appraised the virtues of bipeds and quadrupeds. This was Ralph Lyall, who was taking his last stroll in Florence previous to his departure for Leghorn. One seedily attired individual had peered and spied from bushes and shady corners, and once or twice had seen what he came to see, and was apparently pleased with the result of his observations. This was the black-bearded man who, in his soliloquies, addressed himself as Steno. But night came. The gay throng sought still gayer haunts, and nature's fireflies were left in undisturbed possession of the scene.

Steno was well-nigh the last to leave the gardens. He had come at dusk to look at those among whom it scarcely seemed his lot to mingle, and his greedy eyes followed impatiently the handsome equipages and their well-dressed freight. And yet, from his position in the background, whence he could see without being seen, he appeared to recognize many of the easy gentlemen, and not a few of the fashionable ladies. When the last carriage had left, he too turned his steps towards the town, and eventually entered a small restaurant, where, after consulting his purse, he ordered and enjoyed a small and inexpensive dinner. Later on, when the moon was up, and the gay Florentines were flitting to and fro, from *conversazione* to ball, this same man was wandering through the streets, and at last hid himself with kindred spirits in a crowded gambling-room. Midnight had long passed when he climbed to the attic which he called his lodging. The room was meanly furnished, but there was an attempt at order in the arrangements. There were some poor flowers in a broken glass; the toilet table—if so it could be called—boasted a few china ornaments; razors and hair brushes were neatly set out; boots and clothes, worn and threadbare as they were, were put aside and folded with care; and one might distantly suspect that the occupant of the room had once seen better days. The window was wide open, and the moon shone in brilliantly. Steno hastened to close the window, shivering.

"Br-r! No warmer here than in the streets! Talk of an Italian night! Yes—all very well for three or four months in the

year, but in the spring I think I'd as soon be in England even. Ah, you cruel moon! No wonder they call you chaste—you're as cold as ice. If there were shutters to my luxurious apartment, I would shut you out. I hate you! When night comes, let it be dark—dark as pitch. There's nothing here to eat—I know it; but I think there is a little drop to drink."

He had lit no candle, so groped his way to a cupboard, and took thence a bottle and glass. He held the former up between himself and the moon.

"Only a very little drop; but what there is is strong. Now, then, shall I go to bed? No, Steno, my boy, you are compelled for a season to be a bird of the night. In the glare of day you sleep; in the silent night, you move and catch your prey. You were different once. Not a man in those gardens to-night drove horses that could equal mine. But the wheel of Fortune!—it will be my turn again by and by."

He went to the miserable washing-stand, and poured out some water, and hastily bathed his face. It was a face that might have been handsome, were it not that it bore the unmistakable stamp of vice and dissipation.

"The riot of the gambling hell has fevered you, Steno—calm yourself, calm yourself. You are to have a visitor at dawn. You have to arrange your terms. It may be you will have to act a part with madame—I beg her virtuous pardon—mademoiselle. Let us see. Ah! here in my portmanteau are the important documents it may be necessary to flourish. In your language, you may be eloquent; but in your stipulations, it is simply your duty to be firm."

He thrust a small packet into the breast pocket of his coat, and again approached the window, and looked out over the silent roofs and towers.

"At last, the freezing moon is setting now, and dawn is breaking in the eastern sky. Precious city! Your beauty and your stillness may deceive the poet or painter, but not me. But man must live; and to man, money is life. Will Nina keep her word? There is the first train starting for Leghorn: is she in it? No; she knows how keen a hunter I can be. Hush!—I hear a footstep on the stairs. Is it coming up as high as this? Yes—behold her!"

He threw the door wide open, and bowed,

with feigned or real politeness, as a veiled lady entered.

"Permit me to welcome you to my poor abode. You may be sure that it is not my fault that I cannot receive you in the most sumptuous apartment of this luxurious city."

He approached her; but she shrank from him, as if in disgust. He paused, and bit his lip.

"Is it necessary to keep up this tone with me?" she coldly asked; "or has it become a second nature with you?"

"Pardon me. I could never receive a lady otherwise than as a gentleman should do. I apologize that my reception-room is inadequate to the present occasion; and now, having discharged social obligations, let us proceed to business."

He motioned her to take the only chair the room possessed. She declined with an imperious gesture, and said—

"'Tis for business I am here. There exists a compact between us; and to fulfil my part, I am here now."

"Forgive me if I remind you of the terms of the compact. They are——"

"You need not repeat them," she exclaimed. "Heaven knows I cannot forget them! But we have now merely to deal with the monetary part. What is your demand?"

"Your brilliancy and wit, Nina—" he commenced; but she looked at him so fiercely as he allowed her name to pass his lips, that he said—"I ask your pardon, Miss—Dunn, is it not? Your brilliancy and wit, I say, must be taken into consideration. I am somewhat threadbare as to my clothes, as you perceive; poorly lodged, as you also perceive—generally out at elbows, I regret to say: while you, Miss Dunn, are, to all appearances, in a much more comfortable situation. Under all the circumstances, I think if I limit my demand to the trifling sum of one thousand francs, you will be forced to admit that I am not exorbitant."

"That is twice as much as last time. However, I anticipated you. Here are twelve hundred francs—all that I have scraped together."

"Since last I had the felicity of seeing you, madame—pardon me again: mademoiselle—I congratulate you on the result of honest industry."

And he took the little purse she offered him.

"Now, answer me," she said, gathering her shawl around her, as if preparing to depart—"I have dealt fairly by you, have I not?"

Steno bowed acknowledgment.

"I have done more for you than you expected, have I not?"

Steno bowed again.

"I expect an honourable—no, that word is out of place—I expect a fair return."

"Not unnaturally. Pray command my humble services."

"I want no services. I know that I cannot escape you. I only ask you to be reasonable. Do not trouble me again for at least six months."

"Six months! Half a year! An age—a lifetime! How can I exist without you?"

"Do as you please. Sometimes I grow weary of my bondage, and half determine—never mind that. Do as I ask you, and—I cannot do better than appeal to your selfishness—it will be more profitable to you."

"That is an appeal to my higher feelings which I cannot resist. I am not far wrong, perhaps, if I venture to surmise that you are engaged in some—shall we say intrigue?"

"You may surmise or say what you like," said Nina, wearily. "It is enough for you if I am sufficiently successful to be able to give you something now and then, to help you through your miserable life."

"Miserable life, indeed!" retorted Steno, with a short laugh. "Let me tell you, it is not, to my fancy, one-half so miserable as death. Ah," he continued, in a softer voice, "why can you not have a little confidence in me? Are you sure I could be of no service to you? Two heads—and such heads!—are better than one."

"I do not think so. I must now return. Remember what I have told you—keep away from me, and it will be the better for you."

"A threat?"

"No—a promise. My life is not so full of hope and happiness, that I should consider death as miserable as you do. And if you wish for anything more from me—keep away from me."

"Ah, you did not speak so to me once."

"Silence!" she exclaimed, fiercely. "Let the hateful past alone. You have made me what I am, and I curse you for it every day. Bound to you, in one sense, I am. Beneath your wretched roof though I stand at this moment, there are not two people in the

wide world between whom there yawns a deeper gulf than between us two. Stand aside from the door—let me pass."

Cowed by her firm tone and imperious manner, he held the door open for her, and ventured upon nothing more.

Silently and secretly, as she had left her apartments, she returned to them; and when Maude came in to call her—as was her wont—she found Miss Nina Dunn sleeping peacefully as a child.

Steno, after his visitor had departed, sat down, and mused for a long time.

"Twelve hundred francs! I can treble that at play in a week, I think. Then to Baden, my infant; and then, perhaps, we may visit the shores of Albion."

THE INFANCY OF RAILWAYS.

IN these go-ahead days of progress, when railways stretch over the face of the land in every direction, like one huge cobweb; when even the high streets of our metropolis are tunnelled, because we cannot find room to get along fast enough above ground; when a message can be sent to the other end of the kingdom for a shilling, and an answer received in an hour; people take these things as matters of course—much as if they were institutions of past generations, and handed down to them from time immemorial. Our fathers before us took not their seats, on a cold winter's day, outside the coach just starting from the Peacock, at Islington, for the far North, with more composure than we jump into a first-class carriage of the night express, duly envelop ourselves in the orthodox rug, and expect to find ourselves at Carlisle the next morning. Even the most reflective among us, when spinning along at the rate of a mile a minute, with trees, cattle, houses, everything whirling past us in the black night—like frantic ghosts of another world on the wings of a fearful blast—seldom take the trouble to think that all this is but the work of our own lifetime. Not fifty years ago, the idea even of railways ever becoming the great traffic system of the country was scouted with ridicule by ninety-nine people out of a hundred. Even the original promoters of some of the greatest lines of the present day had no anticipations of the destined growth of an immense passenger traffic. The Stockton and Darlington—or "the Quakers' line," as it is still called, from

having been formed by Mr. Pease, with the assistance of the Richardsons, Backhouses, and other members of the Society of Friends—was only intended in the first place as a coal line; and the next important railway on the list, the Liverpool and Manchester—to which we shall advert more at large immediately—was only projected for the easier conveyance of manufactured and other goods. If the ideas of the first promoters of the railway system were thus limited, and as those ideas—moderate as they seem to us at the present day—were regarded by the majority of people then as, at the best, but pleasant hallucinations, it will not be difficult to understand the fierce struggle against popular prejudice which the incipient railway system was of necessity forced to endure. Ignorant people and country farmers had a sincere horror of the new locomotive, which, puffing, blowing, and snorting on its way, impressed their superstitious minds with the idea that all was not right, and that the Evil One himself had no small share in the invention. Plain horses, waggons, and coaches they could understand; but this new and ominous steam carriage was beyond their comprehension. Vested interests had much to do, also, in keeping up the prejudice. As in the case of all new inventions and improvements, some already long-established sources of profit must necessarily be disturbed; and many of the opponents of the railways—who were not, perhaps, in their own inner consciences so virtuously sceptical as they pretended to be—were determined, for the sake of any harm or injury that might accrue to themselves from the possible success of the new scheme, to damn it as much as possible, by fair means or foul, in the common mind. When George Stephenson, the father of our now mighty railway system, was making his survey for the Grand Junction line, he was obliged to call upon some of the landowners to request permission to go upon their grounds. His surprise may be imagined when he found that the agents of some of the canal companies had been there before him, and instilled most emphatically in the minds of the farmers the belief that the new steam engine was a most horrible machine, emitting a breath as poisonous as the fabled dragon of old; and that, if a bird flew over the district where one of these locomotives passed, it was sure to fall dead immediately. And even after the establishment of railways as an acknowledged com-

mercial necessity, the old idea of dread found place in the minds of the more pristine inhabitants for a long while. Mr. Smiles tells us that the same prejudices existed in France; and that when the railway from Paris to Marseilles was projected to pass through Lyons, a local prophet predicted that if the line were made, the city would be ruined—“*Ville traversée, ville perdue.*” Another local print denounced the locomotive and the electric telegraph as heralding the reign of Antichrist. There was much really genuine misunderstanding, too, among simple people, who were unacquainted with the more energetic ways and manners of their brethren of the large towns, as to the new invention. We remember hearing a story of an old Highland peasant, who happened to see a railway engine for the first time. He was coming down from the Grampians into Perthshire, and he thus described the novel monster as it appeared in his astounded Celtic imagination:—“I was looking doon the glens, when I saw a funny beast blowing off his perspiration; and I ran doon, and I tried to stop him, but he just gave an awfu’ skirl, and disappeared into a hole” (meaning, of course, a tunnel).

But passing over these mere vulgar prejudices, which, after all, have little influence in the long run over the success of any valuable and practical innovation, the real difficulty which the pioneers of the new era had to encounter was in the opposition of the landed and commercial interests of the day. The territorial aristocracy declared war to the knife against the new idea.

An immense amount of alarm was created in the minds of the country gentlemen. They did not relish the idea of private individuals, principally resident in the manufacturing districts, invading their domains; and they everywhere rose in arms against the “new-fangled roads.” Colonel Sibthorp openly declared his hatred of the “infernal railroads,” and said that he “would sooner meet a highwayman, or see a burglar on his premises, than an engineer.” Mr. Berkeley, the member for Cheltenham, at a public meeting in that town, re-echoed Colonel Sibthorp’s sentiments, and “wished that the concoctors of every such scheme, with their solicitors and engineers, were at rest in Paradise!” The impression prevailed among the rural classes that fox covers and game preserves would be seriously prejudiced by the formation

of railroads; that agricultural communication would be destroyed, land thrown out of cultivation, landowners and farmers reduced to beggary, the poor rates increased through the number of persons thrown out of employment by the railways, and all this in order that Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham shopkeepers might establish a monstrous monopoly in railway traffic!

The great turning point, however, in all this opposition to the new system which revolutionized the world was in the matter of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad Bill, which came before a committee of the House of Commons on the 21st of March, 1825. The proposed railway, as we have stated before, was only intended as a means of cheaper and more expeditious traffic for goods. But this alone was sufficient to arouse the strenuous and determined opposition of the traffic owners under the old system. The mode of conveyance for goods at this time was either by canals or land carriage; and it was readily apparent to those interested, that, if the proposed measure were allowed to succeed, the old certainty of regular profits would be, if not entirely gone, at least deplorably diminished.

The opponents of the measure employed all their strength to stifle the new venture. They succeeded in gaining their point for the moment; but the history of this long and wearisome investigation, which lasted for thirty-seven days, must always be regarded as the story of the first great crisis in the railway annals of this country.

The most eminent counsel were employed on both sides. On the part of the promoters of the bill appeared Mr. Adam, Mr. Serjeant Spankie, Mr. William Brougham, and Mr. Joy. The other side had employed all their wealth and influence to retain the most prominent counsel of the day—such as Mr. (afterwards Baron) Alderson, Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Parke (afterwards Lord Wensleydale), Mr. Rose, Mr. Macdonnell, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Erle, and Mr. Cullen.

Evidence was shown on the part of the promoters, in abundance, to prove the necessity of the new railway. The clerk of a Mr. Brooks, a large Manchester merchant, gave most striking facts in their favour. This witness stated that out of 1,562 cases sent by his employer's firm for exportation from this country to America, only 488 were sent by the canals, the rest went by land

carriage. For such was the state of the communication, that they could not venture to trust their goods to be carried by the canal. In using the canals, it was always necessary to allow three days' grace; and it often happened that goods passed at the Custom House to go by a particular ship, in consequence of not arriving in time, were left behind.

And in the question of expedition, too, it was proved—although, for that matter, no proof of such a well-known fact was required—that it was a daily occurrence for goods to come more quickly from New York to Liverpool than from Liverpool to Manchester.

Other advantages which, in many ways, the new railway would have over the old canal system, were clearly represented before the committee by their counsel. In the first place, engines could run by night equally as well as by day; while it would be madness to attempt night journeys with barges, owing to certain fluctuations of the tides in going down from Liverpool to Runcorn. Again, whilst the canal was thirty-six hours in performing the journey, the railroad would be able to do it three times in one day.

Another most important argument in favour of the new scheme was that it would be cheaper. The cost for carrying cotton, for instance, by the canal was fifteen shillings per ton: the new railway would take it at the rate of ten shillings.

These and many other incontestable arguments were adduced in favour of the bill; but the great point of all was to prove the practicability of a railroad to be worked by locomotive power. The most important witness on this occasion—and, indeed, the most important witness through the whole inquiry—was George Stephenson himself, the engineer of the proposed railway. To show how crude the ideas of even the advocates of the new scheme were, we need only quote a few of the questions and answers which passed between Stephenson and one of the counsel on his side. Such a dialogue at the present day would seem ridiculous; but it is worth repeating, if only to contrast the present perfection of the engines of our own time with those patriarchal, yet much more dreaded, machines which George Stephenson was called upon to defend before a hostile committee of the House of Commons.

Q. Are those engines, when in motion, easily manageable?

A. They are very easily managed—much easier than a horse.

Q. It depends, perhaps, a little upon the nature of the horse. In what period of time could you stop one suddenly?

A. Say a quarter of a minute; and even less than that—considerably less.

Q. Will you say that you could stop it sooner than a stage coach?

A. I think quite as soon?

Q. Can any of those you have constructed which go at the rate of three to five miles an hour, be so stopped?

A. Easily.

Q. Have you stopped any of those in the short time you have mentioned?

A. We have.

Q. In about a quarter of a minute?

A. In a much less time.

Q. Do you conceive it would be possible to stop them in anything like that time, if going seven or eight miles an hour?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. Have you witnessed horses, either in harness or saddle, approach them near when working?

A. I have.

Q. In few instances, or frequently?

A. I can refer to two gentlemen who rode past them. There is one here, and the other I think I have seen here also.

Q. Have you seen them go very near to the engines?

A. Yes, I have.

Q. For a long period of years?

A. Yes, for eleven years past.

Q. Are they formidable to horses?

A. No more than a mail coach. Not so much.

Q. I suppose there are some horses which will shy at a mail coach?

A. I have seen the mare which this gentleman rode shy more at a mail coach.

Q. Had it been your own horse?

A. It had.

Q. I really thought it had been a canal horse.

A. It was a canal gentleman that was upon it.

Q. There are some horses that will shy at anything—for that is what it comes to.

A. Yes. I can only say there was a good deal of the mule in it.

Q. Was it one of those horses that will

put its head into a hedge or a ditch, if it meets anything?

A. Yes, something of that sort.

Q. It would shy at anything?

A. Yes—it would at a wheelbarrow.

Q. Joking apart, do you conceive that a well-broken horse would face one of the engines?

A. It would. I have seen a well-bred horse come close up to one.

Q. Have you seen cattle in the neighbouring fields grazing while the engine has been at work?

A. I have seen cattle grazing in the neighbouring fields which the engine touched almost when passing.

Q. How did the horses bear it which were at plough?

A. They seemed to take no notice of it.

Q. My learned friend suggested they were blind. Did you ever witness horses that could see pass the engines.

A. I never recollect seeing any blind ones.

Some members of the committee, however, in their would-be posers to witnesses, occasionally received a Roland for an Oliver.

One question was this—

“Suppose, now, one of those engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of an engine—would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?”

“Yes,” replied the witness, in his broad country dialect, with sly humour—“very awkward for the *cow*.”

On another occasion, on the question as to whether the engines would not frighten horses—

Q. Is not this tube sometimes red-hot?

A. Yes.

Q. Would not that frighten a horse?

A. I do not think it would; for how is a horse to know it is red-hot?

Q. Then you think if they were to put a red-hot poker to a horse's nose, he would not know whether it was red-hot or not?

A. If it was put so near as to burn him, he would be frightened at it; but if you were to take a thing painted red, and another red-hot, he would not know the difference.

Stephenson proved to the satisfaction of every unbiassed hearer the perfect feasibility of his scheme. He was very nearly, indeed, proving too much.

The great point on which he was most severely cross-examined was that of speed. That very quality of an engine which is now its chief merit—namely, the greatest speed possible in the shortest possible time—was a *bête noir* in the eyes of the committee.

If Stephenson had been sufficiently off his guard to have confessed the truth that his engines could go fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, the bill would have been irretrievably lost. The utmost limit he dared to reach was eight or nine miles an hour. Mr. Alderson tried hard to bring him up to twelve miles an hour; but Stephenson had his cue, and kept it.

One of the most curious parts of Stephenson's evidence was that in which he described the opposition and dangers which he encountered in making his preliminary surveys:—

Q. You were asked about the quality of the soil through which you were to bore in order to ascertain the strata, and you were rather taunted because you had not ascertained the precise strata. Had you any opportunity of boring?

A. I had none. I was threatened to be driven off the ground and severely used if I were found upon the ground.

Q. You were quite right, then, not to attempt to bore?

A. Of course. I durst not attempt to bore after those threats.

Q. Were you exposed to any inconvenience in taking your surveys in consequence of those interruptions?

A. We were.

Q. On whose property?

A. On my Lord Sefton's, Lord Derby's, and particularly Mr. Bradshaw's part.

Q. I believe you came near the coping of some of the canals?

A. I believe I was threatened to be ducked in the pond if I proceeded, and of course we had a great deal of the survey to take by stealth, at the time when the persons were at dinner. We could not get it by night, for we were watched day and night, and guns were discharged over the grounds belonging to Captain Bradshaw to prevent us. I can state, further, I was twice turned off the ground myself by his men, and they said, "if I did not go instantly, they would take me up and carry me off to Worsley."

But these sturdy pioneers of the national enterprise were not to be easily defeated in their objects; and on the saving principle, we suppose, that the end justifies the means, not unfrequently resorted to rather bold expedients. One of the most amusing of them was the ruse played off upon Lord Sefton's keepers and farmers:—"A minute was concocted, purporting to be a resolution of the old Quay Canal Company, to oppose the projected railroad by every possible means, and calling upon landowners and others to afford every facility for making such a survey of the intended line as should enable the opponents to detect errors in the scheme of the promoters, and thereby ensure its defeat. A copy of this minute, without any signature, was exhibited by the surveyors, who went upon the ground; and the farmers, believing them to have the sanction of the landlords, permitted them to proceed with the hasty completion of the survey."

Many other schemes of a like shrewd character were resorted to by the surveying parties on different occasions, such as hurriedly seizing the opportunity when the country folk were at church on Sunday at noon. Night surprises soon became dangerous; for the landlords, getting awake to the tactics of the enemy, gave strict injunctions to their keepers to be on the look-out for any sudden descents of the enemy. But even those most cunning of men, the game-keepers, were sometimes deceived. A shot would be heard through the silent night at some distant part of the lands. Away would go the keepers to the spot whence the sound proceeded, breathing vengeance against imaginary poachers; and, before they had returned to discover the trick which had been played upon them, the surveying party had been down like hawks, and completed their work.

Taken altogether, however, this surveying work was far from smooth sailing. Many were the hand-to-hand fights with the myrmidons of the wealthy opposition. At one time, a member of the party would be run through the back with a pitchfork; at another, a general scrimmage would ensue, in which heads would be broken, and that mysterious and detested instrument in the eyes of the ignorant rustics, the theodolite, would be smashed to fragments in the *mêlée*. At Knowsley, the intrepid Stephenson positively bearded the lion in his den.

Lord Derby's tenants and servants were mustered in strong force, with orders to drive off from the grounds summarily any of the obnoxious "railway fellows." But Stephenson made a sudden swoop upon the place with a still stronger force of men, which awed any serious resistance; and the only result was the threat of an action for trespass.

It is a matter of railway history that this first attempt to pass the bill ended in failure; but, in a modified form, it was carried through both Houses next session—the cost of obtaining the act amounting, by the bye, to the enormous sum of £27,000.

The temper and acrimony shown on the part of the Opposition, during the sitting on the first bill, sound discreditable enough at the present moment. Stephenson himself, speaking of his own part in it afterwards, says—

"I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all positions—the witness-box of a Parliamentary committee. I was not long in it before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. I was subjected to the cross-examination of eight or ten barristers—purposely, as far as possible, to bewilder me. Some member of the committee"—not understanding his strong Northumbrian "burr"—"asked if I was a foreigner; and another hinted that I was mad."

One or two excerpts from the delicate remarks of counsel, in their concluding remarks upon the scheme and its advocates, are sufficient to show the unscrupulous animus which prevailed.

Mr. Alderson, for instance, says:—"And I beg to claim here the support of every individual, when I say that this is the most absurd scheme that ever entered into the head of a man to conceive." And again:—"They wished me to put in the plan, but I had rather have the exhibition of Mr. Stephenson in that box. I say that he never had a plan. I believe he never had one. I do not believe he is capable of making one."

Mr. Alderson lived long enough, we hope, to alter his opinion on this last point rather considerably, and to modify his sweeping decision that "it is plainly shown now, how utterly and totally devoid he" (Mr. Stephenson) "is of common science."

The leading actors in this remarkable struggle have passed away, and the ani-

mosities aroused at that time have long paled into insignificance in the marvelously rapid and universal extension of that railway system which, in its infancy, found so many anxious and willing to strangle it in its cradle.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I VISIT NEWGATE.

THOUGH I had felt brave enough when I was conversing with Mr. Defoe, being full of excitement at the thought of the tragic position of poor Aunt Hetty, whom I had always pictured to myself as the blooming girl whose portrait hung up in my room at Selwode, I began to quake with an indescribable feeling of affright, solemnity, and importance, mingled with certain rebellious impulses of resisting lawful authority, as I drew near home.

I was conscious of walking through the streets that lay between the Strand and Soho-square as one who had something beyond the common affairs of life upon my mind; and perhaps Jenny perceived it, for she forbore making any remarks upon the shops or buildings, as was her ordinary custom. Once I thought of giving her a caution not to speak to the other servants of the gentleman with whom I had met; and then, again, it seemed as if I might but raise her curiosity by so doing; wherefore I judged it best to say nothing until I had spoken to my mother.

The first person I saw when I entered our house was Clarinda, who had come to say good-bye before going to Windsor, and was just then going away.

"What is the matter, child?" said she. "You look as if you had the affairs of the realm on your shoulders. What makes you so pale and so solemn?"

I was going to say, "Nothing," but truth happily sealed my lips.

"Well, I haven't time to stay and hear to-day," said she; "but I expect a full, true, and particular account the next time I see you. I believe you have seen a ghost—only ghosts do not usually walk about at mid-day."

My mother was but a few steps behind Clarinda, and when she had bidden her farewell she turned to me.

"Are you tired, Grace," she asked; "or is there anything the matter?"

And, drawing me into the dining-room, she made me sit down, and poured out a glass of wine for me.

"But I could not drink it, and all I could do, after my high-flown resolves as I came along, was to stammer out—

"Mother, I have something to tell you." But how to tell her, or where to begin, appeared to me hopeless.

My mother looked anxious.

"Nothing bad, Grace?"

"Very dreadful," I returned, as the picture that Mr. Defoe had drawn rose up before me, with my own colouring. "Mother," I added, with a great gasp, "Aunt Hetty is in prison—in Newgate."

It was now my mother's turn to grow pale; and she trembled so, that all my strength came back to me, and I made her sit down and drink the wine she had intended for me.

"How know you this, Grace? Who told it to you?"

"Mr. Defoe. He was on his way to Newgate to see Aunt Hetty and her husband when he met me."

And then I poured forth all that Mr. Defoe had told me, as well as I could, from the confused manner in which, owing to my excitement, I had listened to it. How Mr. Archibald Graeme had gotten into Newgate was more than I could tell her—I only knew that he was there, and that he was dying, and that Aunt Hetty was like to die too.

"Hetty in Newgate!" she said, over and over again. "Does your Uncle Oliver know this?"

"No," I answered. "Aunt Hetty made Mr. Defoe promise not to speak of her to him."

"That is no reason why I should not," replied my mother. "We must send to him at once. 'Twere better to speak to him before telling your father, child."

"Mother," said I, steadying my voice—for I scarce knew till that instant what I had undertaken—"I told Mr. Defoe that I would not mind going to see Aunt Hetty in Newgate. He offered to take me—that is, if you consent, mother; for he said I must consult you. And, if it pleases you, I shall meet him by four of the clock, at the corner of Wych-street and the Strand; and then I can bring you home a better account of how it fares with these unhappy prisoners."

"Grace!" exclaimed my mother, looking at me aghast.

"I am not afraid," said I. "It seems the right thing to do."

And somehow, in fancy, I went back to the old plague days, and to my mother's childish bravery, and felt as if I had inherited something of her spirit and of my father's also. Her thoughts evidently strayed in the same direction, for she said—

"Thou art like thy father, Grace. It does seem right. And yet, thy father—what would he say?"

"I was in prison, and ye came unto me," I whispered, putting my arm round her neck. "Mother, would not the Judge say that?"

"Sick and in prison, and ye visited me *not*," murmured my mother, softly, as if arguing with herself—"ye visited me *not*." It cannot be, child," she exclaimed, turning to me. "I must go with you, and see poor Hetty."

I had not anticipated this result.

"And my father?"

"Thy father is a good man," she answered, "and 'tis a case of urgency—there is no time to debate. In prison," she repeated—"Hetty, Hetty!"

I was thankful that my mother viewed the matter in such a light. I own I was thankful, also, that my father would not be at home that day; for I was not so sanguine as to his regarding our visit to Newgate favourably, especially as Mr. Defoe was mixed up with it.

But my mother had not that horror of Mr. Defoe that my father had, either as regards his political or religious principles, perhaps out of a pious memory for her parents; and then, his being a City man and in trade, as her father had been, was, perhaps, a bond of interest that we could not so well understand. At any rate, I had observed that she had more than once showed a leaning towards him when Mr. Lydgate had spoken of him in her presence.

As may be imagined, we scarce ate anything, and dinner was soon over; and we prepared to start early, for 'twas a long walk; but my mother decided that we should make the expedition as privately as possible, and take none into our confidence. We neither of us spoke much by the way, and looked out carefully to avoid any acquaintances we might meet. But when we came towards Wych-street—there being less fear of meet-

ing with fashionable people—my mother began to talk.

"Did Mr. Defoe speak of the cause of imprisonment, and how it came about that Archibald Graeme was in England?"

"No."

"He joined the Cameronians," said my mother, musingly.

"And the Cameronians were hot against the Union," said I.

"Can he have lifted his hand against the Government?" suggested my mother, with a slight shiver. "He surely would have been too meek for that—a gospel preacher!"

But how many men there were amongst the clergy and dissenting ministers who were hot and furious when politics came up! See our own bishops, even—who should have been temperate men—who inflamed they became through party zeal. Nay, it seems as if men who hold office in the church or meeting-house, when they do become partizans of any secular cause, know no bounds in their ardour and fury; and it may have been even so with Archibald Graeme, in his strong patriotism—especially if he had believed that there seemed aught that would incline to a curbing of free opinion in religious matters. But, after all, what was the use of distressing ourselves with imaginary evils, since it was impossible for us—with all our theories—to determine why and wherefore Aunt Hetty and her husband were in Newgate?

We were now close by the place of meeting, and I discerned Mr. Defoe already waiting for us. He had a coach with him; for, he said, the rest of the way would be much thronged, and not pleasant for ladies.

I could not make out whether he was surprised to see us or no, for he evidenced no feeling except that of extreme concern for us, and a desire to make as easy as possible the sad errand upon which we had come.

He had been to the prison on leaving me, and hoped he had arranged for the better accommodation of the poor sufferers.

"But," said he to my mother, "Newgate is a poor place, madam, and nought will serve to enliven it."

My mother had half closed her eyes, and was leaning back in the carriage. Her face was quite rigid, in the control she was exerting over her feelings. She tried to answer Mr. Defoe, but 'twas impossible—her lips moved, but no sound came.

Mr. Defoe, who was used to all manner of distress, and understood the different moods into which people were thrown under pressure of any extraordinary grief or excitement, said no more; but addressed a few remarks to me, to whom the looking forward to the coming interview was of a different nature altogether from what it was to my mother.

For myself, I was desirous to see Aunt Hetty, about whom I had so great a curiosity; and then, there was a touch of romance about the Cameronian preacher, whom, from Mr. Defoe's manner of speaking of, I was beginning to regard as a martyr. Mine was all a looking forward, mingled with a sense of the heroic and enthusiastic—a looking forward without any background to interfere with its present aspect. My mother, on the contrary, was rather looking back; and the days when she and Aunt Hetty had played together under the great oak at Selwode were very fresh in her memory—to those days wherein her own childish happiness had been so new and beautiful; and Ralph Selwode's youngest sister, the pet of the household—how many years had gone by since then; how long—how long since they had met!

We stopped, before I thought we could have reached it, nigh to the prison; and Mr. Defoe, helping us to descend from the carriage, gave his arm to my mother for the few yards that we had to walk; for he deemed it better not to attract attention by drawing up before the gates.

I don't know how we entered, or what took place immediately after our entrance, except that I trembled all over, and felt like a criminal myself. There was such a dull, massive, hopeless look about everything, that it weighed me down.

Mr. Defoe seemed to be well known, and every one was civil to him. One of the turnkeys was bidden by the gaoler to show us the ward where Archibald Graeme was confined, and we were following him, when I observed Mr. Defoe hesitate, as we turned in a direction that he evidently did not expect. He whispered something to the man.

"Couldn't be done to-day, sir. To-morrow, as early as possible," answered the turnkey.

"I only knew of Mr. Graeme's imprisonment yesterday," said Mr. Defoe to my mother; "and I find the effort I have made to

have him removed into better quarters cannot be carried out as soon as I expected. You must prepare to see a very dismal place."

My mother bowed her head, and we went on to what is called the common side, which I afterwards learned was many degrees worse than any other part of the gaol—the turnkey preceding us, and no one speaking a word; whilst the dark passages, lighted here and there, seemed to grow more and more gloomy.

At last, we stopped at one of the doors; and the man, fitting the key to the lock, made a sort of hollow sepulchral rattle, sadly in harmony with the place.

"That will do," said Mr. Defoe. "You can return for us in half an hour."

And gently leading in my mother, whilst I followed close behind him, we found ourselves locked in one of the cells in Newgate. For a moment, I could scarcely discern anything, for all within appeared so dark, even in comparison with the dreary passages outside. A little light came in through a narrow grating, very high up, showing me, as my eyes became more accustomed to the dimness, the damp walls, and damp stone floor, and a wretched straw pallet, on which a man lay stretched out, more like a corpse than a living being. A miserable, patched covering was thrown over him; and on the edge of the wretched bed sat a woman, in thin, worn clothing, bending over him.

Mr. Defoe went forward, and taking her by the hand, said—

"Mistress Graeme, I have brought some friends of yours to see you."

"Friends of mine?" she said, wearily, looking up at us.

She did not recognize my mother, who stood awe-struck at the scene before her.

"I do not know them," she said, in a low, plaintive voice, that had a strange pathos in it.

"Hetty!" exclaimed my mother.

And, at the sound of her voice, a wild, eager look came into Aunt Hetty's face. She listened as a lost child might listen to the far-off tones of its parent—uncertain, fearful, and yet with an emotion of delight.

"Hetty!" almost shrieked my mother, as she fell on her knees beside her—"Hetty!"

But Aunt Hetty did not speak. She leaned her head back, and seemed as though she were going to faint. Then, with sudden energy, she roused herself, placed

her hands firmly on my mother's shoulders, and holding her a little way from her, she peered wildly into her face, as though to aid weakened memory by sight. Thus for awhile the two gazed full at one another, each trying to read in the other's face some trace of bygone times. And, in that earnest gaze, soul answered to soul, and they knew one another in the spirit, though years had set their seal upon their lives, and blotted out the bloom and dimpling smiles of youth.

And then Aunt Hetty's grasp relaxed, her lips quivered, and she spoke my mother's name—

"Patience!"

She spoke in a quiet tone, that sounded through the dim cell like the whisper of an angel. And when she had spoken the word, the deep sources of her heart-springs were unlocked, and she flung herself into my mother's arms, and their deep, choking sobs brought the tears running down my cheeks.

Mr. Defoe had made his way to the pallet, where the sick man had raised himself on his elbow, and was looking, wonderingly, upon the two women.

I had opportunity now of noting fully the Scotch preacher's countenance, and perhaps one more spiritual I shall never see again in this life. The beautiful features were sharpened to a delicacy resembling the finest sculptured marble; and the fair hair, with which white was fast mingling, looked, in the dim rays, that slanted down upon him from the grating, like soft gold and silver molten together. His eyes were preternaturally bright, and every now and then a hollow cough sent a bright flush into his wan cheeks.

Mr. Defoe stooped down and told him who the strangers were; but perchance he had guessed it before, for he must have known my mother's name, and he would know that no other English voice speaking that one word "Hetty" could have so great an effect upon his wife.

I could not hear what Mr. Defoe said, but there was palpably some struggle going on in the mind of Archibald Graeme. He glanced at me half indignantly; and then the look of indignation died away, and something softer came, his eyes closed, and his lips moved silently.

I liked the indignant look that had shot up so hastily. I fancied I read in it a protest against his wife's relatives for casting her off; and then, perhaps, a gentler mood

came over him which blotted out the other. It seemed to give me the key-note to what the Cameronian minister's preaching would be—the sword in one hand, the Bible in the other. I thought of St. John in the wilderness, and I likened him to the man before me. Such, I said to myself, would he be among his native hills and glens; and I pictured the uncultured people hanging on his words—now sharp, now sweet, now full of the thunder of denunciation, now brimming over with the fullness of love: full of earnestness, of impetuosity, sensitively alive to sin, to error, to injustice, yet strung up, as men of such mould alone can be, to deep, indignant pity and the tenderest compassion.

When I looked at him again, the excited look upon his face had passed away—perhaps his moving lips had spoken a prayer—and the calmness that had departed for a moment had returned to him.

Aunt Hetty had also, in a measure, recovered herself; and the self-control that had become habitual to her came back. She had drawn my mother towards the straw bed, and had placed her hand in that of Archibald Graeme.

And my mother looked down, for the first time, upon the sharpened face of the poor preacher; and perhaps she read therein all that Aunt Hetty would not allow her fears to whisper, for there came a great look of compassionate awe over my mother's countenance. I knew well that Archibald Graeme interpreted it, as he murmured, in answer to her gaze—

"Miss Selwode, I thank you for coming hither. I shall rest the better for having seen your face."

My mother bent down, and reverently touched his forehead with her lips.

"Amen," said she, solemnly.

Aunt Hetty stood by wondering. But I knew that those other two had made a covenant with one another.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CAMERONIAN PREACHER.

THE first thing my mother did on reaching home was to send for my uncle Oliver, to whom she narrated our strange adventure; and I never saw a man more moved than he was. I knew him to be a kind-hearted man, but, at the same time, of an easy and indolent nature in all matters where books were not concerned, so that I was surprised at the manner in which my

mother's story affected him. At one part he was almost beside himself, and he paced the room, muttering—

"Hetty! poor Hetty—poor little Hetty in Newgate!—Hetty in Newgate!" until my mother, growing alarmed lest he should be overheard, said—

"Hush! hush! Oliver, walls have ears. Do not speak so loud."

"What has the man done to bring her into such woeful plight? We must have her out at once. She must not stay there. The wife is innocent, whatever the husband may be. She must be removed this very night."

"Nay, Oliver," said my mother—"not so."

He looked at her, surprised.

"What! Patience—you would leave her there?"

"She must stay with her husband," answered my mother, calmly. "They have not long to be together."

Then I was right about my mother's thoughts!

"The shorter time the better," said my uncle, hastily, "since he has brought her into such straits."

"Wait until thou hast seen him," she replied, "or until we learn the cause of his imprisonment. We may be condemning the innocent, for there is that in his face which makes me think he hath done no evil. You must go to them, Oliver."

And he went; but Mr. Defoe had been again, and by dint of a larger bribe than had at first been offered by the gaoler—for, as he himself said, he could call such extortion as was practised nought else—he had got Archibald Graeme and his wife removed to the master's side of the gaol, where the less wretched class of prisoners were confined. Uncle Oliver, when he found Aunt Hetty would not leave her husband, was for having them still better lodged at any price, however exorbitant, in the part nigh the Press-yard. Mr. Defoe, however, advised against it—he being frugal, and, owing to circumstances, less lavish of money than my uncle, who had plenty, and had never known want.

"Let us not," said Mr. Defoe, "encourage more than we can help this vile system of preying upon the unfortunate which is here carried on by those in authority. Let us rather endeavour to remove these helpless, suffering people altogether from these quarters, which I believe may be done through such influence as you and I may bring to

bear; though it is possible that it may be a more expensive proceeding, if we are to make short work with it, than I can undertake myself."

"I will see to that part, Mr. Defoe," said my uncle. "When can it be done?"

To which Mr. Defoe replied that he thought, in the course of a few days, he should be able to arrange it; "for," said he, "I am well versed in matters of this kind, and, in my dealings with the two countries, have seen many of such cases."

Then my uncle begged him to explain how it was that Mr. Graeme had gotten into this difficulty, and any particulars he might know of him; since being thus brought to an acquaintance with his sister's husband, it would be well not to be quite ignorant of his former history.

"I looked not forward to seeing a sister of mine in Newgate," said he; "and I feel none the better disposed to this Scotchman for bringing it about."

"And yet, under the same circumstances," said Mr. Defoe, quietly, "you might have found yourself in a like case."

And then he began:—

"In spite of the advantages that will ultimately accrue through the Union, it has not been kindly taken to by the Scotsmen in general. In vain we may urge—

‘If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Scruffell wots full well of that,’

and so argue that even nature speaks in favour of the unanimity of the two countries. Many of the Scots dislike it, as a loss of their independence. The Cameronians especially have been, all through, violent opponents of the Union, which they believe is to bring about a reign of prelacy utterly abhorrent to their views of true and scriptural religion; and among the Cameronians, there has none been found to lift up his voice more vehemently than Archibald Graeme.

"The first time I saw him—now three or four years since—he was preaching on the hillside to a congregation that had come from far and near to hear him. He had chosen for his text, ‘Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers;’ and from it he argued the sins of England and the pomp of her Church ceremonial as a ground against the measure of the Union, which was then in agitation.

"The people listened as though the voice

of a prophet were sounding in their midst, and followed him in the spirit, even as if he were a leader of Israel.

"‘Were not the Israelites of old forbidden to enter into covenant with the idolatrous nations round? and is not the law of God binding upon us, His spiritual Israel, for ever and ever?’ This was one of his arguments; and the fervour with which he urged his point made me for awhile forget the application intimated in his proposition. And after he had thundered forth his denunciations and his warnings against such a grafting on of iniquity, he suddenly paused, and changing his tone of wrathful argument for one of plaintive pleading, he flowed on in a mellifluous tide of mournful lamentation that rose and fell upon the souls of his hearers, now showing them the result of such a combination of separate interests—in a ruined country, in the hearts of strong men broken, in the oppressed, the helpless, the outcast weeping over the songs of Zion under a Babylonish yoke; and ending with a picture of a future generation wailing over the lost freedom of their country. ‘Ichabod! Ichabod! thy glory has departed.’

"Then arose an answering ‘Amen’ like a cry of despair, that rang from rock to rock; and the wild hymn with which the service concluded was more like a coronach than a hymn of praise.

"I saw that the preacher was no common man—earnest, impassioned, enthusiastic, yet full of deep faith and devotion. He was one whom even his enemies might trust, and whom his friends would follow even unto death."

"Go on," said my uncle; for Mr. Defoe had paused.

"I made myself known to him, and he took me home with him, and made me acquainted with his wife and daughter—for out of the many children that had been given them, only one daughter remained. Their cottage was a poor place, but neat; and his wife had the appearance of one who had been born to better things."

"She was, she was," interrupted my uncle—"yes, with no thought of poverty."

"And yet," said Mr. Defoe, "her poverty had its counterbalance. Her husband was a man above the ordinary type—a scholar, too."

"Ha!" said Uncle Oliver; "a scholar is he?"

"A Greek and Hebrew scholar. Some of

those hard-working, far-thinking Scotch students plunge deeper into the tide of learning than we Southerners give them credit for."

"And she seemed happy?—his wife, I mean."

"More than happy."

My uncle gave a sigh of relief.

"And she named her English relatives?"

"No. She spoke of England, and of pleasant early days there, but never gave me to understand that aught of bitterness subsisted in her connection with it."

"Then how came you to know of her relationship to our family?"

"I knew it not until yesterday, when all at once the likeness that had puzzled me in your niece came into my mind, as I was trying to revolve things for Mistress Graeme's benefit; and I asked her, suddenly, whether she had relations named Selwode, and the confusion she showed made me press the question—for I could not think that they would leave their kinswoman to perish in Newgate."

"You were right, sir—you were right," said Uncle Oliver, grasping his hand. "I thank you for your good opinion. But now, as to the cause of Mr. Graeme's imprisonment—how came it about?"

"Why, you see," replied Mr. Defoe, "that the Cameronians—or Hill-men, as they are sometimes termed—are still so strong against the Union, that they would embrace almost any project that would appear to hold out to them any hope of repeal, and have consequently brought upon themselves the suspicion of the Government; and in the spring of this year, when there was an alarm—or rather, I might say, an attempt on the part of the Pretender to land on the coast of Scotland—many of the Cameronian preachers were suspected of instigating their people to rise; and amongst others, Mr. Archibald Graeme, whose opposition to the Union had been made very manifest by his preaching. 'Twas even said that he had been among those who had burned the articles of the Union in the market-place at Dumfries, which was brought against him at his trial; but he neither affirmed nor denied it: all he said was that he was willing to suffer with his people. Also he said that it had nought to do with the present charge laid against him, which was, 'that he had held treasonable communications with certain spies of the Chevalier de St. George,' the time and place being stated, with many other particulars.

The real case was this. He had been mistaken for another, and his proving of an *alibi*—which he might easily have done—would have elicited information that would have endangered the life of that other person, to whom he was under deep obligation; whereas fine and imprisonment were all he could be condemned to, since nought could be clearly proven against him in the matter."

"If nought could be clearly proven, surely he should have gone free," said my uncle.

"At another time, perhaps; but 'twas now no time to deal lightly with those who were suspected of lending a helping hand to the Chevalier, especially such a man as Archibald Graeme, of so great note among the Cameronians. Therefore he was sent back to prison—"

"And made a martyr of himself," interrupted my uncle, a little testily, "forgetting that somewhat was due unto his wife as well as to his friends."

"His wife bore him up in his resolution," replied Mr. Defoe. "She said that they were bound to lay down their lives for what the friend had done for them, and that the sense of ingratitude was a worse evil to bear than the hardest imprisonment."

"Just like Hetty," said my uncle, veering round. "There was always a brave spirit in Hetty. But she may have changed her mind now."

"I think not," answered Defoe. "A good conscience is not a matter to repent over. Well, Archibald Graeme was sent back to prison; and—though I knew it not until afterwards—was removed from the Castle of Edinburgh to London, with some of the higher prisoners. His wife and daughter followed him to London, where he had an old aunt, in poor circumstances, who took them in. His wife was allowed to join her husband in Newgate, the daughter remaining with the aged relative, and endeavouring to assist, by her efforts, her unfortunate parents. The girl is almost worn out by her exertions, and the father, as you will see, has but a short span of life to accomplish."

Such was my uncle's account of his conversation with Mr. Defoe. Of Aunt Hetty and her husband, and of his interview with them, he said little; for he could not bear to speak of them in their present situation. When he had ended his speech, I said—

"Could not the Queen release him at once?"

"That would be the quickest way," said

Uncle Oliver. "Thou art a shrewd girl, Grace. And perchance Clarinda's taste for Court gossiping may come in usefully. We may make Mistress Abigail of service."

Now, this was late at night that my mother and myself and Uncle Oliver—all filled with the one absorbing, exciting interest—were talking together, and we had been so taken up in considering the wonderful events that had happened since morning, that we had quite forgotten my father, or what he might think of our doings, until we were all at once startled by a loud knock.

"'Tis my father," said I, with a start. And all at once my mind was filled with doubts and fears and wonders; and I could see by her face that my mother was similarly disturbed; but Uncle Oliver simply said—

"Ah, there's Ralph—he'll help us."

But my mother put her hand on Uncle Oliver's arm.

"Dost think that Ralph will view the matter as we do?" she asked.

Uncle Oliver looked at her.

"Surely," said he, as if puzzled to think how there could be two opinions upon the subject. "Why not?"

"Ralph is a little hasty," said my mother, hesitatingly. "It might be well to break these tidings to him cautiously. He is sometimes angered, and says things he means not. He has not spoken of Hetty for years. 'Twill be a great shock to him."

"Well, then," answered Uncle Oliver, "perhaps my words will take better effect in the morning. So I will take my leave to-night."

"'Tis better so," said my mother; for she knew she should make more allowance for my father's quick temper than might Uncle Oliver, in his present state of feeling.

My father was surprised to find us up so late. He had been detained longer than usual at his club; where, from what I could gather, the members had been more than ordinarily vehement over the late discomfiture of their party; and had inveighed against Mr. Harley—upon whom, nevertheless, all their hopes were turned—with greater warmth than ever.

When my father came to look at us, he could not fail to perceive that there was something unusual about us—indeed, my mother's agitation was becoming so palpable, that it could not pass unnoticed.

"Is there aught the matter, 'Patience?"

he asked uneasily, as he seated himself beside her.

I was about to leave the room, but my mother signed to me to stay—perhaps she thought I should be a sort of help to her; so I sat down again.

My father looked from one to the other in perplexity.

"Where have you been to-day, Grace?" said he, after waiting in vain for my mother to speak.

"To Newgate," said I, prompted by some inward impulse to see that the quickest way would be the easiest, in spite of my mother's urging.

"Newgate!" shouted my father.

"Hush, Ralph," said my mother, taking courage at his energy; "some one will hear. You must listen quietly whilst I tell you a very strange story—one that I think will grieve you, as it has done us. You will not wonder that we have been, when I tell you all about it, and how we came to hear—and—Ralph," she paused in the midst of her speech—"Ralph, I want you to look back a little, to the time—you remember?—the time when I was first at Selwode."

"Of course I do. But what has that got to do with to-day?"

"You remember how we played under the old trees—how happy we all were—how your mother loved us *all*—*all* of us, Ralph—every one—*every one*."

And my mother looked earnestly into his face.

"Yes, yes," he said, impatiently—"there were five of us: what of it?"

"Six with me," returned my mother, gently; "five without me—there were five without me."

"What are you aiming at, Patience?" he asked. And then, turning to me, he said—"Whom has your mother seen to-day, child?"

I saw my mother try to stay my words; but I seemed to have no control over my tongue, and I spake forth clearly and quickly—

"Aunt Hetty and her husband."

My evidently unexpected rejoinder had the effect of rendering my father speechless.

His face grew white with passion, even as my mother's grew whiter through fear. My mother clutched his arm tremblingly, saying—

"Ralph, Ralph, poor Hetty is in Newgate."

I saw the passion gathering in my father. His lips were set with a strong tension, and

a quiver ran through his frame. He shook my mother's hand away, and, starting up, he paced the room with hasty strides; yet still he did not speak. Perhaps he feared to trust himself. After awhile my mother rose, and went to him.

"Ralph!"

But he motioned her away.

"Ralph, your sister is in Newgate, with her dying husband."

"There let the pestilential vagabond rot," said my father, in a hoarse, suppressed voice; "and his wife with him, since she chose to disgrace her family. I have cast her off for ever."

"Oh, no, Ralph," pleaded my mother; "do not say that."

"Silence!" said he. "I have said it. This is Oliver's doing, I suppose," he added.

"No," said I, coming to my mother's side—"it is mine."

"Yours, mistress!" he answered, in much astonishment. "We must send you back to Selwode, if these are town ways."

He was terribly quiet in his anger, which made us know how deep and earnest it was.

"Patience," said he, turning to my mother, "I could not have believed this. I lay my commands upon you, that you have no further intercourse with these people."

And as though he dare not trust himself to say another word, he left us standing looking at one another, in greater fear than we had ever felt of my father before.

"Go to bed, child," said my mother, kissing me; "'tis not a good beginning, but the ending may be better. Thy father hath a kind heart, though this matter rankles in it. Yet the wound may be healed. We must wait for morning."

A CHOICE LITTLE WATERING-PLACE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

ALL the fashionable gambling-places have a distinct physiognomy and dress; so that we would know them just as we might recognize some celebrated adventurers, in the street or elsewhere, by their dress, manner, or expression—the latter, perhaps, more or less cunning and disagreeable. This is not a complimentary illustration; but Baden, Homburg, Ems, Wiesbaden, and Spa have each special features of their own. Spa, in its social aspect, is highly shopkeeping, and has a sort of 'Arry and Jemima flavour,

unredeemed by the immoral magnificence of Homburg, or the depraved dandyism of Baden. The place itself has even a more innocent and rustic air than any of its fellows, like some of those demure *ingenues* of the French stage, or the Cicelys of the English plays, who come up to a wicked metropolis, and, it is to be feared, are sad hypocrites. It is a pretty green bowl, beautifully wooded, with a little bright toy-town sunk in the middle. The little streets straggle about at all angles and all levels; and with much difficulty a tolerable bit of even ground was secured for a miniature Place, or market-place, where the stay and glory of the whole is to be found—the fountain whence the Pouhon flows. This iron water has really cured people, and is a sort of "handy" fluid, making itself useful in other ways. It has hard work, staining those little wooden boxes of all sizes—which are no use in the world, but which mankind must have to put on drawing-room tables—fans, watch-stands, &c., the painting of which supports hundreds of human beings. I notice most of our croupiers are connected with this little industry, thus drawing money from the strangers in two different departments. A cynic might find amusement in the curious social arrangement which brings people to the same spot to restore their health, and at the same time lose their money—drinking copious tumblerfuls all the day, bathing, &c., and then impairing their health by violent agitation in the hot atmosphere of the gaming-rooms. The foundation for heart disease, dyspepsia, and a hundred ills is often successfully laid at these places.

Spa is certainly respectable, from its great antiquity; and has the decent gravity of some veteran *roué*, who can tell stories of his doings in the days of the Prince Regent. The Roman ladies and gentlemen are said to have made journeys to drink the waters; and the stranger-list of the time may have contained such an entry as—"Septimus Severus, Cons., et uxor, cum famulis, ad hoc hospitium advenere." But the great glory of the place is Peter the Great, who resided here for a long time—getting drunk nearly every night, and taking the waters after a monstrous sort of way, in pailfuls. They must have done him neither harm nor good; and the truth would seem to be that he got well both in spite of them and of his drunkenness. However, he was grateful enough to send the town a little shabby tablet, exactly the

size and pattern of the mural monuments we see in church, and of about the same cost, commemorating his own patronage, which the town has fixed up over its fountain. They have lately added a little metallic bust, on a pedestal, which stands under the colonnade.

The whole colonnade, indeed, is sacred to his memory, as we are told, officially, by an inscription on the pediment; and there is a sort of fantastic reverence for this great man still existing. Fancy the consternation, the horror of these honest Spadians when it was discovered, the other morning, that the bronze bust had been carried off, and there was the pedestal left bare! The whole settlement was in commotion—a universal groan of rage and grief was heard; and it became known, from “information received,” that the precious bust was lying in the water somewhere. This was a vague direction; but a search was promptly instituted, and some hours later we met a joyous procession—in which, however, there were some scoffers—coming along, victoriously bearing the rescued bust, which was very much mud-stained and bruised, and with the back of its neck all “started.” He was set up again on his old place, and saluted as “our Peter.” When we think of this tiny settlement, the good-nature and good-will of the hard-working natives, the rarity of its public treasures, this seemed a very gross and stupid jest; and we are not surprised to learn that it is set down to the account of a party of “fast” young Britons.

The gambling-house seems a more suitable term than such elegant descriptives as “Kursaal” or “Redoute.” “Why, sir,” said Baker Johnson, a rude Yorkshire squire, in utter astonishment, at his first visit, “it’s neither more nor less than a low ‘hell,’” thus shocking many virtuous people with his coarseness. But it is hard to disprove his view. These rooms, then, were built a century ago, and are in that old-fashioned, semi-palatial style which is pleasing. Indeed, there was an architectural style for ball-rooms—or “roomis”—which was cultivated, and is lost now; a fair specimen of which is to be seen in England, in Lord Burlington’s Assembly Rooms at York. We often hear that walls have ears; but if these walls could speak, they could tell a story of human passions, of despair, exultation, of life and death, during this hundred years of doing business, that could not be matched anywhere. From

twelve o’clock noon until twelve midnight the work has gone on with the steady regularity of the tides: with some of the visitors, the tide coming in with extraordinary fullness, only to go out again with a force that is sometimes overwhelming.

The scene is always curious, and—described as it has been a thousand times—never loses its novelty; only it is invested at Spa with a coarse air of business, and even a shabbiness, which amazes those who arrive fresh from Homburg. There, there is an elegance in the process of stripping. If you have lost a hundred Napoleons, and think there has been a mistake in not paying you your hundred and first, it is courteously paid over to you. They can afford to be liberal. But here, our hungry administration has all the griping brutality of a racecourse hazard tent. A dispute for one and eightpence is conducted with perfect ferocity: with flashing eyes, defiance, and clutching fingers or rakes; and they will fight to the death for the spoil. The faces, too, are a study. At Homburg they have the air of Italian tenors; but here, some, if dressed in prison clothes, would support the character of “Lifers” splendidly. One gentleman, whose occupation is that of a sort of detective, and who sits aloft on an office behind the gentlemen of the rake, and keeps the most wary eye on the fingers of the clients, has the most unfortunate cast of features; and with a “jemmy” in hand, or a centre-bit, would be only too appropriately fitted. This is, no doubt, a cruel censure for which he is not accountable, but the Nature’s journeyman that turned him out; and I believe he is a most respectable tradesman, doing a fair business in the conventional Spa trumpery. In the service of the establishment it is possible to grow old and retire on a pension, full of years and honours; and the present writer, being a steady visitor for many years, always finds the same faces busy at the old trade. Even the stage servants, in the ill-fitting liveries, who lounge about with a thiefstaker air, make believe they are mere lacqueys at our service.

We are all up early at Spa, and crowding to that splashed flagging under the pillars, where the nymph of the fountain and her aides have a hard time of it, pottering up and down a flight of steps to fill us tumblers—which she plunges in, half a dozen at a time fixed at the end of a stick. She has also

to recollect faces, and pet tumblers which belong to the faces; for these latter are much offended if forgotten—it is considered a slight on their dignity. This poor girl has to perform her Ganymede office from six in the morning, paddling up and down those dripping steps. For the rights and emoluments of this ungrateful office she has to pay about eighty pounds a-year. So the emoluments are probably large, and fluctuate after a speculative fashion, quite in keeping with the principles of the great Redoute over the way. There are, in truth, few more inviting little nooks, and where health is more certain to return to the invalid. The walks are not those official promenades which are curled and frizzed by gardeners, but are genuinely pastoral. They start, as it were, from the back door of your house; and before breakfast you can be at the top of the hills in about five minutes, with the whole town below you in a bowl. The regular promenades, where the company walks, are beneath the shades of great trees centuries old. Betimes—that is, between seven and eight—the pony carriages, drawn by the indomitable “Bidets,” of Spa—a kind of Ardennes cob—are clattering away in all directions, for the morning’s drive round the springs; and whole squadrons of mounted ladies and gentlemen are galloping past. The day goes by agreeably enough.

About noon, the shady promenades under the trees begin to fill; the orchestra enters the kiosque, and discourses music; and the little tables at Baas-Coget’s restaurant are crowded. Now do invalids or weaklings pour into the baths—a really magnificent and architectural structure, of palatial proportions, where every thermal variety is to be found. Then follow driving and riding, and then dinner at “Host’s table,” where the Briton performs such feats as he would be amazed at at home—engulfing fish, flesh, fowl, ragouts, stews, fries, sweets, soups, in headlong succession. After, comes music on with re; and then the impromptu dance arrangements, all conducted with surprising skill, the most hammy little theatre, in the cool of the What you have in the locality well.

“We will go along the Bad peak,” said. “It commands a glorious view of the sea, and is generally romantic.”

Can we enter into the depths of Mous. Mourilyan’s thoughts all that afternoon while waiting for the time when her cousin

By the curious law which directs such places, Spa must have a manufacture of “trumpery” of its own, which, by an equally useful law, strangers always feel tempted to purchase. This takes the shape of Tunbridge ware, of Scotch ware, Killarney wood, bog, and oak ornaments in our own land; and all are equally distinguished for rickety workmanship and the worst artistic taste. A history of these wares would be amusing, or, at least, *bizarre*. At Spa, some ingenious speculator thought of those little boxes steeped in the iron water, and painted over with flowers and views. Some of these latter, which represent local objects, are fairly well painted; but a corrupt principle has set in, and the taste runs upon copies of well-known engravings. Sir Edwin Landseer’s subjects are in high favour—“Dignity and Impudence,” “Diogenes,” and others being frequently reproduced. Yet by these trifles hundreds are supported.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

ALL things on earth are beautiful, and bring
To happy hearts a harvest of content.
There is a glory in the bursting spring
Ere yet the sweet May-time of flowers is spent;
And later summer, with its sultry noon,
But leads to slumbers in the leafy shade.
But cold gray dawns and early sunsets soon
Tell how the summer flowers e’en must fade;
Then come the drowsy mists of Autumn-time,
And lonely echoes sound upon the hills,
And the sad music of the village chime
The soul with tender melancholy fills.
Yet there is something beautiful withal
In those still, dreamy moments of repose,
That wait upon us in the Autumn fall,
And bless the year’s long labours at its close.

TABLE TALK.

THE twinkling of the eye is an operation which proverbially occupies an extremely minute portion of time; and yet there is reason to believe that the time necessary for vision is incomparably less. Some years since, in an article entitled “Quick as Thought,”* I touched upon this and other analogous phenomena, and I now return to the subject for the purpose of briefly describing some very remarkable observations “on the amount of time necessary for vision” that have just been made by Professor Rood, of Columbia College, New York, United States. In the celebrated experi-

ment of Wheatstone on the duration of the discharge of a Leyden jar, the conclusion was drawn that distinct vision is possible in less than the millionth of a second. The incorrectness of the data on which this conclusion rested was afterwards pointed out in an admirable investigation by Feddersen, who showed that the smallest measured duration he could obtain was one millionth of a second. In an article lately published by Professor Rood, he shows how, by the use of a much smaller electrical surface, he obtained and measured sparks the duration of whose main constituent was only forty billionths of a second. With their light distinct vision is possible. Thus, for example, the letters on a printed page are plainly to be seen; also, if a polariscope be used, the cross and rings around the axes of crystals can be observed, with all their peculiarities, and errors in the azimuth of the analyzing prism noticed. There seems, also, to be evidence that this minute interval of time is sufficient for the production of various subjective optical phenomena: for example, for the recognition of Loewe's rings—using cobalt glass; also, the radiating structure of the crystalline lens can be detected when the light is suitably presented to the eye. Hence, it is plain that forty billionths of a second is quite sufficient for the production on the retina of a strong and distinct impression; and as obliteration of the micrometric lines in the experiment referred to could only take place from the circumstance that the retina retains and combines a whole series of impressions, whose *joint duration* is forty billionths of a second, it follows that a much smaller interval of time will suffice for vision. If we limit the number of views of the lines presented to the eye in a single case to ten, it would result that four billionths of a second is sufficient for human vision, though the probability is that a far shorter time would answer as well, or nearly as well. All of which is not so wonderful, if we accept the doctrines of the undulatory theory of light; for, according to it, in four billionths of a second nearly two and a half millions of the mean undulations of light reach and act on the eye.

SINCE THE ARTICLE "On Dogs and the Diet" (No. 196) went to press, we have been able to glean a few further particulars of the Japanese pug-dog from a friend who

related to the owner:—His name was Chin-chin, or How-do-you-do. His eyes and his tail were his most characteristic parts. The former were always prominent, but seemed almost to start out of his head during his frequent fits of anger. On his arrival, his tail was in a doleful condition, like that of a moulting fowl; but in a few weeks it presented a fine bush of fluffy hair. It has been already mentioned that, if his hair got wet, he had a strong objection to having it dried. My friend tells me that his horror of being washed was even greater; and that he could always be excited to wrath by a feint of turning up sleeves, as if for the wash-tub. Chin-chin died of old age about three years ago, and his skull was presented to the British Museum.

A CORRESPONDENT: We have often been told "the early bird gets the worm." Whenever I heard this proverb quoted, I invariably put in the objection—"But how about the early worm? What benefit is *he* to reap from his early rising propensities?" It appeared to me a very one-sided kind of bargain, when the bird, apparently rising *later* than its intended victim, gets the best of that bargain which, at first sight, would seem more justly to accrue to the worm. A few mornings since, whilst taking an early stroll through one of our suburban parks, I was enabled to solve the mystery. On walking down one of the paths, which was composed of a dark earthy matter, I noticed innumerable little heaps of earth moulded much after the shape of the worm itself; and, on close inspection, found them to be deposits left by the worms on quitting the surface of the ground. The proverb at once recurred to my mind, and its solution. The worm issues from the ground during the night, and, as soon as the first streaks of dawn begin to appear, it prepares to bury itself, until—

Even

"Night with quicken~~ing~~ ^{ing} fitting liveries,
Now, the ~~early~~ ^{early} ~~at~~ ^{at} with a thieftaker air,
is, the ~~worm~~ ^{worm} they are mere lacqueys at our
those
do, are all up early at Spa, and crowding
at splashed flagging under the pillars,
were the nymph of the fountain and her
aides have a hard time of it, pottering up and
down a flight of steps to fill us tumblers—
which she plunges in, half a dozen at a time
fixed at the end of a stick. She has also

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CHAPTER V.



IF you will take the trouble to cast your eyes over the port side, my dear Louis, you will have the satisfaction of plainly discerning gas lamps upon your native shore.

Don't disturb yourself on purpose—wait till we make a tack. But there is your native shore, and there are your gas lamps."

"Yes, here we are—what some people call 'home again.' No home for me. I wish to goodness we were still in the Bay of Biscay."

"Do you? From my practical experience of that ridiculously disturbed piece of water, I wish devoutly I may never have the misfortune to be there again."

"Ah, coming home is all very well for you, Lyall. You have plenty of things to interest you. You have mother and sisters. You have your profession—"

"Ah, true," interrupted Lyall. "How arrange that am. My profession, as you the sea, the nearest chambers in the Temple. in the cool of the What locality well."

"What will you choose to do?"
"We will go along the Bank of England. Eng-said. "It commands a glorious view of the sea, and is generally romantic."

"Can we enter into the depths of this?"
Mourilyan's thoughts all that afternoon, while waiting for the time when her cousin

any more than you do. I admit that I owe it the proud honour of being able to say, '*Civis Londinensis sum*'—I don't know whether my Latin is correct;—but I am equally bound to admit that I owe it income and other taxes. Still, I have no objection to say, cheerfully—if you think it will raise your spirits—'Hurrah! Three cheers for the roast beef of Old England!'—I particularly dislike roast beef, but never mind that."

"What an absurd fellow you are, Lyall. Where is our host?—or ought I to say our skipper?"

"He has, I think, turned in. He is so enigmatically fond of his berth, that I fancy he dreads sleeping in a comfortable bed—as I hope to do to-night."

"When shall we get into harbour?"

"About eleven, I should think. There is a nasty off-shore breeze sprung up, freshening, as your now nautical eyes may observe, every moment; and we shall have to go through strange experiences in navigation in order to arrive at our haven. Don't you see all those little fishing and pleasure boats in the bay—how eagerly they are trying to get home?"

"So they are. They had better look sharp: twilight will soon be gone, and they have wind and tide against them."

So it was. The lovely July evening had tempted many out, either fishing or for a quiet sail or row; but suddenly a squally west wind had sprung up, soon after sunset, growing stronger and stronger, and all the various parties were making for the harbour of the beautiful bay, into which a large yacht, homeward bound from Leghorn, was now entering.

"Do you see that boat with the trysail, Lyall, not far across our bows, with a woman in it? That fellow at the helm is a duffer. I have been watching him through the glasses. He keeps her too close to the wind, and has made the main sheet fast

instead of holding it in his hand. I suppose he knows the country; but he don't seem to care much for squalls. By George! they'll be upset, if they don't look out!"

"I hope no such catastrophe will occur. It will involve sending out the boat, and will otherwise delay our approach to welcome beds. Look at that infernal trawler. What business has that scoundrel to have his net down so near land? It ruins the fishing."

"Never mind the trawler—watch the boat. What a chopping sea there is! That idiot will upset her if he can."

They watched the little boat in silence. The yacht was steadily pursuing her course, and the boat with the woman in it was now only some thirty yards ahead. Suddenly, a strong puff from the west struck her, and, as Louis had expected, she capsized. They heard one loud shriek, and the next instant saw the woman in the water—the tide luckily carrying her towards the *Minnerva*. In a moment, Ravenshill had thrown off the pilot coat he wore, and was over the side.

"Man overboard!" shouted Lyall. And the yacht's crew were alive in an instant, and were busy with the boat on the side nearest to the three persons in the water.

A few vigorous strokes, and Louis was close to the drowning woman. She had been under water twice, and now rose gasping and struggling faintly. Louis seized the long, dark hair, and struck out for the yacht's boat, which had been lowered, and was making towards him. In another moment he grasped a rope which was thrown to him, and Lyall and a couple of sailors lifted the now senseless woman into the boat. They picked up the boatman, who was clinging to the capsized craft, which they took in tow; and they were soon all on board the yacht.

They laid her gently on the deck, and before long she was restored to consciousness. The first words she heard were—

"Good God! Lyall, do you see who it is? The girl I have saved is my cousin, Maude Mourilyan!"

The large gray eyes opened upon him, and she understood it all. The man with the sunburnt, handsome face—the man who had just saved her life—was the Louis Ravenshill she had been searching for for the last three months.

The real Maude was sitting by the open

window of the little drawing-room of the lodgings these two independent young ladies had temporarily taken in the bright little Devonshire town. Nina was passionately fond of the sea. Maude did not care so much for it; and she would often stay at home reading when Nina would go out for a sail upon the sweet blue bay. And so she was sitting silent and thoughtful on this particular evening. It was too dark to read, but she would not ring for the lamp; and, resting her fair cheek upon her small, white hand, she looked out to sea, and listened to the rising wind.

"Nina is late to-night. What a strange, wild girl she is! Sometimes so full of spirits, and at other times so seemingly depressed and sad. She plays the part she has undertaken far better than I do. I wonder if I have been really foolish about this change of names? This cousin has not yet found us out. Perhaps he, on his side, does not care to marry for the sake of fulfilling his uncle's will. It was scarcely fair of me to make such a proposal to Nina; and she has only undertaken to do what I want out of kindness to me. As I grow older, I suppose I grow wiser—at least, I hope I do. I will confess to Nina that I have been silly—that she was right, and I was wrong. Yes, we will leave this dull place, and resume our proper names. I suppose Nina will be only too glad to get out of what she originally said she should be placed in—a false position. She shall be Nina Dunn again."

Too late, golden-haired Maude—too late! The false Maude is at this moment being gently tended by the handsome cousin, who has just saved her life. And she has gazed upon him long enough to feel that life and wealth might be more than tolerable with him!

Their house was not far from the Quay; and, much to Maude's surprise, a fly was suddenly driven hastily up to their door, and she saw Nina, enveloped in a *kyen* plaid or rug, jump quickly out, *ring* liveries, the house. Maude distinguishes a thieftaker air, a gentleman in *there* mere lacquies at our afterwards was.

ried to meet up early at Spa, and crowding bed-room, *plashed* flagging under the pillars,

"O! the nymph of the fountain and her asks have a hard time of it, pottering up and down a flight of steps to fill us tumblers—which she plunges in, half a dozen at a time fixed at the end of a stick. She has also

off these dripping things. Oh, Maude, I have been so frightened!"

Restraining her curiosity as best she might, Maude did everything she could think of for Nina, and did not ask a single question till she saw Nina comfortably in bed, and had made her a strong cup of tea.

"How good you are! Kiss me, dear. Now, I'll tell you about it in a very few words. The boat I was in was upset by a squall, just, as good luck would have it, as we were close to a yacht. I am certain that I should have been drowned had it not been for a gentleman who jumped from the yacht, and saved me. I was half fainting from fright; but as I was coming to myself I heard him say—'My cousin, Maude Mourilyan.' Then I knew who it was directly!"

"Nina!" exclaimed Maude, in astonishment; "you mean to say that the man who saved you was—"

"Louis Ravenshill. Yes, he was, indeed! So far your plot has succeeded; for it appears that he saw us abroad somewhere—after we had exchanged our names—and recognized me again directly; and he believes me to be the young lady that is destined for him."

And Nina laughed merrily.

"This is quite romantic—is it not, Nina? How strange that he should have been in the yacht."

Maude did not laugh now as she laughed about the change of names in the Cascade at Florence. On the contrary, she seemed very grave. Nina noticed this, and said—

"The excitement—the half drowning—the hot bath—all together have been too much for me; and I think I could sleep. So leave me, darling, now, will you? Come and see me before you get into bed. Good night."

The two girls kissed each other fondly, and Maude left the room.

But Nina never less wished to sleep than at this moment. The time and the opportunity she had looked forward to for three arrange had arrived, and she had to play the sea, the nearest now. Was she prepared in the cool of the What a noble, handsome locality well. I had—so different

"We will go along the Bed! There was said. "It commands a glorious range. And sea, and is generally romantic." I acting

Can we enter into the depths of Would Mourilyan's thoughts all that afternoon while waiting for the time when her cousin

Maude's temper; and this last fear, at least, was groundless.

Ravenshill and Lyall dined at their hotel with their friend, the owner of the *Minerva*; so not much was said about Maude till the young men were left to themselves. They strolled out to smoke, and sat in a garden almost overhanging the sea.

"You are thoughtful, Louis; but I need not ask what you are thinking about."

"No—you can guess that easily enough. Is it more than a coincidence, Lyall—our meeting in this strange manner?"

"Certainly not," promptly replied the prosaic Lyall. "It is a curious one, no doubt. But if I were you, I should take it as a sign, and resign myself placidly to my very comfortable fate."

"Do you think her pretty?"

"I think she is wonderfully handsome."

"But she looks more than one-and-twenty."

"Do you think so? I am not a good hand at guessing young ladies' ages, but I think I should have put her down as there or thereabouts."

"I don't think I *can* fall in love with her!"

"Nonsense, man. You'll slip in love as easily as possible. That gray-eyed beauty for your wife, and Avebury and ten thousand a-year into the bargain! Why, you are the luckiest man in England, Louis."

Louis shook his head; and, after a short silence, said—

"It will be but a cold-blooded wooing, Lyall."

"So much the better, then—you won't be boring your friends about your mistress, and wasting time in writing sonnets to her eyebrows. Besides, you won't think it necessary to give up smoking, as some idiots do when they are engaged to be married. Now, look here—don't worry yourself, Louis. We have had a very pleasant time of it at sea—quite enough of it, by the way—and now we are going to have a very pleasant time on shore."

"I had hoped so; but—"

"What a man you are for buts. Trust me, Louis, these kinds of misgivings are all humbug. If I were a doctor, I should tell you that you were too highly organized—whatever that may be—and were bound, in duty to yourself and society in general, to take a lively view of the circumstances by which you are surrounded."

"Trust me, Lyall, in saying I was right in my desire to shun Maude Mourilyan."

Lyall shrugged his shoulders, and no more was said that night upon the matter.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was but natural that early the next day Louis Ravenshill should think it necessary to go and call upon his newly found cousin, and ask how she was after her unfortunate—or fortunate—immersion. Also, it was not very unnatural that he should insist upon his friend accompanying him.

"You must come, Lyall, and be introduced. Besides, there's another woman there—a companion, or duenna, or whatever you call it, I believe; and she may be something awful. I declare, I won't go at all unless you come too."

Thus adjured, there was no alternative but for Mr. Ralph Lyall to do what his friend desired; and, indeed, he had not the slightest objection to the visit. He could not help owning that he felt just the least bit in the world curious about this Miss Mourilyan.

Both young gentlemen were not a little astonished to find that the companion, duenna, or whatever she was, was apparently about the same age, if not younger, than the young lady she had in charge. Lyall immediately remembered seeing her in Florence.

"I must introduce you, Cousin Louis," said the one with gray eyes and dark hair, after Lyall had been duly presented to her, "to my friend, Miss Dunn. She has been with me since Uncle Ravenshill's death. Indeed, I call her my deliverer; for she arrived one fine morning, and set me free from the thralldom of Madame Faviano."

A careless bow from Louis, a more observant gesture from Mr. Lyall, a cool acknowledgment of both on the part of "Miss Dunn"—this was all.

Lyall, however, knew very well what was his duty; and so approached the fair-haired girl, and laid siege to her at once: nothing loath to do so, either. She was certainly uncommonly pretty, though very pale.

The young ladies had their hats on, so Louis insisted that they should not stop in. Where were they going? Shopping. Of course—nothing the two gentlemen would like better than to come and shop too. So the party sallied forth.

"You must have thought yourself very lucky in not being out in that boat last night, Miss Dunn," said Lyall, as they were walking behind the other two.

"Yes—it was very unfortunate," said Maude, gazing vacantly at Louis Ravenshill.

"For Miss Mourilyan, you mean? Well, I hardly know. Perhaps these two destined cousins might not have met for ages, if it had not been for that squall."

"No—perhaps they might not," she answered mechanically, hardly seeming to know what she said—gazing all the while on Louis and Nina.

"I remember perfectly well seeing you and Miss Mourilyan at Florence." Maude started slightly, and the colour came back into her cheeks. "Louis and I were together; and, from something he heard one of you say, he recognized his cousin. You will scarcely believe it, Miss Dunn—I may speak plainly to you: you, of course, know the whole history—but I assure you that man has been positively running away from his fair cousin, because it so happens that a tolerable fortune will become theirs if they are married. Did you ever hear such a piece of nonsense?"

"Oddly enough, yes. I have heard of a woman running away from a man for much the same reason."

"You surprise me! I could have laid odds that Louis' case was unique. However, after this romantic meeting, previous unromantic ideas receive a fatal blow. Don't you agree with me, Miss Dunn?"

"Ideas are often false," was the only reply that Lyall got.

He made up his mind that she was shy and reserved, so he undertook all the talking.

"I trust you are none the worse for your unlucky capsize," said Louis, with downcast eyes, to his supposed cousin, as he walked by her side. "I cannot help thinking how wonderfully fortunate it was that we should come up just at that instant."

"It was, indeed," said Nina, in a soft, low voice. "I, at all events, am not likely to forget it."

"How long have you been staying here? How long do you intend to remain?"

"Nina and I have nothing to set at nought, our own caprice. We have lacqueys at our about a fortnight, and talked of moving early at Spa, and crowding

"Oh, then, flagging under the pillars, Home-nymph of the fountain and her have have a hard time of it, pottering up and

"A flight of steps to fill us tumblers—such she plunges in, half a dozen at a time and at the end of a stick. She has also

No one has any right to go there except—." She paused, confusedly.

"Ah, yes," broke in Louis—"to be sure. What a splendid day it is, Cousin Maude. I wonder if I ought to try to tempt you to come out for a sail? Lyall and I are both pretty good sailors; and you need not fear a repetition of last night's catastrophe."

"Oh, I should like it immensely. I am not the least afraid. I am sure I could trust you."

There was nothing particularly striking in the way in which she said these last words; but they were accompanied by one gentle look from those beautiful gray eyes, which sent a strange thrill through Louis. He was not accustomed to thrills of this sort, and wondered what it meant.

"What's your opinion, Lyall? There's a lovely breeze, and—look at the sky—not the chance of a squall; and you and I know better than that idiot of a boatman whom we inconsiderately rescued from the watery grave he so richly deserved. My cousin is not at all afraid to venture again upon the water."

"What does Miss Dunn say?" asked Lyall.

"I think I should be afraid," said Maude, timidly. "The accident last night has, I suppose, made me nervous. I know it's very stupid; but, please, I would rather not go upon the water. Ni—Maude, dear, I think we had better not go to-day."

"Then we won't," said Nina, promptly. "Nina is not half such a good sailor as I am," she added, laughing; "and I think that is the secret of her fear."

"If *les convenances de société* would only permit it," thought Lyall, "I should be very happy to take charge of the youthful duenna, while Louis makes the running with Miss Maude out sailing."

Obviously, however, it would not be proper for a young lady to go out sailing alone with a newly found cousin all at once, although he had saved her life. So it was arranged that, as "Miss Dunn" did not like the sea, they should all four take a walk in the cool of the evening. Lyall knew the locality well.

"We will go along the Bishop's Walk," he said. "It commands a glorious view of the sea, and is generally romantic."

Can we enter into the depths of Maude Mourilyan's thoughts all that afternoon, while waiting for the time when her cousin

and Mr. Lyall should come for her and Nina?

Unwillingly she was forced to own to herself, though not to Nina—oh, not for worlds to Nina!—that her cousin was not in the least like what she had expected.

How quiet and gentle his manner was with Nina, and in the few words he had spoken to herself! How full of gaiety and fun he evidently was! This was not the man she thought would come worrying her for the money which would be his in case he should marry her. And he was very handsome, too—there was no mistake about that. But what could she do? She could not now draw back from the scheme she had originally planned selfishly for her own comfort. She confessed it to herself. No, it would be too palpably—her pride revolted at the idea at once. As for Nina, what did *she* mean to do? She felt that she did not dare to ask her, for fear of betraying herself, and exposing her now unquestionable regret for what she had proposed at Florence. Her own words in the Cascine came back to her—"I am ready to take all the consequences."

In a careless manner, she had rather looked forward to this meeting with Louis Ravenshill, thinking the upshot would be most amusing, and heeding nothing else. Nina was right when she told her that she, Maude, did not know what she was doing. She could say nothing now. She must trust to Nina.

She would not have been so ready to trust to Nina, if at that moment she could have read Nina's thoughts. The false cousin stood before the glass in her own room, surveying with complacency her unquestionable charms.

"Yes—Louis Ravenshill must fall in love with me, and the game is in my hands. Have I counted the cost?—*all* the cost? Dimly, I have. I must not think of that. Why not? For twenty years and more—with the exception of one mad interval—my life has been one long misery. *Hers* has been full of happiness. It is my turn now—let her suffer for awhile, if need be. What to me are her sufferings, if I can gain wealth with *him*? Of course, I am selfish. I know it. I was unselfish once, and misery was the result. I know better now. I like you, Maude Mourilyan, in a manner; but you stand in my path, and you must give way!"

She surveyed herself contentedly in the

mirror, and then began to busy herself in preparing her toilet for the walk. She had great natural charms, and no one knew better than she how to lay them out to the best advantage. When Ravenshill and his friend arrived, they could not but be impressed anew with the charms and elegance of "Maude Mourilyan."

Lyall, as in duty bound, took his place by the side of the supposed Miss Dunn. He was not at all averse to this arrangement. The young lady was certainly something more than pretty, and she interested him much; and he naturally did his best to please her, and flattered himself he was tolerably successful. She seemed, however, somewhat *distracted* at times; but he put this fact down to the interest he could not fail to notice she took in their two companions.

Returning home, there was an exchange of partners, and Lyall found himself with Ravenshill's supposed cousin. Indeed, Nina herself managed it so. She wanted to find out what sort of a man Louis' friend was; and she further thought—"I must give Maude a trial. I want to see how she keeps her word; for I know she will keep it." So it happened that Louis walked for some distance with "Miss Dunn."

"You don't care much about this scenery after Italy, I dare say, Miss Dunn?" began Louis.

Oh, how wearily she began to act her part!

"All places are much the same to me, Mr. Ravenshill," was her reply.

"Already? Why, that is an answer of some worn and wearied creature who finds life somewhat dull. You can't mean what you say, Miss Dunn?"

"I do, indeed! You forget that I have, after a fashion, to work for my livelihood. Perhaps, though, you don't understand what that means?"

"Something very like it, I quite understand. Till within nine months ago, I always thought I was to have as much money as I wanted. When I found that I was mistaken, I took to eking out my small means by what some people might call work. I took to earning money by teaching English on the Continent."

"But, in your position—!" and Maude glanced significantly towards Nina. "May I ask why you thought it necessary to do so?"

"Because I learnt to love freedom and

independence. I ought to have been educated in the warehouse and counting-house. I should not have been the lazy, idle wretch I am, if somebody or other had taken a little trouble about me."

"Men often say that, don't they?" said "Miss Dunn," with a quiet smile. "I do not mean it personally, but don't you think that young men are often inclined to lay the blame on others, when really their own inclinations are what they ought to fight against?"

"Upon my word, you are horribly severe," replied Louis, laughing. "But I am not sure that you are not right. Still, Miss Dunn, our elders occasionally make more unpardonable mistakes."

"Yes," she answered, with a sigh, "I think they do, now and then."

"But what, after all, is a poor wretched younger son to do, Miss Dunn? Suggest something that, if published, will benefit that unhappy race."

"Is he not a *man*?" she asked, slightly contemptuously. "If he has any brains, cannot he work a little? Can he absolutely do nothing for himself? Is there really in this busy world nothing for him to do?"

"Really, Miss Dunn, you speak so strongly, that I am sure you must have studied the question."

"You mean that ironically. I do not pretend to have studied the question, for the simple reason that it is one which requires no studying. It seems to me to be so very plain. Oh, if I were a man, I should not know what idleness meant! How I should despise myself if I had to be dependent upon others!"

"My dear Miss Dunn, I assure you I admire your sentiments; but if you were a man, you would still find a few difficulties in your way."

"Difficulties!" she retorted, her eyes sparkling. "What a tame thing life would be without difficulties!" She remembered hearing Nina say this once. "I should not have thought, Mr. Ravenshill, that you were the sort of man to mind difficulties much."

"What makes you think so, may I ask?"

Maude blushed. She really hardly knew why she had made the remark; but her reply was the only one she had, and it was true.

"You don't look as if you would be easily shaken in your determination."

Louis thought at once how he had given in after saving his supposed cousin's life; but there is nothing that men like so much as being told they are determined and resolute, and he instantly thought what a clever and penetrating girl this Miss Dunn was. He said—

"The best of us are very weak at times, Miss Dunn. I like to think myself determined, and all that sort of thing; but I am a terrible fool occasionally."

Maude laughed, and answered—

"Well, I suppose most of us are silly now and then." Then she asked abruptly, "Mr. Lyall is a barrister, is he not?"

"Yes, he is."

"Are you a barrister too?"

"No, I am not."

"Are you anything at all?"

Louis was a little staggered at this unexpected question. No one likes admitting that he is absolutely nothing at all.

"Miss Dunn, I regret to say that I follow no profession."

"Then, why don't you?"

There was a pertinacity about this young lady's questions that was quite too much for poor Louis; so he said, meekly—

"Miss Dunn, I don't want to shift the proper amount of blame from my own shoulders, but I am afraid I have been badly brought up. Now, I know what you are going to say; but hear me out. How do you expect a man to grow up who has never had a home influence to soften him, a parent's care to guide him, a brother's or a sister's love to aid him? His education has been, so to speak, by jerks; his morals have been formed, or rather deformed, by too early an acquaintance with the darker side of life—." He suddenly broke off. "Pshaw, what nonsense I am talking to you! Forgive me, Miss Dunn. Let us talk about the weather and the parks."

It was a sudden look upon her fresh young face that made Louis check his words so abruptly. It was a strange expression he saw there—half frightened, half sorrowful; yet so earnest! He could not help wishing—the thought passed his mind like a shadow—that he had noticed, when talking to her, some such expression pass over "Maude Mourilyan's" face. Certainly, he had not talked so seriously to her, cousin though she was, in the short time he had known her.

"They have great advantages who in

childhood have had a happy home," said Maude, softly. "I can remember but little of such a thing."

"I can remember nothing of such a thing," answered Louis. "Yet, sometimes, curious memories of childhood come over me. I fancy I remember a little girl I used to play with—oh, quite a baby girl!—she cannot have been more than three years old, if so much. We used to play at houses and railroads; and then, I think, I was very happy. Once I hurt her, and made her cry, and I believe I lay awake half the night, sobbing for what I had accidentally done. I can see her now, as in some dimly remembered dream—an almost white-haired child, with large blue eyes. I had a notion"—Louis dropped his voice, and looked towards Nina—"that my cousin might have been this little girl, grown up; but she has such dark hair, and her eyes are not blue, and she recalls nothing to my memory."

"It must have been with me you played," thought Maude, bitterly. Ah, that fatal scheme! If she could only have told him all!

By this time Nina thought that Maude had been tried enough, and she stopped short in her walk—

"I wish you would not make me laugh so, Mr. Lyall. Cousin Louis, was Mr. Lyall as amusing, I wonder, all the way from Leghorn as he has been during the last quarter of an hour?"

"I really don't know what I should have done without him," answered Louis, laughing. "Even when he was tried most—in the Bay of Biscay, wasn't it, Lyall?—he continued to be cheerful, and preserve an equanimity of temper which, under the circumstances, was truly marvellous."

"Now, don't remind me of the unhappiest time of my life, Louis, I beg. I have made a memorandum in red ink. 'When asked to go yachting, always insist on keeping along the coast. N.B.—Never go into the Bay of Biscay upon any consideration.' Now, Miss Dunn, let me, in polite language, detail my experience in that most abominable portion of the universe."

And Lyall walked on with Maude.

As they were nearing home, Nina said—

"By the bye, I have not asked you, Cousin Louis, are you going to stay down here long?"

"I hardly know," replied Louis, con-

strainedly. "Lyll has to join his circuit, and I am going on a fishing excursion next week. At the end of a fortnight we shall be here again."

"Oh, how sorry I am that you are going away! How dull we shall be without you! Are you sure you will not be away more than a fortnight?"

"Quite sure. Are you so sure that you will be dull without us?"

"Why, what do you think, Cousin Louis? Do you suppose it is no pleasure to me to have found my cousin?"

She said this so innocently, and her gray eyes beamed on him so softly, that he would have been more than man if he had not felt a soft thrill run through him at her words.

With light and pleasant conversation they beguiled the way home; and when they parted, Louis knew that he—involuntarily, perhaps—gave something more than a slight pressure when he took his supposed cousin's hand; and, unquestionably, that pressure was returned.

"She is clever and handsome," thought Louis, while undressing, that same night. "She fascinates me while I am with her; but—there I am at my buts again, as Lyll would say. I suppose it will all come right. There's no hurry, though."

Mr. Ralph Lyll, in the solitude of his chamber, thought something about Miss Maude Mourilyan and Miss Dunn.

"I can't understand Miss Dunn. How in the world can she have been selected by Louis' eccentric uncle as his niece's companion and *chaperon*? Because he was eccentric, I suppose. I have talked to them both; and Miss Mourilyan is by several degrees the sharper of the two—not to say the elder. I can't make it out. By the bye—it suddenly occurs to me, and I wonder it has not occurred before—how is it that Louis has met this cousin not so very long ago in London, in the matter of an impertinent cabman, when, by her own account given to me, she has not been in England for years. Louis is not the sort of man to make a mistake about a face and figure like that; and yet, if she is accurate in her particulars, the meeting was obviously impossible. Shall I suggest this difficulty to Louis? No—I think I won't at present. I never like to interfere in other people's affairs; but on this occasion I shall take the liberty of putting two and two together. If I find they make anything

except four, I shall be somewhat suspicious. Stuff—nonsense! Of course the thing can be explained."

FRENCH VIEWS OF ENGLISH LIFE.

ALTHOUGH quaint and humorous—as befitted the vein of the poet in his happiest moments—there was something deeply philosophical in the prayer of Robert Burns—

"O wad the Power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

It has, however, been wisely ordained otherwise. But the truth remains the same, that every man—from the innate promptings of vanity, self-respect, or some other kindred feeling of *amour propre*—is always curious to know the opinion of his neighbours concerning himself. The only drawback to this laudable desire is that, in the gratification of it we do not always feel on the same comfortable terms with ourselves, still less with our critics, that we did before. We each of us, to pervert slightly the sense of the old Venusian, "wrap ourselves up within ourselves;" we each of us make idols, as it were, of ourselves for our own self-worshipping; and in proportion as we love our own peculiarities, the greater the disgust when we find that our neighbours are not so piously imbued with the same veneration. And it is much the same with nations as with individuals.

What is commonly called national pride is nothing more than the same ideas carried out on a grander scale. Hence that inscrutable, narrow-minded doctrine of "nationalities," which, in the name of freedom and independence, has done more to keep the world back in the onward march of civilization than perhaps all other causes combined. From the days when the world was young, and "wars and rumours of wars" have made God's earth a harvest-field of mutual slaughter, it has been the rule for each nation to arrogate to itself a certain special virtue and privilege of its own, denied to any other people on the face of the globe but itself; and thus, under the name of patriotism, have national jealousies rankled for ages, and the yearnings of progress been periodically stifled in rivers of unnecessary blood. We have no very sanguine belief in the approach of the millennium just yet. Even men who

were not dreamers, but nevertheless imagined a few years ago that mankind were getting more sensible, and regarding sanguinary wars as both ruinous and expensive, have been painfully disabused by more recent events of their philanthropic hopes. One grand step, however, it may safely be supposed, has been taken within the last few years towards that better community and brotherhood of nations which has so long been the dream of great and noble hearts: we mean in the intimate connection which exists, and daily grows stronger, between this country and our neighbours across the Channel. To old people living at the present moment, and remembering the bitter hatred which existed between France and England only fifty years ago, the amicable relations of the present day must seem almost incredible. The very sound of the word "French" was a red rag of the most aggravating hue in the eyes of the John Bull of the last half-century.

From the Minister of State to the most insignificant street-boy, the French were considered our natural enemies, against whom it was always necessary to sleep with one eye open, lest, in some unguarded moment, old England became the prey of the invader, and the last new laurel in the victor's wreath of "that assassin Buonaparte."

But all this is changed now. If we fear invasion at all, it is not from Gallic foes. The "Battle of Dorking" has shown us, or tried to show us—which, perhaps, is the same thing—that our future foes will alight upon us, to our possible discomfiture, from quite another quarter. The old chronic idea of a French invasion, which used at regular intervals to alarm our fathers before us, has become a myth; and whatever ground for apprehension on that score there might have been once upon a time, no one believes in the probability of any such catastrophe this side of the year 1900, at least. Cobden's commercial treaty has done more, perhaps, to give the two nations a mutual knowledge of one another than any other cause. The first Exhibition, too, certainly fulfilled a goodly share of its purpose of bringing the nations of the earth together into one common gathering of amity, when it established a reciprocity of friendship between this country and France; and the sentiment has widened year by year, with more substantial effect. Not so many years ago, it was a rarity to see a French-

man in the streets of London; now, it would be a difficult thing to pass through any public thoroughfare of the metropolis without meeting, not mere casual foreigners, but Frenchmen who have made this country their home, whose wives are often Englishwomen, whose children speak English as their native tongue; and who are, to all intents and purposes, comfortably settled, naturalized British subjects.

"Proud islanders" as we are—or, at least, justly or unjustly, have long had the reputation of being—we should hardly make the same mistake now as did a certain well-known tradesman in Regent-street, in the year of the first Exhibition, who, on an eminent Paris journalist—M. Jules Janin, we believe—entering his shop to make a purchase, and, with the customary politeness of his nation, raising his hat, took his would-be customer for a beggar, greeting him with the sympathetic words, "No, no, my good man; sorry we can't assist you."

Frenchmen, on the other hand, have hardly the same faith in that good old belief of theirs that every true-born Briton goes about the streets armed with a bludgeon and attended by a bull-dog; or that the less refined classes of our countrymen look upon it as a right, handed down from Magna Charta, for every man, if he so wills it, to be able to take his wife with a halter round her neck, and sell her to the highest bidder in Smithfield market. The constant visits, moreover, of Englishmen of all classes to the French capital during the last few years have worked a corresponding benefit, and many popular errors of our own with regard to our Gallic neighbours have been agreeably dissipated.

One of the most interesting fruits of this newer and more intimate connection between the two nations is the study which some of the foremost literary men of the day in France have made of the manners and customs of this country; not to speak of the more ambitious disquisitions on our politics and literature which have appeared from time to time from the pens of such men as Louis Blanc, Alphonse Esquiros, and M. Taine.

Plenty of books upon this country have been written by Frenchmen, many of them rich in rhodomontade and misapprehensions of all sorts and shades; but we have mentioned the three educated writers who, faulty and hasty as they often are in their proper

estimation of the national habits and character, seem to have done their best to judge us impartially, from their own point of view.

M. Louis Blanc's "Letters upon England," published in 1866, are valuable contributions to French literature, and, we may almost say, to our own likewise. His long residence in this country gave him hosts of opportunities of properly studying and understanding the people among whom he had made his home for so many years. But as the subjects on which he touches are chiefly of the social and political conditions of this country, and as his remarks are imbued with strong Republican notions, which have hardly as yet gained general acceptance in this country, his "Letters" are rather fitted for abstruse study than for general reading.

A popular work in this way was "The English at Home," by M. Alphonse Esquiros, first published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," about the year 1860. M. Esquiros, in fact, may be said to have the honour of being the first Frenchman who, in a pleasant, gossipy manner, told his countrymen the honest truth about this country.

Shortly before the appearance of the work of M. Esquiros, one Larcher wrote, under the auspices of Emile de Girardin, an absurd libel upon England. The *Athenæum* at the time remarked "that a work like the one before us is calculated to do as much moral harm as the commercial treaty can do material good." The wretched budget of abuse met, however, with scant favour from the majority of intelligent Frenchmen, while the subsequent papers of M. Esquiros, in the "Revue," acquired an instant and wide-spread popularity. In them, as might naturally be expected, there was much of error and misconception; but that he went to work with the intent to criticize us fairly, to the best of his knowledge, may be inferred from his own words:—"Though heartily loving England for her institutions, her liberty, her grandeur, and the generous hospitality accorded to himself, he has retained sufficient of the stranger in his language and tastes to judge impartially the people among whom he sojourns."

We have no space to give such extracts from the interesting work of M. Esquiros as we should have wished—although, undoubtedly, "The English at Home" is a book tolerably well known to many of our readers—but must hasten to the latest, and

perhaps most genial, of our critics, M. Taine.

This well-known French writer has already made a reputation as a commentator on England, in his "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," published in Paris in 1863—a treatise which showed a deep study of our English authors, and which was alike fertile in theories and most ingenious in the collocation of facts. M. Taine's ideas on our most famous writers and their works were often startlingly out of the groove in which the orthodox mind of this country is accustomed to run; but they were—if sometimes absurd—at least, always good-natured and amusing. With M. Taine, for example, Walter Scott did not reflect and moralize enough. Wordsworth and the Lake school of poets were, on the other hand, far too reflective; and for Wordsworth himself, the greater part of his poems were set down as childish, silly, and wearisome. Cultivated Englishmen, as a rule, are not of the same opinion as M. Taine in this matter; but he followed more in the wake of our public opinion in his estimation of Byron. Byron was to him an object of special admiration and sympathy:—"All styles seem dull, and all souls inert, by the side of his."

Following up his critical and historical theories, our commentator favoured us, in a concluding chapter of the work we have named, with a sketch of his personal observations of England, which in his disparagement of our race, climate, and temperature, were far from complimentary to our national self-esteem. He travelled through England, and saw the vastness and perfection of our industry in commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; and this was his impression of the English genius—that "to work incessantly, like insects endowed with incessant hunger and four stomachs, is the proper vocation of Englishmen! In this they have nearly reached perfection; but how will they advance in that higher and nobler domain into which man ascends to contemplate the beautiful and the true? At all events, the arts will not lead them there. Look at poor Nelson, on the top of his column, impaled with a lightning conductor, and supported by a cable which serves as a tail! The English themselves, in their flesh and bone, seem made of cast-iron. What, then, will English statues be? As for painting, the principal merit of the English artists is the astonishing minuteness of the Chinese. They can paint

a truss of hay or a heath. They are good observers, especially of moral expression, and can illustrate a romance; but in true painting and picturesque design they are revolting. Never were placed on canvas colours so crude, figures so stiff, drapery so like tin, tones so discordant. Conceive an opera in which there are none but false notes. No! For these hard-working mechanics—for these energetic men of action, art can only furnish fruits that are exotic or deformed." Such is a specimen of Mr. Taine's opinions upon ourselves seven or eight years ago; but our critic has recently returned to the charge in certain "Notes on England," which have lately appeared in the columns of the *Paris Temps*. We are glad to find that, in some respects at least, M. Taine has modified his ideas with regard to us, although in many others his conclusions are still woefully out of joint. Nevertheless, there is a *verve* and piquancy in his style that makes him, with all his faults, well worth reading. His words are all carefully weighed, and his opinion is always expressed in good, clear language.

Take, for instance, this "second edition, revised and improved," of M. Taine's description of British personal characteristics:—

"The proofs which demonstrate the temperament, the race, and the disposition are of all grades. The common people—particularly the peasants, the sailors, the farmers, and even the squires of this country—are either jolly-fellows or hulking monsters. It is apparent that they glory in guzzling. An old country gentleman has the air of a fat pig who has a recollection of his grandfather, the wild boar." We next have the portrait of an English juryman:—"He is about to go into court, stuffed to the throat, bloated out, having fed like an ogre; and, in addition, his wife fills his pockets with eatables. This is due to the rule that juries are not allowed to separate till they are agreed. Hunger makes them unanimous in the end; for to such a stomach as this nothing is more terrible than a vacuum."

M. Taine cruelly takes the picture of John Bull, the typical Englishman, from ourselves. So, if we are not such high intellectual beings as we would fain be considered by our neighbours across the Channel, we have ourselves to blame for the French idea of us:—

"Yet the most noteworthy personage of

all is John Bull, the typical Englishman, just as he is depicted in political caricatures. He is the representative whom they themselves have chosen. In this portrait, which they regard as an abridgment, are shown the essence and foundation of the national character. When young, he resembles one of those jovial blades of Rubens—or rather, of Jordaens—who, in addition, has the gruffness of a watch-dog. As an adult, he resembles a butcher: he is fifty years old, is broad-shouldered; his stomach is prominent under his open-breasted waistcoat; he wears top-boots, a low-crowned hat, and carries a cudgel in his hand. Years have not lessened his energy: he is capable of standing his ground against the most vigorous adversary, even when it comes to blows. Picture a type of distinction, and the exact opposite: the latter impression is that which he makes. His neck is short, his chin large, his jaws are solid; the entire masticating machinery is perfectly developed; a stiff collar rises half way above his shaven chin, and his whiskers are of the mutton-chop pattern: thus the lower part of his face resembles that of M. Prudhomme." Whether this is meant as a compliment to M. Prudhomme or not, we cannot say. "But his twinkling or angry eyes, his beetle brows, the entire expression of his face, betray marked animal characteristics and the choleric temperament. His forehead is small, his intellect barren; his ideas are few and petty—those which he possesses being the ideas of a tradesman or a farmer." This is rather a hard blow; but, by way of compensation—"He is gifted with good sense and energy, a fund of good temper, loyalty, perseverance, and determination; that firmness of character, in short, by means of which a man gets on in the world, and renders himself, if not lovable, at least useful." Here, we think, M. Taine has shown himself the only foreigner who has hit off successfully the true secret of our national force of character, which has made the Englishman master of the position wherever in the world he has chosen to plant his foot.

Our critic is enthusiastic over that quality of boldness and hardihood which gives to Englishmen, of all ages and classes, such a zest in the pursuit of out-door sports:—

"Nearly all the amusements are of an athletic cast. It is sufficient to turn over the pages of the volumes of *Punch* to see how thoroughly national is the liking for

horses and rough sports. Nervous or unskilful horsemen are continually jeered at; jokes are cracked about distinguished foreigners who shrink from a leap, or who fear to break their necks. Little boys and girls, mounted upon ponies, join in the fox hunts which take place during the chilling fogs of winter. The young girls—tall, slim, firmly seated in their saddles—leap hedges, ditches, five-barred gates, dash through the underwood, gallop over the marshes, and come in at the finish with a rush, carrying their horses over every obstacle, putting inexperienced fox-hunters to the blush. Heavy, broad-shouldered matrons trot along with the party, under the care of the riding master. Entire families, from the grandfather of seventy to the maid of six, ride along the sands like so many centaurs."

We almost see our author shivering in his comments on what, to a Frenchman, seems fool-hardiness, but to Englishmen is their daily habit:—

"At Paris, I have seen young Englishmen every night leaving their windows open during the entire night in winter. This enables us to comprehend their fondness for open-air sports—for cricket, for fishing, and shooting. When the rain pours down in torrents, and the whole country is like a lake, an old gentleman may be seen actively handling his fishing-rod. When the river is frozen over, he may be seen letting down his line, in the hope of catching a fish, through a hole in the ice, made by a labourer with a pick."

M. Taine draws largely for his ideas of English manners and customs from our old friend *Punch*; and, perhaps, on the whole he can have no more trustworthy mentor. Our critic, discoursing still of English sports, says:—

"One out of every three sportsmen has a limb broken before he dies. The jokes on this head are endless. A gentleman on horseback informs a neighbour that his animal is rather restive. 'Oh! the animal is well known; it has been the means of breaking more collar-bones than any other in England.' A little swell, going stag-hunting, says to a robust friend on arriving at the railway station, 'Will you take a single or a return ticket?' The latter replies, 'I mean to take a return, because I know all about the horse I shall mount; but I advise you to take a single ticket, and an insurance one as well.'"

And, concerning the younger specimens

of the John Bull family:—"From childhood upwards they are told, 'You must be a man.' They are trained to think that they ought never to cry or show any signs of weakness, and that they ought to be brave, enterprising, and protectors of the weaker sex. A little boy says to a big lady, frightened at a herd of cattle, 'Don't be afraid; shelter yourself behind me.'"

The French mind, however, seems to find it difficult to divest itself altogether of the old idea that wives in England are the most ill-used among the women of civilized nations. The following is very amusing. He is speaking of the system of legal procedure:—

"Moreover, the reports of these divorce cases, which frequently appear in the newspapers, deserve to be read, because they unveil *one of the failings of English households—the tyranny and brutality of the husbands.*" The italics are our own.

Still speaking of our courts of law, M. Taine waxes eloquent over what to Englishmen is accepted, by the highest and lowest alike, as a mere matter of course—namely, the impartiality of our judges:—

"When the judge pronounces sentence, he does so with the authority and with the impartiality of a mind thoroughly convinced. He neither declaims nor indulges in invective. He neither conceals the weak points of the evidence, nor exaggerates the points beyond dispute. He weighs his words, translating his carefully formed opinion into clear language; and when he adds moral condemnation to the legal sentence, the gravity and nobleness of his tones are worthy of all praise. More than once I have thought that if Justice herself could speak, she would employ this style of language. The man himself is transformed into the simple organ of truth and of rectitude. The prisoner at the bar cannot help bowing before such a power as this, and assenting to the justice of his sentence. I know no other spectacle which can as solemnly imprint in men's hearts veneration for the law."

M. Taine makes a caustic and, unfortunately, a just attack on the "snobbery" which pervades English society; and, to give a better appearance of authority to his statements, quotes Thackeray, formerly a personal friend of the writer. The old, old sin is once more laid at our doors of our neglect of artists, authors, and journalists. His views of the position of artists, for instance, in this country

must be taken, however, with a very large grain of salt. He writes:—

"We all know how, in French sketches, the artist is raised above the citizen. Here, oddly enough, the reverse occurs. Musicians are represented as salaried monkeys, who come to make a noise in a drawing-room. Painters are bearded artisans, unkempt, shabbily dressed, badly educated, conceited, hardly one degree raised above photographers. The latter are workmen who cannot speak English, and who merely form food for ridicule. Thackeray frequently struggled against the common opinion with respect to artists. Clive Newcome, one of his personages, who is a painter, and the son of a colonel, remarks with surprise that in Paris artists are on a par with the leaders of society, and that Delaroche and Horace Vernet are invited to dine at court. A French moralist would never have occasion to demonstrate that the painter's art is as liberal a profession as that of medicine or law. Probably, in the eyes of the burly John Bull whom I have just described, a painter cannot be a gentleman, seeing that he works with his hands. He is not 'respectable,' because he has no fixed income; besides, it is said that his studio is always in disorder. He is thus a journeyman who wants method: he ranks with his neighbour, the mechanic, who works at home, and is the oracle of the pot-house."

What will the Academicians of St. John's Wood and Regent's Park say to the latter part of this homily?

The remarks of M. Taine on our manufactures, and the countless artisans engaged in them, are vividly natural. Here is a picture of Manchester which is inimitable in its way, as coming from a foreigner:—

"In the bronzed sky, at sunset, a strangely shaped cloud hangs over the plain; under this motionless covering are hundreds of bristling chimneys, as tall as obelisks. A huge and black mass is next distinguishable; then endless rows of buildings, and we enter the Babel of bricks. Walking through the city, and seeing it close at hand, the impression made is still more dismal. The air and the soil appear to be charged with fog and soot. Manufactories, with their blackened bricks, their naked fronts, their windows destitute of shutters, and resembling huge and cheap penitentiaries, succeed each other in rows. A large bazaar for the sale of low-priced goods, a workhouse to accommodate 400,000 persons, a prison for convicts con-

demned to penal servitude—such are the ideas created by the spectacle. One of these buildings is a rectangle of six stories, in each of which are forty windows. It is there that, lit up by gas, amid the deafening noise of the looms, cabined, classified, immovable, men mechanically drive their machines every day from morning to night. Can any form of existence be more opposed to and at variance with nature?

"About six o'clock, a bustling, noisy crowd pours from the mills into the streets. Men, women, and children flock along in the open air. Their clothes are filthy, many of the children are barefooted, the faces of all are pinched and gloomy. Several halt at the gin palaces; the others hasten towards their hovels. We follow them. What wretched streets! Through the half-open window may be seen a miserable room on the ground floor, sometimes below the level of the damp pavement; at the threshold a group of white, fat, and untidy children, breathe the foul air of the street—less foul, however, than that of the room. A strip of carpet may be perceived, and clothes hung up to dry. We continue our walk in the direction of the suburbs. There, in a more open space, rows of small, cheap houses have been erected as a speculation. The black street is paved with iron slag; the low, red-tiled roofs stand forth in lines against the prevailing gray sky; yet each family dwells apart, and the fog it breathes is not too impure. These are the select, the happy few; and the time is summer—the finest season of the year. One asks oneself, 'What sort of a life do they lead in winter when the fog bathes, chokes, engulfs all nature?' And one feels how heavily man is oppressed by this pitiless climate, and this industrial system."

Thus much for the homes of the toiling thousands; now for M. Taine's description of the palaces of the employers; after which the limits of space call upon us to bid good-bye for the present to the last, most piquant and genial critic of English life at home:—

"Even a walk through the quarter of the rich is depressing. Ten, fifteen, twenty houses in succession have been built in the same style, and they succeed each other with the mechanical regularity of draughts on a draught-board. The trim lawns, the small gates, the painted fronts, the uniformity of the compartments, make one

think of painted menageries, of neat playthings. The ornamentation shows bad taste: capitals, Grecian pillars, railings, Gothic roofs, and other forms have been copied from divers ages and places; the whole being fresh and inharmonious. The display is gingerbread and trumpery, like that of a man who, having suddenly become rich, bedizens in the belief that he is adorning himself. It is a good thing to work, and it is a good thing to be wealthy; but to work and be rich are not sufficient."

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SOME SURPRISES.

THE morning brought no better state of things to pass with regard to my father's feelings towards Aunt Hetty: he was still firm in his resolve that we should have nought to do with her.

My mother told me that he had turned a deaf ear to all that she had tried to tell him and to urge upon him; and now it was her duty as a wife to obey him, and to speak no more upon the subject at present.

"Hetty will be in good hands," said she, and she sighed; "and I must console myself with that."

And then she busied herself with her usual occupations; but I could see that her heart was not in them, and that she listened eagerly for any sound, hoping that Uncle Oliver might come and tell us how all was going on.

But he did not come, and the morning passed away and dinner time came; and to-day my father came home, and brought with him Sir Everard, who had been absent from town lately.

I was not in a humour to see company, neither was my mother, though we did our best to be agreeable to our guest; but there was unmistakably a cloud hanging over us, which made us speak, move, and act with a constraint by no means natural. Perhaps my father showed it even more than we did; for, being of an open, careless temper, he could not disguise his feelings; and 'twas plain enough to be perceived, even by a less observant person than Sir Everard, that he was but ill at ease.

I cannot think it could have been over-

pleasant for Sir Everard; for though he appeared not to notice that there was an undercurrent that did not run smoothly, I was quite conscious that he was aware of it, for he exerted himself more than usual to make the conversation flow; and succeeded to a certain degree, despite my thoughts—as well as my mother's—often wandering off in the direction of the poor prisoners.

After dinner my father insisted that we should go for a drive, for he said "we were moping terribly, and 'twas too fine a day for that. 'Twas a shame, when the skies were bright and the birds singing, that people should be dull and gloomy."

But the thought of the brightness without made us think only the more of the dreariness of the prison we had visited yesterday; and my mother well-nigh broke down.

Sir Everard came to our assistance, and proposed a stroll on the Mall to my father.

"I have many things to say to you, and some friends to meet; and I shall accomplish both if you will accompany me."

To this my father agreed, so we were freed from the gentlemen's company; he, however, still persisted that a drive somewhere was necessary for us.

"I can't see you looking so pale," said he. "No one that is shut up keeps their good looks. You want fresh air to keep you alive."

My father's speeches were very unfortunate to-day; since they all pointed to the advantages of freedom, and made my mother but grieve the more over Aunt Hetty.

However, we were obliged to go; and so, not caring to meet with company, we ordered the coachman to drive towards the country, though it was no pleasure to us—since we did but compare our own ease and luxury, and the fresh breeze that was blowing, with the hardships of our unfortunate relatives, and the damp, unwholesome air in their cell.

Upon our return home we found that Uncle Oliver had been to see us, which was another cause of regret, as now we should hear nothing of Aunt Hetty to-day; for it was too late for me to go to Uncle Oliver's lodgings, where I was in the habit of going very often now, for I had taken to reading with him again, and felt a greater interest in it than ever.

I was at no loss to know why I had set to work again with such zeal. 'Twas as much on Mr. Lydgate's account as from my own liking for it; for if what he had

pointed at should ever come to pass, I should wish to make him a suitable and intelligent wife, and not have him ashamed of me, as so many men of letters must be of their wives. Besides, I believe that the more the minds of two persons assimilate—the more thoroughly they sympathize in intellect as well as in heart—the more true enjoyment they feel in one another's society. Indeed, I can fancy no other kind of marriage perfect. And I fell into a blissful reverie over the future, and conjured up the wonderful land that lay between me and the evening clouds of the last golden sunset my mortal eyes should see; and, in fancy, I gathered the flowers as I went along, and wove them into my garland of happiness; and I pondered of how people might store up wreaths of immortal beauty—soul flowers that should live on eternally, and not be left on earth among our lost possessions.

I was roused by the voices of my father and Sir Everard Tylney; and in another moment the latter made his way to the drawing-room.

"What have you been reading of late, Mistress Selwode?" said he. "Has your friend Mr. Defoe been writing anything fresh?"

There was an irony, but half concealed, in his tone as he asked me; and I wondered how he knew that I was in any way connected with Mr. Defoe. I suppose he guessed what I was thinking of, for he went on—

"You wonder how I know anything of Mr. Defoe, Mistress Grace. Perhaps I know more than you are aware of; and if you would only do me the honour of reposing some slight trust in me, I might be of some poor service to you."

"You have already been of service to me, Sir Everard, and I thank you for it," I replied.

"Still," he returned, "I am unsatisfied. I would spend my life in your service, Mistress Grace, if you would permit me."

"Sir Everard," I said, interrupting him, "I pray you not to enter again upon a subject that distresses me."

"You shall be obeyed for the present," he answered. "I am willing to bide my time. But still," he continued, "allow me to say to Mistress Grace Selwode, that even in her present difficulty, I might be of use to her."

"What difficulty?" I asked, in surprise.

"People in a family often have opposing views," said he, enigmatically.

Surely my father could not have confided Aunt Hetty's trouble to him.

"Has my father—" I began, and then stopped.

He smiled.

"No, Mistress Grace; 'tis the last subject upon which your father would open his lips."

"Then how do you know anything about it?" said I, utterly astonished.

"You are satisfied, then, that I allude to the matter that troubles you?"

He might, after all, be only testing me, on account of some slip my father had made, and trying to find out more.

"How can I tell?" said I.

"Distrustful still," said he.

"But—"

"But you will not betray yourself until you find that I am really in possession of your secret. I am keen-eyed, Mistress Grace, however. Being strong in my position, I can afford to be generous, and to tell you that I am aware of the position of your—friends in—Newgate."

He sank his voice as he spoke the last word; and I, overwhelmed with amazement, could make no answer.

"I am in constant communication," he said, "with people of all grades and parties, and know more of what goes on than those whose minds are bent upon a single train of action. Had it not been so, I should scarce have been able to render the assistance to your father that I had the pleasure, for your sake, of doing. Perhaps you may hear first from me that efforts are being made to procure a release for the prisoner, which are likely to succeed. Her Majesty has a tender heart and a dying husband, and the two may work together beneficially in the present case. Besides, my Lord Belhaven's death, which most men say was owing to grief at his own and his country's treatment, caused much regret to her Majesty, which may also have an influence in Mr. Graeme's favour."

I sat stupefied, for I scarce thought Uncle Oliver would have taken Sir Everard into his confidence; and yet, where else could he have learned all this?

"Then you have seen Uncle Oliver?"

"No."

"Clarinda?"

For there might have been communication with her, even as Uncle Oliver had suggested.

"No."

"Then I do not understand; for I cannot imagine that you are acquainted with Mr. Defoe."

"There, at least, you do me justice, madam," he answered, bowing. "I neither know Mr. Defoe, nor do I desire to have that honour. And, when I first alluded to this matter, I did not intend to suggest that I would meddle with it in any other way than privately. I said that persons in a family often held diverse views. Sometimes a friend may step in, and lead to an amicable adjustment."

"Not in this case."

"You forget that I have been trained to diplomacy, Mistress Grace; and to be a skilful diplomatist is the height of my ambition."

"'Tis a dangerous one," said I.

"What glory without danger?" said he. "I am not afraid. In all that I have yet undertaken, I have been successful. The higher the stake, the more careful the game that has to be played, so that no card shall be thrown away."

I did not like the turn the conversation had taken. It seemed to me as though he were drawing me into accepting an obligation of which I could not approve, since I could not sanction him to influence my father, or to interfere in our family affairs, without giving him an interest in our concerns that I had no mind to do.

"I am very grateful for your kind intentions," I said; "but 'twould be of no use."

"At least, allow me to try—that is, if by so doing I can remove any cause of anxiety from you or your mother."

"I cannot bid you do so," I replied.

My mind was torn in two ways. If it had been any other than Sir Everard who had offered his mediation, I think I should have accepted it.

"Is Mistress Grace also a diplomatist?" he inquired. "Does she mean I may try without her bidding?"

I felt annoyed. Why would this man persist in prying into my inmost feelings, and in reading them, in spite of me? I wondered if he suspected the greater secret, that I was so carefully guarding from every one; and involuntarily I glanced up at him, and the look that met mine startled me,

and decided me to decline all offer of service he might make.

"I am no diplomatist, Sir Everard, and I think 'tis better to let matters alone. We must find our way out of this difficulty. Please do not trouble yourself."

He gave a slight laugh; but I could see 'twas partly to hide his annoyance.

"You are more of a diplomatist than you think, Mistress Grace. I may, therefore, give you your own caution back. Take care—diplomacy is a dangerous game to play at."

"I, Sir Everard! What opportunity?—"

And then the probable meaning of his words struck me. Certainly, I was compassed round with perplexities, and was trying to find my way out of them without hurt to myself or any one else. But how could this be called diplomacy? 'Twas the natural way of the simplest of mankind.

"Self-convicted," said he.

"No!" I answered, boldly, "I am no diplomatist: I am for going forward in a straight path."

He demurred.

"People will not let you. 'Tis a turn here, and a twist there; so that the road widens in spite of you, and you are forced to double. I believe every man—to a greater or lesser extent, as his brains may allow—is a born diplomatist. Diplomacy runs through everything and everybody, since everything is fitted for its development. You find it in social life, since society has its uncrowned kings, its courtiers, its favourites, moving in continual revolution and counter-revolution. Nay, every individual contains a kingdom within himself, wherein each force is trying for the rule—the head, the heart, the passions striving for the mastery, and diplomatically endeavouring to get the better of one another in a sort of involuntary mutiny against the highest powers, which some of your friends would ascribe to the warfare of sin in the members, others to the wrestling of good and evil spirits for the possession of the soul. Into such speculations I pry not. I simply perceive the contrarieties of man's nature, and believe them to be the reproduction of the macrocosm in the microcosm; even as the full development of the future oak, had we but eyes to discern it, is clearly contained in the little acorn."

"That is scarcely a parallel, is it?" said I. "The one is the germ of what is to be; the

other but the imitation of something greater that already exists. That is," I added, "if the one individual man, with his soul movements, be not greater than the whole State machinery, that moves on diplomatic wheels, whose motions you believe him to emulate."

"Uncle Oliver, I presume," said he.

"Why not myself?" said I.

"It may be," he returned. "I have not quite fathomed your depths at present."

"And what reason is there for fathoming them?" said I; for I was beginning to get vexed.

"Pleasure," he replied, coolly—" 'tis an infinitely pleasing study. Do not be angry, Mistress Grace. Pray, let us keep civil to one another."

I should have made some sharp retort; but the word "civil" brought to mind his speech about civility.

"Then why should you so try to vex me?" I asked. "Why do you not turn to some better study?"

"Because I love you, Mistress Grace," said he, his tone of indifference all at once ceasing; "because there is no other book so sweet to me to read, in spite of all I find written there against me; because—"

But, fortunately, at that moment my mother entered the room, and the rest of the evening gave Sir Everard no opportunity of pursuing the subject, as my father engrossed him in conversation which had little interest for my ears. I kept close to my mother, trying to work at my embroidery, and every now and then looking into her pale face, and pitying the struggle that I knew was going on within her.

"I will go and see Uncle Oliver, the first thing after breakfast to-morrow," I whispered.

"That you shall, child," she answered; "one may hear, if one may not speak or act."

I think if my mother ever felt inclined to be rebellious in her life, it was just now. I could tell it in her compressed lips, which gave her a look I was not used to see. I was not sure whether she would not disobey my father's command that he had set upon her, if she found that things went badly with Aunt Hetty.

"Clarinda might make intercession with her Majesty through Harry," she said. "There is no reason why Harry should feel as thy father does."

Then she was silent; and I went on putting stitch after stitch into the face of the shepherdess I was at work upon, and pretending to be very much absorbed in it—though my thoughts were far enough away, and I was inwardly fuming over my annoyance at Sir Everard's having again spoken of his love. I had hoped that it would die away, when he saw that I gave him no encouragement. Love, they say, feeds on marvellously little; but Sir Everard's must have found out the art of living upon nothing at all.

When he bade me good night, he said he hoped to resume our conversation at another time; whereat my presence of mind forsook me, and I could make no answer.

My father patted me on the head when he had gone away, and smiled significantly. He was in a pleasanter humour than he had been all day; which, instead of rejoicing at, only annoyed me, for I felt it was all owing to Sir Everard. So I tossed my head impatiently, and said that "I wished Sir Everard would not stay so late."

And then my father laughed again.

But it sounded incongruous to hear his cheery laugh whilst my mother looked so sad, and Aunt Hetty was in prison. But I did not dare to speak my thoughts; besides, I knew it would not be wise. I had said matters must take their course—and—Yes, Sir Everard, we are all diplomatists, more or less—alas! 'tis human nature!

However, if there was a veto against our going to Newgate, there was none against going to Uncle Oliver's; so, in the morning, I set off directly after breakfast.

Uncle Oliver was not very early in rising, and I generally found him with his cup of coffee, and his new book or pamphlet, or Mr. Steele's *Gazette*. I always asked of the woman who owned the house whether he was alone or not, before I went up; though at this hour I seldom found any one there. To-day I was so eager to see him that I ran upstairs without inquiring; and when I reached the door I heard voices, which caused me first to pause, and then to descend to ask who was there, when, before I had taken three steps, the door opened, and Uncle Oliver, catching sight of my retreating figure, called out—

"Is that you, Grace? What are you running away for? Come back."

So I turned again, and went up, wondering who could be there. Perhaps Mr. De-foe. I hoped so, for he might have news.

But it was not Mr. Defoe, nor any other gentleman.

The table was spread with eatables, quite unlike my uncle's usual simple breakfast; and the coffee was steaming with grateful fragrance. Uncle Oliver was having a party; and it consisted of an aged woman, bent almost double, with shaggy, white hair, and eyes that, in spite of her years, gleamed keenly, and yet not unpleasantly, from underneath her shaggy brows; and a girl, apparently about my own age, very shabbily dressed, whose face I could not see, for she was seated with her back towards me; but she had fair hair, twisted round and round her head, like a coiled up, glittering serpent.

I looked up at Uncle Oliver—for it came into my mind who these two might be. He answered my look of surprised inquiry with a gentle nod—

"Yes, Grace—Mistress Margaret Campbell, and her great-niece, your cousin, Magdalen Graeme!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY NEW COUSIN.

AS Uncle Oliver spoke, my cousin rose from her seat, and stood facing me.

Light gold hair in ripples, gray eyes, a face like an angel's, and just a little like Clarinda. That was the description that suited her exactly; and it tallied with another description that came to my mind as I looked at her.

Could it be possible? And in my bewilderment I stood gazing at her, as though she were some apparition that I had my doubts about.

I suppose my astonishment, the sudden flow of my thoughts towards Jack, coupled with my admiration at the beautiful face before me, kept me silent longer than I was aware of, and gave an appearance of hesitation to my manner of receiving Uncle Oliver's announcement.

The girl coloured, looked from my handsome dress—made quite in the mode—to her own patched, shabby garments; and cast her eyes on the ground.

"Could it be?" went on my wandering imagination; "and if it were, no wonder that Jack's fancy was taken. What eyelashes she has!" And I still remained mute, until Uncle Oliver asked—

"What is the matter, Grace?"

"I was thinking of Jack," I said involuntarily.

And at the sound of my voice the girl looked up again, and I sprang forward, saying—

"Pardon me, but 'twas such a surprise!" And I kissed her heartily, adding—"I welcome you most lovingly, my cousin."

And then I turned to Mistress Margaret Campbell, whom I greeted cordially; and then I kissed my cousin again, and said—

"Magdalen! what a pretty name!"

"What in the world made your thoughts wander off to Jack?" said my uncle. "We don't want soldiers to break into prisons for us; all we hope to do is to carry off our captives lawfully, and with the quiet arm of civil authority."

I tried to turn off the subject by saying—

"Jack is a kind-hearted fellow, and he made such a good figure at Oudenarde, that I should think the Queen would not refuse him anything."

And then Uncle Oliver insisted that I should sit down, and pour out coffee for them; and I must say that Mistress Campbell did justice to the meal, for 'twas plain she was in want of one. Magdalen, too—it made my heart ache to see the famished look she cast on the food before her: it told a deeper story of privation than any words could tell.

Uncle Oliver, it appeared, had found out the miserable lodging where the two dwelt, and had insisted on bringing them home with him.

He had found quiet rooms in the neighbourhood, whither he intended to remove them; and where Archibald Graeme could be taken on his release from Newgate. For of his release my uncle seemed to entertain no doubt—as Mr. Defoe had advised its being made a private act of grace on the part of her Majesty, which he knew my lord Duke of Queensberry would make intercession for. And he had made a statement of the case to Lord Godolphin, and had, furthermore, begged the interest of Mr. Hardy to urge upon the Queen to show lenity towards the Scotch preacher.

"The poor man is dying," said Mr. Defoe; "'tis but asking for him to die in peace."

If Aunt Hetty knew this her daughter did not, for she spoke hopefully about the future; and no one cared to cast a gloom over it by hinting at the truth. Sorrow comes fast enough; and 'tis but for a short time that life's sun throws no shadows.

I went on speculating all through break-

fast, and wondering how I could find out whether Magdalen Graeme could be Jack's little flower-seller. But if so, he was as far off from her as ever; for I knew my father would never consent to his carrying his romance any further.

Fortunately, Uncle Oliver was called away, and Mistress Margaret Campbell, besides being somewhat deaf, was rather sleepy after the unusual good cheer; so she nodded off, and Magdalen and I were left to our own conversation.

She spoke with a pretty Scotch accent, that had a great charm in it to my unaccustomed ears; and I wondered that Jack had not mentioned it. True, he had said she had the sweetest voice he had ever heard; but that was not much of a guide.

I was trying to think of how I should lead to the subject, when all at once I thought perhaps 't would be better to plunge into it boldly at once. So I said—

"Magdalen, you put me in mind of a description of some one."

"Do I?" said she. "Of whom?"

"Of yourself, I think it must be," I replied; "that is if, in the time of your trouble, you ever sold violets on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral."

She gave a start, and turned crimson, which made me feel more certain than ever that I was right.

"I did," she answered, in a low voice.

"And a young officer paid you very handsomely for a bunch?"

"Yes," said she, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and the colour coming and going under her quivering eyelashes. I wish Jack could have seen her; and yet, considering all things, perhaps 'twas as well he did not.

"It was Jack," said I.

She gave an inquiring glance, as much as to say—"Who is Jack?" and then her eyes went down again.

"Jack is my brother," said I, "and he told me to find you out, and help you if I could; for he knew that you were in trouble."

"Did he?" said she, and the tears began to roll down her cheeks. "His was the kindest heart I met with in all my trouble. I have never forgotten him. And he is safe?"

"Yes—safe, thank Heaven!" said I, fervently. "And he distinguished himself greatly at Oudenarde. They say he fought bravely."

She shuddered slightly.

"I do not like war."

"Neither does he now, I think."

She looked at me quickly. Then, in a low, meditative voice—half to herself—she said—

"I am glad he is safe."

"Magdalen," said I, for thoughts came crowding into my mind, "did you not go to the cathedral to hear the thanksgivings for the victory?"

She blushed.

"I could not help going," she answered.

"I was only outside. I was scarce fit to go in, even could I have done so; but I got as close as I could; for somehow it seemed, though I did not like war, as if one ought to be almost more thoughtful and prayerful for the poor soldiers than any other men—so near death, so constantly in danger and horrors—and that one should pray more earnestly, on an occasion like this, that the dead might be with God, and that the living might be spared to return to their homes."

"Jack especially," thought I to myself.

"And so you were there," I added, aloud.

"Yes, and the music of the anthem came rolling through the walls in such magnificence of sound as I had never heard before. It was very grand—so grand that, when there came a pause, I found myself saying 'Amen,' as though some wonderful prayer had gone up to Heaven. There were women standing around me sobbing—for they had husbands, and sons, and brothers at the war; and it seemed to me as if a place ought to have been given them inside the building, since they had given of their best to the country."

"And you prayed that Jack might be safe," said I, sinking my voice to a whisper, though 'twas not necessary.

"Yes," she answered, in a still lower tone.

And, doubtless, she had prayed for Jack, day and night, even more fervently than I had done. But I did not ask her; for she sat down at my feet, and laid her head on my lap, and was crying quietly.

I wondered if she was in love with Jack, even as he was with her. And as I stroked her hair back, the golden ripples, that rose up again and again, seemed like the waves of a river that was floating my thoughts away.

Life was very wonderful. How strangely things came about! To think that, after all, I should find Jack's little flower-seller in

Uncle Oliver's lodgings, and not on the Mall, or on the steps of St. Paul's, as Jack had expected. And yet 'twas through going to St. Paul's that I had met Mr. Defoe, and had found out all about Aunt Hetty. And he had certainly intended to meet me, and was not surprised. And through that I had found out Jack's enchantress. It was just like a story—all planned out, and following just as it ought to follow; and not like real life, that always seems to go wrong. How glad Jack will be to get my next letter, for not one had come to me from him without the question "Have you found her?" and I was always obliged to answer "No."

Poor Jack! he is doubtless wearing the faded bunch of violets next his heart; for I always find that unromantic people, such as he is, if they ever do get a little bit of romance into them, are more absurd over it than the most romantic of mortals. I suppose it is because it is a new thing to them that they have no idea of how to deal with it. And so Jack had not been forgotten by his flower-seller in the time of his triumph!

Clarinda and I had been at the cathedral on the 19th of August, seated in the grand places, not so very far from her Majesty and the Duchess—who, by the way, came into the cathedral quarrelling, as 'twas said they did all the way up Ludgate-hill; and whilst we were in our best array, and flushed and happy, thinking of Jack, his success, and his safety, this poor little cousin of ours was trembling in the crowd outside, praying for Jack, in her beggar-maid's dress, with her whole heart and soul.

"What made you think that Jack would be in the battle?" I asked, suddenly.

"He said he was a soldier, and was going away," she answered.

"And why," I asked, after another pause, "did you not go again to meet him? He went to St. Paul's every day until he left England."

"My aunt thought it would not be right," she replied. "She said it was best not to go. How could she know how good he was?"

"Of course not," I said, thoughtfully.

The more I looked at Magdalen, and spoke with her, the less I wondered at Jack. Would his dream ever come to pass? Why not? 'Twas no stranger a meeting than my

father's and mother's; and Jack had always wished for something of the kind. No one had opposed my father's marriage; and this certainly would be better in point of family, as Aunt Hetty was a Selwode. And Graeme was as good a name as Whyte, if not better.

Then I heard a clock strike twelve. How the morning had passed away, and how anxious my mother would be for my return!

"I must go home," said I, as Uncle Oliver entered.

And then a sudden awkwardness struck me. Should I be allowed to come again, when my father knew of my visit, and of all that Uncle Oliver had planned out? I bade my cousin and Mistress Campbell, who had waked refreshed, farewell; and then I signed to Uncle Oliver to come with me.

"What is to be done?" said I. "My father will not permit my mother to see Aunt Hetty and her husband again. I am afraid I cannot come either. What shall we do?"

He looked very grave.

"We dare not speak to him again," I went on. "Can you do nothing?"

"I will see," said Uncle Oliver.

And I could see, by the frown that settled on his forehead, that he was more than ordinarily disturbed.

My mother listened eagerly to all I had to tell her; and I even confided to her Jack's romance.

"'Twas like Jack," said she. "I should like to see the girl."

But there was not much chance of it; for my father was more bitter than ever against Aunt Hetty. He said that the family could never recover the disgrace she had brought upon him in this Newgate affair. She had disgraced them once, and had been lost to them, and was forgotten; and now, when they were in the heyday of their fortune, she had turned up again, determined to load them with further shame and infamy.

It was in vain my mother tried to persuade him to look upon it in a different light.

"I have given my commands," said he, "and I will not be disobeyed."

Uncle Oliver's attempt at interference only made everything worse; for, after a sharp altercation, they parted angrily, and we saw no more of Uncle Oliver, nor of how matters were going on.

My mother tried to bear the trial patiently; but I could see that her heart yearned to

be with Aunt Hetty once more. Perhaps it would be better when Clarinda came home; for she had a way of persuading my father that I did not possess. The Queen and the Prince had gone to Bath, and Clarinda would be home in a few days. To add to my vexations, Sir Everard Tylney made constant excuses for coming to our house. 'Twas some business with my father, or some message from Clarinda—for he was often at Windsor, as was Mr. Harley also; and there was a great deal of quiet plotting going on, in spite of the Duchess's constant vigilance.

Sir Everard hinted very plainly that 'twas my fault that matters stood as they did in our family. "For," said he, "if you would but give me permission to act in your behalf, Mistress Grace, I could set all to rights."

And again I thanked him somewhat coldly, but quite civilly; for I wished not to give him any further claim upon my gratitude.

And then I managed to escape, on some pretext, without giving him opportunity of saying any more; for I feared to be left alone with him, lest he might resume the conversation I so much dreaded.

I could see that he was in a state of inward wrath; but I did not regard that, so long as we could keep on moderately civil terms. Yet I perceived that ere long he would burst forth as a volcano, and it filled me with fear; so that, what with our anxieties about Aunt Hetty, and my father's coolness with Uncle Oliver, besides my mother's falling into low spirits, I had a weary time. And I looked forward with rejoicing to the next week, when Harry Fanshawe's cheery voice should be heard among us; and perhaps his counsel, which was always straightforward and to the purpose, might do as much for us as Sir Everard's intricacies.

However, I thought, 'tis a pity if some one may not draw happiness out of our present troubles; so I sat down and wrote a letter to Jack, to be sent at the first opportunity; and in it I said—

"I have found her, Jack, and am fully persuaded that she is an angel; and I believe I am half as much in love as you. I knew the golden ripples, and the look like Clarinda, at once. But, alas! Jack, I fear she is farther removed from you by circumstances than King Cophetua's beggar-maid, since she is daughter of the Scotch preacher, Archibald Graeme, Aunt Hetty's

husband, now lying in Newgate. Jack, dear Jack—'tis a somewhat divided household here at home; and, were it not undutiful, I should write down many things in this letter for which I should be sorry afterwards."

Then I ended up with these words—

"I know that 'tis not right to encourage you in your folly; but I cannot help telling you that Magdalen is full of gratitude to you, and entertains a very flattering remembrance of you."

How pleased Jack would be with my letter. And I pictured him, and the extravagant ecstasies that he would indulge in over it. It would be the pleasantest letter that ever he received in his life; and I longed to send it off to him at once.

Poor Jack! poor Jack! what if it should never reach him? Why should he be spared to come home, when so many have fallen around him? Oh, war—terrible war! For the thought of his young happiness brought all the risks and perils of the battle-field clearer before me. What if my brother should not live to see this gentle cousin, whose memory he has treasured up with all the ardour and devotion of a fresh, first love!

Ah, Magdalen, with her simple faith, must pray for him!

TABLE TALK.

A GENTLEMAN who has had fourteen years' experience on the matter regarding which he now directs the attention of the public, makes the appalling statement not only that—as has long been generally known—green papers for house walls contain arsenical preparations which for years may evolve poisonous particles, but that *arsenic is used not only in papers containing green, but frequently, and even in large quantities, in paper of all colours, even in some that are nearly white.* As his authority, he quotes "an eminent analytical chemist, late lecturer on chemistry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital"—(this must be either Dr. Stenhouse or the late Dr. Matthiesen)—to whom he sent papers of many colours—dark-brown, buff, white, blue, and various delicate shades of gray, drab, and mauve—which, from the symptoms to which they apparently gave rise, were suspected of containing this metal. The results of analysis were that, in every instance, the papers which were taken from

bed-room walls contained arsenic; and clearly indicate that "it is impossible for any one, professional or otherwise, to judge by the eye whether a paper contains arsenic or not, or whether much or little." The indications of poisoning caused by the paper containing only a little arsenic were clear in each case. After fourteen years' suffering (with few intervals) from arsenical poisoning from this source, the writer—whose scientific position and power as an observer is vouched for by the editor of the *British Medical Journal*, who publishes the paper—has given up having paper on his walls, and the atmosphere of his rooms is, he says, far purer than it was. If distemper or oil-paint be substituted for paper, care must be taken in the selection of the pigments, many of which also contain arsenic, and have proved very injurious.

A CORRESPONDENT: In a note in your interesting "Table Talk," for October 14, page 352, I read as follows:—"The parish which—next to Stilton—makes the best cheese in the midland counties." Permit me to say that no cheese has ever been made in the parish of Stilton, Huntingdonshire. The Leicestershire-made cheese, which is called Stilton cheese, and which was sold—but not made—in Stilton during the old coaching days, was, perhaps, first made—at Little Dalby or elsewhere—in or before the year 1720. From a published "Tour" of the year 1725, it appears that Stilton was then "famous for its cheese;" and this appears to have been the earliest record in print of this now celebrated English Parmesan. The poet Pope mentioned Stilton cheese in the fable of the "Town Mouse," written *circa* 1737. The celebrated rider, Cooper Thornhill, landlord of the Bell, at Stilton, from (about) the year 1737 to 1752, was one of the chief sellers of Stilton cheese. Not only the travellers by coach, but also those who drove in their own carriages and postchaises, many of whom—as Lord Byron did—stayed at the Bell on their first night out of London, followed the fashion of the day by purchasing a "Stilton" cheese from Cooper Thornhill. I have heard my uncle, a barrister, say that when he went on circuit, and drove in his postchaise through Stilton, he was always expected to purchase a cheese there, quite as a matter of course, and to bring it home with him. I may add, that your readers will find full information on

this point by referring to ONCE A WEEK for June 16, 1866, where they will find (pp. 663-669) an article—"The Hero of Stilton, and Stilton Cheese," by Cuthbert Bede. I myself have been acquainted with that district up to the present date, and can corroborate and supplement what he says, that "Stilton cheese" is not to be bought in Stilton, and that at no time was it made there. May I also make a note of what Cuthbert Bede there mentions concerning Cooper Thornhill's celebrated match, to ride from Stilton to London, from London to Stilton, and from Stilton to London again, 213 miles, in fifteen hours? He accomplished it in twelve hours, at the rate of very nearly nineteen miles an hour. The writer had been unable to discover how many horses were ridden in this match; and much would depend upon this point. I may mention that the late celebrated George Osbaldeston, Esq., in 1831, won his famous match—at Newmarket—for £100, to ride 200 miles in ten hours, accomplishing it in 7h. 10m. 4s., and using twenty-eight horses. Thus he got over more than twenty-eight miles in each hour; but the difference of galloping over a four-mile racecourse, and through towns and by the side of the Great North road, is an item that must be set down to the favour of Cooper Thornhill.

EVEN THE BEES in America outdo their English brothers. A gentleman in Canada sends a history of a battle between two swarms of bees:—One swarm took forcible possession of their neighbours' barracks; and as the attacked party defended their rights, a furious fight commenced, and the battle raged from 4.30 to 9 p.m. Next morning, as the sun appeared, the battle was resumed, the marauders appearing not in good condition, yet showing great pluck. The carnage continued without intermission till ten a.m., when hundreds of dead bodies lay on the plain. At eleven, the battle ended, when there was not one of the attacking party left to tell the tale.

ACROSS THE BRIDGE, the Once a Week Annual for 1871, will be published in October, price One Shilling.

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NEW SERIES.

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BROKEN TRUST.

BY SIR CHARLES LAURENCE YOUNG.

CHAPTER VII.



FEW DAYS afterwards, Lyall went off to join the western circuit, and Louis was left alone, as far as male companionship was concerned. He did not

mind that, for he was quite used to it; but he did not seem as thoroughly to enjoy the notion of being left alone with the two young ladies as perhaps he ought to have seemed. No one could have been more polite, thoughtful, and attentive than Louis was in his conduct towards the girl he knew as Maude Mourilyan—

"But," said Lyall to himself, as, in company with his blue bag, he got into the train for Exeter, "he is by no means what I should call in love with her. She is a clever, sharp girl—no mistake about it; and she is doing all she knows to fascinate Master Louis; but, undoubtedly, he fights shy."

So he did, no doubt; and Nina saw it, but thought she understood him. It was in fact, she was sure, nothing but shyness—nothing else. And what a brave, handsome man he was—so honest and straightforward! Ah! how unlike herself! Why had she not met him years ago? How she could have loved, and slaved for, such a man. Yes—it was no good trying to hide it from her other self—she passionately loved this Louis Ravenshill.

And why should not her love be crowned

as she desired? Why should he not marry her? *Need he ever know she was not the real Maude?* And if he did—if her schemes failed, if he discovered he had been cheated—what then? The law might free him from her—it might; but she thought she had seen enough of him, and talked enough with him, to know how noble and scrupulous his nature was; and she felt sure that, come what might, he would not renounce the woman he had once sworn to love and cherish.

And could she not make it up to him? Could not a life of devotion to him atone for one crime—if crime it were? Oh, yes—he would forgive her, and love her as she loved him!

Oh, a thousand curses on that vision of a black-bearded, smooth-tongued Italian! Why does he not drink himself to death, or shoot himself at the gambling-table! Oh, hateful recollection of an insane past! Why should one suffer all one's life for a few hours of mad folly?

No; it would be intolerable. A happy future was within her grasp—why not seize it at any price? Ah! why not? She vowed she would.

Poor Maude scarcely knew what to make of it all. What she had proposed, almost in jest, had come to pass in sorrowful earnest. She had, indeed, never calculated on what might really happen—not she; and now, what a terrible mess she was likely to get into! "What ought I to do?" she constantly asked herself; but she never communicated her doubts to Nina; for a coldness grew up between them—not acknowledged, not in any way alluded to; but there it was. Outwardly, they were still as fond friends as ever; but no mention was ever made of the plan which was being carried out just as poor Maude had originally proposed. Nina appeared to take it for granted that all was going on just as Maude desired; and Maude's pride would never let her acknowledge that she was sorry for

what she had done. She was relieved when Louis, on the plea of fishing, went away a few days after Lyall's professional departure.

And Louis, what of him? He, too, felt an unaccountable sense of freedom when, with his creel upon his shoulders, and his fly-rod in his hand, he wandered along in search of sport. "Maude Mourilyan" was possibly—he meant strongly—fascinating, no doubt; but decidedly anything was more in his line than love-making.

Three weeks passed by, and Lyall had fulfilled the onerous duties that his profession imposed upon him. He had the honour of conducting ten or a dozen prosecutions—ably, of course—and his fees had, as usual, by no means paid his expenses. At the end of this short period he and Louis Ravenshill met, as had been agreed upon, at the same lodgings they had previously occupied at the gay little seaside town. Louis had been roaming about fishing, with varying luck; and, according to his own statement, had been enjoying himself immensely; but Lyall could not help perceiving that when he had done expatiating on his piscatory tour, Louis' spirits fell, and he appeared anxious and depressed. The next day there was to be a large archery meeting, to which Lyall was going; and he had taken care to obtain cards, not only for Louis, but also for Miss Mourilyan and Miss Dunn. Louis did not seem extravagantly pleased when he heard about it.

"You'll like going, old fellow, won't you?" asked Lyall. "You'll meet a lot of the best county people; and these Devonshire meetings are always good fun, I assure you. Not like the meetings in London counties, as I call them, where you mayn't look at anybody without being introduced, unless you have got twenty thousand a year, or are heir apparent to an earldom or marquise."

"Oh, I have no doubt it will be good fun," said Louis.

Lyall was just the sort of man for archery meetings, or anything of that sort—with the exception of croquet. In that most degrading of all diabolical inventions he saw not one redeeming feature. The only thing he despised more than the game itself was the white-tied, Broad Church curate who played at it.

The following morning, Lyall was the first down to breakfast. Half-past eight, sharp, was the hour agreed upon; but after wait-

ing restlessly for a quarter of an hour, he could stand Louis' unpunctuality no longer, and set to with the glorious appetite of a healthy-minded man, who is not oppressed with the physical and moral consciousness of having done several things over night which he had better not have done.

"What a lazy fellow Louis has become! Civilization does not agree with him, I am afraid. It appears to exercise an enervating influence over him. He is not half so lively as he was when we left Florence, and while we were on board the yacht. This cousin business, too, seems to weigh upon his mind in a manner which I consider absurd. Marvellous, that a needy man cannot accept a comfortable destiny without going into fits about it! There is something of a destiny in it, I suppose. Queer thing, fishing her out of the water as he did. Queer sort of girl, too, rather. Doats upon him, I can see that. Why, after those two or three days she seemed to hang upon his very words. She has got a temper though. I have seen her eyes flash once or twice when she got excited, in a way which I don't quite care about myself. No; she is certainly not my style at all. The other one I admire immensely—the soft and gentle *gouvernante*. There's something sad about her at times, I fancy, as if she had got something on her mind. How ridiculous it is people keeping things on their mind—I never do. If falling in love was not a luxury which I cannot afford, upon my word I should feel inclined to help Louis out of his indecision by proposing to the sweet Miss Dunn, and so depriving his fair cousin of her fictitious protection. By the way, Miss Dunn might not accept me! Well—it is waste of time to argue on fanciful hypotheses."

At this point of meditation, Louis entered the room.

"I say, Louis," began Lyall, in an injured tone, "you have been presuming enormously on my digestion. If you persevere in this bad habit of unpunctuality, you will make me a dyspeptic prematurely."

"Am I so late? I suppose, now that I have returned to civilized society, I am getting fashionable."

"Fire away at breakfast. It is a glorious day for the archery meeting—which is a rather remarkable thing in this country."

"I had forgotten all about it. I say, Lyall, must I go? I can't look smart enough for conventional inanities. My wretched ward-

robe does not contemplate gay and festive scenes."

"Oh, you'll do well enough. You have been travelling for a long time—sufficient excuse for not having recently had an interview with your tailor. You must come. I promised Babington we would not fail him. Besides, your cousin and Miss Dunn are to be there."

"Yes, yes—I know. It is a glorious morning. How the blue sea sparkles! How I wish we were on board the yacht again."

"What! Fighting against good fortune still? What an extraordinary fellow you are, Louis! In the one scrambling letter you wrote to me while I was on circuit, you half confessed you were not far off being in love with Miss Mourilyan. If ever the course of true love ran smooth, yours ought to now."

"But what if the love be *not* true—how does it run then?"

"Somewhat crookedly, I imagine. But what do you mean? Since you wrote to me, have you changed your mind?"

"No. The fact is, I don't know my own mind."

"My excellent and candid friend, what man in love ever did? I assure you, that is not of the least consequence."

"I am serious, Lyall. I admit that Maude is clever, accomplished, beautiful—all that a man might wish for. I cannot refuse my admiration; but—"

"But me no buts! What in the world do you want more, you cormorant?"

"It is not love that draws me to her, and chains me to her side—it is a fascination."

"Very much the same thing, I believe."

"No, Lyall, it is not." Louis pushed his plate away, and rose from the table.

"When I am with her, I feel enthralled by her; but I sometimes feel a shudder when I touch her hand."

"Sympathetic and nervous action, Louis—that's all. According to Mr. Tennyson, 'Great delight and shuddering' go together occasionally. Consult the 'May Queen.'"

"What a matter-of-fact fellow you are, Lyall. I don't believe you know what it is to be excited about anything."

"Pardon me," said Lyall, who had gone to the window, "I feel excessively excited at this moment. Here's a hooker just come in, with lots of fresh mackerel on board. There's a sweet breeze—come out in the bay, and capture mackerel. We shall have a lovely sail before going to the archery."

What time Lyall was beginning his solitary breakfast, and grumbling at Louis' unpunctuality, Nina was waiting for Maude. She had scarcely been a few minutes in the room before she noticed a bouquet of flowers on a side table. She gave a little cry of joy, and coloured with pleasure.

"He is come back!" she exclaimed; "and has not forgotten to send me flowers, as he used to send them before he went away." She took up the bouquet, and kissed it passionately. "Then he will be at the archery meeting this afternoon, for which Mr. Lyall has sent us tickets. Shall I try and decide it to-day?"

The happy expression fled from her face. She sat down, rested her elbow on the window-sill, and looked out dreamily upon the sea.

"Have I realized what it is I am about to do? I remember telling Maude once, that she could not see the end of this—her plot. Faintly it flashed upon me then—do I see it more distinctly now? Can I trust myself? Yes—a thousand times, yes! Can I trust Maude? *No!* I thought at first I might—I think so no longer. I must try her again. Fool that I am to have the slightest qualms in dealing with her. I will *not* give way. Oh, if I was what I once was—how I should love and cherish her! I must not think of it. Woman's love for woman can never be what her love is for man. And I do love him. I love Louis, and no power on earth shall make me give him up. Two persons stand between him and me. I think I can manage them both. Maude, dear, how late you are!"

How sweetly she said it, as Maude came in! Who would have guessed, from her tones and gestures, how excited was Nina's heart within?

Maude sat down at the breakfast table—calm and composed. She, too, had her anxieties; but she hid them not only from Nina, but almost from herself.

"Are we going to this archery meeting, Nina? I suppose we may as well."

"Oh yes, dear. I think we shall enjoy it. Tell me, Maude, and answer candidly—shall we still keep up our farce?"

Maude seemed rather startled at the sudden question.

"Well, what do you think, Nina? Ought we still to keep it up?"

"You must decide, Maude. At your request, I assumed this character. At your request, I will give it up."

"I think no longer of myself, Nina. I am forced to think of Louis. Is it fair to him to practise upon him thus?"

"Jealousy beginning!" thought Nina. She said aloud, carelessly—

"He sent me these flowers this morning. He has come back. How thoughtful he is! Shall we undeceive him? Tell him that he has made a mistake, so far as the ten thousand a-year is concerned? Show him his error, and leave him to make the best of it?"

She trifled with the flowers as she spoke, and seemed utterly indifferent to Maude's reply.

"Do you think, Nina, he really cares about the money?"

Nina laughed coldly. "What do you think he cares about? ME?"

"Oh, no—I mean, I cannot tell," replied Maude, confusedly. "Oh, tell me, Nina—suppose he does care about you?"

"You said at Florence you would leave that to my cleverness, or that I was welcome to him," said Nina, with a merry smile. "We can try him, if you like. I don't think he cares a snap of the fingers for me; but we can try him. We can announce to-day, publicly, at the archery meeting, that we have been playing upon him. We can assume our true positions, and we shall soon see if his attentions follow his cousin and her fortunes."

"Oh, no. I could not bear it. What would he think of me—of us?"

"As a man would think. We have played a trick upon him. He would be angry; perhaps lose his temper for a week or so. After that, he would naturally transfer his attentions from me to you."

"Nina, do you really think he would, if he really cared for you?"

"My dear child, what do you know of men? What practical experience had you of them *chez* Madame Faviano?"

"None at all. I only believed what I heard."

"And what you heard led you to say, 'Have no pity on them.' That was the expression you used at Florence. But, I tell you, we can try him publicly, as I propose, to-day at the archery meeting."

"No, Nina!—not for worlds! Let us go on as we are, and abide the result."

"You have had your last chance," thought Nina.

"But, Nina, we might do this. Nothing

serious has happened yet. Let us leave this place suddenly. Let us go to London. Thence we can write to him, and explain all. Let us try him so."

The suddenness of this proposal certainly surprised Nina; but, after a moment's reflection, she answered—

"Yes, you are right—as yet nothing has happened. We might do as you propose."

"Then let us do that!" exclaimed Maude, with a happy smile. "We can so atone for any wrong we might have done him."

"So we can," answered Nina. "And what will he then think of me?" she said to herself. "What then, will become of me? Yes, we will meet him to-day in our assumed characters, and, if *nothing serious happens*, you shall have your way, Maude. But if something serious does happen, by all the hopes of happiness I entertain I will have my way." She then said aloud, in a calm voice—"We will play our parts for the last time to-day, then; but we will play them well. Then we will go to London, and write a humble note of explanation to your cousin, and leave him to follow his own course."

"Yes; I am sure that will be the best thing we can do," and Maude brightened up as she spoke. "Do you think," she added, anxiously, "that he will ever come after us again?"

"Well, dear," answered Nina, gaily, "they say that we women are strange creatures; but my opinion is that men are stranger still. No doubt, he will be very angry at first; but he will cool down."

"Do you think he really cares about this wretched fortune?"

"He would be a very odd sort of man if he did not," answered Nina. "We shall see."

"That is just the very test I wanted to put him to," said Maude. "I don't think he does care about it."

"We will put him to the test," said Nina. To herself she added, "And you, you child! you think to make a stalking-horse of me!"

Maude felt happier than she had felt for many days when she went to dress for the archery party. In a day or two Louis would be undeceived. She should soon see whether he cared about the money or not. Nina merely felt more resolved, more determined than ever, to win Louis Ravenshill—no matter what the means—and be his wife.

His wife! Was it possible? Come pas-

sion—come determination—come that keen woman's wit: nothing should stay her now!

CHAPTER VIII.

SO they all went to the archery meeting. There is nothing particular to be said about it: it was much the same as most archery meetings. There were blooming young ladies and blooming young gentlemen. There was the ordinary amount of time-honoured spinsters and watchful *chaperones*. There were tea, coffee, cream, and curates. There were four targets; and there were a few people who knew how to use a bow and three arrows, and there were a great many who didn't. There was music; there were pretty, not to say expensive toilettes; and there was a shower of rain. In the distance was a thunderstorm, threatening to come up at any moment. That didn't matter. The archery meeting took place in the grounds belonging to Sir A. B. Beautiful grounds they were. At dusk there was to be a hospitable reception; after that, dancing. Carriages ordered at ten.

"Most sensible arrangements," thought Lyall; and, indeed, he said so to many astonished young ladies. "Why in the world reasonable beings—as men and women are generally supposed to be—can't always begin to run round a room with their arms round each other's waists at eight o'clock, and unclasp at ten, I can't imagine. We should then get a proper night's rest, and not wake in the morning with the general sensation of having attended several funerals over night, and of having imbibed a gallon or so of liquid imported direct from the Dead Sea."

Maude and Nina, being strangers, and possessing considerable personal attractions, were certainly objects of curiosity and interest. Lyall, knowing nearly everybody, and having been the means of getting these two young ladies cards of invitation, was naturally subjected to many delicate inquiries. He was, however, equal to the occasion; and gave satisfactory, though evasive, accounts to all his fair interrogators.

"What! haven't you heard of Miss Mourilyan? Really, you surprise me. Great heiress, I am told. But she stands in nobody's way, I assure you, Miss C. Like a parcel in transit, she is booked."

"She is very good-looking," Miss C. would say.

"You admit it? Strange. I think so too.

And women don't often agree with men in their idea of beauty. But I forgot, I told you she was booked."

"Oh, Mr. Lyall, how severe you are!"

"Not at all, Miss C. I assure you, Miss D. didn't think much of her till I told her she was engaged, or next door to it; then she became a convert to my opinion."

"Mr. Lyall, you are so funny."

"I'm so glad," said Mr. Lyall.

Miss C. afterwards parted off with Sir A. B., and, having remarked on Mr. Lyall's humour, said—

"But where is that delightful foreigner, the Conte di Bolzano, whom we met here the other day?"

"He was anxious to go to some races that are going on about ten miles from here to-day. He said he had heard so much of, but had never seen, an English racecourse; so he drove over with F. in a tandem this morning. G. went with them, and he is always difficult to find when you want to come away from races; and I dare say that makes them late."

"He is a great man in Italy, the Conte di Bolzano—is he not?" asked Miss C.

"I dare say he is," returned Sir A. B., carelessly. "I never heard his name before. But I met him in town, dining at the club with a friend of mine, last week. He is very amusing—proved to be a remarkably good hand at whist and *ecarté*; and, as he said he was coming down into Devonshire—got a yacht at Torquay, I think—I asked him here."

It was a perfect summer evening. Not a cloud in the sky, a splendid moon, a soft breeze sighing through the foliage.

"Almost like Italy," said Louis to Nina, as they sat together, away from the dancing, beneath a huge and ancient cedar. "Should you like to be back again in Italy?"

"I think I like England best," was the reply.

"Do you really? Why?"

"I suppose it is because I have been so happy while we have been here. The ugliest place would seem beautiful if you were happy there."

"What has made you so happy since you have been here, Cousin Maude?"

"I think the little place where we are staying is so bright and cheerful. And we have had such pleasant walks, Louis."

"Have you enjoyed them so much?"

"Yes; and sailing in the bay, too. Oh,

Louis, I never can forget that night when you saved my life."

"It was most fortunate I was so near," murmured Louis."

"I am sure I have never told you properly how grateful I am to you—how grateful I always shall be. I have often longed to tell you; but somehow I could not. Oh, Louis, if you had lost your life in trying to save mine!"

"I should not have been missed much. If I could have saved your life at the expense of my own, I should have been quite content."

"Louis!"

She said nothing else; but he felt a soft warm hand in close contact with his own. Was it very surprising that his hand should close over hers? She did not think so, apparently; for she made no effort to take hers away.

"I actually ran away from you at Florence, Maude. I was very silly, I suppose. I was afraid you might think I was pursuing you on account of your uncle's will."

She said nothing then; but he felt her hand slightly move in his—not as if she wanted to take it away—oh, no!—but as if she would like him to hold it tighter. Perhaps he did. There was an eloquent silence for a few moments; and then, in a low tone, she said—

"I must confess it, Louis. I thought at one time, before I saw you, that you might be seeking me on account of that fortune; and I wanted Nina to change places with me and take my name, and so disguise myself from you. But she would not."

"Are you glad that she refused?"

"It would have been very silly. Yes, I am glad."

It was in a low, soft, tremulous voice she said it; and his hand closed tighter over hers.

The spell was on him. The fascination which drew him to her, and chained him to her side, never worked so powerfully as now. In the distance, they heard the music from the room where dancing was going on. The soft, warm breeze played gently round them; the moon shone down calmly, but could not pierce the shadows of the solemn cedar. What wonder that Louis forgot every fear, every presentiment, and spoke the burning irrevocable words of youth and passion? When they rose to rejoin the others, it was settled that they should be married as soon as possible.

Why did Nina stop suddenly, as she and Louis approached the open French windows of the dancing-room, and lean heavily on Louis' arm? Why should her whole frame tremble, and her breath come thick and fast? What was there that should excite her in the fact that she and Louis heard a deep, rich voice singing a beautiful Italian air.

"What is the matter, Maude? Do you feel ill?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing," she murmured. "Only the excitement. I feel faint, Louis. Let us go home at once."

As she spoke, the singing ceased; and they heard the buzz of many voices murmuring approbation.

"Let me take you in, and place you with Miss Dunn; and then I will find Lyall, and order the carriage round immediately."

"No, no—I would rather stop here. It is so hot in there."

Louis assisted her to a garden chair, and hurried into the house.

Nina sat motionless in the full moonlight, which played upon her white cheeks and forehead as if they had been marble.

"Oh, that we may get away before he sees me! What can he be doing here? He sang that very air to me the first time I saw him. Would to God it had been the last!"

Dancing recommenced; but some of the company strolled out, through the open windows, on to the lawn. Nina heard Lyall's voice; and she rose from her seat, intending to tell him that they were to leave directly, when the appearance of a well-dressed gentleman, apparently a foreigner, kept her rooted to the spot.

Her solitary figure—the white and matchless features shown clearly in the moonlight—the strange beauty of her face—seemed to strike this foreigner at once; and he approached nearer. At that moment Lyall saw her too, and came up to her—

"Ah, Miss Mourilyan—Louis tells me that you are not quite well. He is gone for the carriage; and it will be round directly. Let me take you in for some refreshment first. No? Well, then, we can walk round this way to the front door."

The foreign gentleman was near enough to hear all that Lyall said; and he started slightly when he heard Lyall address Nina as Miss Mourilyan. He came nearer.

"Ah, Count," said Lyall, "this is quite Italian, is it not? I hope you heard the Count's song just now, Miss Mourilyan. I

assure you it was perfectly enchanting. Let me present him. The Count di Bolzano—Miss Mourilyan."

The Count bowed gracefully. Nina said nothing, but just bowed her stately head.

"My friend, Mr. Lyall, exaggerates. He is too kind. He knows I am a stranger. I am glad Miss—the young lady—was not in the room, or she might not have thought much of my poor little song. The Signorina is, doubtless, an artiste herself, and would have seen my faults. Besides, she might have heard the song better sung before."

The Signorina remarked, in freezing tones, that she had heard the song from where she was sitting, and that she had heard it before.

The Count was astonished—he was charmed—he was ravished! And his singing recalled it to the Signorina's remembrance! It was a sweet air: he trusted it brought sweet remembrances?

Oh, very sweet. The Count might imagine them.

"I think I see our conveyance," broke in Lyall. "Wait here one moment, Miss Mourilyan, while I go and fetch Miss Dunn."

And he ran back in the direction of the dancing-room, leaving Nina alone with the Conte di Bolzano.

"What do you mean by this? Why are you here?" she demanded, in a low voice. "I thought I purchased an absence of at least six months."

"My circumstances are altered, Nina"—he noticed her angry gesture as he called her by her name. "Forgive me for my familiarity; but I have not caught the new name you have—for good reasons, I have no doubt—adopted; therefore, I must call you Nina. I repeat, my circumstances are altered. The twelve hundred francs you were kind enough to hand over to me at Florence have not been unproductive. I have had a run of luck which has astonished me. Twice I broke the bank at Baden; once at Homburg; twice at Wiesbaden. See the result. I am a wealthy Italian Count, travelling in search of pleasure. Need you disown me?"

"I care not what you are. Three months hence you might have come and welcome, for I could have bought you off again at a price which you would not refuse. You have nearly made me betray myself to-

night. Go—I cannot trust myself when you are near."

"You may trust *me*. I see you are engaged in something. Let me help you."

"No—I am equal to the task alone. Steno, you betrayed me once; you shall not do so again."

"As I said before," he replied, drily, "circumstances are changed. Perhaps I do not care so much about your purchase-money. Perhaps I may be extravagantly inclined, and prefer you to gold. How then?"

"I would not believe it. Silence, or every chance is gone!"

Louis was approaching. The Count was inclined to be obstinate; but, possibly, the thought of gold triumphed, and he was making the usual commonplace observations as Louis came up.

"The carriage is ready, Maude; and Nina Dunn and Lyall are at the door."

So saying he offered his arm. The Count made a profound inclination, which Nina slightly returned; and Steno was left alone.

"Oh, oh! Nina Dunn is waiting at the door; and you, by the name of Maude, are going to the carriage, eh? This is something deep and clever, Signorina; and you want to keep poor Steno out of it." No—I think not. That was a gallant man that took you away from me just now, and I insist upon knowing something more, *bella mia*. I am independent now, and I don't choose to give you up. I have changed my mind. Excuse me if I should happen, by and by, to think it necessary to interfere. I betrayed you once, did I? Yes—but not in the way you think."

He went quickly to where the carriage stood. He saw Nina, Maude, Louis, and Lyall get in, and watched them drive away.

"Only one of you knows me," he muttered; "but I recognize you, all the four."

The Conte di Bolzano then returned to the dancing-room, and finished the evening comfortably and pleasantly in his character of lion.

The next morning Lyall and Louis Ravenshill were a little later than usual at breakfast. Towards the end of that meal, Louis received the following note:—

"You ran away from me once, Louis—now I am running away from you. You told me last night you loved me, and I believed you. I have been awake all night,

thinking of your sweet words, my darling. But you may have been mistaken. You have often told me you are a creature of impulse. Was it not impulse last night that made you ask me to be your wife? Our uncle's will stands between us. I cannot marry you until I am assured you love me for myself. Find me, Louis—tell me again this wretched fortune makes no difference to you, and we will never part again."

"She is a noble girl!" exclaimed Louis, with emotion, after reading this effusion. "I do not repent of one word I said. I will find her. I will follow her through the world!"

"That involves a deal of travelling," said Lyall, as he proceeded calmly with his breakfast. "What's up now? What in the world are you raving about now, my dear fellow?"

"Read that," said Louis, triumphantly, as he tossed the pretty little pink note over to his friend. "Read that, and suggest which way I had better go first."

"Not much difficulty here, I reckon," said Lyall, coolly, when he had read the letter. "I said nothing about it, as I supposed you knew all about it. Miss Dunn told me last night that they were going to London this morning."

"I don't understand that," said Louis, somewhat staggered. "Maude never hinted a word of it to me; and yet it must have been arranged beforehand."

Lyall did not answer immediately. He had finished eating, and he slowly took out his cigar-case, selected the best-looking "weed," cut off the end, lit up, enjoyed a puff or two, and then sagely observed—

"There's no accounting for feminine vagaries, Louis. Nobody yet ever understood them, and, in my opinion, nobody ever will."

But for all his philosophical remark, he was really as much puzzled as—perhaps more than Louis—was. He listened with exemplary patience to Louis' somewhat reluctant account of the transactions, in an historical form, which took place the previous evening beneath the cedar tree, and smoked on in silence, contenting himself and his friend with a few Burleigh-like nods of his sagacious head. Inwardly he thought—

"Two and two appear in a fair way of

making five. Professionally speaking, this is assuming the proportions of a very pretty case."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WITH the exception of Longfellow, perhaps, the American poets have received as yet but scant attention from English readers. No name in connection with Transatlantic poetry is more often upon people's lips than that of the famous author of the "Raven," but the life and character of this strange, erratic genius are far from being so generally understood as they deserve to be. The "Raven" has taken its place in the English language as one of those unique gems which shine in a special glory of their own, unlike anything that has ever been written before, or that is likely to be written hereafter. In this respect, the "Raven" may be compared with the "Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge, the "We are Seven" of Wordsworth, or Ben Jonson's famous epigram.

The "Raven" has long been a universal favourite in the land of its birth, and is an indispensable part of the programme in any public reading in the States. Mrs. Macready, an American herself, and well known as an elocutionist, made a great reputation by her exquisite rendering of this poem alone; and in the readings which she gave some years ago in London, with such gratifying success, this lady did more, perhaps, to waken in this country a general interest in the genius of Edgar Allan Poe than any one before her. The "Raven" has since been given so often in readings, from one end of the land to the other, that few intelligent people are unacquainted with its beauties. But of the author himself, and his strange, wilful, and lamentable career, little, we believe, is known to the great majority of the reading public.

Edgar Allan Poe was of a good old Baltimore family; but the "eccentricity"—to use no harsher term—which marked the career of the poet so sadly, seems to have run in the blood. His father, David Poe, was several years a law student in Baltimore; but, falling in love with an English actress, named Elizabeth Arnold, whose beauty is said to have surpassed her histrionic genius, he eloped with her, after a while married her, and then became an actor himself. They both played, for six

or seven years, in the theatres of the principal cities of the United States. The end of the haphazard alliance was miserable. They both died young, within a few weeks of each other, leaving three children—Henry, Edgar, and Rosalie—utterly destitute. Edgar was born at Baltimore, in January, 1811. On the death of his parents, Mr. John Allan, a wealthy merchant, having no children of his own, adopted him; and young Poe was generally regarded as the accepted heir to the fortune of his benefactor. He was a child of remarkable beauty, precocious, and full of spirit. His proud, nervous irritability was unfortunately allowed unlimited indulgence by the generous-hearted merchant. His every whim and fancy was petted and humoured. The boy was father to the man; and to the mistaken licence allowed to his wayward, ungovernable temper, when thus young, may be largely attributed his extravagancies as soon as he was old enough to go out into the world on his own responsibility.

In 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Allan came over to England, bringing their adopted child with them; and young Poe was placed at a school at Stoke Newington for four or five years. In one of his tales he gives a striking reminiscence of his life there.

"My earliest recollections of a school-life are connected with a large, rambling Elizabethan house, in a misty-looking village in England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, I fancy I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply-shadowed avenues, inhale the pure fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with indefinable delight at the deep hollow of the church bell, breaking each hour with sullen and sudden roar upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the fretted Gothic steeple lay embedded and asleep."

It is a weakness of many of us, in our maturer days, to cherish any but grateful recollections of the hardworking Dominies who first taught our young ideas how to shoot; and we may be sure that the boy Poe was the last in the world to have any inordinate respect for the authority to which he was compelled, in those schoolboy days at Stoke Newington, to submit.

"The house, I have said, was old and

irregular. The grounds were extensive; and a high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the whole of our domain—beyond it we saw but thrice a week: once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks, in a body, through some of the neighbouring fields; and twice on a Sunday, when we were paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening services in the one church of the village. Of this church, the principal of our school was the pastor. With how deep a spirit of perplexity was I wont to regard him, from our remote pew in the gallery, as, with step solemn and slow, he ascended the pulpit! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid, and so vast—could this be he who, of late, with sour visage, and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy? Oh, gigantic paradox, too utterly monstrous for solution!"

In 1822, Poe returned to America, and matriculated at the University of Charlottesville. His natural talents, and the power of working which he always had, kept him always to the front in the examinations; and he would undoubtedly, but for his own vagaries, have ultimately left the university with the highest honours; but, unfortunately, he quitted it with a far less enviable reputation.

The American students of that day were noted for their dissipated habits, and Poe was the wildest and most dissipated among them, until his tastes for gambling and other vices led to his being expelled. Mr. Allan, meanwhile, had not stinted him in the way of money; yet the spendthrift student had managed, as might have been expected, to involve himself heavily in debts, mostly of a gambling nature. These his guardian refused to pay. Poe wrote him an abusive letter, quitted his house, and started off for Europe, to join the Greeks in their struggle with the Turks. He never reached Greece, however; but, having been lost sight of for twelve months, turned up at St. Petersburg. The American Minister there was summoned one morning to save him from the penalties which he had incurred in a drunken quarrel overnight, and by his kindness the mad-brained youth was enabled to return to America.

Mr. Allan, who, for all his faults, loved him still, once more received him with open arms. Poe's ambition now was to enter the army, and accordingly his patron gained him admission to the Military Academy at West Point. But the same fatal propensities followed him like a curse. In ten months he was cashiered and expelled. Once again his forgiving benefactor received him as a son; but Poe seemed utterly incorrigible, and Mr. Allan finally closed his doors against him for ever. The story of this final eschewal of Poe by his patron is veiled in some mystery. According to the delinquent's own account, he ridiculed the marriage of Mr. Allan to his second wife, who was, he says, young enough to be his grandchild. As Mr. Allan was just forty-eight at that time, his new wife must have been very young indeed to justify the truth of Poe's statement. The writer, however, of an eulogium on Poe, published in the "Southern Literary Messenger" for March, 1850, says:—"The story of the other side is different, and, if true, throws a dark shade on the quarrel, and a very ugly light on Poe's character. We shall not insert it, because it is one of those relations which, we think with Sir Thomas Browne, should never be recorded."

Whatever the final cause of the estrangement—and it must have been a grave one—one thing at least is certain, that when Mr. Allan died, in 1834, he left his fortune to his children by the second marriage, but not a farthing to Poe.

By his own folly—or something worse—Poe had now permanently cut off his one great means of a comfortable and independent existence. Mr. Allan henceforth declined either to see or assist him; and Poe was thrown upon the world. He now sought to support himself by literature; and the remainder of his life is the chronicle of a precarious struggle to keep his head above water. His first attempts at literature were disheartening failures. Poe lost all hope, and resorted to that last expedient of a desperate man—he enlisted as a common soldier. How long he remained in this position is not exactly known. He was recognized by officers who had been students with him at West Point. Efforts were made—and with prospects of success—to get him a commission; when, one morning, it was found that he had deserted. The history of his life for the next few months is a blank, for nothing is known of his movements in the interim.

About this time, the publishers of the "Baltimore Saturday Visitor" offered two prizes—one for the best tale, and the other for the best poem. Poe went in for both; the pieces he submitted being "MS. Found in a Bottle," "Lionizing," "The Visionary," and three others; with "The Coliseum," a poem. The prize tale was the "MS. Found in a Bottle;" but it was more through a lucky accident than the intrinsic merit of the composition that Poe was the successful candidate. On the committee which was to award the prize meeting, they were attracted by the beauty of the handwriting on one of the MSS. placed before them to decide upon. It was unanimously decided, on the mere caprice of the moment, that the prize should be awarded to the "first of geniuses who had written legibly." Not another MS. was opened. The following description of Poe's appearance, when he was brought in to receive his prize, gives a painful idea of the position to which he had been reduced:—

"Accordingly, he was introduced. The prize money had not yet been paid, and he was in the costume in which he had answered the advertisement of his good fortune. Thin and pale, even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated *sickness* and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots disclosed the want of hose. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice and conversation all won upon the lawyer's regard. Poe told his history and his ambition; and it was determined that he should not want means for a suitable appearance in society, nor opportunity for a just display of his abilities in literature. Mr. Kennedy accompanied him to a clothing store, and purchased for him a respectable suit, with changes of linen, and sent him to a bath, from which he returned with the suddenly regained style of a gentleman."

Through the influence of this committee, Poe now obtained, in 1835, the editorship of a journal published in Richmond, Virginia. For a while he kept himself steady—indeed, he was forced to do so. But immediately he received his first month's pay, he relapsed into his old habits. For weeks, everything was neglected for the habitual drink; and the natural result followed—his services were dispensed with. When necessity again forced him to be sober, Poe was full of repentance. Mr. White, the pro-

prietor of the journal, gave him another chance; but it was the same old story over again—regular habits and good work until he had money in his hands, and then another break out—drunkenness and dissipation, worse, if possible, than the last. Poe was now, of course, finally dismissed. It was during this early part of his literary career that Poe married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, an amiable and beautiful girl, as poor as himself, of a gentle temper, and about the last woman in the world fitted to control the fierce passions of a man like her husband. Some months afterwards, he became editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," a Philadelphia publication. He now made a vigorous effort to maintain a regular life. His connection with this periodical, which lasted about a year and a half, was one of the most active and brilliant periods of his literary career. He wrote for it some of his most successful tales, and most of his criticisms—which latter, however, are the least valuable of all his works, from the too frequent coarseness and temper which they display.

In 1844, Poe removed to New York. This period, taken altogether, seems to have been the happiest and most respectable of his life. His biographer says:—

"Poe's manner, except during his fits of intoxication, was very quiet and gentlemanly. He was usually dressed with simplicity and elegance; and when once he sent for me to visit him, during a period of illness caused by protracted and anxious watching at the side of his sick wife, I was impressed by the singular neatness and the air of refinement in his home. It was in a small house, in one of the pleasant and silent neighbourhoods far from the centre of the town; and, though slightly and cheaply furnished, everything in it was so tasteful and so fitly disposed, that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius. For this, and for most of the comforts he enjoyed in his brightest as in his darkest years, he was chiefly indebted to his mother-in-law, who loved him with more than maternal devotion and constancy."

It was soon after his arrival in New York that Poe published his celebrated "Raven," "the most effective single example," says Mr. Willis, "of fugitive poetry ever published in America." His reputation as a magazine writer and a trenchant critic grew rapidly; and if he had only possessed suffi-

cient strength of mind to have persevered in his more regular habits, he might have made an honourable fortune. But his old demon returned once more; and the poor, weak, brilliant man of genius henceforth passed headlong into the gulf of destruction.

The old habits of dissipation were upon him with more diabolic force than ever: the old poverty fell upon him again as the miserable consequence. He was ill, his wife was dying, and his mother-in-law was wandering the streets of New York to find a purchaser for his manuscript.

His wife died; and early in 1848 he advertised several lectures, with the view of raising sufficient funds to start a long-contemplated monthly journal. These lectures were afterwards published under the title of "Eureka, a Prose Poem." "Eureka" is nothing more nor less than a discourse on the cosmogony of the universe. In it he utterly denies the value of the inductive philosophy, and proposes a theory of nature which should have for its principle "that divinest instinct—the sense of beauty." Whatever the value of his notions may be on this subject, there is no doubt that in this remarkable work the subtlest and purest gifts of Poe are exhibited in their most glorious strength.

From this period, Poe's pen may be said to have been comparatively idle. He had quarrelled with nearly all the publishers with whom he had had any transactions, and they were tired of him.

In August, 1849, he left New York for Philadelphia. There, for several days, his conduct was more that of a drunken madman—which, in truth, he now was—than that of a rational human being. He was soon reduced to beggary, and forced to ask in charity the means of leaving the city for Richmond, in Virginia. One more transient gleam of a better life burst upon him for a moment. In a chance resolution of repentance he joined a teetotal society, and for a few weeks conducted himself as a respectable member of society. He travelled several towns of Virginia, delivering lectures, and getting good returns for his labours. At this time he happened to renew his acquaintance with a lady, one of the most brilliant women of New England, whom he had known in his youth. He was engaged to be married to her; and wrote to his friends that he should pass the remainder of his

days among the scenes endeared by all his pleasantest recollections of earlier days.

On Thursday, the 4th October, 1849, he set out for New York to fulfil a literary engagement, and to prepare for his marriage. But on the evening of the 6th, passing through Baltimore, he fell in with some old acquaintances, who invited him to drink. The old, wretched weakness came back again—all his good intentions were forgotten in the hour of temptation. Through the whole of that night he wandered about, mad and distracted with the orgies of the previous day; and on Sunday morning, the 7th of October, he was found in a dying state in the public streets. He was carried to a hospital; and, on the evening of the same Sabbath, the weak, erratic soul of this remarkable genius took its flight to another world.

One of the greatest misfortunes of Poe's life—if not the greatest—was, we think, the loss of his wife. That he loved his Virginia deeply and tenderly is without doubt. He has been accused of starving his wife; but this is a harsh accusation. That at times, even during his married life, he broke loose occasionally is true; but, on the whole, Poe would seem to have been a loving and affectionate husband. The very fact of the great affection and motherly love which Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-law, entertained for him, speaks volumes in his favour on this point; and we know how pathetically he mourns the loss of his beautiful, amiable wife in that sweet poem of "Annabel Lee"—

"It was many and many a year ago,

In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may know

By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,

Went envying her and me.

Yes, that was the reason (as all men know),

In this kingdom by the sea,

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,

Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee;

But our love it was stronger by far than the love

Of those that were older than we—

Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in heaven above,

Nor the demons down under the sea,

Can ever disserve my soul from the soul

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

It has been said that in all Poe's poems there is a want of true, earnest, moral principle—that they are but freaks of a gorgeous imagination, worked out in consummate

wording; but there are few, we think, who will carefully read "Annabel Lee" from beginning to end, but will find a deep spring of genuine heart pathos therein.

Poor Poe has hitherto had little mercy shown him at the hands of his biographers and critics. "Principle he seems to have had none. Decision of character was entirely lacking. His envy of those more favoured by fortune than himself amounted to raging ferocity. He starved his wife, and broke her heart. He estranged the friends who were most firmly resolved to hold by him. He foully slandered his best benefactors. He had no faith in man or woman. He regarded society as composed altogether of villains. He had no sympathy, no honour, no truth. And we carry with us, from the contemplation of the entire subject, the sad recollection of a powerful intellect, a most vivid imagination, an utterly evil heart, and a career of guilt, misery and despair." This is a wholesale and bitter impeachment of the memory of this remarkable man; but we are afraid that the charges have too much of the sad, miserable truth in them to allow of much justification. Even his own countrymen have little to say in his favour.

Was ever a more melancholy obituary notice written of a man than that penned on the death of Poe by Dr. Rufus Griswold, in the *Tribune*? It commences:—

"Edgar Allan Poe is dead. He died in Baltimore, on Sunday, October 7th. This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it. The poet was known personally, or by reputation, in all this country; he had readers in England, and in several of the states of Continental Europe; but he had few or no friends; and the regrets for his death will be suggested principally by the consideration that in him literary art has lost one of its most brilliant but erratic stars."

In the course of a tolerably lengthy notice, Dr. Griswold sums up his account of Poe in the following graphic words:—

"He was at all times a dreamer, dwelling in ideal realms—in heaven or hell—peopled with the creatures and the accidents of his brain. He walked the streets, in madness or in melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer—never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned, but for their happiness who at the

moment were objects of his idolatry; or, with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms; and all night, with drenched garments, and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn, close by whose portals his disturbed soul sought to forget those ills to which his constitution subjected him—close by the Aidenn where were those he loved—the Aidenn which he might never see, but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy natures whose destiny to sin did not involve the doom of death."

All this, however—although not intended as such by the writer—is, perhaps, the best apology for the poet that could be given. It only goes to prove that the man was largely affected with insanity. The conviction of inevitable soul perdition to come is one of the strongest symptoms of insanity. Did not the same terrible shadow hang for years over the intellect of our own Cowper, whose sweet, pure life, as compared with that of Poe's, was as ermine is to scarlet? Yet the same dread terror of future damnation haunted his good, innocent soul that made the bad, wild, profligate life of the American poet even still more miserable and despairing.

We have given the gloomy view of Poe's portrait, as painted by that class of critics whose habit it is, as a rule, when discussing the follies of others, to travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren. But Mr. N. P. Willis, himself an American, and an admired poet, has had the courage to say a few words in defence of his universally abused fellow-countryman and brother bard. He says:—

"Some four or five years since, when editing a daily paper in this city, Mr. Poe was employed by us for several months as critic and sub-editor. This was our first personal acquaintance with him. He resided with his wife and mother at Fordham, a few miles out of town; but was at his desk in the office from nine in the morning till the evening paper went to press. With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it atone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led, by common report, to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of

violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. With his pale, beautiful, and intellectual face as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with deferential courtesy; and to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage coloured too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented—far more yielding than most men, we thought, in points so excusably sensitive."

The most charitable justification possible, we think, of the excesses and irregularities of this man of genius, is given in the subsequent words of Mr. Willis; and it approaches, undoubtedly, as near the real explanation as any that has yet been given:—

"Residing, as he did, in the country, we never met Mr. Poe in hours of leisure; but he frequently called on us afterwards at our place of business, and we met him often in the street—invariably the same sad-mannered, winning, and refined gentleman, such as we had always known him. It was by rumour only, up to the day of his death, that we knew of any other development of manner or character. We heard from all who knew him well—what should be stated in all mention of his lamentable irregularities—that with a *single glass* of wine his whole nature was roused, the demon became uppermost, and, though none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible, his *will* was palpably insane. Possessing his reasoning faculties in excited activity at such times, and seeking his acquaintances with his wonted look and memory, he easily seemed personating only another phase of his natural character, and was accused accordingly of insulting arrogance and bad-heartedness." Mr. Willis then quotes two letters, which we wish we had space for here, "in double proof," as he says, "of his (Poe's) earnest disposition to do the best for himself, and of the trustful and grateful nature which has been denied him."

The poetical fame of this the most original of American bards depends not so much on the quantity of his work as the exquisite merit of what little he has done. Poe was compelled by necessity to write such copy as would gain the readiest market in the publishing world. Hence, the best part of his

efforts was thrown into magazine work and tale writing; and here his chief power lay. In magnificence of fancy, in deep power of analysis, and in the art of piling up horrors in that weird, enchanting style which saved them from being repulsive, Poe has never had his equal. His "Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" has been translated into almost all the languages in Europe. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable example in literature—unless we except Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe"—of a fiction which has all the semblance of plain, unvarnished truth. Take, again, for vivid power of description, "A Descent into the Maelstrom." The story of his own composition which pleased Poe the most was his "Ligeia," but it is too metaphysical, and too much a vehicle for his own favourite and audacious speculations, to make it comfortable reading.

The "Gold Bug," and the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," are too well known to general readers to require much special comment; but they are the most popular, and at the same time the most pleasing, examples of Poe's peculiar powers in the art of weaving plots. We have referred to that special power of analysis which was the most striking characteristic of his intellect. Poe knew his power in this way, and asserted it to a fault. One of the most remarkable of his essays is upon the "Philosophy of Composition." In this he attempts to show that any man may build up a perfect poem or novel by purely artificial means, without any of the sudden impulses of natural inspiration; and, in illustration of his theory, he tells us—or, at least, tries to persuade us—that his own masterpiece, the "Raven," was put together in this manner. He says:—

"Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought, at the true purposes seized only at the last moment, at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view, at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable, at the cautious selections and rejections, at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions, the tackle for scene shifting, the step-ladders and demon traps, the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches,

which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary man."

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

By JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CLARINDA IS SURPRISED.

THE time went by in a slow, heavy dream—my mother and I trying to seem cheerful, and utterly failing. My father grew cross, and was more than ever at his club; and we saw nought of Uncle Oliver.

It was now late in September, and I pictured to myself the glorious tints at Selwode blazing away in the ever-changing lights the autumn sun cast upon them. An ineffable longing stole over me to be there once more, and out of the way of all this heart-breaking work that was going on around me. I was beginning to take into consideration whether 'twas necessary to feel obliged to do what one's father commanded, when it went so strongly against one's ideas of right; and I had half made up my mind that, whatever came of it, I would try in some way to see Aunt Hetty and my cousin again.

It was all right and proper, I argued, for my mother to act in accordance with my father's wishes, since she had voluntarily taken upon herself to share his fortunes, and to honour and obey him. But with me, the case was different. I had made no such promise. The obedience was, as it were, forced upon me, and there was something that savoured to me of tyranny in the restraint he was putting upon our actions.

Harry Fanshawe had not been able to help us as I had expected; for Clarinda had been so deeply mortified at the name of Selwode coming into connection with Newgate, and was so annoyed at Sir Everard Tylney's knowing that so disreputable a person—as she termed it—as a Cameronian preacher was allied to our family, that she only strengthened my father in all his views.

"And it all comes of mixing, as my father truly says, with those reprobate Whigs," said she; "and I consider these annoyances as very much of your bringing upon us, Grace. I was a fool for begging for you to come up to town, and now I am learning wisdom when it is too late. But what better could have been expected from Uncle Oliver's

new-fangled ideas of a woman's education? You have just turned out as one might have foretold, and have done your best in lending a helping hand to pull down the family."

I was in amaze at her speech, and somewhat indignant as I asked—

"And pray, what part do you account me guilty of, Clarinda? Was I born when Aunt Hetty married?"

"There is no occasion to go back so far," said she. "I am speaking of the last few months. If it had not been for you, no one would have known that Aunt Hetty was in prison. She and her husband would have died then quietly; and as for the girl, we should not have heard of her."

"Clarinda!" I ejaculated, wrathfully.

"Yes, it is all very well to say 'Clarinda!' with such energy; but I can trace it up clearly to you, and to no one else. In the first place, your liking for Uncle Oliver's teaching put you in train for what follows. You make acquaintance with a reckless, profane person, who is thrust upon me as a visitor, and is as odious to me as to Sir Everard. Through him, we have next Mr. Defoe brought upon the scene, who has been put in the pillory, and is a most disgraceful sort of person altogether—a sort of spy, who intermeddles with every one's business—a low hosier, and brickmaker, and what not! To think of a Selwode having to do with such people!"

"What was our grandfather, Clarinda?" I managed to put in—but could get no further in my speech, for the tide of her anger overpowered me.

"Our grandfather is dead and buried, and all his vulgar family," said she. "I should have been in a state of perpetual horror had they lived. But in that case my father would never have met with my mother, and certainly not have married her, so we cannot take that matter into discussion. But you have interrupted all that I was going to say. You get to know this Mr. Defoe; you go with him to Newgate, persuading my mother to go with you; you commit an act of rebellion against my father—you bring about a quarrel with Uncle Oliver—you do no good—and you make every one as uncomfortable as possible. But for all of this I should not care one straw if it were not for the position you place me in with Sir Everard Tynley. What must he think of our connections? It is enough to drive a man of

fashion away from his allegiance. I wonder he has not deserted already. The admiration must be strong indeed to keep him still faithful!"

"You take a very false view of things, Clarinda; and the first part of your speech I shall treat as it deserves, and take no notice of. But if, as you say, your only concern is over Sir Everard Tynley, you need not trouble yourself, for Sir Everard has not the slightest regard for you. You are not the person who binds him to our family. I may inform you, that the comedy has a very different ending from what you expected."

"Heyday!" said she—"are you still such a fool?"

"No, I have grown wiser. I see that you have been mistaken all along, and that Chloris has taken the place of Narcissa."

"Chloris being yourself, I presume?"

"Certainly, according to the Pastoral."

"And do you dare to tell me this—to assert it in the face of all I can bring forward to disprove it?" she said, scarce able to speak for passion.

"I do," said I.

"Has he made you an offer?" said she.

"Not exactly," said I; "though he has plainly hinted at one."

She shrugged her shoulders and burst out laughing, as though immensely relieved.

"Simplicity still," quoth she. "The man has deceived you."

"He has not," I replied, firmly. "Clarinda, I am quite serious. 'Tis the one thing alone in which the man can be trusted."

"That he is in love with you?"

"That he is in love with me, and none other," I answered, very gravely. "There is no doubt of its truth, Clarinda."

"You little serpent, that I have taken into my bosom!" said she. "I am ashamed of your ungrateful behaviour. But it is not true. What proof have you?"

"A hundred proofs, if I chose to give them. Clarinda, do not deceive yourself any longer. Whatever he may have felt for you at first is at an end—and be thankful that it is. The fifth act is being altered as the play draws nigh its completion. The last scene is not yet written, so that none can tell the concluding words."

"You speak like a playwright," said she, with a sneer. "Possibly you will add the concluding words yourself, and the comedy will end with a marriage. I must congratulate Sir Everard on his success."

"You will have no occasion to do that," said I, quietly.

"Why?" said she. "I suppose, if he asks you to marry him you will say yes, and there will be an end of it."

"No, I shall not," said I; "but I hope he will not do so."

She looked at me inquiringly, earnestly.

"Tut!" said she. "I don't believe a word of it. If there were any truth in your story, and Sir Everard was really in love with you, you would be in love with him. You couldn't help it."

"That does not follow," said I, vexed at her incredulity.

"It does," said she. "Love brings love."

"Not in your case," I answered; "since, in spite of the love—if I may so call it—that you bestow upon Sir Everard, he does not give you one spark in return."

"How can you possibly tell?"

"Because," said I, "since you must have it in plain words, he has told me that he has no manner of liking towards you; but that I alone have been the attraction that has drawn him hither on all occasions. But, Clarinda, I do not say all this out of triumph, only to open your eyes to see things as they are; for I would give all that I possess to be able to say to this man—'Go, and trouble me no more.'"

"Mighty fine, I declare!" said Clarinda. "You really should go upon the stage, Grace. I should think Mr. Steele might write some part for you that would make you the talk of the town. Mistress Bracegirdle, and Mistress Oldfield, and the rest of them would be quite extinguished in the blaze of your tragic powers. 'Go, and trouble me no more!' she repeated—mimicking my involuntary action—"very fine indeed! I wonder what Sir Everard would think of it."

"I should be sorry to try at the present moment, for your sake," said I—for I own I was nettled, and spoke pretty warmly myself.

"For my sake, indeed! Pray, don't think of me."

"I wish I had no need," said I.

"Poor little innocent!" said she. "What a suffering martyr it has turned into all at once."

"Clarinda!"

"Grace!"

"Oh, Clarinda, if you would only be convinced!"

"That I can never be," said she, "except

on better grounds. I shall ask Sir Everard the very next time I see him if what you say is true. That is the only way in which conviction can be brought to my unbelieving mind."

"No, no," said I; "you would not—you could not. Clarinda, you would not do that!"

"You are afraid," said she. "'Tis not pleasant to have one's romances contradicted. I give you warning. I believe you have been bringing a tissue of false accusations against Sir Everard; and 'tis my place, as his friend, to clear him."

"Clarinda!" I exclaimed, in an agony of fear—for I did not know how far her rashness might carry her—"I implore you not to do so unwise a thing. I would not tell you anything but what is true. I would scarce have told you this—at any rate, at present—if you had not angered me to it. And yet, 'tis perhaps as well for you to know it."

"Frightened, but not penitent," said she, coolly, seeing my distress. "Confess, then, that what you have said is not true."

"I cannot do that."

"Very well, then—Sir Everard shall confess the very next time I see him."

We had been so engrossed with our dispute that we had not heard the door-bell or the sound of footsteps; and it seemed as if by magic that, just as Clarinda's last word was spoken, the door opened, and Sir Everard Tyney stood before us.

I started back. Clarinda gave a low cry. He looked from one to the other in perplexity, as neither of us had sufficiently recovered our surprise to bid him "Good day," or, indeed, to speak at all.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

Clarinda recovered herself first, and all her spirit returned to her.

"We were quarrelling," said she, "upon a point that you alone are able to decide. Perhaps you will do us the honour to adjust our dispute."

"I shall have much pleasure in doing so," said he. "Pray, may I inquire what is the matter in hand? I feel flattered to think that anything appertaining to me should be the cause of so great interest."

"'Twas nothing that we need trouble you with, Sir Everard," said I, hastily. "Pray, do not heed Clarinda's nonsense. Clarinda, I beg of you to forbear. Indeed, indeed, Sir Everard, I pray you not to hear her."

"What can I do?" said he. "I must obey Mistress Fanshawe's commands." And he bowed almost to the ground.

Clarinda glanced triumphantly at me, as much as to say, "You see you were mistaken;" and was more than ever emboldened to proceed.

"Nonsense," she repeated. "You were earnest enough about it a minute ago. We were speaking of your Pastoral, Sir Everard."

"Tis not yet finished," said he.

"No, but perhaps you can tell us the ending?"

He looked inquiringly from one to the other; and I felt that my face, neck, and arms were all one burning crimson.

"Sir Everard, I implore you not to listen!" said I.

"Sir Everard—I command you to hear me out," said Clarinda, with all the air of an imperious beauty. "I am determined upon it."

"Do you wish to know anything, Mistress Grace?" said he, turning towards me.

"Nothing whatever," I answered, in a low tone.

He turned to Clarinda.

"What am I to understand?"

And before I could stop her she had answered—

"I wish to know from Sir Everard Tylney's own lips whether he is anxious to become my brother-in-law? To speak more plainly"—and she drew herself up haughtily, and stood looking at him defiantly—"whether what I have just been told is true, that Sir Everard Tylney is in love with my sister Grace?"

For a moment the colour rose to Sir Everard's face, and in that moment I pronounced him really handsome. There was more emotion betrayed in his countenance than I had ever seen there before. 'Twas a hasty glance I took, and then I turned away and waited—ashamed, distressed, trembling for his answer. I had cast one rapid glance at the door, but Sir Everard stood between it and me.

I could tell how much Clarinda felt; for I could hear her short, quick breathing as she tried to still her heart by clasping her hands tight over it.

Sir Everard was indeed brought to bay by the two shepherdesses; and even in the midst of my distress, that part of the Pastoral came up with a certain ludicrous effect to my remembrance.

"Are you not going to speak, Sir Everard?" said Clarinda, in a constrained tone.

There was a pause, and then he answered in a low, subdued voice—

"Your sister has spoken the truth, Mistress Fanshawe."

There was a dead silence. I did not dare to look up. I knew what Clarinda was feeling—I could tell how white her face was, though I did not see it. I knew just how she felt by the dull rustle of her silk dress as she gathered up her train. I knew it by the cold, quiet voice in which, making a stately yet profound curtsy, she said, "Good morning, Sir Everard," and swept majestically out of the room.

I knew it in the stillness that succeeded, and Sir Everard knew it too. He had played with whatever of heart Clarinda had in her, and this was the ending of it—at least, for her.

I should have rushed past him, and fled away, but he detained me—

"Hear me—only hear me, Mistress Grace!"

But I flung his hand away.

"Have some pity on me, at least," said he; and his voice was so softened and imploring, that I should scarce have known it for his.

But I was indignant, annoyed, distressed past endurance—

"Let me go, Sir Everard," I said, with as much calmness as I could assume.

He gave way, and I had reached the door when Jenny met me, crying—

"Mistress Grace! Mistress Grace!—will you come to Mistress Fanshawe?"

"What is it?" said I, as I quickly followed her.

"Mistress Fanshawe!" was all she could say.

She led the way to my room, which Clarinda had managed to reach, when her pride and strength had given way, and she had fallen on the bed in a dead swoon.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JACK LOSES NO TIME.

"DON'T be foolish, Jenny," said I, for all my senses had returned to me. "Bring my salts and a glass of water."

And I dashed some plentifully in Clarinda's face, whereat she began to gasp; and finally opened her eyes, whilst Jenny and I were busy about her.

She looked round, and after a time appeared to begin to recover her recollection.

"There," said I to Jenny, "you may go. I can manage now."

For I was afraid of what Clarinda, in her returning consciousness, might divulge. I was very thankful that my mother was not at home, for often one single stray word will open a floodgate of knowledge that had better be kept shut.

Jenny and I had placed Clarinda in a chair; and now I stood by her side, alternately fanning her, and offering her the salts to smell. I half reproached myself with bringing about the catastrophe, though I never could have imagined that Clarinda would have asked so direct a question of Sir Everard. If it had not been in so excited a state into which she had by her anger wrought herself, I am sure she would not have done so. If she had only considered the matter calmly and seriously, she would have foreseen the very disagreeable position in which she had now placed both herself and me.

When she came a little more to herself she began to cry passionately, of which I took no heed, knowing that 'twas the best thing she could do, and that it would relieve her. I knew she felt better, from the petulant manner in which she pushed away my hand when I held the salts to her; and at last I said to her, as if nothing had happened—

"Do you feel better, Clarinda?"

"Grace, I believe I shall hate you for ever."

"I am very, very sorry, Clarinda," said I. "I am bitterly, most bitterly grieved over this."

"Pshaw!" and she began to cry again.

"Clarinda," said I, in a momentary lull, "if 'tis any consolation to you to know it, I hate this Sir Everard."

"Do you?" she said, with a sudden gleam of satisfaction. "Nonsense," she continued. "I don't believe it. You are a serpent, Grace."

And, in spite of my asseverations, she would believe nothing else, and insisted that she must go home at once.

"You are not fit to walk. You had better wait until my mother returns, and then you can go in the coach."

"I don't want to see my mother," said she.

There was some wisdom in that, so I bade Jenny fetch a chair, and I went with her myself to Soho-square, which was close by,

and saw her into the house; but she would not let me enter; and seeing that the air had revived her, I went away quite contented, for I felt she would be better alone.

And now.

This unfortunate explanation did but add to my troubles; for Clarinda became cool in her manner to me, and has been at our house but seldom lately. My mother has been wondering what can be the reason; but, fortunately, attributes it to some sharp words that she and Clarinda had over Aunt Hetty.

There has been one good result from it—Sir Everard kept away for some days; and when he came again, he was quite changed in his manner, being humble and unobtrusive. So that I began to think he was, perhaps, repenting of the mischief he had done when he saw that such trifling is not so light a matter as men are disposed to think it.

I did not excuse Clarinda's conduct when I came to think it all over; still I could not help pitying her mortification, which I trusted might, in the end, prove beneficial.

I was curious to see how she would comport herself towards Sir Everard; but this I had not at present any opportunity of doing, since my mother's anxieties had made her quite ill, and prevented her from leaving her room, and I was in constant attendance upon her. This fretted my father, who could not help surmising the cause of it. Indeed, he was not easy himself; as we had heard, in an indirect manner, that Mr. Archibald Graeme had not many weeks to live, and that 'twas much if his wife survived him; and I heard him muttering once—

"Hetty dying!—Hetty dying!"

And then, seeing me, he began to hum a tune, as though he were exceeding careless and light-hearted—which I have noticed that people constantly do when they are very much put out at anything.

But it is marvellous how things work round in the most unexpected manner, so that we are apt to say that we could not have planned them better ourselves; and I don't suppose we could, only no one ever thinks of that.

For the very next day, Harry burst into the room where my father and I sat at breakfast. His face was beaming with the good news he had for us, which was that Jack was on his way home.

"Jack!" exclaimed my father in amaze; whilst I went scarlet, for I thought of my

letter, and wondered how he had been able to get leave on account of it—for that of course was the reason of his sudden return; and I felt as if I had added another piece of mischief to what I was already accused of.

"Jack has come back with General Webb," continued Harry; "why or wherefore, I don't know. The General has reached town already, but Jack has been delayed about something."

I went to tell my mother, for I knew that the thought of seeing Jack would do her good. But she said—

"He must be wounded"—for she dwelt much upon the fact of his not getting on so quickly as General Webb.

"I think not," said I.

And I told her all I had said in my letter, but she shook her head.

"He would not get leave for that," said she.

And, indeed, it did not seem probable, only I could not believe anything else.

"If he were badly wounded," said I, "he would scarce have been able to journey so soon"—for we had but just heard of the brilliant affair at Wynendael.

But I saw she kept to her own fear, as I did to my conviction; and so we went on wasting the time in surmisings until Jack arrived, when we found we were both wrong; for he had come on some private business of the Duke's, who was afraid to entrust it to any ordinary messenger.

I tried to catch his eye several times, and looked at him with as much meaning as I could throw into my face—but all to no purpose. He went on talking to my father about the late action, and parrying his attacks on the Duke's home policy, as though he had nothing nearer his heart than military and political tactics.

When at last I had him to myself, I gave him one more look of inquiry—as much as to say, "Well, Jack?" as plain as eyes could speak.

To which he answered—

"What in the world is the matter, Grace? You have been shooting glances at me for the last half-hour, as though I were talking treason; and I really cannot see that I have said anything amiss."

"'Twas at nothing you said, Jack. I was trying to find out what you thought of my last letter."

"'Tis so long since I received it that I have almost forgotten what was in it," said he.

"Why, 'twas but the other day," said I.

"The other day, indeed!" says he. "But I suppose the days go by very quickly when one's lover is near."

"Jack," said I, "I sent you a long letter scarce more than a week ago."

"Which I haven't got," says he; "since it has been journeying one way, whilst I have been journeying the other."

"Then," said I, with a great sob, "you don't know anything of the strange things that have been happening, and that I've found her, Jack—I've found her!"

For a moment, the suddenness of my communication almost stunned him. He went quite pale; and then recovering, he kissed me again and again, and said "Heaven bless you, Grace!" so earnestly, that I knew he meant it with his whole heart.

"And she is Magdalen—our cousin Magdalen—Aunt Hetty's daughter!"

"Stop, stop," said he, as I went pouring out the story so incoherently that 'twas impossible for him to understand it.

And he made me sit down; and he sat down beside me, and made me tell him the whole story. And really I had no idea Jack had so much feeling. I feel convinced that his was one of those sudden loves that take such hold upon people that they cannot lose them except with death, and perhaps not then. Who knows?

"And she had not forgotten me?" says Jack.

"No, Jack. Think of her being in the crowd outside St. Paul's that day!"

"And she is just what I described her?"

"Just."

"And my mother—"

"Has not seen her yet."

"Has my mother been so very ill, then?"

"No, Jack."

And then I told him how it was, and that my father had forbidden us to see Aunt Hetty again.

"I am of age," says Jack. "I can do as I please. Where shall I find her?"

But though Jack was in such a hurry to go, he found time to slip up to his room, and put on fresh ruffles and a lace cravat; and came down looking so flushed and handsome, that I could not help praising his appearance.

On the stairs he met my father, who said—

"Whither art going so spruce and trim, Jack?"

"To see my sweetheart," says Jack, boldly.

Whereat my father laughed, thinking 'twas a good joke. But I trembled to think what the end might be; for I knew Jack's heart was set, and that he would give in no better than my father.

Oh, dear! I began to wish Jack had not come home until things had smoothed themselves a little, for everything was just now as crooked as possible. I had heard nothing of Mr. Lydgate for a long time, as we never saw Uncle Oliver now; and I seemed to have dropped out of my own world altogether, and to be droning slowly along in some other sphere, where the air was so heavy that I was oppressed by every breath I drew. And this last stroke made me gasp with apprehension. I sat listening for Jack to come back long before there was the least chance of his doing so; for I had told him that he must confer with me before he spoke to any one else; and that out of gratitude, if for no other reason, I think he was bound to do so. In the meantime, I took out Mr. Lydgate's verses, and read them over again, perhaps for the hundred and fiftieth time. But what did that matter?—'twas ever new to me, and there was ever a freshness in the line wherein the birds were to hear the sweetest tale that ever they heard in the golden summer time. And somehow it brought the coming closer to me. The paper is getting a little worn at the edges, with constantly folding and unfolding, though I do all I can to preserve it. But what does that signify so long as I can read the words? A year! He went away in the early spring, and 'tis now October. More than half the time gone.

Perhaps Uncle Oliver will speak of Mr. Lydgate to Jack, and so I shall hear. I have had no quarrel with Uncle Oliver, and I think he has a sort of half suspicion of—that—that Mr. Lydgate does not care so much for the Lady Mary as he used to do.

* * * * *

Jack came home at last, beaming, joyous, anxious, defiant, sorrowful, all in one.

"Uncle Oliver's a king," said he.

"You once said my father was," said I. "Why, Jack, your love story will be as romantic as his."

"I wonder if he would ever think of that?" said Jack, musingly.

"But, Jack," said I, "tell me all about it. Where did you go first? Whom did you see?"

"Grace, my father ought to forgive her," said he, taking no notice of my question. "Her husband can't live long; and when he dies the poor Scotch preacher will be an annoyance no longer. It will be earth to earth, dust to dust—as it will be to all of us, sooner or later, and death will have smoothed out all the discrepancies of this world."

It was something new to hear Jack speaking in this manner. This new phase of love was changing his character altogether.

"Yes—yes, Jack," said I; "but do begin at the beginning, and tell me all about it. Remember, I have not heard of them since the day I saw Magdalen."

"Magdalen!" he repeated—" 'tis a pretty name."

"Yes," said I. "Now, Jack."

And he began.

"I went to Uncle Oliver's lodgings, and I found him in. He was surprised to see me, and more surprised when he found what errand I had come upon, and my story of the little flower-seller, of which he knew nothing."

"How should he?" said I.

"And I told him that I had but a short time to stay in England; and then, Grace, I gave him my full confidence, and told him of my hopes and fears; and, said I, if Magdalen will not be my wife, I shall never care for any other woman. Whereat he gave a little sigh—quite a sentimental one—which made me think that possibly Uncle Oliver may have had a romance of his own, and that he may read it over and over again in his books, in clearer type than we have any idea of."

" 'Twas a new thought, but I was impatient for Jack to go on.

"And Uncle Oliver took you to Aunt Hetty's lodgings?"

"Yes, but he would not go in with me. He said I had better introduce myself. So in I went, and found Magdalen alone in a little sitting-room. It was a little dark, for the blinds were partly down, and she did not see at once who it was. 'Have you forgotten me?' said I. Then she looked up at me, and held out her hand, and the tears came streaming down her cheeks. 'I never thought to see you again,' said she. 'Then you are glad to see me, though you did not know me at first?' And I sat down beside her, and never for a moment thought of Aunt Hetty or any one else. And we went on talking, and I can't tell you how I

managed it, but I got her to confess that she had been thinking of me ever since I had gone away; and of course 'twas easy to prove to her that if she had been thinking of me all this time it must have been because she cared for me, because I had been doing the very same thing by her; and 'twas entirely owing to the fact that I had fallen in love with her the first moment I saw her, and that I believed we had been brought together in the same singular manner that my father and mother were; that 'twas just all ordained, and that marriages were made in heaven, and as many other arguments as I could bring to bear upon the subject. I was quite surprised to find how easy 'twas, Grace, and how every little point seemed to tell so neatly, in the very manner I intended. And I wanted her then and there to promise to be my wife; but that she would not do. However, she says she will never love any one else, which comes to just the same thing; as, having promised so much, the rest is very smooth sailing."

"Is it?" said I, thinking of myself and Mr. Lydgate.

"Of course it is," said Jack. "If two people love one another, what else have they to do but marry? It seems to me the most natural sequence in the world."

Ah! Jack had not had so much experience as I had had, though he was older. Women come to their souls' growth sooner than men; and take a deeper insight into life's problems earlier. Perhaps, in the end, their growth reaches but the same perfection, but it comes quicker.

"Well, go on," said I.

"Ah! I had forgotten about Aunt Hetty. Well, just as I had arranged everything satisfactorily, and was bending down to give Magdalen one kiss to seal the compact, the door opened, and Aunt Hetty appeared. I dare say she was very much astonished to see an officer on such good terms with her daughter. I believe she was, from the manner in which she said 'Magdalen!' Magdalen sprang from me; and I, turning, stood a little abashed before her.

"'Tis my cousin, Colonel Selwode, who bought my violets," said Magdalen, blushing.

"Jack, if you please," said I, and I turned full towards Aunt Hetty.

The moment she saw my full face, she came up to me and kissed me.

"One kiss for your father's sake—you are so like Ralph as I last saw him."

"Then she looked at me again and again. 'Ralph,' she murmured, 'will Ralph ever forgive me?'"

"I did not know what to say, but she expected no answer.

"After a moment's hesitation, I asked—

"Can I see—my—uncle?"

"You should have seen the gleam that came into her eyes.

"Thy *uncle*," she said with great emphasis, as though dwelling upon the acknowledgment of the relationship."

"And you saw him?" I interrupted.

"Yes."

"And how did he look?"

"Scarce less like a corpse than he will look in his coffin—so white—so beautiful!"

TABLE TALK.

HAVE we not already had enough of these centenary celebrations? I begin to think that, like "Great Exhibitions," they are being rather overdone. Some ardent admirers of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was born in 1771, are putting their heads together to try and get up a centenary festival in his honour. Without questioning the argument that the author of the "Queen's Wake" is worthy of having a banquet to his memory, I am afraid that these affairs are generally failures. In England, they are said to consist of good dinners and bad speeches; in Scotland, of good speeches and indifferent creature comforts—as witness the Walter Scott centenary. Somebody suggestively remarked lately that, if these affairs are got up at all, they should be to the honour of the less known celebrities; as the works of the greater and more popular luminaries are, on the Christopher Wren principle, their own monuments. According to this idea, no man is more entitled to a centenary feast than James Hogg—"that strange being, of great though uncouth powers," as Byron called him. He began as a mere shepherd lad on the mountains; and, while "tending his flocks," drank in the pure spirit of the poetry of nature. When in the service of Mr. Laidlaw, his employer's lady would lend the Gentle Shepherd a theological book, and occasionally a newspaper, which Hogg himself tells us "he pored over with great earnestness, beginning at the date, and reading straight on through advertisements of houses and lands, Balm of Gilead, and everything." From this to

"Blackwood's Magazine" and undying fame, as one of the sweetest if not one of the greatest of Scottish national poets, was a wonderful step, such as only true genius could have taken. If the proposed Hogg Centenary, therefore, does not come off, the memory of the Ettrick bard will probably survive the loss.

THE RECENT CHRISTENING anecdotes in "Table Talk" remind me of a scene of a similar character which occurred in the church of the parish whence I write this, and the clerical actor in it was with me to-day. It happened to be the first christening which he, as newly ordained deacon, had been called upon to perform. The ceremony was performed in its proper place, in the middle of the service. My friend's rector and senior curate were present, and—as he felt—watching how he acquitted himself in this part of his noviciate. He nervously proceeded to put the preliminary question, "Hath this child been already baptized or no?" and, to his great surprise, he was told that the child had been already baptized. He was not prepared for this answer, and turned over his book hastily to see what was to be done next under the circumstances; and he found that he was to make inquiries, and he accordingly asked—"With what matter was this child baptized?" and judge of his bewilderment when the father said, in all good faith, "With vaccination matter, at Mr. G.'s surgery!" The father had evidently made up his mind that vaccination and private baptism were identical.

THE NOVEMBER FOGS have been unpleasantly premature this year—a sure sign, say the weather-wise, of worse ones yet to come. People are fond of maintaining that our winters are not so severe as they were formerly. The same, perhaps, may be said of the fogs, if we may judge by old accounts of years back. Take, for instance, the report of a fog which fell on January 3, 1814:—"The density of the atmosphere during the day, and the heavy fog at night, during the whole of last week, in London and many miles round, has been very remarkable, and has occasioned several accidents. On Monday night, the mails and other coaches were delayed unusually long, and proceeded on their way with great difficulty and danger. Many coaches were overturned: the York mail twice near Ware, notwithstanding the guard and passengers walked to keep it in

the road. The Maidenhead coach, on its return from town on Tuesday evening, missed the road, and was also overturned. A daughter of Mr. Griffiths, a publican in Deptford, fell into the Surrey Canal, and was drowned. On Tuesday night, a watchman in the parish of Mary-le-bow fell down an area, and was found dead the next morning; and on Thursday night, a sergeant of the West Kent Militia, garrisoned in the Tower, fell into the river, and was drowned." The account closes with a curious rider: "There has been no instance of such a fog as last week pervaded the metropolis, extending many miles round, since the earthquake at Lisbon, 1755, when this country was visited by a fog which had not been equalled for a century before, lasting eight days." The following, too, reads quaintly in the present age of railways and gaslights: "Dec. 27 (1814).—The Prince Regent left town at seven in the evening, intending to proceed to Hatfield, on his way to Belvoir Castle. The fog, however, was so dense in the metropolis and for several miles round, that he was induced to return. Lord Lowther was in one carriage with the Prince, and General Turner in a second. They had not got farther than a mile from Tottenham-court-road when an outrider was thrown off into a ditch."

I CAME ACROSS a curious paragraph the other day on the origin and authorship of the names of serials. For "Good Words" we are indebted to "holy" Herbert; "Household Words" and "All the Year Round" are from Shakspeare. But the title of the last-mentioned publication, slightly varied, appears in the same place where the name of the present magazine occurs. In the concluding lines of the prologue to "Eastward Ho!" we read—

"O may you find in this our pageant here
The same contentment which you came to seek;
And as that show but draws you *once a year*,
May this attract you hither *ONCE A WEEK*."

An odd fact, too, connected with this same epilogue is that in the third line. Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, the authors of the play, assert—"We have evermore been imitated."

Now ready, ACROSS THE BRIDGE, the Once a Week Annual for 1871, price One Shilling.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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NEW SERIES.

No. 202.

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Price 2d.

BROKEN TRUST.

BY SIR CHARLES LAURENCE YOUNG.

CHAPTER IX.



THE letter detailed in the last chapter certainly astonished Louis not a little, as may be readily conceived. He never contemplated any such eccentric action on the

part of his fair cousin. Her behaviour the preceding evening at the archery meeting certainly would never have led him to suppose that she contemplated flight the next morning, or that she had any doubts as to the genuineness of his affection for her. Yet now she had run away from him; just as he, on one occasion, had run away from her. Perhaps she had done it *en revanche*. "Find me, Louis!" Of course he would find her. This conduct might by some people be deemed odd—ah, but he quite understood it! Had she not told him how she had wanted Miss Dunn to change names with her? She was a romantic little goose. He would find her fast enough. Seriously, now, what did Lyall think about it?

That gentleman declined giving any further opinion. Indeed, he had not formed one with any precision. He looked somewhat grave about it, Louis thought—grave, that was, for Lyall.

"I suppose I ought to go to London at once—eh, Lyall?"

"Well, Louis—there is a pretty strong

hint thrown out for you. I don't see why you should not take it."

"I say—come too, old fellow," urged Louis. "You have been with me from the commencement of this business—see me through it, if you love me!"

"Go all the way up to town just as everybody is coming away! Louis, you don't mean it seriously?"

"I do, indeed. After all, you must be coming a little later, as you are going into Norfolk for the first, and you said you wanted to go home for a day or two on your way."

Lyall reflected a little. Six meditative puffs of his cigar enabled him to decide, and he answered—

"All right, old fellow. I will come up with you to-morrow or the day after. Yes, Louis, I will see you through it."

"That's right—I knew you would," returned Louis, gaily. "We will go to town, then, the day after to-morrow; finish this little romance, and have some first-rate shooting at Avebury in the winter."

"This is odd," thought Lyall once or twice to himself before they started for London. "He seems quite keen upon this marriage now; and my opinions, which were so strong upon the subject, appear to be undergoing some unaccountable change."

Nina, apparently, knew all about London, where Maude had never, to her recollection, been before. Nina knew where comfortable apartments were to be had, and she directed the cabman to a house not very far from the terminus of the Great Western Railway. It was a dull-looking house enough outside, but tolerably comfortable within; and, though Maude did not at first much fancy the external appearance of the old woman who opened the door, and afterwards waited upon them, still she found her attentive and obliging. The house was, indeed, dull and miserable, as compared with their lodgings in the little Devonshire town; and was by

no means so bright and cheerful as Maude expected every London house would be.

"You will be used to it in a day or two, dear," said Nina, cheerfully. "London is dull, and dark, and miserable to a degree, compared with Continental towns. It is, I assure you, the saddest city on the face of the globe. Indeed, we are wonderfully well off. We are in a detached house and can boast a garden—not so large, I own, as the hall at Avebury, but still a garden."

"I rather wish we had stayed in Devonshire," sighed Maude, as she partook of a rather questionable cup of tea.

"It was your own desire, dear, that we should come away. You must allow that I have done what you wished throughout. You desired to get away from—from Mr. Ravenshill—to write to him from London, and tell him the whole truth."

"Yes, yes—I know all. But don't talk to me about it to-night, dear. I am not well."

"Not well! What is the matter, darling?" asked Nina, affectionately.

"I hardly know. I am feverish and low, I think. I cannot sit up for dinner, Nina—I must go to bed."

"You are excited and tired, dear," said Nina. "Bed will be the best place for you. You will be quite well to-morrow."

"But that letter, Nina—when shall it be written?"

"To-morrow—we will concoct it together. We are both of us tired to-night, and you are poorly."

"Oh, Nina, what will he think when he reads it?"

"Anything he likes," answered Nina, carelessly. "What does it matter? Must I again recall your own words—'Never have pity upon men?'"

"Oh, Nina, Nina! I may have been wrong—I have been wrong throughout."

She hid her face in her hands. Well it was that she did so, or she might have seen an expression upon Nina's face which she had never seen before, and which might have startled her.

"Do you think so?" was all she heard—with the addition, "You need not take it so seriously."

"But how can I help it, Nina?—how can I help taking it seriously?"

"You might ask the question," thought Nina, "if you knew all that happened last night at the archery meeting. Shall I tell you of his proposal to me, and drive a knife

into your jealous heart? No—not yet." But she only said, aloud—"Don't tease yourself about it to-night, dear. You are tired and feverish, and you had better go to bed."

And thither Maude speedily went, but not to sleep or rest. Oh, that that letter was written! Oh, that Louis knew all, and was undeceived as to what—Maude knew it, with the infallible instinct of a loving woman—was the object of his love. No matter. The letter to be written on the morrow should put all things right.

While restlessly shifting from side to side in her hard bed in the lodgings that Nina had chosen, did Maude's mind turn, amongst a hundred other things, to the foreign Count who had so well sung that beautiful air between the pauses of the dance the night before? Perhaps it did. Anyhow, that black-bearded individual was at that time close to her.

The Conte di Bolzano had, indeed, unnoticed by Nina or Maude, come up to town from Devonshire by the same train. He had watched them home from the archery party—he had been outside their apartments the first thing in the morning—he divined, from the unusual stir, that they were going away. He guessed rightly what train they were going by, and what their destination was; and he, for purposes of his own, had come up with them.

Nina, having said "Good night" to Maude as affectionately as usual, went back to the sitting-room, and stood at the open window, gazing out upon the night—beautiful and calm, even though in London. Suddenly she heard outside some one whistling, in perfect tune, the air she had heard last night, and knew so well. There was no help for it. Quietly she stole out, and met the Conte di Bolzano in the deserted street.

"What do you want now?" she demanded, in a low, fierce tone. "Do not try my patience too far. Did I not understand you would keep away, at least for some little time? What do you mean by this?"

"It is my misfortune to be misunderstood," replied Steno. "Must I say again that circumstances have changed? Believe me, *bellissima*, I seek you this time from no mercenary motive."

"From what motive, then?"

"A little confidence," returned Steno, in an injured voice. "You might place a little confidence in me, *bella mia*. What does this all mean—this droll change of names?"

"You have found out that, then?"

"I find out most things that interest me. But in this instance, I own I am at a loss."

"Then be at a loss still. I will tell you nothing about that. I only tell you this: leave me alone for a few weeks, and I will make you richer than you ever dreamed to be!"

"That bribe has lost its charm, I tell you. By your last kind gift I am enriched already. I ask for information now upon quite different grounds."

She laughed contemptuously.

"Indeed! I am surprised to hear it. On what grounds, may I ask?"

"You need not speak in such a tone as that." His manner changed, his voice slightly trembled; and he said, in deep accents—"Nina, I never knew till last night how much I loved you!"

She started from her proximity to him as if he had been some hideous reptile that had sprung up suddenly in her path; and, in the sickly glare of the gas-lamp, he could see the repugnant expression in her pallid face.

"I tell you, I love you more than ever I thought I did in days gone by. I have thought of you a thousand times since I saw you at Florence. I have, by great good luck, made myself independent, as I told you, Nina. Come back to me!"

"Never! Listen to me. I have heard you pride yourself on your strength of will. Now, know mine. I have the opportunity of blotting out a hateful past. I have the almost fulfilled promise of a happy future. Do you think that I will yield to you? You taught me many things, Steno; but, above all, you taught me to know *you*. I disbelieve every word you say. I look upon you as the incarnation of a lie!"

"Nina—hear me!"

"I will hear nothing. I understand your strategy. I am willing—ah, more than willing—to give you as much money as you want. I know that I must purchase your silence. But I hate you, and I bid you leave me."

"I ask you for no money," returned Steno, calmly. "And as for that fine phrase, 'the incarnation of a lie,' what am I to think—what is the world to think—of a young lady who palms herself off on a man in the assumed character of a loving cousin? Ah, your tragedy is but burlesque, *bellissima*."

There was nothing for it but another at-

tempt at deceit; and she cried, in an agony of despair—

"Steno, call me what you will—think what you will! I ask but for one short month, and then you shall have your way in everything."

The Italian seemed puzzled. But he was content to judge her by his own usual selfish and avaricious nature. "By then," he thought, "she will have somehow or other secured a fortune, and will try to evade me with better means. I think I am equal to a woman's wit. It may be better for me to yield this time." So he said to her—

"I take you at your word. One month from hence, and I shall claim you as my own."

She shuddered at the thought; but there was a cold smile of defiance upon her lips, as she murmured "I agree," and returned with firm step into the house.

"He will keep his word!" she said to herself, within the solitude of her room. "In a month he will come to me again; and, if it suits his purpose, he will reveal all. Oh, Louis! will you find me soon and marry me, and put me out of his hideous power? Ah, you blue-eyed Maude—to carry out the game with you, I was forced to disappear from Louis, and stake my last chance. Write and tell my love the truth—eh? No, you simple child, never! I loved you a little once—I hate you now! I am mad for Louis. I WILL be his wife. You stand between him and me. You force me to sweep you from my path!"

CHAPTER X.

"WHAT puzzles me so much is Bolzano's face," muttered Lyall a few mornings after his arrival in London, in company with Louis Ravenshill, as he was walking towards the foreign gentleman's lodgings. "I know I have seen him before somewhere; but, for the life of me, can't fix where. Perhaps it will occur to me over the social board. Let me see. I hope I have not forgotten to bring the money I owe him after last night's écarté at the club. No—all right. Twenty-three pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence. Rather an expensive evening's amusement for a man of my habits—and one decidedly not to be repeated. You think you are going to get me to play with you again after breakfast, Signor Conte, do you? No—I'll pay you what I owe you now, and take deuced good

care never to owe you anything again. Where *have* I seen him before?"

Thus ruminating during his walk, Ralph Lyall arrived eventually at a house in Jermyn-street. He was admitted, and shown into an elegant sitting-room, where breakfast was laid for two. The Count was not there; but, on being informed of his guest's arrival, he rushed in, clothed in a gorgeous dressing-gown, and flourishing a razor. The white lather on his cheeks set off remarkably the intense blackness of his beard and eyes.

"This dear Lyall! I am desolate, despairing! How terrible that I should be thus late! Ten thousand apologies. I will be back in five minutes. Amuse yourself, my friend, I pray you, with the light literature of all nations which you will find lying about." And the Count disappeared.

The light literature of all nations to which the Count referred consisted chiefly of journals and half a dozen French and English novels, which did not seem to interest Lyall much. He peered about among the different articles of furniture and personal use, with something of a feminine curiosity—as if, from what he could see in that room, he could learn something of the habits of his host. There were many little knick-knacks here and there, yet there was an air of tidiness about the room; and Lyall concluded that the inhabitant was unquestionably used to luxury, and possessed a very tolerable taste. There were one or two oil colours lying on the writing-table; and after Lyall had examined them, his eyes fell upon a small morocco case which was lying, half concealed by some papers, on the same table. Mechanically he took it up, pressed the spring, and started with astonishment at seeing an exquisitely painted miniature of the girl Louis Ravenshill was to marry, whom he knew as Maude Mourilyan!

No, he could not be mistaken. He recognized every feature—the dark, wavy hair, the wonderful gray eyes. She might have been a little younger, perhaps, and a little stouter, when this miniature was done; but that was all the difference.

"What right can he have to that picture?" thought Lyall. "What would Louis say if he knew that this stray Count owned a miniature—a well-worn one, too, to judge by the looks of it—of his *fiancée*? Can he have known her in Italy at any time, I wonder? At Florence, perhaps. Florence is a queer town—it was there I first saw

Miss Mourilyan and Miss Dunn. By Jove! I remember all now. The difficulty that has been puzzling me for days is solved. Signor Conte di Bolzano, I recollect you perfectly."

Lyall closed the miniature, placed it where he had found it, sat himself down in a comfortable arm-chair, and being generally prompt in his actions, he surveyed the case mentally in a couple of minutes, and determined on his line of conduct.

In a quarter of an hour from the time of his first appearance in *déshabille*, the Conte di Bolzano reappeared, shaved and dressed.

"How can I sufficiently apologize for the lateness of my slumbers?" exclaimed the Count. "We Italians pride ourselves upon our punctilio and the correctness of our manners. What shall I say, then—how to excuse myself?"

"Don't afflict yourself, my dear Count, I implore," said Lyall. "I assure you that I have employed my time to my own satisfaction, and I forgive your unpunctuality from the bottom of my heart."

That was noble — that was generous. Come—let it be forgotten. The best of men had faults. The Count's was an over-capability of sleeping after sunrise. To breakfast!

Appetizing dishes speedily arrived, all hot. The Count insisted upon making the coffee himself, with a machine he carried about with him.

"You know a great deal in England, Mr. Lyall. You can boast of the finest soldiers, the finest sailors, the finest manufactories, the finest of beer, and the stupidest of statesmen—which last is a great concession—but you haven't a notion of making coffee. Therefore, I always make my coffee myself."

"You speak English remarkably well, Count," said Lyall, as he kept his seat at some distance from the breakfast table. "You appear to understand our language perfectly; and therefore I have no hesitation in speaking to you plainly."

"You flatter me. But, at the risk of seeming boastful, I admit that I believe I do speak and understand English tolerably well. To breakfast, I implore you!"

"Not just yet, if you please, Count. I must tell you that there are a few Englishmen existing who decline to accept hospitality under false pretences. I am one of those few."

"I do not think I understand you, Mr. Lyall."

"You understand business, at all events, Count. Permit me, in the first place, to hand over to you, in Bank of England notes and cash, the sum of twenty-three pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence—satisfy yourself that the amount is correct. Thank you. Now, will you be good enough to return the I O U you received from me last night? Thank you again. Now for a fresh matter. How is it that you, Conte di Bolzano, happen to possess a portrait—a beautifully finished miniature—of Miss Maude Mourilyan?"

"A thousand pardons—I really do not know the name. I fear you have overrated my poor knowledge of English. To what portrait do you refer?"

"To that one, in a red morocco case, lying on your writing-table, near the window."

Steno started up, and ran to the table. He saw the red morocco case instantly, and said—

"I am afraid, Mr. Lyall, that your question is one which I must decline to answer."

"I am equally afraid, Conte di Bolzano, that I must insist upon an answer."

"Insist, Mr. Lyall! I do not know the meaning of the word insist, when it comes in such a manner."

"Yet I am afraid, again, that I must hold to it. I desire to know how you came by that portrait."

"Mr. Lyall, you have taken advantage of my absence from my own apartment to look into things which are private, and concern only myself. I regret that I cannot gratify your rather extraordinary curiosity. You are a gentleman—I am astonished that you should act and speak as you do."

"And yet, Signor Conte, I insist."

"It would cut me to the heart, Mr. Lyall, to appear rude to a guest. But after such language, I have no alternative but to ring the bell, and request my servant to open the door for you."

The Count rose as he spoke, and walked to the bell handle.

"Before you touch that bell," said Lyall, coolly, without rising from his seat, "let me ask you one question. Have you and I never met before?"

"Again, it is my misery to appear rude. I do not remember to have met you in society before the other night."

"That is not at all unlikely. Try out of

society, Signor Conte. Think of Florence for a moment. Bah! man—it is no use to act with me. I know you well enough. Excuse plain English—you are about as much a Count as I am."

Steno was furious, and was about to reply indignantly; but Lyall stopped him by saying, quietly—

"Now, you had better not make a fuss. You can't throw me out of window, or anything of that sort, because I am as big a man as you are, and the use of the knife is punished severely in England; besides, a word from me at one or two clubs, and you will never have a chance of playing *écarté* anywhere in London again. You will find that gentlemen will put more confidence in my statement than in yours, my friend. Oh! you need not look so black at me—you won't frighten me. Listen to a little reason, and we shall soon come to terms."

After a little consideration, Steno sat down again.

"You are my guest," he said, in a thick voice. "As such, I bear with you."

"You are becoming reasonable," said Lyall. "I thought you would. I am, as you say, your guest, and I don't want to be more than necessarily unpleasant. You have on yonder table the portrait of a young lady who is shortly to be married to a friend of mine."

"Married!" exclaimed Steno, starting up again. No! You don't say married!"

"Yes, I do. And in the interests of that friend, I desire to know how you became possessed of that portrait."

The Count burst into an extravagant laugh.

"Married! No—that is too good a joke. May I ask the name of the happy man?"

"Miss Maude Mourilyan is engaged to be married to her cousin, Mr. Louis Ravenshill."

"Miss Maude—excuse me, I do not catch the rest. So the lady whose portrait you have seen on that table, and whom you call Miss Maude, is engaged to be married—eh?"

"Precisely as I have said."

"Mr. Lyall," exclaimed Steno, advancing and holding out his hand, "I admit everything against myself. You *did* see me, a miserable creature, in Florence. You have a right to interest yourself in your friend's welfare with regard to Miss Maude."

"We will shake hands about it if you

wish," said Lyall, rather reluctantly. "It isn't the custom in this country, moreover, mind. You do not seem disinclined to help me. Tell me what you know about Miss Maude Mourilyan."

"Bah! nonsense! Don't talk to me of Maudes. Body of Bacchus! I am indebted to you for what you have told me—almost for your insults. I am a man of the world, Mr. Lyall, and can overlook hasty conduct. See, then, everything is getting cold. To breakfast, then, my dearest friend; and—under certain conditions, which I must impose, and you accept—I will tell you all."

Two hours afterwards, Ralph Lyall, with slow step and anxious countenance, left the Conte di Bolzano's apartments in Jermyn-street, and walked towards certain modest lodgings, north of Oxford-street, where he and Louis for the time were staying.

"How am I to break this to him? How am I to tell him that he and his presentiments have all along been right, and I have been wrong? What will he say, when he hears what I have to hint to him. What will he do?"

A SECOND PAPER ON HATS.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

ASK artists—ask Mr. Ruskin—ask "believers in beauty," what they think about hats. Go to your glasses, mistaken men—London men, otherwise sane men, but for this hat; fashionable men—men sufficiently alive to decency. See what you make of yourselves with this hat on your head—causing infinite anguish to the right-minded. Women—poor, tender, ignorant things—are not so alive to the horror of the hat; men are more so—or ought to be. "Sir, he made his approaches to me with a hat on his head," may, by and by, come to be the tearful explanation for the instant flattest refusal of a suitor by some fair one; and we shall have a clear conviction of the senselessness of the fool—thus making hopeless, gratuitous shipwreck of his love.

No—we are resolved. This nuisance of hats "must be abated," as the lawyers say. We will set the fire engines on the hats. We will whet our knives and scissors, and then cry "havoc" upon hats, and "let slip the dogs of war." We will proclaim a hunt of hats, and declare the wearing of them "felony," without even "benefit of clergy."

There shall come a blessed time when there shall not be a hat in the land! But we would not be misunderstood. In banishing hats, we do not advocate the wearing of "wideawakes," "muffincaps," "Glengarrys," "fantails," or any senseless or commonplace or vulgar head covering; or anything for the head that is not neat, appropriate, and graceful. We will have nothing that shall impart to the streets the provincial, free and easy, slovenly, slipshod air. We will have things elegant. We debar all grotesques—all billy-cocks, fore-and-afts, pipkins, *puggarees*. We abnegate, stigmatize beforehand, deny, decry, proscribe, and exclaim against all substitutes for an elegant, gentlemanlike cover for the head; which surely can be found, or we English are very unfortunate and stupid—having heads, and really not knowing whereinto to put them: a very pretty pass indeed for mankind, after all these ages of carrying heads upon shoulders.

But we think we hear the reader argue thus—*per contra*: Why be so uncouth? Why be so malicious about these hats? Everybody knows how they arose—dating, as they first do, from the time of the troubles in Charles the First's reign. We know how they have been twirled and twisted to try to make them consistent—how the flaps have been looped up into "cocks," and let down again for flat-brimmed modern hats; but "what is bred in the"—whale—"bone, cannot be got out of the"—black—"flesh" of hats, to make use of the proverb. "Show me your hat, and I will tell you what you are—gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief," as the little girls say, reckoning the beads of their necklaces to see what sort of husband they are to have by and by. Puck wore a spruce little modern hat, we verily believe, when he put that "girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." But Oberon ran away with this ugly thing—hat, to seek the best hole in the entire circumference of the earth in which to hide it, after Puck; which he accomplished only at last by thrusting the frightful thing down Etna, the most appropriate black place for hats; since the Cyclops—or the great original hatters—work, perhaps, with hoops and fiery molten metal fluff, forging iron hats, as the most terrifying headpieces for the Wars of the Gods, constantly in their vaults, or in those drear passages—thunder-echoing—under Etna's burning mountain.

As the useful result to our discourse about

hats—since we assume that all reasonable people agree that their abolition is, above all things, to be desired—we propose an effectual remedy for this gigantic evil, the wearing of hats. It is that a protest, representation, or petition be presented to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—who is the first in the kingdom wearing a hat—that he would, from his well-known kindness of heart and his national well-wishing, take into his serious thought the possible putting down of this hat: getting rid of the superstition of the necessity for the wearing of hats. We would beg the Prince to refuse his face to hats; to avert from the idol—worse than the Calmuck Joss, or Robinson Crusoe's "Cham Chi Thangu," who wore a hat—with two horns—over his eye, and who was insupportable to the human sight. But in working this desirable reformation about hats, we see clearly that it can only be effected by an exalted personage setting the example for their abandonment, for then the crowd will follow. An illustrious club is, therefore, the only means; pledged to one another to abandon hats, going everywhere without them. It would soon spread, this movement against hats; the circle of repudiation would widen and widen, until the auspicious time would arrive when it would be thought barbarous—vulgar—to wear a hat. Hats would disappear: gradually they would go—vanquished and routed. Hats would "cave" in: they would be tossed out of the world—over the edge into Tophet. They would become so uncommon that ultimately the public would burst into a laugh at the sight of a hat; and the last hat would be deposited in the British Museum, with—of course, hatless—an attendant appointed to point it out to the curiosity and scorn of the wondering crowd. Shown under a glass case at some future "South Kensington"—which would be, perhaps, an appropriate place for the purpose, as appealing more to the gaping instinct of uninformed curiosity—the "last hat" would be enshrined, not handed down. Heaven save us from this latter! The hat would remain marked as at once the proof—in miniature—of a barbarism then obsolete, and as an object of awed dismay at their predecessors—on the part, perhaps, of the great grandchildren of the present conceited wearers of hats. All the men are unapprehensive of the laughter of their descendants, whom they would dis-appoint of the opportunity, if they knew, by

an effectual method—declining to marry and become fathers.

Men constitute themselves into advertisements; carrying about on their head an ugly, squatting pagod in the form of a hat. Has any one reflected on the anguish and trouble which a man experiences in piloting himself through the streets of London with a hat—unsteady on his head—in a high wind? Hats are nimble, and full of tricks in the wind, like skittish women; apt to fly off on the least provocation; sly to a degree; treacherous, daring, airy, and frolicsome; loving a roll in the gutter at the wrong moment, and provoking their wearers, in vexation, even to a violent, useless thumping of them. But there is no punishing or pursuing a *hat*; for he is off when he lists, flying over the houses, and bobbing his black nose in at the second floor windows, like a venturesome blackbird whose flight you cannot arrest with any amount of "salt," or cajolery, on its tail—or rim; for he *will* do as he pleases, leaving your head bald and disgraced, perhaps, in the sight of all Pall-mall. "Lightness and vanity" are these hats, which no steady-minded man can rely upon for an instant's adherence when the wind tempts to frisking. If in the attaching of our hats to us we could be allowed the common-sense precaution, for securing their fidelity in windy weather, of *strings*, or tapes, or other reasonable fastening, all might be well; and we should not then "rue" when hats "flew." We might be indulged with stays or lanyards, such as are worn to nightcaps; or we might be permitted "half a fathom of rope," similar to that attached to an anchor, so that we might "haul in on the slack," as the sailors say, when top-heavy or hard-driven. Thus anchors are prevented being blown away from their ships by the cables; therefore, why not hats?—and the melancholy spectacle might consequently be spared in our streets, sometimes, of elderly gentlemen, storm-driven, being seen in a vain chase of their hat, scudding "under bare polls;" throwing out touching, useless signals of distress, that are met with laughter. By binding the hat in some such suggested inextricable manner to us, it might be possible to secure its heart, and to cross Westminster Bridge or Waterloo Bridge, when the wind blows, without scandalous and ridiculous risks; for what, seriously, should we do if our hat were really blown away?

You cannot imagine a more deplorable or more absurd object than a man gaping and staring in the street without a hat. No more unexpected sight turning a corner—to meet—would be the “Man in the Moon,” who came down at noon to ask his way to Norwich; which way, if he asked it on Westminster Bridge *without a hat*, would be the very conviction and climax of his insanity, bringing all the police to catch him, not to show him the way to Norwich, but to the police-station.

Thus dangers beset us with hats; and the only remedy is to get rid of hats. It only needs an effort on our part. A “long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together,” will destroy these hats. Either we must be masters of the hats, or the hats will master us. We have endured this social tyranny too long. They have ruled us as if with a rod of (the flat) iron in their infinite varieties—these hats. The hat even subdued the proud soul of Tell; for he couldn’t tell how he felt when he bowed to the governor’s hat in the square of Altorf. But the tyrannical feathered devil at last aroused his indignation; and that insupportable hat was the cause of wild outbreak, and of the final securing of the liberty of the Cantons. Let us, in like manner, secure our liberty; and rise, jumping upon our hats—in firm, compact phalanx charging them, until deep in their black, fluffy hearts, we scatter their sooty blood far and wide, seeing them take the wings of the wind, and betaking them to the place that knows them best, like flights of black crows, careering the devil only knows where!

Meantime we propose some petition, similar in its terms to this following well-timed one, with certain resolutions added which will not fail to commend themselves to men’s “business and bosoms.” It is addressed to the first man wearing a hat in this state of Great Britain:—

“To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, &c., &c., the following arguments are respectfully exhibited:—

“First—It is emphatically contended that all classes, subjects of her Majesty, your Royal Highness’s most gracious mother, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, have long been condemned, through an incomprehensible inherited custom, apparently derived from ignorant and barbarous ages, to wear an

unsightly and unnatural adjunct on the top of their heads, contrary to their own wish, desire, and persuasion, and denying its utility or beauty. This monster is known by the name of Hat; and it has grown in this latter age to be an insupportable torment, and an inconceivably backsliding oppression, of which all rightly thinking men are most anxious to become rid. As the ‘mockery, delusion, and snare,’ which time and due cool consideration have conclusively established this hat, there has sprung up a wide sense of the impossibility of its continuance, and a corresponding determination to put an end, for good and all, to the hat, laying it down as a ‘thing of naught.’

“These vexatious hat-like evils are universally privately acknowledged, and fixed in men’s minds; nevertheless, such is the power of habit, that the generations succeed each other without rebellion to this hat, under the affliction of which—and the hat itself—it is now found impossible any longer to pine.

“The evil has at last grown insupportable, which winds and winters have plainly demonstrated. People feel, individually, that notwithstanding their inability any longer to sustain—even though it be unconsciously—the ridiculous *onus* of it on their head, that they cannot get rid of this hat except by the formation of a general reforming association for a struggle with it, and for the eventual long-hoped-for trampling of it under foot, and of its being rent into strips, in degradation.

“Secondly—That the putting down formally, and the laying aside for ever, of this hat will be hailed with delight; and that the complete eradication of the superstition that it is respectable and gentlemanlike to wear it are points that the memorialists wish continually to have kept in view. To this end, they see plainly that the abolition of hats can only be effected by the example of his Royal Highness himself; and that the short road to success is the formation of an aristocratic society binding itself to the disuse, on all occasions, of the hat. It is suggested that tasteful men—having an eye to the lines of beauty—should lay their heads together, and devise some general covering, neat and appropriate, which may allay the remembrance of the disquiet caused by the hat. Also, that, after being relegated to history alone, it shall be condemned as bad taste, and regarded as a sort of social

treason, to allude or to recur to the forgotten thing, hat—except as an object of aversion and of scorn: to be so entered in all public records, and marked in private memoranda.

"Thirdly—That in sending Englishmen forth as reasonable beings, and in relieving them of a top-heavy contrivance, under the ridicule and degradation incidental to which they have long patiently suffered, your Royal Highness, and the benevolent association of which we propose that you should be the rightful head, will, when the revolution is effected, have 'deserved well of the country'—and of the town particularly, where the evil most abounds, and where the ugly thing is most remarked and remarkable.

"Lastly—We feel so convinced that the national eye will be richly repaid by the improved appearance of the innumerable male walkers upon the pavements, that we confess gratitude in anticipation. The relief to the considering judgment, anxious to declare, and yet finding it impossible too unguardedly and unsupportedly to pronounce, will be enormous. And no greater honour can be afforded to any country than the general grand oversetting of the hat, a consummation of the realization of which, through your Royal Highness's example, we feel more than ever disposed to rely upon as imminent. Under these circumstances—fully alive to the gravity of the question and the interests we discuss, and hopeful of the crowning change, also in the complete assurance of the kindness and benevolence of your Royal Highness's disposition—we leave this point of the hat in your Royal Highness's hands, certain that the object will not be lost sight of until the evil has been removed—passed for ever beyond recall or reappearance.

"And as in duty bound, and as our feelings of acknowledgment will livelily induce, your memorialists will ever be, most respectfully, laid under obligation. Only recommending again that the last hat be placed in the British Museum, or sent to the South Kensington to the care of Mr. Cole, C.B., under proper inspection, and in reliable custody, as a curiosity worthy of the attention of the British youth. And this very LAST HAT should be sent as one of the too numerous proofs of the absurdity of 'posterity's ancestors.' Your memorialists would quietly ask to be permitted to add—in condemnation of absur-

dity, perhaps, not confined alone to Hats, in the present confused field of politics and of social usages—that almost 'mad as hatters' seem both public policy and private taste in many particulars."

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

STRIFE AND PEACE.

"WELL, Jack," said my father.

"Well, sir," said Jack.

"And so you've been to see your sweet-heart, eh, Jack?—and found her at home?"

And my father laughed till he shook again at the joke, for he had no idea that he was speaking the truth in jest. I sat shivering in a corner, thankful that there was no more light in the room than the flickering bursts of flame that came shining up from the great logs of wood on the hearth.

"Yes," says Jack, in a slightly husky tone, but with an infinite touch of straightforward firmness in it—"I found her at home, and I asked her to marry me; and though she did not say 'Yea,' I have no doubt that she will in the end."

"Thou art a conceited jackanapes," said my father, still chuckling. "I had not half such vanity of myself at your age."

"And yet I am said to be strikingly like what you were at the same age," responded Jack.

"In face, lad—in face."

"In heart, I hope," said Jack, so earnestly that my father asked—

"Why?"

"Because you had pity for the unfortunate; else you would never have married my mother."

"Tush, lad! that is an old score," returned my father. Nevertheless, I could tell by his voice that he was pleased.

I was, however, about to steal away, for I knew what was coming. I could tell by the manner in which Jack spoke up that he had made up his mind to come to the point boldly. But Jack stopped me.

"Don't go, Grace," he whispered; and so I sat down again.

"Father," said Jack, after a pause, "this is no jest; I am in earnest."

"About what?" asked my father, not quite understanding him.

"I have a sweetheart," said Jack—"one

of the sweetest, dearest, most angelic beings that ever trod the earth."

"Don't rhapsodize, Jack," said my father; "all young men say the same. There never was a sweetheart who wasn't all and more than you describe. And I don't believe thee, Jack. When hadst thou time? when didst meet with her?"

"'Twas during my last leave, sir," said Jack.

"And that's the secret of your return?"

"No," says Jack, "it is not; for I knew not who she was, and I never expected to see her again."

"And pray, who may she be?" asked my father, incredulous.

Jack gathered up all his resolution, which he might well do, and answered, very quietly—

"My cousin, Magdalen Graeme, sir."

My father sprang from his seat. He did not say "The deuce!" but he said something much worse, and went on swearing for some minutes, which I grieve to say is greatly the fashion. When he had ended the volley he poured forth, he finished up with—

"And you dare to tell me this, sir?"

"Why not, sir? I am not ashamed of it."

"Silence!" said my father; "I won't hear a word. I forbid it; I'll not hear of it. I'll have nothing to do with those disreputable people—vagabonds let loose from gaol. My son marry into such a nest! Never, sir, never. I don't know what's come to the whole lot of you: you seem bent upon driving me mad, and bringing an ancient and honourable family into discredit. There's your mother ill, for nothing worse than that I won't let her go to see this whining, canting, heretical hypocrite—(from all such may the Lord deliver us!)" he remarked, parenthetically—"and his wife, who has so disgraced us. I am ashamed of you, Jack. I thought you had spirit and ambition, and none of these low tastes. I looked to you as the upholder of a name unblotted and irreproachable; but—no, sir, you shan't tarnish it with any such alliance. This is Oliver's doing again. He has got in with a low pack of Whig knaves, and this is another result of it."

"No, father," said I, in a low voice, "'tis not Uncle Oliver's fault; he knew nothing about Magdalen."

"Indeed, madam!" says my father, turning on me; "and who did, then? Is this more of *your* doing? But 'tis all of the

same web. We've got somehow entangled with these Whigs, when we ought to have kept clear of them altogether. However, it shall all be changed—not a Whig shall enter these doors. Every man of them shall be denied admittance, and never set foot here again."

"Mr. Lydgate," thought I, and my heart sank; for he was truly the only Whig who had ever come within the doors, to my knowledge; and my father had multiplied him into legion. My father strode up and down the room, raging; whilst Jack kept quite quiet, though I could see that he had hard work to refrain from speaking; but 'twas evident to me that he was so much in earnest in his love, that he determined to act like a man, and keep a due command over himself. Yet, 'twas very unlike Jack.

After my father had somewhat exhausted himself and his stock of oaths, he turned suddenly to Jack, saying—

"And pray, sir, what have you to urge in answer to all my arguments?"

"Nothing," says Jack. "I think 'twill be better to defer the arguments until I come home for good. I have but a few days to be here, and 'tis too short a time to spend in quarrels that will but vex you and my mother. I am willing to wait your further judgment."

Jack spoke very respectfully, and there was nothing of retort or defiance in his manner. My father was not half pleased at his submission; for he would have liked a good quarrel with every one round. 'Twould have done him good, and have been an immense relief to him, he having got into that state into which people often fall—unsatisfied with himself, and therefore irritable with all around; and if a storm could have arisen, after a comfortable burst of thunder there would have been a clearing of the domestic atmosphere, and perhaps some of the waves of discord would have subsided. As it was, Jack's extreme respect and modest behaviour gave no encouragement nor excuse to him.

"I can't be married during the next ten days," said Jack; "and I may not live to come home again to do so. The chances of war are terribly on the wrong side of it, especially if we have much more fighting such as we had the other day."

So, for the present, there was nothing more said of Jack's sweetheart, since my

father, with his usual sanguine reasoning, brought himself to believe that 'twas an idle fancy that would go off; and Jack, on his part, argued that in time his father would look upon it differently.

The next day, Jack came home, looking so cast down and woe-begone, that I asked what was the matter.

"I went to see Magdalen," says he, "and I've only seen Aunt Hetty. She knows all about it now—I mean, all that I said to Magdalen; and to-day she has told me that I must give it up. 'Twould never do to go against my father's wishes. 'And I know,' says she, 'that thy father will never consent. Thou shalt not be cut off from friends and family for us.' 'Twas of no use to urge that in time my father might relent. 'Has he done it in my case?' said she. 'Nay, 'tis better to nip it in the bud than to let it expand into full beauty and maturity, only to die of canker. Better for thee and for my child also!' In vain I begged—I entreated. 'Twas better for both,' she said, 'that we should not meet again!' She's as obstinate as my father!" exclaimed Jack, after he had meditated for a minute or two. "I should scarce have expected it from so quiet and gentle a woman."

"Very quiet, undemonstrative women are generally the most obstinate," said I; "but I don't think Aunt Hetty is of that sort."

He turned away.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said I.

"To my father," said he, bitterly, "to ease his mind."

So he went, and said he—

"Sir, you need have no further fears. I have been to see my sweetheart, and have been forbidden the house. Aunt Hetty is as much set against my marriage as you are."

And then he walked back to me, leaving my father to the enjoyment of his triumph.

"And what do you intend to do, Jack?" said I.

"To persevere," said he; "though 'tis hard to go back without seeing her again. But I'm sure of myself, and I'm sure of her, and the rest must be left. I shall never give it up."

So Jack was pretty much in the same condition that I was, and I had more than half a mind to confide in him; and yet—no, 'twas better not: one oftentimes repents of telling a thing, seldom of keeping it.

And Jack went away sorrowful enough; for Aunt Hetty was firm, and Magdalen sent

him a few lines to say that 'twas better as it was, but that she would always think of him, and always pray for him. And this was all the comfort Jack got.

Before he went away, he spoke again to my father, and told him that he intended to persevere in his love-suit; and that though he must obey orders and return to the war now, yet that, if he lived to come to England again, no earthly power should prevent his making Magdalen his wife, excepting her own will.

"What would you have done without my mother?" said Jack, in conclusion; "and what shall I do without Magdalen?"

My mother wept sorely at Jack's departure; for she has grown so low and nervous that she looks gloomily upon everything, and I think she believes that she shall never see Jack again.

And now Jack is away, and the light that shone for a little is put out, and the darkness seems darker than ever, my father is restless and out of humour. Clarinda holds herself aloof, and there is no pleasant Uncle Oliver to cheer us up as he used to do. This coming to London that I had so longed for had been but productive of trouble and anxiety. Somehow, this death of the Scotch preacher, to which we all looked forward, produced a singular impression in our minds, a greater one than we were aware—a sort of feeling that this must be over ere we should see our way clear. Strange that his death should so influence us, when we had in life regarded him so lightly!

There was another death, too, to which the nation was looking forward—one that would touch the heart of royalty itself—and this was the death of Prince George, whose days were numbered, and over whom the Queen was watching, in her palace at Kensington, with the same intensity of agonized tenderness as poor Aunt Hetty over her Scotch husband in her humble lodgings nigh the Haymarket.

My father speculated much upon this latter death, as likely to be of some advantage to the Tory party; since Prince George, being a Lutheran, had not the same inclination towards the High Church party that the Queen had, and was known to have held back her hand several times to their disfavour.

'Twas drawing towards the end of October, and the days closed in early enough, and one began to think of winter. The

leaves would soon have all dropped; the trees were already showing much of the network of their branches against the splendid skies. The beautiful rosy tints that come when the frost threatens were creeping into the sunsets, which I loved to watch from the west window of a little garret I had taken possession of for my books and studies. I tried to read in the skies a prophetic vision that might help my theories; but the bars of silver and of gold I found there—the precious amethyst and sapphire—would not help me. I saw them all fade out when the sun dropped down, leaving me with a dull gray horizon.

So dies out the light from the earth—so dies out man, after the most brilliant earthly course, and the grave closes over him, leaving him all darkness and mystery.

Until the sunrise!

'Twas on one of these October evenings that we three—my father, my mother, and myself—sat moping over the fire, when we heard a step on the stair that we had not heard for a long time. My mother looked uneasily at my father, as did I also; and we saw the colour mount to his forehead, and a frown that died away and gave place to a very perturbed look. Was anything the matter?

My mother half rose; but my father said "Sit still," and rose himself; so that he was standing when my uncle Oliver entered.

Uncle Oliver walked straight up to my father, and held out his hand. He looked very grave.

"There should be no differences between brothers, Ralph," said he. "I can't bear it any longer."

"Amen, Noll," says my father, in a heartier tone than I had heard of late from him. "I'm tired of it myself."

And Uncle Oliver kissed my mother and me.

"Why, Patience," says he to my mother, "hast been ill?"

"No," says she.

"Yes," says my father, "she's been fretting the life out of her. I'm glad you've come to cheer her up a bit, Oliver, though 'tis what a husband should be able to do."

"It is," answered my uncle, gravely. "I never knew you to fail before, Ralph."

"No," sighed my father.

"These family differences are saddening," went on Uncle Oliver. "There's Clarinda turned sulky, and won't speak to me; and

she's so short with Harry, that I can see 'tis making him feel as bad as need be."

I had drawn Uncle Oliver to the sofa where I was sitting, and had made him sit down by me. I was so glad to have him here once more, and I wanted to know what had brought him; for though he went on talking just in his old way, yet I knew that he had not told us the real cause of his visit. 'Tis not easy to bring in an awkward subject all at once, and so Uncle Oliver found it; and at last he said, abruptly—

"Death is a smoother of many difficulties."

We all started. No one had looked upon it as quite so near, and now none liked to ask of whom he spoke—for it might even be of Aunt Hetty.

"Ralph, will you grant me a favour?" asked my uncle. And as my father made no answer, he went on. "Hetty will be left alone to-night. She will want some loving woman's help in her sorrow."

"Ralph—Ralph," said my mother, "surely I may go?"

"Is it so near?" I said, in a low tone.

"The sands are almost run out," answered my uncle. "In a few short hours, poor Hetty's husband will be no stumbling-block to any of us."

Still my father spoke not, but I could see that what Uncle Oliver said was a great shock to him, for he had not believed that the end would be so serious. He had taken his own way all along, and no one had opposed him; and in his heart there had been a longing all through to see his sister, though he would not admit it.

"Ralph," said my mother, imploringly.

"I will not say nay," he answered, huskily.

It seemed to make my mother well again. She stepped more briskly than she had done for weeks. She ordered the coach, and said she would go directly; and my father made no objection, and spoke never a word. Indeed, he seemed as one dazed. Perhaps he thought of all his ill speeches against the Scotch preacher, and would have been glad if some of them could be unsaid; for death makes every hasty word seem very bitter.

I slipped after my mother, and we drove to the lodgings. 'Twas very quiet—there was not a sound to be heard as we stole softly upstairs; and when we followed Uncle Oliver into the room, Aunt Hetty did not turn her head, so intently was she watching her husband's last breathings.

Magdalen stood near. She saw us; and my mother folded her arms around her, as though she were her own daughter.

At that moment the dying man's eyes opened. He caught sight of my mother's tearful eyes, and noted her embrace.

"Patience"—his voice was very weak—"I knew thou wouldst come again."

My mother moved to the bed; and with a sudden effort he stretched out his hand, and taking hers, he laid it in that of his wife.

"My life parted you—let my death reunite you. I took her from you; but I return her into your keeping. Forgive me."

"Forgive—forgive us," sobbed my mother.

He looked at her for a moment, as though he scarce understood her, and said—

"Wherefore? What harm have ye done me? 'I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me.' Hark!" he said—and a wild light gleamed in his eyes; and raising himself, he stretched forth his hand, pointing as though he saw something afar off (his mind was evidently wandering)—"Hark! they come from far and near to have my blessing—my last blessing. Bless ye, bless ye, my people; may the peace of the Lord rest upon you. Turn ye not to the right hand nor to the left; keep in the narrow path—onward, upward, to the hill of Zion. Hidden in the blue mists lies the Celestial City—invisible till the spear of the Death Angel touches your eyes. Then shall ye see it in all its glory. Watch ye, watch ye, my people; the True Shepherd is not far off. He will feed you; He will bring you into the fold—ye mountain lambs. Hark! they come—I hear the tramp of many feet on the hillside. More and more—a countless host!" And his eyes shone ever brighter; and still he pointed, as though he saw what he described. "Can ye not see them? The purple mountains stand out against the sunset—each peak is tipped with gold—and the clouds are floating in a sea of living fire. Brightness ineffable! The day of the Lord is at hand—prepare ye, prepare ye."

And then, exhausted with the effort, he sank back.

Once more he raised himself; but the momentary excitement had passed away.

"I was in a vision," he said, wearily. "I am very tired. It grows darker—the night is far spent; but the morn is nigh. My wife, my child, farewell—till morning breaks. Farewell awhile, my wife—"

So soft, so far off sounded the last word, that it scarce seemed spoken near us.

"My wife!"

It rang like a distant joy-bell, with no touch of pain in its tone. It was as though the departed soul had spoken to her from Heaven.

There fell a solemn silence on us all. We could not believe that he was gone. The smile upon his lips was so lifelike that we could not realize that it was death.

Aunt Hetty was on her knees by the bedside. She knelt there for long; and when she rose, a man, sobbing like a child, took her into his arms.

It was my father.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

UNDER THE TREES.

AFTER the death of Archibald Graeme, we all went to Selwode, and there we remained, my father having at length decided that no good was to be done in town; and I almost think that 'twas Sir Everard Tylney's influence that persuaded him to this move; though wherefore Sir Everard should wish us away from town I cannot conceive.

As it was, we did not return after the funeral, as I had expected; for Aunt Hetty's husband was laid in the vault at Selwode. 'Twas an atoning act on the part of my father, and I think it wiped away all else in Aunt Hetty's estimation. The fact had presented itself very painfully to her that her husband would be buried far away from the wild, free mountains he had loved so well, in one of the city churchyards; and then my father had said—

"Hetty, would you like for him to lie with us in the old vault at Selwode?"

No one would have dared to venture such a proposition, though I knew that 'twas in my mother's heart. But a strange softness has come over my father towards Aunt Hetty, now that her stay in life has been removed, and she has been, as it were, brought back to his guardianship.

And so the dead one was brought hither; and the old folks who remembered Mistress Hetty in her girlhood came to pay the last sad honours to the Scotch preacher who had separated her from them.

My uncle Humphrey did not attend; for my aunt, Lady Betty, gave out that she was laid up with rheumatism, and could not bear him to leave her. But we found after-

wards that she had not decided upon what course of action she intended to pursue with regard to Aunt Hetty; and, as she prudently said, "Twas of no use to commit herself rashly; for, after appearing at the funeral, 'twould be awkward to draw back, if there should be occasion for it. She never liked doing things in a hurry."

My aunt, Lady Betty, is a very prudent and cautious woman, and is wise in the wisdom of the world, to which is greatly owing that she has succeeded so well in life. She weighs this against that so carefully, that the balance is always even; so that she appears to sail along with wind and tide always in her favour. There is no emotion about her; and I suppose she never acted from impulse in the course of her life. 'Tis a highly respectable character that she maintains, and there is sufficient ice in it to prevent overheat under the most exciting circumstances.

As she did not allow my uncle to go, of course my cousin, Ralph Furnaby, was not able to be at the funeral. This chafed Ralph, who would stand well with Magdalen, whom he has taken a sudden admiration for, almost equal to Jack's. I don't, however, think that Jack need fear him as a rival; since 'tis not very likely that Magdalen will prefer a stiff, dressed-up puppet to such a handsome, noble-hearted fellow as Jack.

Ralph has condescended to promise that, whilst he is at Daneshill, he will often come over, and will take rides with us, if we please. But Magdalen is in no humour for any amusement at present, and I am sure I am not.

Aunt Hetty has the same room that she had as a girl. It looks over the west terrace, and she can see the church tower from it. There she can sit and look at the sunsets, which her husband's dying words have made very dear to her. I think hers will be a contented and peaceful widowhood, and that she will wait very patiently until the "break of day" comes to her.

I have had some thoughts of taking her into my confidence, and telling her of all my troubles—for there is something in her that wins me, and draws me irresistibly towards her. She would help me without my having to burden my mother with secrets that my father and Jack must never know. But, at present, her own wounds must heal over, and only time can do that.

My father has taken a fancy to Magdalen; but, strange to say, he has never alluded to

any one of Jack's love suit, so no one knows what his thoughts may be upon the subject now. Jack, when he hears of this wonderful reconciliation, will think that things are shaping their course aright in that future to which he was willing to trust.

As for me, when I look back upon how one apparently trivial circumstance has brought about another in the strange results at which we have arrived, it seems to me that if I should live to be old, and the future should be as clearly mapped out as I can now see the past to have been, that 'twill be a pleasant task to sit down and carefully follow out the chain, and find in its subtle links a more beautiful workmanship than the hand of man, or the accidents of chance, could have wrought.

There's a gloom everywhere just now, and Clarinda writes that London is very dull indeed, and all the theatres are closed. The Prince died but two days after Mr. Archibald Graeme, and her Majesty is inconsolable.

Ah! well—if he was not a brilliant man, he was a good and loving husband; and, I dare say, as Mr. Steele himself, the tenderest of husbands, watched by the poor body, that he paid a sympathetic tribute to his memory.

There was a splendid torch-light funeral at Westminster. Clarinda had a sight of the pageant, which, she says, was the finest show she had seen for a long time. All the great people were there, and she felt herself fortunate in getting a good place.

'Tis a strange way of talking of a funeral, and I like it not; but Clarinda says—

"If one never cared for the Prince living, how can one feel a sentiment at his death?"

But 'tis not that exactly; it is that there is something at which one revolts in the idea of the hollowness and mockery of these show-funerals.

Clarinda must be exceeding dull, since she has written so long a letter to us. Perhaps, now that we are away, she feels that her late behaviour was not over-kind; and she offers to come to us at Christmas, and bring the children, which has rejoiced my mother greatly, for she has been dispirited over Clarinda; but now she says peace on all sides is coming, as it ought to come at Christmas.

I am sure I hope it is.

* * * * *

I here pass over several months, in which nothing very noticeable took place, save that

Sir Everard Tylney paid us a visit, and behaved with such circumspection, and so respectfully to all, as to win further golden opinions from my mother. He had quite changed in his demeanour; and was so deferential to me and so reserved, that I hoped he now felt that I had given him my answer definitely, and that he would make no further appeal.

However, as spring resigned the crown to summer, and summer decked the trees in more glorious foliage than ever, I thought little of Sir Everard, and more and more of Mr. Lydgate—of whom my uncle had heard nothing for some months.

Aunt Hetty was still with us, for where else had she to go?—and Selwode was large enough to accommodate more guests than we were ever likely to have. Besides, my mother and I saw that Aunt Hetty, despite her peaceful cheerfulness, was slipping away from us. But my father was blind to it, and he seemed to hold her closer to his heart than he had even done in her childish days—perhaps for the sake of the lost years that had since gone by.

Magdalen, too, was blind; and who would care to give her sight? Magdalen had done nothing but improve since she came to Selwode; and I believe my father would give his consent at once now, if Jack were only here to ask it. But Jack has been singularly silent of late. He has not written much, and no especial letter to Magdalen or Aunt Hetty. He has merely sent his loving remembrances to his aunt and cousin, which puzzles me much, and I can't make him out at all. Perhaps he is trying Magdalen's faith; for as my father's niece, living at Selwode, she stands a better chance of making a good marriage with the beauty she possesses than she did when Jack made his offer to her in the humble lodgings.

Take care, Jack—all women will not stand tests so well as did the Patient Grizzel; and, indeed, I don't think it at all desirable that they should. It seems to me that, if she had not been the poorest-spirited woman that ever breathed, she must have rebelled. And then, to lose so much of her life for what I cannot but call her husband's tyranny! I know many are of a different opinion. Perhaps I may be myself some day.

My aunt, Lady Betty, is beginning to take more notice of Magdalen, and says that Graeme is a very good name in Scotland; and she asserts that there are some gentle-

folks of high repute of near kin to the girl, though my aunt Hetty has never heard of them.

Ralph Furnaby, encouraged by Lady Betty's thawing prejudices, has made Magdalen more than one offer, which she has quietly declined, saying she has no intentions of matrimony. But I wait until Jack comes; though I believe she regards that affair as at an end, and has dutifully made up her mind to abide by her mother's decision. At any rate, I cannot find out what she thinks upon the subject, and something withholds me from speaking. 'Tis strange! Most girls are so ready to confide their love-affairs; but Magdalen is so simple, that I feel as if 'twould be almost a sin to speak to her of Jack. I shall have to wait until Jack comes, and then I suspect that 'twill make all the difference in the world; for however systematically and prudently Jack may be plotting and manœuvring now, he will act quickly enough when he comes home. When will that be? And then the old fear that ever and anon comes over me rises with fresh force, and I pray that poor Jack may not share the fate of so many of his brave comrades.

'Tis more than a year since Mr. Lydgate went away, and the chestnut flowers have scattered their "summer snow" upon the mossy turf; the birds are singing cheerily among the branches, but as yet they have not heard the story which I am hoping they will have to twitter to one another. The last note of the cuckoo has been heard, and with its first greeting I wished a wish, having fortunately my purse in my pocket. What I wished has not yet happened; but, as I have kept it quite a secret, it may come to pass before the summer is over.

As all these thoughts coursed through my brain, I insensibly made my way towards the great oak where Magdalen and I had agreed to spend the afternoon in reading the last number of the "Tatler," which Uncle Oliver had sent to us.

'Tis surprising what a success the paper has had; it comes out every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and no family of any pretension can take their breakfast without it. It has enabled me to keep pace pretty well with what is going on in town, and has opened my mind to much of interest in the fields of literature; for good Mr. Bickerstaff gives us disquisitions on poetry and the drama, and learned subjects besides—writing from the various coffee-houses where he is

most like to fall in with the discussers of these topics. My father reads the paper with as much attention as he did Mr. Defoe's "Shortest Way," and praises it as highly; though he says there are parts, more especially in the political division, that he could greatly improve. I wonder if he would speak so well of it if he guessed at Isaac Bickerstaff's real name, of which my uncle hath secretly informed me.

'Twas one of the August numbers of the "Tatler" that I had in my hand; and I was glancing into "Delamira Resigns her Fan," which kept my eyes for awhile looking downwards, and when I raised them I was aware of two figures standing under the oak, instead of the single one that I had expected to see; and, moreover, I saw that these two were in very earnest conversation, which surprised me not a little, as one was a gentleman, placed too much in the shade for me to perceive more than that he was a stranger.

He had just loosed Magdalen's hand, and she was hastily putting into her pocket something that he had given her. As I came still nearer, I heard her say—

"I may tell my mother, may I not?"

"Only your mother, you must promise me that," replied the stranger; and at his voice I started, for the speaker was none other than Mr. Philip Lydgate.

My heart gave a great leap, but 'twas more of pain than pleasure. Was this the meeting to which I had looked forward "under the trees," in the golden summer time?

Here were the trees, with their full-grown, leafy coronals; here was my lover, as I had fondly deemed him; but he appeared to be telling the tale that was to be so sweet to me, to somebody else; and, in a passion of jealousy and disappointment, I turned like a fool, and fled back to the house.

"Have you not met Mr. Lydgate?" asked my mother.

"No," said I.

"I told him that you and Magdalen had gone to the great oak," said she; "and he went to find you. But, my dear child, how flushed you are, and you are quite out of breath. You should be careful, this hot weather. You are terribly overheated."

"I will go and get cool," said I, turning away; and I mounted to my own room, where I took one look—as I had done two years ago—at myself in the glass, and shrank

back at the sight of the vexed face, all burning and tearful, that I saw there.

Yes, Magdalen was fairer than I; and people are always taken with beauty. Few are proof against it, and Mr. Lydgate was no more constant than the rest. And, by way of getting cool, I walked rapidly up and down the room several times; then I rushed to the window, threw it wide open, and put out my head, hoping that a fresh breeze might come and refresh my throbbing brow.

It happened that this window—though I thought not of it at the moment—looked right in the direction of the great oak; and, after I had been there for a short time, gazing into the distance without noting anything, I perceived two figures moving slowly towards the house, apparently engaged in very absorbing conversation.

I drew back hastily; and, placing myself so that the folds of the curtain hid me, I watched eagerly and jealously.

As they came nearer, I could see that Magdalen's face was never raised to her companion's, and that the conversation appeared to be all on his side—and very eloquent indeed, as far as I was able to judge.

When they were under the window, I cautiously peeped out, and then I saw Magdalen raise her eyes, half shyly, and give one glance—full of the most lively emotion—in answer to whatever he might have been saying; and then, covered with blushes, she darted into the house, whilst a quiet smile of satisfaction played upon Mr. Lydgate's lips.

Then Magdalen was inconstant also! Poor Jack!

For Mr. Lydgate was a very different lover from Ralph Furnaby, and superior, too, to poor Jack! And of course Jack would stand no chance now that Mr. Lydgate had stepped in; indeed, I began to wonder how Magdalen had come to fall in love with Jack at all. I shouldn't have done it, so it seemed to me now. But I suppose sisters never understand any one's falling in love with their brothers.

WAYS AND MANNERS OF A JAPANESE LAPDOG.

THE early history of the subject of these notes, a Japanese lapdog, is involved in obscurity. It is said that he is of royal race, and has even been fondled by a princess. A naval captain brought him from

his native country, and presented him to the owner. Rough, indeed, was his voyage of many thousand miles; rougher than the waves his treatment, rough his food, and rough were his fellows. Salt junk and flinty biscuit were his portion, and tarpaulin and rope composed his bed. Wild pig hunting and miniature dog fights were among the amusements of the idle passengers; but a compassionate officer rescued him from their hands after he had signalized himself for pluck, and carried him about securely in his pocket. After having thus roughed it, he reached at last a pleasant harbour; for during seven happy years in this country with a fond, indulgent mistress, he has improved greatly in health, spirits, and temper. It was thought that a Japanese appellation would be more appropriate than that of his ship, so that his name was changed to Mouskwo—meaning, in the language of Japan, Little Boy. In personal appearance he resembles a King Charles spaniel; the comparative shortness of ear and glorious tail, capable of elevation in Pomeranian fashion, forming the chief distinction. Conspicuous black and white, contrary to the theory of "protective colour," effectually prevent him from being stamped out. His eyes, being *à fleur de tête*, resemble the onyx; and his coat is of the smoothest silk. Dire offence, by the way, did an old woman give by an intended compliment, remarking that "he was so soft and woolly." His grand characteristic is fidelity to his mistress. Seldom does her shadow more closely follow her than this devoted attendant. His valour, his freedom from greediness and jealousy, and his warm recognition of friends, may be enumerated among his estimable qualities. His readiness to forgive, too, is a most praiseworthy trait. If teased beyond the limits of endurance, and a snap be hastily elicited, a gentle paw will be immediately extended for reconciliation. And, if inadvertently hurt, the apologetic sympathy is instantly acknowledged in the same gracious and engaging manner. Like Brutus, he—

"Carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again."

It must, in candour, be admitted that he shows a want of courtesy to strangers; and when not in the mood for being stroked the wrong way, and ironed by a heated hand, his manner of expressing "Don't!" is more emphatic than agreeable. Othello's instruc-

tions should be followed by all biographers—

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice;"

so an ugly, unamiable trick must not be silently passed over. His conduct whilst a luckless companion is undergoing the consequences of his delinquency tells, apparently, to his disadvantage. During the flagellation, Mouskwo exhibits lively symptoms of gratification—flourishing his tail, and capering round and round. Dogs in general would be horrified at the whip; but our friend is totally unacquainted with such severity of discipline—

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

Does his joy arise from a triumphant feeling—"I didn't do so, I didn't do so"? or "I'm glad I'm not in your place, my boy"? Or is it a morbid excitement, or that pleasurable sensation unconcealed, which the French author attributes to humanity in witnessing the misfortune even of a friend? Nothing of the sort, assuredly. It must proceed from a high sense of duty, and a conviction that the culprit is only receiving his just desert. Morning visitors are his antipathy; for he will sometimes uncourteously reject their overtures, lie resignedly on the rug, with muzzle between paws, and manifest unqualified signs of delight when they rise to depart. Morning visits are no more to his liking; for, after a slight inspection of the apartment, he will impolitely show obvious tokens of impatience—tugging at a gown, and imploring with his paws, as much as to say, "Do come along." Domestic account him proud; yet, in the absence of the family, he readily takes up his abode in the kitchen. Even then, however, he expects to have his dinner served in the dining-room.

An alarm being sounded in the yard, our diminutive hero starts from his downy pillow, screws up his courage and his tail to the highest pitch, and joins strenuously in the chorus, defying the invader. Nor is it mere bravado, for he is always ready—with the spirit of Sir Geoffrey Hudson—for attack on man or beast. On one occasion, the house having been vacated for decorative purposes, he, the sole guardian, pursued the base mechanics into the chamber of his mistress, jumped savagely upon the bedstead, and barked at them with all his little might—

"A perilous pop from an elder gun."

Manners seem to have formed no part of his early education; for, having scratched for

admission at the door—either from an inward consciousness of high birth, or ignorance of the manners and customs of the English—he will coolly enter the room without acknowledgment; and sometimes even have the assurance to take up his position in the governor's easy chair at the fire, left unoccupied to let him in before there is time to return.

At the Christmas tree, a joke is annually perpetrated, too good to wear out. When the children's presents—dolls, kettleholders, penwipers, pincushions, and various ingenuities, ticketed with their names—are being removed from the illuminated branches, one enveloped in paper is taken off. Whose can this mysterious packet be? What name is thereon inscribed? Mouskwo's! And off he walks amidst the merriment and plaudits of the assemblage, as pleased as any juvenile, to divest and digest his prize under a table.

Suggested probably by this custom, his kind mistress, after a few weeks' absence, with the amiability of Mother Hubbard, brought him a bone, slipped from the luncheon table into her travelling bag, and presented it, enveloped, to her grateful pet. Now mark his reasoning powers, and his tenacity of memory!

At her next return, he followed her up to her room, placed his feathery, silky forepaws on the table in a manner never before practised, and looked inquiringly into her face, unmistakably asking, "Where is my bone?" Sadly did the good lady's conscience reproach her at the omission; yet it was not so tender as to cause scruples in a deception on what is called a dumb animal. Her maid was speedily despatched to the larder to wrap up a bone, which was as highly relished as though it had really come from London. Ever after, the expected bone has been faithfully brought, to be delivered when called for, or, if forgotten, the same artifice adopted. Meat, fish, or game, pure and simple, is his favourite diet. At an admixture of crumbs or tea kettle broth he will literally turn up his nose; working all round the plate with the intent of burying it; and when at the edge of the Turkey carpet, partially attaining his object. His appetite appeased, he will carry off a drumstick in his mouth, presenting a ludicrous appearance, consequently uttering a strange whine, and hide it in various places—generally under a mat—for future use. Seldom, however, has he the satisfaction of enjoying his provident store,

for two can play at the game of hide-and-seek; and the terrier, with her sharpness of eye and keen nose, soon discovers the hidden treasure. "When he gets there, the cupboard is bare." This process is a remarkable instance of instinct, derived from the habits of his wild forefathers.

Another curious example of instinct inherited from a long line of ancestry is, turning round and round for an unreasonable time upon his soft pillow, treading it like a winepress, in order to arrange his bed after the manner of dogs in their natural state amidst the rank vegetation of prairies, forests, or jungle. On his return from his short nocturnal airing to his couch, he regularly goes through all this ceremony of revolutions and poundings, although well aware that his repose is but for a couple of minutes before his ascent to his lady's chamber. His hunger at an unusual hour is made known by fixing his eyes intently on any of the household till his requirements are ascertained; and, in a ravenous state, by giving utterance to a Lowther-arcanian bark. This mode of expression is employed also on other occasions; for several easy chairs, an ottoman, and sofa are considered exclusively his own when required, and they happen to be preoccupied. If the jackdaw, with characteristic impudence, makes a bath of his China basin in the hall, or the brindled bull-terrier takes possession of his well-cushioned chair, no parishioner could feel more aggrieved while he looks calmly at them with drooping tail and steady gaze. No need have the conscious intruders to ask—

"Why dost thou bend thy solemn brows on me?"

Being of a grave, sedate turn—although at times disposed to frisk and play—social parties are his horror. Whether shut up in a room, or consigned to a damsel's charge, he is sure to poke his small nose into the crowd—endangering his precious person in the midst of a polka, or on the battle-field of croquet.

An instance of his sagacity has just occurred. Jack, the daw, happened to bring a bone into the kitchen, pilfered from a store collected by the cook exclusively for the quadrupeds of the house. Mouskwo, perceiving at once from whence it came, and indignant at the turpitude of the act, with little more than the roughness of the police, caused him to drop the plunder, and decamp as fast as his mutilated wing could carry him.

Then, being from lowness of stature incapable of replacing it on the shelf, he carefully deposited it under the mat below. Well combed and brushed, he is so scrupulously freed from all tormentors, that no excuse for a queer habit of scratching can be admitted. A little game at play invariably terminates in a scratch, when, from excitement, the infiction of the most inveterate parasite must be imperceptible. Again, in passing through the room at particular times, he must stop at a certain station for a scratch.

His silent eloquence is forcibly called forth when his water-basin happens to be dry. He will then either draw his mistress to the spot by fixing his eyes "most constantly" upon her, like the Ghost in Hamlet, or else wait in the hall till she passes by; when, looking unutterable things, he makes known his grievance, exclaiming, it may be imagined, "See! was ever dog so shamefully used? Those vile curs have emptied my bowl, and my negligent attendant has not refilled it." A drive in the pony carriage, stationed on a friendly knee, sniffing the refreshing breeze, and making his silent observations on passing objects, is his supreme delight. Piteous is his look till the decision is declared, "he may go." Sometimes he is found already seated; and possession being nine points of the law, as he calculated, his point, however inconvenient, is often gained. At a particular spot, within half a mile of home, he fidgets to be set down, when he runs along the smooth rut with incredible speed. A walk is not much to his taste, and is troublesome; for he loiters behind, deriving more enjoyment from the exercise of his olfactory organ than from muscular exertion. Being carried about the garden in arms is an indulgence fully enjoyed. He is methodical and particular in his ways to a marvellous extent. Nothing can be said of accomplishments, which are scarcely appreciable. He is free, at any rate, from ordinary tricks. To beg would be beneath his rank. Dancing may have been precluded by the luxuriance of his tail. As to fetch and carry, he is more fit to be fetched and carried; and the limited space may have saved him from the arithmetical ordeal of biscuit balanced on the nose.

Thunderstorms—said to be more frequent and terrific in his own country—exert an extraordinary influence upon his frame. His uneasiness seems to proceed rather from the noise than the state of the atmosphere; and

no caresses or sympathy can restore the equilibrium of his nerves.

For a year or two after his arrival, he was subject to a singular attack, which was designated "*the jumps*;" for, under its disquieting impulse, he would fly frantically round the room, from chair to sofa, and from sofa to lap, and from lap to knee, with scarcely a minute's interval of rest.

The weather forms not a more fertile subject for conversation. Like Tupper's babe, in short—

"This pet in the house is a well-spring of pleasure,
a messenger of peace and love,
A delight, but redolent of care; honey-sweet, but
lacking not the bitter."

THE EVERLASTING HILLS— THE ALPS.

WITHOUT claiming for myself the gigantic measurements or the sublime savagery of Typhœus, I can establish a striking point of analogy between us in that I am at present as terribly overwhelmed and oppressed by a superincumbent weight of mountain, as ever he was beneath the roots of Etna, according to the poets of Greece and Rome. I am, for my sins, writhing beneath the masses of the Alps. My extended frame is crushed by the Oberland on one side, the Dolomite mountains on the other.

Perhaps I ought by this time to mention, for the benefit of my practical, literal-minded readers, if such there be, that I am speaking figuratively. Of course, my body is not so large as to allow of the extension spoken of; but perhaps they will allow that my mind may be of sufficient scope to comprehend the mountainous districts which form the "playground of Europe," and therefore to suffer by the continual piling on of peak, glacier, col, arrête, which distinguishes the conversation to which it is my lot to listen.

I dreamt last night that I was crossing an appalling glacier, and woke myself by laughing at a joke in German which I had made to my ferocious-looking guide, on the very brink of a horrible crevasse. As during my waking hours I am utterly ignorant of German, I cannot retail the witticism.

To speak plainly, the members of, aspirants to, and imitators of the Alpine Club are once more—we will not say at home—but returned to the ordinary humdrum flats of existence. As yet, however, their hearts

are in the continental highlands, and their talk seldom gets below the limits of perpetual snow, unless it be to discuss the tariff and accommodation of some hotel or other.

Now, I have—blushes course over my pale cheeks as I whisper the shameful secret to my pen—only seen one patch of snow in summer, which my driver honoured with the title of glacier. It looked from the valley rather like a white pocket handkerchief, drying on the heights. I never saw a mountain more than 8,000 feet high, and never ascended higher than 3,000 feet in my life; yet nothing will shake my determined conviction that views from the high peaks are not so grand and fine as those which lazy, timid creatures like myself can enjoy from below.

I wish to draw attention to the fact that, as conclusions on all varieties of subjects are frequently, if not generally, derived from a like proportion of knowledge thereof, no one has a right to blame me in this particular.

Such being my lack of acquaintance with the scenes dear to mountaineers, it may be imagined that their characteristic chat is not so interesting as it might be if I were better up in their topics. These are not in themselves distasteful to me, as is evidenced by my having read with interest and wonder Whymper's, Tyndal's, and other books of Alpine adventure.

Sometimes I feel that my weariness and nausea are the result of envy and ill-nature; for must it not be a real pleasure to those on whom I animadvert to be reminded, if only by the mention of an uncouth, harsh name, of scenes of ineffable beauty and sublimity? Does not one's heart leap forth in eager quest of sympathy at the familiar utterance of a name that recalls moments or hours of strong and sweet emotion? Is it not a pleasure to know that you are in the presence of one who has visited the well-remembered spots, and perhaps felt something of the same ecstasies as yourself, and is now, to some extent, revelling in the same memories? How can one grudge this delight to one's fellows? Well, well! it is the very easiest thing in the world to be selfish. Besides, the outward signs of such enjoyable communion of sentiment are not often nor easily to be detected in the talk of mountaineers. The few words in which it finds occasional vent are without any vivid significance to the uninitiated. The vast variety

of impressions comprehended by a few stock epithets and phrases is not appreciated by an outsider. It is unnecessary to say that no amount of reading, or study of pictures and maps, can put even the most imaginative on a level with those who have been conversant with the *genius loci*. It is quite possible to build up for oneself from description a series of scenes which may be a tolerably accurate reproduction of the original, and which may give the most intense satisfaction; but such exercise of fancy is a slow and laborious process which cannot be carried out during the rapid transitions of a conversation. I take it that such a description of any scenery as would at once, as by inspiration, rouse the imagination into life and activity is a very great rarity—at least, in our somewhat Boeotian atmosphere.

Whatever be the secret thoughts of your typical mountaineer as he reviews his labours and compares notes with his fellow-toilers, he usually contrives to convey an impression, when talking of his favourite theme, that, if not also climber of might and prowess, you are an inferior and unfortunate creature. He carefully points out the bliss which you miss by never attaining altitudes which he knows it would be folly for you to attempt to reach. He exhibits a decided tendency to exalt into absolute heroism that exuberance of spirits and appetite for adventure which, though eminently contagious, fail to elicit sympathy at a distance, unless they are exhibited in some necessary, charitable, or useful enterprise. He does not care for the Matterhorn now it is made easy on both sides, a sentiment which lets out how deeply the fascination of danger and the passion of emulation enter into the mountaineering spirit. If there are others of the same kidney in the company, he will ignore your presence, and you are expected to listen with patience and contentment to the appraising of various rival peaks and passes; difficulty being the highest recommendation, and the element of beauty occasionally thrown in as a make-weight.

The respective courage and cupidity of various guides are earnestly canvassed. There are brisk discussions as to the best boot-maker for Alpine purposes. The great rope controversy is recapitulated, and illustrated by instances of terrible accidents and supernatural feats. These come so thick and fast, that the sluggish blood soon refuses to

be stirred by the recital. Moreover, the portentous circumstances of the several incidents tend to remove them beyond the sphere of respectable, well-regulated, stay-at-home sympathies.

I have been pluming myself on my forbearance in not speaking too strongly of Mr. Whymper's account of his great fall of sixty feet at one bound on to a rock—a knat at which several reviewers strained; but I am assured that there is a fair margin between the magnitude of the disaster—as related—and impossibility; and that one cannot refuse credence to a man who unites such undaunted courage and athletic vigour with such high æsthetic qualifications. I will take this opportunity of getting the last word—so important a matter in the disinterested pursuit of truth—namely, that the temperament delineated is just the kind to involve a fervid imagination; and, by consequence, an occasional tendency to draw the long bow. However, I will not obstinately grudge Mr. Whymper a single inch of his sixty feet.

Much indignation is expressed at the Rigi Railway as a democratic invasion of the rights of oligarchy of the perilous peaks; and great the contempt expressed for the ordinary tourists, with whom the tamers of virgin summits must rub shoulders in the valleys.

The dissertation on the auberges which the human chamois is fain to frequent would be edifying if you had a good memory for statistics, or a Murray at hand to annotate, so that you might profit on some future occasion by the experience of others. "*Peculum ex aliis facite, tibi quod ex usu siet*;" but be very careful how you join in, now that the talk has descended to your level, O, ordinary, unaspiring mortal! Abuse the fare and beds at some hotel at which you have stayed in the midst of your lowly career. You will be told reproachfully that you would have enjoyed and digested the one, and reposed luxuriously in the other, if only you had come over the principal eminence of the locality—a difficult and dangerous task, occupying some sixteen hours, and involving the lifting of innumerable foot pounds. Praise the attendance at another hostelry, and you will be met by the statement that they don't understand organizing a meal at two a.m. at all—a position which you are not prepared to contradict, as you never—misguided man!—rose before six

o'clock when there; so, of course, you feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself.

I believe that few, if any, of the most inveterate climbers acknowledge that to ruin the reputation of inaccessible heights and untrodden snow is an end in itself. The peculiar nature of the air and exercise has a wonderfully exhilarating and restorative power, which is enhanced by working against obstacles hitherto unsurpassed, in the face of prestige heretofore unquestioned. Of course, every fresh coign of vantage brings its reward to one's exertions in the shape of fresh views and aspects of nature in her wildest, grandest guise.

Yet, I reiterate that the impression conveyed by the majority of Alpine "shop," is that ambition and rivalry, though unacknowledged, do form very important increments of mountaineering enthusiasm. Hence, the comparing of notes which forms the staple of the adventurer's characteristic discourse often takes a personal tinge, as though each talker were making progressive bids for the palm of pre-eminence in his guild.

The awe with which the acknowledged chiefs and veterans of the pursuit are spoken of—observe the bated breath and solemn movements of the head!—reminds one of the reverence, almost amounting to worship, wherewith schoolboys regard the cock of the school, or that unconquerable "bat" who is warranted to pull the most hopeless match out of the fire. Verily, the sublimity of their avocation does not except amateur mountaineers from having a weak and ridiculous side.

These remarks involve no detracting of their pluck and endurance, of the extraordinary combination of physical and mental excellences, which many of them exhibit. It is not, after all, very bitter to point out that their special topics are not of engrossing interest beyond the limits of the brotherhood; and that, therefore, some mercy is due to the abider in the valley or the stayer at home. At any rate, I have vented my spleen, and am in a much better temper than when I sat down to pour forth my complaint.

There is a bad habit, which is contracted by many who travel much, whether mountaineers or not, on which I will take occasion to unburden my soul. That is the giving way to fastidiousness—real or affected—as to scenery, and the making *bizarre* comments upon such beauties as do not

come up to their ideal. What can be greater waste of time, or show worse taste, and less æsthetic discrimination, than to set to work to prove that Lucerne is tame and uninteresting, or Spitzaschlbruch mean and poor? If ever comparisons are odious, it is in treating of the diverse manifold manifestations of nature. The fastidious deprive themselves of much healthy enjoyment, and lay themselves open to a strong suspicion of craving for sensational excitement; moreover, their remarks must often jar upon the feelings of those who have a truer and more comprehensive appreciation of different varieties of scenery.

TABLE TALK.

AS the lines commencing "Earth goes upon the earth" have attracted much attention, I think it desirable to add the curious verses as they appear in the commonplace book of good Richard Hilles, who flourished at the end of the fifteenth and first thirty-five years of the sixteenth century. Hilles' book contains the poem, "Earth out of earth is worldly wrought." There are sixteen verses in English, and two in Latin. Mr. Froude says: "Four of the verses are on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey, and are well known. Few, if any, persons have seen the poem of which they form a part. So far as I am aware, no other copy survives"—except the one at Balliol College. However, Mr. Froude learned afterwards that a version, with important differences, had been printed for the Warton Club from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Ormsby Gore. Mr. Froude's remarks were written in 1858.

Vado mori Rex sum, quid honor quid gloria mundi

Est vita mors hominum regia—vado mori,

Vado mori miles victo certamine belli,
Mortem non didici vincere vado mori.

Vado mori medicus, medicamine non relevandus.

Quicquid agunt medici respuo vado mori,

Vado mori logicus aliis concludere novi
Concludit breviter mors in vado mori.

Earth out of earth is worldly wrought;
Earth hath gotten upon earth a dignity of nought;
Earth upon earth has set all his thought,
How that earth upon earth might be high brought!

Earth upon earth would be a king;
But how that earth shall to earth he thinketh no thing.

When earth biddeth earth his rents home bring,
Then shall earth from earth have a hard parting.

Earth upon earth winneth castles and towers,
Then saith earth unto earth this is all ours;
But when earth upon earth has builded his bowers,
Then shall earth upon earth suffer hard showers.

Earth upon earth hath wealth upon mould;
Earth goeth upon earth glittering all in gold,
Like as he unto earth never turn should,
And yet shall earth unto earth sooner than he would.

Why that earth loveth earth wonder I think;
Or why that earth will for earth sweat and swink.
For when earth upon earth is brought within the brink,
Then shall earth for earth suffer a foul stink.

As earth upon earth were the worthies nine,
And as earth upon earth in honour did shine;
But earth list not to know how they should incline,
And their gowns laid in the earth when death had made his fine.

As earth upon earth full worthy was Joshua,
David and worthy King Judas Maccabee;
They were but earth, none of them three,
And so from earth unto earth they left their dignity.

Alisander was but earth that all the world wan,
And Hector upon earth was held a worthy man;
And Julius Cæsar, that the empire first began;
And now as earth within earth they lie pale and wan:

Arthur was but earth, for all his renown;
No more was King Charles, nor Godfrey of Boulogne;
But now earth has turned their noblenes upside down,
And thus earth goeth to earth by short conclusion.

Whoso reckons also of William Conqueror,
King Henry the First, that was of knighthood flower;
Earth hath closed them full straitly in his bower,
So the end of worthiness—here is no more succour.

Now ye that live upon earth, both young and old,
Think how ye shall to earth, be ye never so bold;
Ye be unsiker, whether it be in heat or cold,
Like as your brethren did before, as I have told.

Now ye folks that be here, ye may not long endure,
But that ye shall turn to earth I do you ensure;
And if ye list of the truth to see a plain figure,
Go to St. Paul's, and see the portraiture.

All is earth, and shall to earth as it sheweth there,
Therefore ere dreadful death with his dart you dare;
And for to turn into earth no man shall it forbear,
Wisely purvey you before, and thereof have no fear.

Now sith by death we shall all pass, it is to us certain,
For of earth we come all, and to the earth shall turn again;

Therefore to strive or grudge it were but vain,
For all is earth and shall be earth—nothing more certain.

Now earth upon earth consider thou may
How earth cometh to earth naked away;
Why should earth upon earth go stout alway,
Since earth out of earth shall pass in poor array?

I counsel you upon earth that wickedly have wrought,
That earth out of earth to bliss may be brought.

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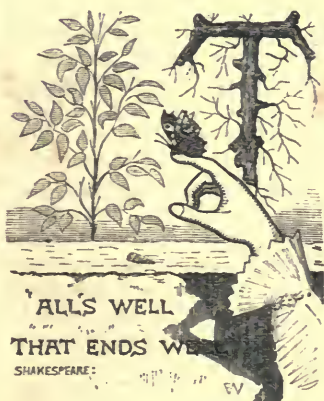
November 18, 1871.

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BROKEN TRUST.

BY SIR CHARLES LAURENCE YOUNG.

CHAPTER XI.



HE morning was far advanced when Lyall returned, and found Louis, with the remnants of breakfast upon the table, sitting in an easy chair, smoking, and reading the *Times*.

"Holloa! old fellow—you are back, then. I made sure your foreign friend would inveigle you into a little early *carté*. I expected to meet you at dinner, a sad and melancholy man."

"The Count would have liked it, I have no doubt," said Lyall; "but I was not inclined to humour him. He's fond of *carté*, no doubt, and has played it a great deal oftener than either you or I have. Somehow or other, when I was playing with him last night, I fancied that I knew his face. Do you by any chance seem to recognize him, Louis?"

"I?—no. Beyond that, I have seen many like him in his own happy country."

"And yet both you and I, Louis, have seen him before. I only remembered the when and where this morning when I was in his rooms."

"I really don't remember him," answered Louis, earnestly. "Indeed, I hardly looked at him that evening at the archery meeting. I don't think I should recognize him if I were to see him in the streets this afternoon."

"And yet we first met him in the streets, Louis."

"What do you mean, my dear fellow? You surely don't expect me to remember the physiognomy of every man I happen to meet in the streets!"

"Of course not. But I expect you to remember being at Florence in the spring. To be sure you do. You remember our being together at that *café* where you recognized me—where we were when you saw your cousin and Miss Dunn?"

"Perfectly. Why do you ask?"

"Do you remember a shabby-genteel sort of fellow coming and asking me first for a light for his cigar, and afterwards for a paper, whom I took for an Austrian spy?"

"I think I do remember something about it. What then?"

"Simply this. The elegantly dressed Count di Bolzano is that identical shabby-genteel individual!"

"Impossible!"

"Not at all. I have been breakfasting with him, as you know. I have had a long private talk with him."

"And what, my dear Lyall, is the result of this romantic interview and discovery?"

"The result is that I have found out what you, for the last few days, have been searching for—Miss Maude Mourilyan's present address."

"Maude's address, Lyall! How could he know it?"

"Because he knew where Nina Dunn was to be found. It appears that he has known Miss Dunn intimately for some years. Therefore, he knew where your cousin was."

"What relations can that pretty, fair-haired girl have with such a man as that?"

"None at all. Till that evening at the archery party, she never, to her knowledge, set eyes on him before."

"You are talking in riddles, Lyall," exclaimed Louis, impatiently. "What can you mean?"

"My conversation with this charming Italian Count," answered Lyall, "has been somewhat confidential. The information I received was given under certain conditions. I do not clearly, at present, know why it should have been so given; but so it was. The Count has trusted to my word of honour; and though I believe him to be a tolerable scoundrel, I, for my part, must keep faith with him. All I may do, my dear Louis, is to give you Miss Mourilyan's address, and beg you to prepare yourself for what is generally termed a shock."

"Oh, Lyall, what do you mean? Are you trifling with me?"

"I wish to heaven I was," answered Lyall, earnestly. "I may tell you where to find your cousin. I may warn you that you will discover that you have been imposed upon. You must find out the rest of the mystery—for mystery there is—for yourself."

"Lyall, you will drive me mad! Am I to think that Maude—"

"Louis, you will find your cousin all that you can desire. There is nothing against her, I am sure—save, perhaps, a little folly. Still, I have to tell you there is a mystery, and you must penetrate it for yourself."

"Give me the address. Let me be put out of this suspense at once."

"I cannot give it you now. I cannot give it you till evening."

"Why not?"

"That was one of the conditions upon which I received it. You must not be angry, Louis. I believe the condition was made, indirectly, in your favour."

"Pity me, Lyall. How can I pass the time till then?"

"I will not leave you, Louis. I do pity you, from the bottom of my soul. But I believe, as firmly as I believe in anything, that all will turn out for the best. Yes, you will think so yourself before you go to bed to-night."

"Barely noon," muttered Louis, looking at his watch—"and I must wait for the evening."

"I must ask you one question, Louis. You told me at Florence that you had once in London rendered some assistance to a young lady who was being annoyed by a cabman."

"Yes, of course—it was Maude herself."

"I am coming to that. Let me ask you, can you remember accurately when that event took place?"

"Rather more than fifteen months ago."

"Are you perfectly certain of the identity between that young lady and Miss Mourilyan?"

"Perfectly certain. Why?"

"Because I think you must be mistaken. According to her account, she has not been in England for years. Did you ever recall the circumstance of the cabman to her memory?"

"No, I have not. I have thought of it, now and again; but, oddly enough, I always forgot to mention it to her."

"Ah, Louis, I wish you had spoken to her about it."

The morning after Nina and Maude had arrived in London, the latter, instead of being better, was so poorly that Nina thought it necessary to send for a doctor. Maude protested against that step being taken, urging that she should be better the moment the letter was written, and she implored Nina to set about it at once. Nina made several excuses; and when the doctor came he pronounced that Maude was suffering from low fever, and that her nerves were in a highly excitable state—that she must be kept very quiet, so that nothing might excite her.

"She is very anxious that I should write some letters for her," Nina said to the doctor, before he went away, "and she may want to read them before I post them."

"On no account, I beg. If she seems likely to fret about them, it would be a pardonable fraud if you were to tell her that you had written them, and sent them to the post."

"If I should find it necessary, I will do so," said Nina, demurely.

As a matter of fact, she did do so. She told Maude, at the end of the first day, that she had written the letter; and gave her a *précis* of the contents, with which Maude appeared to be satisfied.

Days passed on. Maude was gradually recovering; but she soon began again to worry herself, in a manner which caused the doctor considerable anxiety. She could not sleep at night, and it was found necessary to give her strong sleeping medicines.

"Has no answer come yet, Nina? Has Louis taken no notice of the letter?"

Day after day, she would ask this question; day after day, Nina would reply—

"No, Maude—there is no answer yet."

The doctor, knowing that Maude was worried and excited about certain letters, interrogated Nina.

"I pretended to write the letters," she said, "and that seemed to satisfy her for a time. Now she is worrying herself about the answers."

"If you know what sort of answers would satisfy her, without compromising you," replied the doctor, "I am afraid I must suggest a little more pious fraud. I am very anxious about her, I assure you."

"You think, then, doctor, that if I feigned to have received a satisfactory answer, and informed her of it, it would quiet and relieve her?"

"Certainly, I do."

"On the other hand, if I continue to tell her that no answer has come, and that her suspense must still continue, what then?"

"She has been reduced to that state of nervousness," replied the doctor, "that I would not answer for her life."

"Then I will supply the answer forthwith. Good morning, doctor."

When the street door was finally closed upon the medical man, she said, with a short, dry laugh—

"I will do nothing of the sort! Can nature really be so kind to me? Perhaps I ought to assist nature. Morphia, I think it is, the doctor gives her to make her sleep. Too strong a dose of morphia, I have heard, will make the patient sleep so that another dose will not be wanted. If Maude, now, were to take too strong a dose?"

She stood gazing into vacancy—a cold, cruel smile upon her white lips.

Suddenly, the marble rigidity of her features gave way to an expression of horror, her knees bent, she fell upon the floor, and grovelled in her self-abasement.

"Oh, that I should have lived for this! Oh, that I should entertain this awful thought! What devil can have brought me to this? I was not always so desperately bad!"

Whatever devil it was that had put such dark thoughts into her mind was ready then—as temptation, God help us! ever is—with a bright and glowing picture. She saw herself the happy mistress of Avebury—the devoted wife of Louis Ravenshill. It was enough: she rallied from what she called her weakness, and silenced the still, small voice of her better angel, that, for the last time, had pleaded with her!

The evening that Louis so anxiously expected came at last. At nightfall, Lyall told him where Maude Mourilyan was to be found.

"I pledged my word of honour, Louis, that I would not tell it you before. I can hardly divine the reasons why such a pledge was asked of me. But, as I have already told you, I cannot help thinking it may have been, indirectly, demanded in your favour. You know where Maude is to be found—go, and satisfy yourself."

"Lyall, you have promised to see me through this business. I dread something terrible—I know not what. Come with me, I implore you."

"Do you really wish it, Louis? I would rather not. Things may occur which had better have no other witness than yourself."

"Lyall, you must come. My brain is in a whirl. Whatever happens, I know I would rather that you should be there."

Lyall silently acquiesced; and the two young men sallied forth, Lyall leading the way, being far better acquainted than Louis with the streets of London.

A few hours earlier the Conte di Bolzano had pounced out, cat-like—he was very cat-like altogether—upon Nina as she returned from the chemist's, where she had been herself to get a fresh bottle of Maude's sleeping medicine. She started with anger when she saw Steno.

"I knew you were a liar," she exclaimed. "You come to me again, and the month is not half elapsed."

"I could not bear it," he said, humbly. "I am mad about you, Nina."

"You choose to say so for some selfish purpose you have in view. It is useless. I do not believe you."

"You must believe me! Come with me now. Come back to me. It will be better for you—for all."

She declined to notice the significant emphasis he placed on these last words. She only answered, coldly—

"I was wrong. I ought to believe you. You say that you are mad. I do believe you, and have nothing more to say to you."

In her stateliest manner she passed him, and he did not attempt to follow her.

"Say what you will now," he muttered, looking after her—"the despised Steno has done what he could to save you. Take your own course now. The triumph must at last be mine." He turned slowly away.

"The English gentleman has given me his sacred word of honour that he would not give his friend the address till to-night, and I know that he will not deceive me. I thought to give her one honest chance to save herself, and she has refused it. Let her take the consequences, they will but make her doubly mine!"

Looking back now and again, hastily, to see if he was watched, he walked away quickly, but reappeared in the neighbourhood of the detached house with the small garden where Maude and Nina lodged, when the lamps were being lighted, and the night was coming on.

To hide, to skulk, to watch, was part of this man's nature; and he found nothing disagreeable or difficult in lurking about, commanding the approaches to the house, on which he kept his eyes, waiting for the advent of the man who, he knew, would be sure to come. He was not destined to be disappointed. Soon after a church clock had struck nine, he saw two men approaching whose figures he recognized at once. He slunk away into the shadows of a bye street, as he had once slunk away in Florence, emerged afterwards, and followed them at a safe distance.

"Shall I ring the bell, and ask to see Miss Mourilyan, Lyall?" asked Louis, as they neared the house.

"Our object is," said Lyall, cautiously, "to take the two young ladies by surprise. Let us assure ourselves first whether they are still up. Besides, we must make sure we have got the right house."

Lyall soon satisfied himself that the house they now paused opposite to answered in every particular to the description that had been given him in the morning. It stood a little back from the street; there was an apology for a garden in front; and, it appeared, there was another apology for a garden in the rear.

All was dark and still. It was a close night for September, and a gentle rain was beginning to fall. There was not a soul in the street. Of course there was no policeman in sight. As there was no light from any window in front of the house, Lyall and Ravenshill, the latter leading, went down a narrow path between the house and a high brick wall that led to the back garden. The gravel path was thickly covered with weeds, and their footsteps made no sound. Suddenly Louis stopped, and held up his hand

in a warning manner to Lyall. Louis was close beside an open window which led out upon the garden. He had stopped; for he heard two voices in conversation, both of which he recognized at once.

"You are talking positive nonsense, Maude. The doctor said you might sit up for a few hours, and here you are still. Why don't you go to bed?"

"The doctor told me when you were in the room, as you know, Nina, that I was not to fret, because you had had a satisfactory answer. You have had a letter from Louis, Nina, in answer to the one you wrote. Why will you not show it me?"

"Because it will excite you too much. I cannot show it to you."

There was no rejoinder to this at first. But what could this mean? Louis knew the voices well; but she whom he had known as Maude was called Nina by the girl he had been led to think was Miss Dunn. And to what letters could they be making reference? He had neither received nor written one.

"It excites me far more to keep it from me, Nina. I want to see him—to beg his forgiveness on my knees—to hear him forgive me!"

"And what of ME!" asked Nina, suddenly throwing off her mask. "Do you think that I will bear it? What is your sorrow for having deceived him, compared to the great love I bear him?"

"You, Nina!—you love him!" cried Maude, in a faint voice.

Louis, pale and trembling, drew still nearer, and could see all that passed within the room. He saw her whom he now knew to be his real cousin lying ill upon a sofa—and the tall, majestic figure of the real Nina Dunn standing over her like a Fate.

"Love him! Yes!—with every power of my soul and body. I tell you now, that that evening at the archery meeting he asked me to be his wife, and I consented. Do you believe any longer that I have written to him? No—child! He shall not be undeceived till he has married me!"

"Oh, Nina, Nina! how can you speak like this? You are not yourself. Oh, it is a horrible dream?" She pressed her hand convulsively to her temples. "Is my reason leaving me? Give me my medicine—let me go to bed."

Nina said nothing, but walked to a little table behind the sofa, on which stood a

bottle and glass. Maude, with her face buried in her hands, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Spell-bound by a horrible suspicion that flashed upon him, Louis moved not from his place to interfere. The time had not yet come. He watched the dark-haired girl with the gray eyes pour out the medicine carefully; then she put the bottle noiselessly down, drew from her pocket a smaller bottle containing a liquid of the same colour as the medicine, added some drops from that, and then said, in a hard, cold voice—

"Here is your medicine, Maude—take it, and go to bed."

Maude raised herself upon the sofa. Nina was standing before her, with her back to the window. As Maude put out her hand to take the glass, another hand plucked the medicine from Nina's outstretched fingers, and dashed it on the floor! Maude, with a loud cry of joy, fell fainting on the sofa. Not one word—one gesture from Nina: she stood as if she had been turned to stone.

"Thank God, Miss Dunn," said Louis, in a calm voice, "that I have been permitted to save you again—this time from something worse than death." He pointed to the window where Lyall now was standing. "I was there—I saw and heard all."

Her lips moved, as if she tried to speak; but no sound passed them.

"Need I say," continued Louis, sternly, "that your place can be no longer by this poor child? I charge myself with her."

Hitherto she had been staring dreamily at the wall before her; now she slowly removed her eyes, and fixed them on Louis with an agonized expression he never could forget. Then, with a firm step, she passed slowly into the garden.

Louis and Lyall busied themselves with Maude. They summoned the old woman of the house to their assistance, and the fainting girl was soon restored to consciousness.

"Where is she?" she exclaimed; "where is she?"

"She is gone," said Louis, quietly. "You need not be afraid of her now."

"Gone!" she shrieked, starting to her feet. "Oh, follow her, follow her! I know her well. She will do herself some harm!"

Louis, remembering the strange expression he had noticed on Miss Dunn's face before

she left the room, was struck with his cousin's words. Leaving Maude in the care of the old woman, he and Lyall hurried from the house.

"Which way, Lyall—which way shall we go?"

"This way."

"Why—what makes you think she has gone by here?"

"Because it leads to the canal."

To the canal! In her weary moments, when her heart seemed to fail her, she had often thought how calmly she might have rested beneath the blue waters of the sea! All was gone now. No hope—no love—no ray of light could ever shine again upon her miserable years. Oh, for one moment by the sea she loved so well! Oh, that she might there lay down the heavy burden of her life! It could not be. More fitting, too, for such a loathsome creature as herself were the thick and murky waters of the brown canal.

"He will busy himself with Maude," she muttered as she hurried along. "He will never think of following me, and taking me from the grave again. Louis—farewell!"

Like a ghost, she rushed down a narrow, reeking street, and gained the path along which the horses went that towed the barges. Another instant, and the foul waters would have closed above her head; but, almost in the act of leaping from the shore, a strong arm caught her round the waist, and held her firmly.

She saw not who it was. "Let me go," she shrieked. "Who dares to hold me in this way?"

At this moment, Louis and Lyall came running up.

"That man who has the best right in the world to do so. What man shall save a woman from destruction, if a husband may not save his own wife?"

"His wife!" exclaimed Louis.

"Yes," answered Steno, sternly. "I can prove my title to her. Gentlemen, you can want no more revenge upon her. Leave her to me."

He lifted the now unconscious Nina from the ground, and swiftly disappeared with her into the darkness of a neighbouring street.

Five years passed away, and Louis Ravenshill and his wife Maude were sitting at breakfast one morning at Avebury. Two golden-haired children—blue-eyed boys—

were playing about the room, when the post came in.

"Here's a corpulent despatch from Lyall, dear," said Louis—"postmark, Paris. What a three-volumed novel of adventures he must have had to write so much!"

He broke the seal. Inside one envelope was a short letter from Lyall, enclosing a longer manuscript. Lyall's letter ran thus:—

"MY DEAR LOUIS—I can only send you a hurried note at present, and you must excuse it if it is not so voluble and facetious as usual. When you have read the enclosed MS. you will understand why I am feeling somewhat grave and sad. I found the writer in a hospital at Milan which a friend of mine took me over; and I fear that by the time you receive this MS. it will be as a message from the dead. When you read it, Louis, you and your dear wife will, I am sure, not forget to say those words: 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us!'—Yours affectionately,

"RALPH LYALL.

"Paris, Monday."

"Louis, I can guess what is coming," said Maude, in a low voice. "Send the children away, and read the manuscript to me."

The golden-haired boys remonstrated at being sent away prematurely, but were pacified with a stomachic bribe from the breakfast-table, and sought the upper regions. Louis then read the following to Maude:—

"'You may read without fear, Louis Ravenshill, what I am now writing. You may read it to her whom I so deeply wronged—your wife, Maude, for I know that you two are married; and if so guilty a one as I dare invoke a blessing upon you both, I ask Heaven for it. Read the few lines my remaining strength permits me to write in hopes that you may both forgive me. I will not weary you with all the details of my miserable life. I will only say that when I was ten years old I was thrown, an orphan, upon the world. I never knew what a happy home could be. I never experienced much love from either father or mother. They did not care much for each other; neither of them cared much for me. Very early in my life, I went upon the stage. I looked older than I really was, and I danced well. I received many engagements; but I need scarcely say that my parents took all my

earnings, and I had to slave for them. When I was seventeen I went to Paris, and made my *début* there in a fairy spectacle; and it was said that I created a sensation. Ah! Maude can never know nor guess at the temptations I was exposed to there! But—oh! believe me, Louis!—I resisted them; till at last one man came who affected to love me with feelings purer than those which generally distinguished my admirers. He urged his suit so strongly, and spoke so well, that I believed him. When I was eighteen, I was privately married to this man—an Italian, the Cavaliere Steno di Bolzano. We could not declare our marriage, as he said his friends would never forgive him, and it would ruin him if it were known. At first, for some few months, he was all to me that a husband should be; but I discovered that he was a spendthrift and a gambler. Little by little, he returned to the dissipated courses of his bachelor life, and seemed to care less for me. A year after we were married, my baby was born. Oh, Maude, if you are a mother—as God grant you are!—you will know how I loved my child. You can, too, have some notion how I felt one night—baby was about six weeks old—when Steno came home to me, having lost almost everything at the gaming-table, and told me that henceforth I must shift for myself, for he had deceived me in the marriage—it had been illegally performed, and I was not his wife! Maude, before another week elapsed my baby died, and I was left alone. Was there not something in such a fate and such cruelty as this that might drive me to despair? It did almost. I was taken very ill; and when, after a long time, I left the hospital in Paris convalescent, I thought that I had no more human feelings left in me.

"Years passed on. It matters not to you how I lived: suffice it to say that I eventually obtained the situation of housekeeper to your uncle, Mr. Ravenshill, at Avebury. He was, as you know, a very strange and eccentric man—no one else, perhaps, would have received me with the sort of character that I could bring with me. I told him something of the truth of my story, and he chose to believe me. Dying, he committed Maude to me as a solemn trust. What could I know of solemn trusts? My life had been miserable. I believed in nothing. Thenceforth I determined to seek for happiness—at all events, in this life. Both of you know how

I betrayed my trust, and I scarcely need add more. But I must clear myself, Louis, with regard to one point. I firmly believed that Steno had originally deceived me, and that I was not his wife; and I thought myself free to marry any one else. I could not resist you, Louis; and I hoped to find happiness, at any cost, with you. Steno would now and again cross my path when I was in any respectable situation; and I was obliged from time to time, as my means permitted, to purchase his absence or his silence. On that awful night—I shudder as I think of it, but I will not shrink from my confession—when I tried to kill Maude—oh! can I ever be forgiven?—I thought that all I wanted was within my grasp. No one in England, except Steno, knew me. We had, since our return, always been known—I took care of that—I in my character of Miss Mourilyan, and Maude in that of Miss Dunn. And if Miss Dunn died through accidentally taking an overdose of morphia—what then? You, Louis, would have married me at once. Who would question the fact that I was Miss Mourilyan? I thought that I could bring enough proofs of my identity to satisfy the trustees; for Madame Faviano, with whom Maude had been for so long, was dead, and I knew how I could get false testimony in my favour from Paris. You, then, Louis, would have had your ten thousand a-year and Avebury. I should have beaten down the remembrance of my crime, and we should have been happy. 'Twas through Steno I was saved. He met your friend, Mr. Lyall—oh, how kindly that friend has spoken to me on my dying bed, God bless him!—and he told him all; and you were put upon the right track. Steno saved me from self-destruction, and told me that night that he had only deceived me in telling me that I was *not* his wife. There was no illegality in our marriage. Broken-hearted as I was—what was I to do? Thenceforth he proved as kind to me as a man could be. I revolted no longer, and went with him to Italy. The revolution broke out. Steno joined the army, and died as a soldier should at Solferino. I followed the camp, and was permitted to associate with some nursing sisters. Thus I contracted the lung disease of which I now am dying. I have no strength to write more. With my last breath, I pray you and Maude to forgive me—even as I pray my God!”

“Oh, how much of this misery has sprung from my fault!” sobbed Maude.

“*Requiescat in pace!*” said Louis, solemnly, as he folded his weeping wife within his arms. “*Resurgat in pacem!*”

THE END.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.—PART II.

LET us now take the several steps of the process by which, according to Poe's own account, the “Raven” was *manufactured*. He commenced with the intention of composing a poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical. The first consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, the important effect derivable from unity of impression would be lost, or at least greatly impaired; for where two sittings are required, the affairs of the world interfere, and everything like totality is at once destroyed. Following up this argument, the question then arose—how long should a poem be? The conclusion was, that to enable it to be read comfortably at one sitting, the intended poem should not be of a greater length than of about one hundred lines. The “Raven” is, in fact, a hundred and eight. His next thought was on the choice of an impression or effect to be conveyed; “and here,” says Poe, “I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable.” His conclusion—for which he gives a prolixity of reasons—therefore, was that the impression must be one of sadness, and that the poem must be of a melancholy tone.

“Beauty, of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.”

His next consideration was whether there was some “artistic piquancy” which might serve him as the key-note in the construction of the poem. What, then, so suitable for this purpose as the employment of the *refrain*? Since the application of the refrain was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the refrain itself must be brief; for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. A single word, therefore, would make the best refrain. What was the refrain to be? It must be sonorous and emphatic, and in full keeping

with that melancholy which the poet had pre-determined as the tone of the poem. The long *o* is the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

"In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word 'Nevermore'—in fact, it was the very first which presented itself."

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word, "Nevermore." It would be awkward to have a single word monotonously repeated by a reasonable being. The refrain must, therefore, be uttered by a non-reasoning creature, capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself; but was superseded forthwith by a raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended tone.

The poet had now gone so far as the conception of a raven—the bird of ill-omen—monotonously repeating the one word "Nevermore" at the conclusion of each stanza, in a melancholy tone.

The next question was, of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy? Death, was the obvious reply. And when is this most melancholy of topics most poetic? When it most closely allies itself to *beauty*. The death, then, of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world; and the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover.

Combine, now, the ideas of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress, and a raven continually repeating the word "Nevermore." Let the lover begin by a commonplace query, to which the raven should thus answer; then, a query less commonplace; then a third, still less so; and thus on, until at length the lover—startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself, by its frequent repetition, and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it—is excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart; propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture; propounds them, not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote),

but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modelling his question as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious, because the most intolerable, of sorrow.

At this stage, Poe assures us, the poem had its beginning—"At the end, where all works of art should begin; for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:—

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil! prophet still, if
bird or devil,
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God
we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within that distant
Aidenn
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore.'

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

This was to be the climax of the poem—and of all the stanzas the most vigorous. "Had I been able," says Poe, "in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climactic effect."

Originality in the rhythm and metre was another important part of the composition; and Poe maintained that nothing even remotely approaching the stanza of the "Raven" had ever been attempted.

Where, then, were the lover and the raven to be brought together? Not in a forest or in the fields, as might have seemed the natural suggestion—for "close circumscription of space is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident: it has the force of a frame to a picture." It was determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber, which, in pursuance of the ideas already explained on the subject of Beauty as the sole true poetical basis, must be richly furnished.

The raven must come in by the window. The night must be stormy. The bird must alight on a bust of Pallas—for contrast of marble and plumage—because the lover is a scholar: the bust of Pallas being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word Pallas itself.

About the middle of the poem the poet avails himself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. An air of the fantastic is given to the

raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter"—

"Not the *least obeisance made he*—not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But *with mien of lord or lady*, perched above my chamber door."

In the two succeeding stanzas, the idea of contrast is more forcibly exhibited:—

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the *grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore*,

'Though thy *crest be shorn and shaven*, thou,' I said,
'art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is, on the night's Plutonian shore.'

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

"Much I marvelled *this ungainly fowl* to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore:

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door.

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

The narrative part of the poem done, two finishing stanzas are added, in order to cast a meaning on all that has gone before. The under-current of this meaning is first made apparent in the—

"Take thy beak from out *my heart*, and take thy form from off *my door*."

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

The words "from out my heart" form the first metaphysical expression in the poem; and they, with the wailing "Nevermore," pave the way for the moral of the whole piece. The raven becomes emblematical; but it is not until the very last line of the last stanza that the intention of making him emblematical of *mournful and never-ending remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen:—

"And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from *out that shadow* that lies floating on the floor,

Shall be lifted—nevermore."

Now, all this is very ingenious, and has a

wonderful air of truth about it; but when we remember Poe's own favourite artifices of composition, in which he delights to give to a sketch of pure imagination the appearance of the most gospel truth, we are inclined to be sceptical. There is too much of the real fire of genius, breaking forth in wild, involuntary song, in the "Raven," as in his other poems, such as "Ulalume," "Lenore," or "Irene," for us to accept such a cold-blooded confession as genuine.

In support of our disbelief, we will conclude with a poem of Poe's which has not, we believe, been generally published; and it is the more valuable, as professing to be the first idea of the more perfect poem of the "Raven."

The "Fire Fiend" was first introduced to public notice some years ago by Mrs. Macready—the lady to whom we have referred at the commencement of this paper—in the following words:—"The 'Fire Fiend,' the title of the poem I enclose, Mr. Poe considered incomplete, and threw it aside in disgust. Some months afterwards, finding it amongst his papers, he sent it in a letter to a friend, labelled facetiously—"To be read by firelight, at midnight, after thirty drops of laudanum." I was intimately acquainted with the mother-in-law of Poe, and have frequently conversed with her respecting the 'Raven,' and she assured me that he had the idea in his mind for some years, and used frequently to repeat verses of it to her, and ask her opinion of them, frequently making alterations and improvements, according to the mood he chanced to be in at the time."

The recent destructions from fire in America lend a sad and additional interest, at the present moment, to the following lines from the weird pen of Edgar Allan Poe:—

"THE FIRE FIEND.

A NIGHTMARE.

I.

"In the deepest depth of midnight, while the sad and solemn swell

Still was floating, faintly echoed from the forest chapel bell;

Faintly, falteringly floating o'er the sable waves of air,

That were thro' the midnight rolling, chafed and billowy with the tolling—

In my chamber I lay dreaming, by the fire-light's fitful gleaming,

And my dreams were dreams fore-shadowed on a heart fore-doomed to care.

II.

"As the last long lingering echo of the midnight's mystic chime,
Lifting thro' the sable billows to the thither shore of time;

Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a trace,
For a quivering sigh departed; from my couch in fear I started,

Started to my feet in terror, for my dream's phantasmal error

Painted in the fitful fire a frightful, fiendish, flaming face!

III.

"On the red hearth's reddest centre, from a blazing knot of oak,
Seemed to gibe and grin this phantom—when, in terror, I awoke;

And my slumberous eyelids straining, as I staggered to the floor;
Still in that dread vision seeming, turned my gaze towards the gleaming

Hearth, and there! oh, God! I saw it! and from out its flaming jaw it
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling stream of gore!

IV.

"Speechless, struck with stony silence, frozen to the floor I stood,
Till methought my brain was hissing with that hissing, bubbling blood—

Till I felt my life-stream oozing, oozing from those lambent lips,

Till the demon seem'd to name me; then a wondrous calm o'ercame me,

And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-damp, stiff and gluey,

And I fell back on my pillow, in apparent soul-eclipse.

V.

"Then, as in death's seeming shadow, in the icy fall of Fear,
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and hideous murmur to my ear,

Came a murmur like a murmur of assassins in their sleep,
Muttering, 'Higher! higher! higher! I am demon of the fire!

I am arch-fiend of the fire, and each blazing roof's my pyre,

And my sweetest incense is the blood and tears my victims weep.

VI.

"How I revel on the prairie! how I roar among the pines!

How I laugh when from the village o'er the snow the red flame shines.

And I hear the shrieks of terror, with a life in every breath;

How I scream with lambent laughter as I hurl each crackling rafter

Down the fell abyss of fire; until higher, higher, higher,

Leap the high priests of my altar in their merry dance of death.

VII.

"I am monarch of the fire—I am vassal King of Death,

World-encircling, with the shadow of its doom upon my breath;

With the symbol of hereafter flaming from my fatal face.

I command the 'Eternal Fire!' Higher, higher, higher,

Leap my ministering demons, like phantasmagoric lemans,

Hugging universal nature in their hideous embrace.'

VIII.

"When a sombre silence shut me in a solemn, shrouded sleep,

And I slumbered like an infant in 'the cradle of the deep,'

Till the belfry in the forest quivered with the matin stroke,

And the martens from the edges of its lichen-lidded ledges

Skimmered thro' the russet arches where the light in torn files marches,

Like a routed army, struggling through the serried ranks of oak.

IX.

"Through my ivy-fretted casements, filtered in a tremulous note,

From the tall and stately linden where a robin swell'd his throat.

Querulous, quaker-breasted robin, calling quaintly for his mate.

Then I started up unbidden from my slumber, nightmare ridden,

With the memory of that fire-demon in my central fire,

On my eye's interior mirror, like the shadow of a fate!

X.

"Ah! the fiendish fire had smouldered to a white and formless heap,

And no knot of oak was flaming as it flamed upon my sleep!

But around its very centre, where the demon face had shone.

Forked shadows seemed to linger, pointing as with spectral finger

To a Bible, massive, golden, on a table carved and olden,

And I bowed and said, 'All power is of God, of God alone!'"

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

UNDER THE TREES AGAIN.

HAVING made this reflection, I drew in my head and walked again to the glass, and there I saw that my colour had somewhat abated, and that my hair was in much disorder. And now I remembered that, as I sped along the nut tree walk, one of the lower branches caught one of my curls, so that for a moment I was even as Absolom, and could almost have wished that Absolom's fate had been mine. However, the only result of the catastrophe was

the loosening of half a dozen others through this one lock of hair, and the complete disarrangement of the whole of my head-gear.

I felt no inclination to put it in order again, but was rather tempted to philosophize, and to say, let it serve to show how easily the best-arranged matters can be put out of place, and how a single thorn can do an infinite amount of damage.

Neither did I feel eager to open my wardrobe, and bring out a becoming dress. I felt sick of paduasoy, *à la mode*, and fine gauzes, which seemed all at once to grow into flaunting rags that were scarcely worthy my contempt.

And yet I could not stay up here all the evening. I must go down, or people would wonder what had become of me; and so, with a heavy heart, I set myself to the task of dressing, not caring what I put on—scarce, indeed, knowing; and twisting up my hair in a very careless manner. I stuck in a bunch of scarlet geraniums that I had gathered that morning, and which glowed like a fiery star from amongst the golden-brown coils. 'Twas a good effect—I couldn't help noticing it in the midst of my tribulation—and 'twas a relief to the dead-white of the gown that had first come to hand, and which I put on for want of any choice in the matter.

Mr. Lydgate was in deep converse with Aunt Hetty when I entered the room, and seemed to be pleading over something with her as eloquently as he had done with Magdalen, who was sitting on the other side of the room, looking unusually flushed and happy.

Mr. Lydgate might well be embarrassed when he spoke to me—which he certainly was—and I was in no humour to set him at ease, so that our meeting was cold and constrained; and though my mother, who came in just then, made every effort—in which she was seconded by Aunt Hetty—to put the conversation on a pleasant footing, she did not succeed in the attempt.

I went on with my embroidery, which had been carefully covered up most of the time since Mr. Lydgate went away—as I had been studying diligently, and had, in addition to my usual pursuits, made some little progress in Italian, which my uncle had been kind enough to help me in. I had had many idle fancies whilst working at it—of how I would surprise Mr. Lydgate by making a

set speech in Italian; and I had had the folly to compose one—which, doubtless, contained a good many grammatical errors, and so was as well consigned to obscurity.

Then I had further dreamed that some day he and I might read the Italian poets together, when I should have travelled many leagues farther on the road of knowledge than I had done yet, and that he would help me pleasantly over all the difficult stiles that should stop me on my way.

But now a blight had fallen upon all these buds of anticipation, which would never open under the golden sun that Cupid had idly tossed above my horizon, only to disappoint me with its short-lived rays.

I could not help it: a mental frost had set in and fettered the flow of my words; and, do what I would, I could frame nought but monosyllables. And Mr. Lydgate turned away from me with as chill a look as mine, and took refuge with my mother, who chatted gaily with him, and asked him all manner of questions about his travels; and Magdalen drew near, and sat looking up at him with her large gray eyes till I almost began to think them ugly; and I bent over a heart's-ease that I was working in yellow and purple, and the tears came into my eyes, and blurred the flower to my vision, so that I knew not where my needle was going; nor did I really take a stitch, though I appeared to be working so busily.

I was thankful when the tea equipage came in, and the tea was handed round in the tiny cups of delicate china; but I put so much sugar into mine that 'twas impossible to drink it, and Mr. Lydgate put it on the table for me—for I was rising awkwardly enough to place it there myself, while my hand was trembling so that I could scarce hold it steady. He looked at me a little sadly, I thought, and as though he wished to speak to me. But I felt that I would rather not hear his excuses—that is, if he intended to make any; but I suppose silence is the only remedy in such cases.

Farther on in the evening, after our early supper, some one proposed a stroll; but I pleaded the heavy dews that were beginning to fall. So my father, and Mr. Lydgate, and Magdalen were the only ones who went; and I, complaining of my head—though I might more justly have done so of my heart—said I would go and lie down.

My mother was a little alarmed, as she thought 'twas owing to the overheat of the

earlier part of the day, and would have applied many remedies; but Aunt Hetty put her cool hand on my forehead, and said—

"Quiet is the best for her: she will be better for a little solitude."

For which speech I thanked her in my heart; so I went away, and came down no more that night.

But in the morning I grew restless, and awoke soon after the sun was up; and finding I could not sleep, I rose, and opening my window, looked forth on the morning mist that the sun's rays had begun to disperse. Just a little sharpness in the air that made it very refreshing. But the rooks were cawing with a solemn sound, that seemed to my garbled fancy like the monotonous chime of a passing bell.

Soon the distant song of the reapers caught my ear: they were beginning early. And after awhile the church clock struck five, and I felt I could stay within doors no longer: I must go out, and commune with myself in the free solitude of nature, and still myself before I met with the others at breakfast.

So I dressed, and crept downstairs, meeting no one but Jenny coming up to wake me. I told her that I felt much better, and that the fresh air would make me quite well.

So I took my way through the flower garden, where the asters were opening their great brilliant eyes, and the spiders had trailed their silver webs all over the sweet-briars, and the fairies had interwoven pearls and diamonds into them, so that they made a goodly fabric of rare shining gossamer, such as I fancied Titania would use for a court train. But I passed along, scarce noting the lace-work or flowers, and tripped over the white-dewed lawn down to the bowering trees I loved far better.

I thought of what my father had once said—of the many tales these old oaks could tell—the many love-episodes of grief or joy; and I felt as though I were going to add yet one more confidence to the many secrets they already kept so faithfully.

As I drew anigh, I bent my head half thoughtfully, half in reverence, and spoke aloud the salutation—

"*Salve!*"

"*Pax vobiscum!*" answered a grave voice—not from the oak, however, but from a living form beside the oak. 'Twas Mr. Lydgate.

"Was the salutation intended for me?" said he. "Perhaps I ought not to have answered it."

I stammered out—

"No—that I did not know any one was near."

Mr. Lydgate hoped I was better this morning. He had been sorry to hear from Mistress Selwode last night so bad an account of me.

"I am better—"

He took my hand, and said—

"It is more than a year since we parted, Grace. Have you not one kindly word of welcome for me?"

The words were so unexpected, that I looked at him in mute surprise.

"Is it, then, as I feared?" he muttered half to himself, loosing my hand.

"I do not understand," I said. "What do you fear?"

But he stopped me—

"I hoped that 'twas illness that made you so changed and cold in your manner to me yesterday. But I perceive there is a deeper-rooted cause."

I still gazed as one stupefied. What could he expect after the manner in which he was playing me false? And yet, 'twas a subject which pride would not permit me to touch upon. So I waited to hear what further he might say.

"Grace!" he said again.

Still I spoke not, for I knew not what to make of him. How could I reconcile the two parts that he was playing?

"Grace!" said he once more. "Is it yea or nay?"

And then he leaned against the tree, and, folding his arms, stood waiting for my answer.

I looked steadily at him for a moment. He was in earnest—in earnest—

"Yea—it is yea, indeed, sweetheart?" he asked as he sprang towards me.

And it was "Yea!" although I had not spoken the word. And the birds knew it, and twittered out a chorus of trills; and the cawing of the rooks suddenly changed to the sweetest of joy-bells; and the babbling brook laughed a gay, sparkling laugh that rang over the pebbles; whilst the wind whispered that the wish I had wished had come true, and rustled away over land and sea to thank the cuckoo for me in its foreign home.

After a time my curiosity began to appear; and said I—

"How came you to know my aunt and cousin so well?"

He looked at me quickly.

"How know you that I do?"

And then there came to me the perception that I had betrayed myself; for I had been with him for so short a time the day before, that, had it not been for my previous sight of him, I should not have found it out.

"At what time did you first see me yesterday, sweetheart?" said he. Yet it seemed to me there was a little anxiety in his tone, though his quiet smile told me he had read all that I had never intended he should know.

"You have not answered my question," said I, evading a reply.

"Well, you shall have it. I have heard much of your aunt and cousin through a friend of mine."

Then it flashed upon me all at once who this friend was.

"Mr. Defoe," said I. "Ah, he is a friend of mine now."

Mr. Lydgate neither said "Yes" nor "No;" but he smiled again, and I cared not for an answer, for it all seemed plain and clear enough to me—though, for the matter of that, I might be wrong. But I was too satisfied of Mr. Lydgate's truth now to care for aught else, however mysterious it might appear; and I wondered how I could have been so foolishly jealous, and felt most heartily ashamed of myself.

And so 'twas all even as I had hoped it might be, and out of the night-darkness the light of morning had arisen. Ah, how much happier and more peaceful 'twas at Selwode than in town. Now was I burying care and trouble here, and raising up again the bright old days of lightsome happiness.

I was too happy to talk much; and Mr. Lydgate and I were sauntering slowly along the broad walk up to the south terrace, when I saw in the distance a horseman approaching.

"Who can it be?" said I.

Mr. Lydgate looked, and answered—

"Doubtless, Sir Everard Tylney. He told me that he should be here in a day or two."

Mr. Lydgate seemed to attach no importance to his arrival—as, indeed, why should he? But a pang shot across me; for I feared, too truly, that he had fathomed my secret thoughts. Then back came all my terrors, and told me instinctively that Sir Everard

must not know Mr. Lydgate as my approved lover.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Lydgate, for he noticed the change in my countenance. "I see you like not this Sir Everard any more than I do."

"Promise me that you will not quarrel with him," said I so energetically, that Mr. Lydgate was startled.

"I!" said he. "Wherefore should I quarrel? For though I believe the man likes me not, yet he complimented me highly but the other day"—and he laughed.

But I was too much in earnest to consider it a laughing matter, neither could I regain my ease; and I drew Mr. Lydgate hastily into the clipped yew tree alley, where I knew we should be hidden from observation.

There was a fountain at the farther end, in which a Triton was pouring water from a great conch-shell. The figure stood on a pedestal surrounded by dolphins, and 'twas considered something of a work of art by us in the country; though Mr. Lydgate, having seen so much fine sculpture abroad, would doubtless scarce account it worthy of notice. The fountain played into an artificial pool, whose edge was bordered with a stone curbing; and great vases, filled with gay flowering plants, stood at intervals upon the margin. A broad walk, fenced with a thick hedge of yew, surrounded it; and in this hedge, at regular distances, were cut niches, in which were placed statues of sea gods and goddesses.

I had been always fond of this retreat, and had called it my Italian haunt, since it reminded me somewhat of what my uncle had told me of the stately palace gardens abroad.

But now I thought little of this. I only felt that 'twas secluded, and that here I could best say to Mr. Lydgate what I wished to say.

How was I to begin?

"You have trusted me once," said I; "are you afraid to trust me again?"

"What meanest thou?" said he.

"I dare not say yea just yet," said I.

Mr. Lydgate regarded me attentively for a moment.

"Grace," said he, "what hold has this man over you?"

I started.

"I have not said that he has any. What makes you think of this?"

"Grace!" said Mr. Lydgate, reproachfully. But still I said—

"I have acknowledged nought."

"Neither have you denied aught."

"'Tis not a fair question to me," said I.

"It is," said he. "Sir Everard hath some hold-over you that he has no right to have."

"Why should you think so?" I asked. To which he replied not, and I saw that he was hurt. "What can I do?" said I.

"Trust me."

"That I cannot do," I answered, sorrowfully—"at least, not in the way you would have me."

"Cannot I help you?"

I shook my head.

"Only by silence," I said.

"For how long?"

"I do not know—I cannot tell," I answered, almost in despair.

"Grace, I do not comprehend you. What am I to think?"

"The best you can," I said, mournfully.

"I can give you no explanation."

He seemed a little annoyed.

"'Tis not as it should be, Grace," said he.

We were loitering homeward through the yew tree walk, when I stopped.

"Can you not trust me this once? I will not ask it again. You do not know how unhappy—how wretched I am."

"All in a moment, Grace? 'Tis strange."

I suppose I looked quite as miserable as I told him that I was; for in another moment he had put his arm around me, and whispered—

"Have your own way, sweetheart. I will not grieve you."

And I looked up at him half lightened of my load, and determined in my own mind to make another bold move, and be rid of Sir Everard for ever.

CHAPTER XL.

SIR EVERARD PLAYS HIS FIRST CARD.

EVERY one was seated at the breakfast-table when I entered; for Mr. Lydgate had managed to precede me. Sir Everard Tylney was long in discourse with my father on political subjects, and he uttered one or two sarcasms upon Whig policy which I could see that Mr. Lydgate burned to answer, but that he, glancing at me, must have seen my affright very plainly in my face; for he turned to Magdalen, and asked her all sorts of questions about Scotland, and so appeared

not to be hearing a word that my father and Sir Everard were saying.

Sir Everard, I knew, was not attending to his conversation any more than Mr. Lydgate was, but was observing attentively all the side-play. Indeed, I was more than half persuaded that he had seen me before I turned into the yew alley, and was only biding his time to develop more knowledge of my affairs than I cared for him to possess.

Therefore, I was not much less constrained and awkward in my manner than I had been the evening before, which was so unnatural that my mother saw it with anxiety; but, luckily for me, she attributed it to the continued effects of the warm weather, which prevented her from suspecting anything more serious.

Now, though I knew a crisis must come, and though, in one way, I wished it to come and to be over, yet I did everything in my power to avoid it. I knew that, although each appeared to be entirely engrossed with current affairs, yet that both Sir Everard and Mr. Lydgate were attentively noting my behaviour, which did not at all tend to make me feel less embarrassed. I had a measure of diplomacy to play out that was far beyond my powers, and this was to keep on good terms with both my lovers, and to manage so that one should not be jealous of the other; for, in spite of Mr. Lydgate's acquiescence in my request, I could see that he was in a state of perplexity, and that this want of perfect understanding of me cast a shade of sadness over him.

Sir Everard, I felt, was ripe for a quarrel with any rival who might come in his way; and though Mr. Lydgate might exercise much forbearance through my appeal, yet when the rumblings of a volcano begin to be heard, however faintly, 'tis a sure sign that there is danger of an eruption.

Therefore, I was in fear and trembling; and so contrived that neither should those two be left together, nor that I should be in single company with Sir Everard. And yet to what purpose?—for 'twas clear to me that this sudden visit to Selwode had some especial meaning in it.

"Ah, I forgot," said he—"I have a letter for you, Mistress Grace."

And he drew a letter from his pocket, which he handed to me. 'Twas from Clarinda; and I hastily broke the seal. It contained but a few lines, writ very badly and hurriedly.

"For Heaven's sake, Grace, anger not Sir Everard! I fear that Harry suspects something; and you must help me out of my trouble."

I thrust it into my pocket.

"Is Clarinda well?" asked my mother.

"Quite well. 'Tis only a slip of a message to me—nought else," I said, in as indifferent a manner as I could assume.

My mother was satisfied.

At that moment, I caught Sir Everard's eye fixed upon me with a peculiar expression. I started; and, looking another way, found Mr. Lydgate regarding me observantly.

I scarcely understood Clarinda's note; for I imagined, as she had not mentioned Sir Everard, that 'twas most probable, after what had occurred, that she had seen no more of him. In this, it appeared, I was mistaken; for a second letter, that came by the next day's post, told me that Harry, having expressed his surprise at Sir Everard's not having been in Soho-street for so long, Clarinda became alarmed lest the particulars of her coolness might transpire; and so—with that disregard for prudence that she possessed, and also with an utter absence of proper respect for herself, and of dignity—she had written to Sir Everard, requesting him to let bygones be bygones, and to call again to see Harry and herself, without any allusion to the past.

Sir Everard had, consequently, called in Soho-street. Harry had been at home; and some tolerably reasonable excuse had been given and accepted, and all went on smoothly—Sir Everard continuing to come as usual, though with very different feelings to his early visits there. Still, unaccountable as it seemed to me, according to Clarinda's account all was again established on a friendly footing; and there had been no cause for alarm until a few days since, when Sir Everard, having met with Mr. Lydgate, appeared resolved upon taking some immediate step.

But I had better give Clarinda's own words—

"My dear"—she had taken to calling me "my dear" again—"I saw at once that something was the matter when he spoke of Mr. Lydgate to me, and said he—

"Mistress Fanshawe, you know how deeply and desperately I love your sister. I should

be the death of any rival who came between us."

"I laughed—for I thought it was only a fashionable mode of expression; and said I, smiling—for I thought 'twas a good opportunity to do a stroke for myself—

"Well, then, Sir Everard, let us make a bargain: give me back my lock of hair and my letters, as a fee, and I will be your true friend with Grace, and urge your suit with all the eloquence I have."

"For indeed, Grace, the man loves you. My dear, all at once his countenance changed.

"Not so fast, Mistress Fanshawe," said he. "That ringle, and the letters you have been kind enough to write to me, are the strongest hold I have upon your sister. Whilst I have those, she will scarce tempt me to open warfare."

"I own I was amazed.

"Sir Everard," said I, "is this principle?"

"Hang principle, madam!" said he. "When a man is in love, he cannot wait to think about it. I am so desperately in love with your sister, that I would not stop short of high treason to accomplish the success of my suit. I knew not what love was until her pretty antagonisms drove me beside myself."

"Very complimentary to me, my dear; but I don't care for the man now—I am quite tired of him.

"No," he continued. "'Tis only by holding her in check through the danger of those she loves that I can hope to prosper. Yet, marriage once accomplished, I believe that your sister would be as happy in my true and devoted love as with any other—happier, perhaps, since I can offer her a brilliant future, having already securely paved my way to it."

"Grace, I did not know what to say. I knew you would not agree, though the man speaks sensibly. I felt that you would not, that you could not, save poor Harry and me, and our poor innocent children, at such a cost; for although I have only been wickedly foolish at the worst, who would believe it? My reputation would be gone. And the future—oh, what a future for me!—for all! I tremble for the return of Sir Everard from his useless journey. I know my fate is sealed, and I am preparing to go away, never to be heard of again. If you could only love Sir Everard, it would be all right. Can you not, Grace? He is a most perfect

fine gentleman, and you would never have cause to repent so excellent a marriage. But I know exactly how 'twill be. You are so puffed up and spoiled with Uncle Oliver's folly about education, and so set up in your own ideas, that you don't care a bit how much any one else suffers; and I shall have to bear all the misery in store for me, just because you have taken some unwarrantable prejudice against a man who adores you."

Then came a postscript, begging me to save her, which had some degree of pathos in it; and this I put against the last paragraph of the letter, than which nothing more unjust and unreasonable had I ever read. But 'twas just like Clarinda—always putting some one in the wrong place instead of herself.

It all but undid the rest of what she had written; and when I had read it, I felt that if I had had a dagger I could have stabbed Sir Everard to the heart, so much did I hate him.

The next minute I was seized with a fit of shivering, and went so deathly cold that I thought I was going to faint. Happily, I was in my own room; for I had guessed what sort of a letter Clarinda's would be, and so had taken it away to read in retirement.

My first impulse was to go to Aunt Hetty, and reveal all my difficulties to her. She seemed to me gifted with a supernatural calmness and clearness that would be of infinite use in such a case as this. She would comprehend Clarinda's position better than my mother; and, besides, would not feel it so acutely.

Indeed, I had made my way downstairs, and was about to seek for her in the garden, when I heard my father call to me.

"Grace—Grace!"

So I went into his business room, where I found him with Sir Everard Tylney. I could have wished the latter away; but he showed no sign of retiring. I therefore looked at my father, to know what he wanted with me.

My father rose.

"Grace," said he, "Sir Everard Tylney has come to Selwode upon a matter that affects thee more nearly than any of us. He has my hearty wishes for success in the suit he has come to plead. I will leave him to speak for himself."

And before I could recover from my

astonishment, my father had vanished, and I was alone with Sir Everard.

He was more agitated than I should have supposed so worldly a man could be; but I knew that Clarinda had spoken the truth when she spoke of his earnestness in the matter. Why it was, or how he came to care for me, I did not know; but that he sincerely did so, I was in no manner of doubt.

"Miss Grace," he said, "you know the errand I have come upon. Your father gives me his consent, so that I can obtain yours. Will you honour me with your reply?"

'Twas a formal way of beginning; but it evidently cost him something to put his hopes to so direct an issue.

"My answer is the same that I have given before, Sir Everard. I cannot be your wife."

"Stay," said he, "do not say nay at once."

"'Tis better."

"I will not hear it, Mistress Selwode—I will not hear it. Love such as mine will hear of no denial. I love thee, girl, not for the sake of bright eyes and smiling lips, but because thou hast a higher charm to me, in soul and intellect such as I have not met with before. Thou hast a purpose for good in thee—which I venerate, though I cannot emulate it—that places thee above me in the position of an adorable being whom I worship with the whole devotion of my nature. I will venture all to win thee, Grace. I fear no means, if so they will prosper me in any way. Grace, I beseech thee to consider. In time, in time thou would'st love me. Grace, I implore thee!"

And, seizing my hand, he pressed it to his lips.

At that moment a shadow fell across the window, which was low to the ground, and I looked up to see the cause. But whatever it might be had passed away. I had a vague fear of some sudden evil; and, as my eyes still gazed vacantly forth, I saw Mr. Lydgate hurry across the lawn at a little distance.

It recalled me to myself.

"Sir Everard," said I, wrenching away my hand, "you must be satisfied with my final answer."

The haughtiness of my tone affected Sir Everard. All at once he threw off the pleading accents in which he had spoken, and answered in a tone as haughty as my own—

"You may perhaps have cause to reconsider as to whether this shall be your final

answer," said he. "There may be reasons of a politic nature that may prevent your being too hasty."

"I understand you, Sir Everard. My sister's letter makes it plain what those reasons may be; but I think I may be able to brave your threats without endangering my sister."

"Ha!" said he. "You had never spoken thus if a rival had not been beforehand with me. Is it not so, Mistress Grace? Has this sneaking, canting Whig sycophant been more successful?"

"I know not any one answering to the description," said I, with some spirit.

"This Whig lover, then—this Mr. Lydgate?"

I turned crimson, and then pale.

"What right have you to question?"

"None, perhaps," said he; "'twas only a little curiosity. 'Tis well to know for whom one is thrown overboard. Adieu, then, Mistress Grace. Thy sister had a kinder heart towards me." And he drew forth the lock of hair, and held it tantalizingly near me. "'Twill make a subject for a very pretty sonnet"—and here he kissed it—"and the town will chatter over a nine days' wonder. 'Tis dull enough just now, and quite ready to devour any scandal."

"You dare not," said I. "Your offer to myself would refute the story of my being the cat's-paw in the matter."

"Would it so? Nay, 'twill be but another twist in the plot; the acme of deception to blind the eyes of the father, and the better to delude the husband. Poor Harry, what a blind idiot he is! Yet 'tis an honest-hearted fool. I have crossed swords with many a worse."

"Sir Everard!" I almost shrieked, "you dare not be so wicked!"

"I dare do anything, madam," said he, "to win your hand. I have stood at nothing in a lighter venture. Think you, when my soul's happiness is fixed upon a matter, that I would swerve from one act that might forward it? I tell you nay. With you it rests to be the destroyer of your sister's good name. The deed is yours alone—for you alone provoke me to do it."

He still held the lock of hair in his hand, and again the thought came into my mind that I might possess myself of it; and, in my desperation, I sprang so suddenly upon it, that, he being off his guard, I was successful.

"Well done, Mistress Grace," said he,

surveying me admiringly; "but trophies may be re-won."

And, casting one arm around me, with his disengaged hand he opened mine, and took my prize from me.

I gave a slight scream. The window was for a moment darkened, and then Mr. Lydgate stood before us.

Sir Everard folded his arms, and quietly gazed at the intruder. He was not sorry, I could see, at this opportunity of meeting with his rival.

And Mr. Lydgate looked back, calmly and steadily, at him.

I glanced from one to the other.

"May I inquire the cause of this intrusion?" asked Sir Everard.

Mr. Lydgate turned to me.

"I thought I heard a cry of distress—a cry for help."

"Was it so?" asked Sir Everard of me.

"Do you desire Mr. Lydgate's protection, Mistress Selwode?"

"No—oh, no!" said I. "Pray, Mr. Lydgate, go away. You were mistaken. I was speaking of—private matters with Sir Everard. A sudden surprise—go—oh, go!"

And I spoke so imploringly that Mr. Lydgate, looking very grave and somewhat incredulous, turned away.

Sir Everard did not deign to say anything. He waited until Mr. Lydgate had gone; then he closed the window, which had before been open, remarking—

"We want no eavesdroppers, Mistress Grace."

"Mr. Lydgate is not one," said I.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Appearances are rather against him. However, I am not sorry, since I have discovered to a certainty who is my fortunate rival. I give you warning, Mistress Grace, that I am a jealous man—and jealousy is a dangerous passion."

"Have you no heart, no principle, no compassion? Consider, for pity's sake, and have some mercy," I cried, imploringly.

"No, madam, I have none of these in the present case. Remember that love can turn to hate. To a disappointed man, no passion is so sweet as revenge. I tell you, revenge once set alight is harder to extinguish than the raging fire of a burning city."

"And you have decided on revenge?"

"I have," said he, coldly, "if things are adverse."

I clasped my hands, and remained in

silent desperation. He was silent also, looking at me steadfastly. Then again he spoke—

"And yet I have a heart inclined to pity."

I sprang up.

"Then be merciful, and my blessing shall be upon you!" I exclaimed. "Sir Everard, be a man—more than a man—and obtain a victory over yourself that shall redound more to your everlasting welfare than the highest honours the world can give you."

"Tush!" said he, contemptuously—" 'tis a cheap way of paying a man for cutting his own throat; but I am willing to give you time for a consideration of my proposal. As long as you are free, Mistress Grace, your sister need fear nought from me. When I hear of your engagement, then will the town gossips have a mighty subject for scandal over their cups of tea."

"You are not merciful, Sir Everard," said I.

"I do not profess to be, madam," he returned. "I have played my first card; and, if 'tis not successful, I have a second that may prove all-powerful."

And with that he left me—turning back to say—

"I will make my own explanations to your father."

ELEANORE.

AN AUTUMN IDYLL.

FALL, fall, ye dim gray mists of autumn-tide!
The nine tall poplars shiver by the brook;
The light wind stirs the dead leaves in the lanes;
The acorn drops into its earthy bed;
And all things whisper that the year is old.
One decoy star—the first of all the train
That soon shall sprinkle all the silent sky
With gems more thick than daisies of the spring—
On some green knoll, sits soft and tremulous,
A quiet watcher on the darkling hills.
There is a hush, in this rich gloaming time,
Of soft repose that woos the ready thought
To memories of old—sweet memories, yet sad.
So I—here lingering at my casement—now,
In the brown twilight, catch the passing breeze
That stirs the jasmine blossoms round the porch,
And lull myself into an ancient dream
Of one fair morning of the years ago—
When I, a student, wandered at mine ease,
A happy pilgrim, over hill and dale;
And loved to watch the ever-changing moods
Of earth, and sky, and flood, and field, and flower.
For I was half a poet in those days.
But all my many thoughts had neither shape,
Nor goodly form, nor ordered melody.
On this fair morn when lost at will, away
Among the woods, a vision crossed my path
Of one more sweet than all the maiden flowers
That bloomed about her feet, and with a face

Of tender ruth, half human, half divine.
The angel vision passed me, and—I loved.
But many a morning after, in the spring,
I met my glorious maiden—till I came
To kiss her lips, and call her Eleanore.
And through the summer passed the passionate hours
In ever-ripening love; and my glad heart
Dwelt in a golden home of ecstasy.
But earth's fond hopes are fleeting; and one eve,
In the chill autumn, came a cruel wind,
And snatched the pure, sweet flower from my breast.
And now, beneath the lindens on the hill
Sleeps she, my first—last angel, Eleanore!
While I, in this dim twilight of the hours,
Dream sadly of the morns of long ago.

CONCERNING LETTERS AND LETTER WRITERS.

EVERYBODY has in his mind a clear conception of what a good letter ought to be. If it is on business matters it should be short, concise, chary of words, and to the point. There should be no needless politeness, no rambling about; it should be on one subject only, and trammelled with as few forms as possible. On the other hand, if the letter is from one friend to another, the more rambling it is the better; the more discursive, chatty, anecdotal, and easy in its flow, the more delightful it will be to receive and to read. But such letters are as hard to get hold of as it is to find a man who can talk fluently and perpetually without talking nonsense. Most fluent men, and most fluent letter writers, run on, like Lord Castlereagh, "in one weak, washy, everlasting flood."

Among those minor fallacies which have been asserted over and over again till we have got to believe them, is that which proclaims the decadence of letter writing. Where, it is asked, is the Horace Walpole of the present day?—where the Madame de Sevigné? And the writers of every essay on the extinction of the art plaintively lament that they get nothing but short notes of business, or crisp forms of invitation. Very likely. Pray, how many people got letters from Horace Walpole? They are public property now, because they are all published; but time was when they were private property, like those countless, delightful letters which the post carries every day, backwards and forwards, which are read by a fortunate few, which will some day, perhaps, be read by everybody. Every year we have an addition to our collection of letters. Now it is the letters of Palmerston, now those of Miss Mitford, now those of Lord Brougham.

Are not these treasures by themselves? And yet they call letter writing a decaying art! It is true that everybody in town is not a London correspondent, as was once the fashion. By the substitution of newspapers, at least this good is obtained—that we in London are relieved from a tax on our time and labour which must have been as odious to our grandfathers as the *gabelle* to a French peasant, and that our friends in the country are spared the infliction of a weekly dole of gossip, and sentiment, and drivel. So far it is clear gain. There is loss, of course, in the fact that many persons who would have made charming letter writers turn their attention to other and more lucrative lines of literature. The reputation of a letter writer, save in his own small circle, is posthumous. He writes for posterity, in a sense in which no other author wields his pen. For myself, I would rather have the laurels placed on my living brow than on my marble bust.

Letter writing is no longer, therefore, a kind of profession. But it is better: it is spontaneous now, and untrammelled by any feeling that other eyes will see its productions. Pope could not write without the feeling that his letters were destined to be read after his death. Modern writers of letters are fettered by no such uneasy feeling. Their name is legion. Even in England—where, with papers, telegrams, and frequent interviews, friends hear of each other and the world too often to feel the need of long and uninterrupted conversation—there are letters written every day as good as those of Sir Horace Walpole, if not so abundant. But it is in the colonies where the art of letter writing has her chosen votaries. The thousands of educated and highly cultured men toiling at solitary and uncongenial work, in India, Australia, and the many islands where Great Britain “boasts an unproductive sway,” relieve their longings after the old familiar literary and scholarly talk by letters. Is there any so unfortunate as not to have correspondents in the colonies? Let him seek after them; and then, with the last mail’s budget in his hands, let him say whether the art of letter writing has decayed. I have myself one regular letter writer—not to speak of others—residing, as the newspapers would say, not many thousand miles from the tropic of Capricorn. His monthly letters—which I keep and intend to publish some day—are a fountain of pleasure for me. They take me, once in every four weeks, back to the old tropical

life; and I feel again the soft trade wind, and listen once more to the kindly, lazy talk of the island folk. For I have been a colonist myself. My friends in England—may not modesty be considered out of place in an unsigned paper?—regarded my return with feelings of regret and delight, in which regret predominated because the letter writer was returned. Since I have come back home, I have occupied myself chiefly in writing to my friends abroad; and I am quite sure they would rather have my letters than myself. And let those who doubt read the correspondence of Miss Eden, although it is now thirty years old. Fresh and spontaneous as these letters are, they are the perfection of what a lady, gifted with an infinite fund of fun and humour, should write: satirical, without being spiteful; witty and gay, without ever letting us forget that we are listening to a lady; and conveying, by touches which only an artist could achieve, fuller ideas of Indian viceregal splendour than all the thousand laboured descriptions which it has been our lot to read.

Of English letter writers, those whom it most delights myself to read are Swift, Walpole, and Lamb. The epistles of Swift to Stella form a volume which is to me one of the most attractive in the English language. Not only do they give us an invaluable narrative of the London life of the great Dean; but, which is much better, they give us a faithful picture of himself, his thoughts, ambitions, his vanities, and, above all, his tender heart. His affection for Stella is one of those psychological problems into which it is best not to enter. It was purely brotherly, free from the smallest admixture of sexual love; tender, kind, and lasting, but cold and passionless. He loved no woman. He could love no woman as men do love. It was the misfortune of both their lives that Stella loved him too—but not as a sister should.

But see with what sweetness and tenderness he writes to her! She is never out of his mind. All day long, whenever he has got a spare moment, whether the nightcap is on his head at night, or one leg out of bed in the morning, dear “MD” must have a line to know what he has been doing, what he hopes to be doing. Hard, rough, and warm as were the Dean’s ways, warm and roughly strong as were his writings, he has at least given the world, through these letters, a truer picture of himself than we should ever have

got from his works and sayings. Without them we should have written him down as a heaven-gifted boor, an inspired clown, an ill-bred satirist, a coarse humorist. With them, we can see the soft and sympathetic heart; and, under that rough and shaggy bear's fur, we can feel the beat of the thousand pulses of a sensitive and keenly nervous nature.

With Walpole it is different. He is never himself. In his letters, as well as his daily dress, always shaven, periwigged, disguised, and artificial. He presents himself on the stage of the world's theatre got up to act a part. His part does not admit of the parade of any virtues, any feelings, any sympathies, any weaknesses. Humanity with him consists of a vast number of separate moving puppets, each with its own selfish objects of interest, each entirely distinct from any other puppets; each guided, if of gentle blood, by the principles of honour; if of puddle blood, by those of religion. Faithful to the part he plays, he gives us a series of pictures which seem somehow—though, of course, they cannot really—to represent the world he lived in. They are such pictures as we should get in nature were the atmosphere suddenly removed—when there would be no effects of dew and mist, none of glorious sunsets and dawns, none of the vapour clinging to the hillside, and creeping from pine to pine. But what Mr. Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, was really like, what kind of portrait might be drawn of him when his wig was off, the conventional smile smoothed out of his face, and the outer man reduced to nature's forked radish, we cannot tell from his letters.

To take the third on my list, Charles Lamb. Of course, his letters are like his essays, redolent with a strong aroma of Russia leather, the scent of a library—with that occasional mustiness which will creep in even among the best kept books. Those who love Charles Lamb—show me the man who does not, that I may avoid him—will love his letters; and there is this curious thing about them: they contain the germ of many of his essays. Thus that well-known one, called "A Letter to a Friend in New South Wales," was actually written, and is existing in the published collection. That is, the germ exists: there are the ideas, with the wit, but they are like loose pearls, or pearls loosely strung together, they want

the setting. Presently, our letter writer, reading over a copy he has kept, thinks something good may be made out of it; and among the essays of Elia it reappears, decorated, adorned, and set off, like one of those Cingalese crosses where the pearls are so daintily arranged in the setting of the gold and tortoiseshell. And here and there, scattered up and down among his letters, the reader will find the hints of ideas afterwards developed to good purpose; as if the writer had read over his own letters to himself before sending them, and kept a commonplace book wherein to store the ideas which pleased his fancy. Thus, many a quaint conceit was rescued from the oblivion of a private letter, and many a happy *tour-nure de phrase* saved from being forgotten, lost, or stolen.

But as were these letter writers, so also are those of the present day. Not a man of any eminence dies, but presently is issued a volume containing his life and letters. The letters are not so long, nor are they so bulky, as those of his grandfather; but they are not less well written, nor are they less interesting. The press of this year has issued such volumes by the dozen—that of next year will repeat the process; for while men live, and love to speak to each other, so long shall men write letters.

A letter writer is born, not made. No man can, by taking thought, arrive at the consummate ease and command of language which marks the perfect letter writer. And one of two qualities, of entirely opposite character, is necessary before he can be even a tolerable writer of letters: either that coldheartedness which sees in everything a simple subject for a satirical remark, a jest, and a sneer—Horace Walpole presents, of course, the best example of this quality—or else its exact opposite, that living sympathy which feels for every misfortune, and rejoices over every success. Of course, this quality may be in excess, and so become maudlin and tiresome; but when we have, in addition to a highly sympathetic nature, a disposition which shrinks from showing itself to the world, and is as sensitive about baring its thoughts as a girl of baring her charms, we have a chance of getting the most charming letters, like those of William Cowper.

Curiously enough, the earliest letters on record are both letters conveying a secret order for murder—that of David to Joab, sending the treacherous order to put the

unfortunate Uriah in the hottest of the battle; and that of Jezebel, instigating the elders to put Naboth out of the way. We are not told how these letters were conveyed. No doubt they were written, like those Roman letters later on, on wooden tablets smeared with wax, and in those old Phœnician characters with which the Moabite stone has rendered us all familiar. Nor are we told how their contents were secured from prying eyes. It would have been awkward, for instance, if Uriah had got a sight of David's missive before it reached Joab. Perhaps, however, he could not read; perhaps, too—which is more likely—the messenger of the King was considered a sacred person.

In modern times, the commencement and conclusion of letters have presented considerable points of difference. The formal "Sir," lingers chiefly in official communications; while the various shades of deference, from "your lordship's very humble, obliged, and obedient servant," downwards to "yours truly," have nearly all been effaced. Religious endings are sometimes used; and, when they are employed among persons of the same way of thinking, are quite unexceptionable and in good taste. But I once had a letter from a person whom I had never seen, and who had no means whatever of knowing what were my religious opinions, who yet signed himself "yours, in Gospel bonds." This irreverent familiarity with a stranger showed not only an almost incredible vulgarity of mind, but also that unreality of feeling, common enough, which really prevents the writer from knowing the full force of what he is writing.

In a recent paper in the "British Quarterly," a good story of letter signatures is told. The old Board of Admiralty used to have the funny custom of signing themselves—when sending instructions to an officer—"your affectionate friends." A certain captain, writing home, imitated this form; and on its being pointed out to him that such a familiarity was indecorous, he altered it in his next communication to the following—"I am, my lords, no longer your affectionate friend."

Occasional letters—letters of congratulation, condolence, and so forth—are, as a rule, rarely written well. They are stiff, constrained, and uneasy; all the more because—like a rustic in his Sunday clothes—they are doing their very best to appear natural,

hearty, and sincere. What, for instance, is a man to say who gets a copy of a book which he has no intention of reading? I myself once published a certain volume, which, I believe, no one has ever looked at but myself. That is, of course, so much the worse for the British public—*meâ virtute me involvo*. However, on its publication, I sent, as usual, copies to my friends. I have got their answers—for they all wrote immediately. Some said they were going to read it without delay; others pretended they had read it already. They called it brilliant, novel, popular, charming; and, in fact, would have made me conceited, had it not been for my publisher's statement, which showed that not a soul had bought a single copy. And, of course, not one of my friends has ever looked at the copy which I gave him.

I meant to say something about another class of correspondents—young ladies. Happy is the man who has his quiver full of their letters—so crammed with pretty little thoughts, so shameless in their plagiarisms, so amusing in their narrow dogmatisms, so innocent in their narrow views, and so unreserved in their confidences. I have a few of these letters, but not many. Why—oh! why—will they not write to me without the disagreeable formality of first getting engaged to me?

TABLE TALK.

IN COMMON with others of my peaceably disposed neighbours, I was beginning to entertain the delusion that Guy Fawkes's Day was going out of fashion—in London, at least. But we have been deceived. This year, more rampant than ever has been the nuisance of hideous effigies paraded in the day-time through the public streets—with a suitable escort of grimy roughs and vociferous small boys; and, in the dark nights, of eternal bursting of fireworks and cracking of squibs. And, as a matter of course, the police-courts have been busy the next morning disposing of offenders against the personal safety of the public. I am not sure, however, that the police are not too lenient in their manner of suppressing this rapidly reviving nuisance. There was certainly more severity evinced when Sir Robert Peel's new force was first established, as a desirable preference to the old system of antiquated Charleys. About this time, a parody on Wolfe's "Burial

of Sir John Moore" was written, which amusingly illustrates my remarks:—

"Not a squib went fizz, nor a rocket whiz,
As the Guy to the gallows was hurried—
The mob were afraid of the New Police,
And therefore were deucedly flurried.

They carried him out as soon as 't was night,
Down the courts and alleys turning,
By the smouldering bonfire's murky light,
And the paper lanterns burning.

No useless garments enclosed his limbs,
For his breeches were coarse as a hulker's,
And he hung like a felon taking a swing
In the morning, at Saint Sepulchre's.

Few and short were the jokes they flung,
For fear of the laws did them twitch hard,
But they steadfastly gazed on the Guy as he hung,
And bitterly thought of Sir Richard.

Slowly and sadly the bonfire burned
Till it reached to his upper story,
They fired not a gun nor a pistol—but turned,
And then left him alone in his glory."

The Sir Richard alluded to was Sir Richard Birnie, the presiding magistrate at Bow-street.

THE EMPEROR-KING of Germany does not seem to have had it all his own way in the matter of his new coinage; and as some of his satrap-princes have an objection to surrendering their ancient rights of coining on their own account, the proposed "universal system" is postponed for a time. We wonder what sort of golden piece would have been issued if Frederick William had been allowed to manage the whole design himself. Would he have followed the example of "that most dread sovereign," King James I.? Upon the coronation of the first of the Stuarts, that monarch caused a coin to be struck and distributed, with a portentous inscription. Under his own image in the medal was this motto: "*Cæsar Cæsarum*"—the Cæsar of the Cæsars. But the motto was such an exhibition of miserable vanity, and called forth such a storm of ridicule, that he had them called in and melted down in quick haste.

NONE OF THE historians mention this coin—probably on account of its being so quickly suppressed. But, for the benefit of numismatical readers, we may mention that there is a copy of it in the British Museum. It is of thin silver, about the size of a halfpenny in circumference; and, as a specimen of the medallist's art, is very fine. On the reverse is a lion rampant, crowned, holding in his dexter paw a beacon, and in his sinister a sheaf of corn, with the legend—"Ece Phaos

populique salus." The celebrated Joseph Scalliger mentions having one in his possession, and has a good sneer—characteristic of himself—at the pedantic monarch's expense.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE flowing in fast for the Chicago Fund. Surely, such an expression of sympathy and goodwill from the English people will do more to further cement that cordiality which really exists at bottom between ourselves and our Transatlantic brethren, than all the efforts of wily diplomatists, and elaborate despatches on the *Alabama* claims, and other trifling "family disputes" of a like sort! But, touching this awful fire at Chicago, nobody seems to be able to explain how one of the finest and best-built cities in the States should have fallen such a sudden prey to the outburst of what must have been originally merely an accidental occurrence. Captain Shaw, of our own London Fire Brigade, is as much at sea as any of the less initiated in matters of conflagrations, when he inquires "how such a tragedy can have befallen a city nominally better built than any city in Europe?" He says, further—"The heart of the city, composed almost entirely of new, strong-built, and so-called fireproof buildings, erected under the inspection of fire-wardens, and constructed of brick, stone, and iron, was the portion most thoroughly destroyed." A curious fact, however, bearing upon the problem is mentioned by Dr. Sterry Hunt, F.R.S., of Montreal. The origin of the fire at Chicago is generally ascribed to petroleum. Now, where petroleum comes from is a question which has perplexed American geologists for some years, and as yet with no satisfactory results. Dr. Hunt's answer is this:—"That while certain limestones throughout the United States are so largely oleiferous as at present, it seems unphilosophical to search elsewhere for the origin of the oil, or to imagine it to be derived, by some unexplained process, from rocks which are destitute of the substance. In the neighbourhood of Chicago, there are enormous deposits of this oil-bearing limestone. Some of the houses in the city are built of it; and, after a while, a smeary appearance, from exudation of the oil, is plainly visible."

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TWENTY DAYS IN THE FORT D'ISSY.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE COMMUNE.



•LIBERTÉ•

I DO not know whether any of those who read this have ever been startled out of their warm and comfortable beds by the roll of drums and the sound of trumpets.

Let me assure

them, if they have not, that such a greeting, between the hours of one and two in the morning, is supremely disagreeable, especially when it is the *rappel générale*—or *générale*, as the military call it for the sake of abbreviation; which reminds you that you must jump up, put on rapidly your uniform, ensconce yourself in the intricacies of belts, cross belts, cartridge boxes, and endless strappings, and emerge in the cold open air for no greater a matter than getting your head broken or your legs amputated. First you turn on your left side, then on your right side; then you raise your head above the sheets, and put it down again, intimately persuaded that you are dreaming. But, alas! the unpleasant truth soon glares you in the face—or rather, in the ears; for the unmerciful trumpet continues its remonstrating notes, that savour of *salle de police* or extra hours of guard, if not promptly obeyed. Muttering execrations against patriotic duties and trumpets in general, you painfully emerge from your couch, put on your trousers the wrong way, buckle and un-

buckle the belts, and finally tumble down the stairs without a very distinct perception of where you are, and for what purpose you are descending the steps in so tipsy a manner. The cold atmosphere sets you to rights, however, with marvellous rapidity; and you hastily take the direction of the *lieu d'appel*, where your captain rallies you fiercely for being ten minutes late, and threatens to blow your brains out on the next occasion, and kick you to the other side of the Arc de Triomphe if you do it again.

Such had been our position during the first siege of Paris; but, under the Commune, we avoided these inconveniences by sleeping on the curbstone. It is true that the clemency of the weather allowed us to break thus through the rules of social life. I had engaged in the 1st Federate Battalion of the National Guard—a corps which had joined the men of Montmartre and La Villette immediately after the capture of the Hôtel de Ville. I had been asked by my companions to accept the grade of captain, but I am not ambitious; laurels and *galons* do not, as a rule, tempt me, and I thought it more practical to be corporal before being a general. Besides, the officers had been changed; and the new ones not threatening to blow your brains out and kick you to the other side of the Arc de Triomphe afterwards, there was a good deal of intimacy and fraternity between men and chiefs. It was not uncommon to see a private dig playfully his lieutenant in the ribs, or drink a glass of *anisette* with the commandant. This familiarity had no deleterious influence on discipline. The chiefs were, besides, chosen by their own men, and I rather think such pleasant intercourse between superiors and inferiors exercised an excellent effect on the good conduct of the battalions. The peculiar uniform of my corps was rather novel, and I must confess that it was so uniformly green as to gain for us the nickname of

"parrots." The fact is, a quantity of liveries and green cloth were discovered in the Tuileries, and the whole had been transformed into excellent and picturesque uniforms. My *képi* was of a splendid bottle green—the great coat equally so; but I am sorry to say that my trousers were of the most livid hue, and excited numerous remarks from the malicious Parisians, and earnest queries whether I was an inmate of the Zoological Gardens.

We had spent five days on guard on the place of the Hôtel de Ville, sleeping on the asphalte, with a paving stone for pillow, and our gaiety in lieu of a fire. It was on the 2nd of April when an order came to march us off to the Palais Royal. It was then about seven o'clock p.m. There were vague rumours of an attack of the Versailles troops in the direction of the southern forts, and it was said that we should be sent out either to Vanves or Issy. From the Palais Royal we moved on to the Place Vendôme, where we finished the night crowding round several gigantic fires, singing old revolutionary choruses, such as the refrain of 1789—

"Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son, vive le son,
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon."

Some jocular spirit of the battalion would occasionally hail the bronze statue of Napoleon, standing out in the bright moonlight, with the celebrated verses of Auguste Barbier; or, striking out in a mock heroic tone—

"Ah! qu'on est fier d'être Français,
Quand on regarde la Colonne!"

would continue the proceedings by bursting into an extravagant dance, for the double purpose of expressing his disdain of the column and warming his feet. From time to time, our conviviality was interrupted by some Mephistopheles-looking Garibaldian, in his red shirt and red cap, clattering in on horseback, through barricades and paving stones, with the greatest disregard for the safety of his neck.

Dawn was appearing, when suddenly the trumpets sounded to fall in, and General Bergeret came to harangue us. The Versailles had attacked Montretout during the night in overwhelming numbers, and had repulsed the Federals with great loss. We were ordered to march out and support them. Loud cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" followed this announcement, and we set out without a moment's delay. Crossing the Pont Neuf, we went through the Boulevard

St. Michel, the Rue d'Enfer, and route d'Orléans, in the direction of the gate of Montrouge, bound for the Fort of Issy.

We halted at the Church of Montrouge, at some distance from the ramparts. Already the heavy report of the artillery was becoming more and more distinct. On the right, the stately Mont Valérien was booming incessantly; and the duel between Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge, and Chatillon and Montretout, had begun. Presently, we heard loud clamours, and the rolling of heavy guns in front of us. We soon perceived the horses galloping up; some of the mitrailleuses were covered with blood, and the faces of the drivers besmeared with gunpowder and clotted mud and gore. The cannons were followed by wounded men painfully limping along, and with their heads bandaged. After allowing this confused stream to pass by unchecked for some time, it struck our commander that it would be prudent to retain a few of those mitrailleuses which had escaped the disaster of Chatillon, since we were destined to meet, in a very short time, the victorious enemy. We therefore proceeded to bar the way, seized the horses' heads and forced them to turn back—a proceeding by no means to the taste of the drivers, who had been fighting all night.

In an hour's time, we had thus collected a dozen cannons and mitrailleuses. The wounded were still flocking past. Amongst them I noticed three men approaching: they wore the uniform of the National Guard. Two of them supported the third, who appeared badly wounded. Something suspicious about their looks attracted my attention; and, on being questioned, they replied so evasively, that some of the battalion insisted on baring the leg of the injured man, which was found safe and sound. Pressed with questions, they at length admitted that they were disguised *sergents de ville*, attempting—they alleged—to enter Paris "for private business of theirs." The innocence of their intentions not being quite so clear to the commander, they were conducted to the *Etat-major*, where, I believe, they confessed to their being spies of Versailles.

We now set out again in the direction of the ramparts. A fat *frère ignorantin*, with a ruddy countenance and a nose in full bloom, insisted upon accompanying us to offer his services to the dying. But this proposal met with the strongest opposition on the part of the Federals, who hinted that the *frère's* so-

licitude was not exactly disinterested. The priest, however, was obstinate in his purpose; and, to get rid of him, four men were obliged to convey him, with gentle force, to a wine-shop, where he remained.

Appearances were now becoming of a threatening character; from time to time, a stray bullet whizzing over our heads warned us of the danger we must encounter before reaching the fort. This gave also *à réfléchir* to the least plucky element of the corps. Curious to say, the elder National Guards—some of fifty and sixty years of age—showed no signs of emotion; and it was amongst the younger men alone that signs of weakness were visible. A young Federal would here and there drop out of the ranks, with the loudly expressed object of drinking *à la hâte à mêlé cassis*; but prudence operated so well upon their senses whilst absorbing their glass of liquor, that we had not the advantage of seeing them reappear.

We passed the fortifications at the gate of Montrouge. There the men whose wives and children had accompanied them took a last farewell; the portcullis was lowered and lifted up again after our passage, shutting us out of Paris.

On we went through the villas of Issy, choke full of National Guards sleeping off, under protection of the forts, the fatigues of the preceding night, or watching with great interest the contents of the tin cans on the fires. There we learnt that the plateau of Chatillon and the heights of Clamart were irrevocably lost; the Versailles troops occupied them, and were engaged in establishing batteries directed against the forts.

All had been pretty quiet until then; but, as we neared the Fort of Issy, bullets began to whiz about our heads in unpleasant numbers. It seemed that the Versaillais had approached so near the fort as to render its entrance and exit very dangerous. To break in Indian file was the work of a moment; and walking rapidly, and bending as much as possible to the ground, we reached the postern gate without losing a man. The guard at the gate turned out; and, after some formalities, we were admitted within the fort.

And now begins one of the most singular periods of my life. Fighting in the open field is all very well; but remaining exposed for nights and days to a tremendous bombardment, shut up in a fortress, is not to be compared with it. Besides, the Fort d'Issy had been terribly battered during the Prus-

sian siege; and although there was no actual breach, the walls were in a very dilapidated state. The casemates, too, were in a bad condition, and the whole citadel in disorder. I shall never forget the confusion which was reigning on the day of our arrival (March 30). The fort had been hastily garrisoned and fitted out; the commander was a man of conspicuous incapacity; and I yet wonder how we managed to get ready for the tremendous artillery duel which was beginning. The cannon were fit for use, however; the gunners very willing, and every National Guard equally so; and we began to ply the Versailles batteries with shot and shell. From time to time a gunner would fall across his gun, pierced by a rampart bullet.

These missiles were especially deadly; and one could scarcely raise his head above the walls without hearing the deep hiss of the rampart bullets which the enemy, concealed in the houses and Prussian trenches immediately under the fort, aimed in preference at the gunners, as I soon found out. I had mounted against the battlement with a young Zouave who had joined us the day before, and was trying to catch a glimpse of the position of the regular troops, when suddenly my companion caught me round the body, almost pulling me down, gasping out—“*J'ai mon affaire!*” and pointing to his side, from which, through his broad red sash, a few drops of blood were trickling down. I carried him to the ambulance established near the gate. The poor fellow died in a quarter of an hour. He had been pierced through, from side to side, by a shot from a rampart gun.

I was returning to the casemates, reflecting on the frailty of existence, and meditating on Leibnitz's theory, that “all is for the best in the best of possible worlds,” when a well-known hiss made me take a header to the ground with the utmost expedition; and immediately after the explosion of the shell, I felt something like a shower of rain falling over me. It was the blood of three magnificent white horses of the Messageries Impériales, used for the artillery, that were lying almost blown to shivers. And then followed a strange scene: a score of Federals rushed upon the carcasses, and began hacking and hewing lumps of crimson flesh, like so many gigantic crows. In a few moments not one piece of flesh remained—the whole had been transferred to the pots on the fire. The fact is, the fare of the citadel was not en-

ticing. Fat bacon and salt meat composed our daily rations, and horseflesh was therefore regarded as a delicacy.

The shells at last began to pour into the broad *enceinte* of the fort so fast and furious that we were fain to retire to the casemates. There were spacious vaults, with rows of hammocks, which the sailors had occupied during the Prussian investment. This was certainly an improvement upon the flagstones of the Hôtel de Ville and Place Vendôme, which had served us *en guise* of chairs, tables, and beds, during the last seven days. We had now and then to furnish a quantity of men to unload the requisitioned omnibuses that came from Paris, full of shells. The work was of the most perilous kind. A chain of Federals, stretching from the omnibuses to the stores of the fort, handed from one to another the loaded shells; and if a single one had fallen to the ground, the powder magazines, the Federals—amongst them the writer of this relation—and almost everything in the citadel, must have been blown up. Add to this the bullets of the enemy falling like a hail-storm, and the reader may wonder how the men of my battalion could sit at their dangerous work as gay as schoolboys. "*C'est pour les gendarmes,*" cried one. "*Ca les empêchera d'attraper des engelures,*" answered another. "*C'est un billet-doux pour M. Thiers,*" murmured a young and pretty *cantinière*; and amidst numberless jokes, the transfer of the shells to the fort was done. Once, however, our gaiety had a narrow escape from being effectually stopped for ever. A drunken man joined the gang, and catching hold of a shell, staggered off with it in his arms, lurching and reeling, and vowing that no earthly power would induce him to relinquish his prize. If the shell had dropped, it was all over with us. Fortunately, a man caught the drunkard from behind round the waist, and a fearful disaster was thus avoided. I relate this anecdote chiefly to show how the lives of hundreds of men depended on the slightest imprudence; indeed, I have seen enough of modern warfare to show me that one's existence is continually hanging by a thread.

Bullets, rampart shots, obuses and shells were not the only dangers which assailed us. It is the natural consequence of civil war that treason should always penetrate even into the most sincere bodies; and it would have been astonishing if the enemy

had not attempted to profit by the disorder that still pervaded the fort. Some of my comrades pretended that we had *sergents de ville* in disguise in our ranks; and that, if we did not keep a sharp look-out, we ran the risk of awaking—as an Irishman would have said—with our throats cut. I could not help smiling at first at these fears; but an extraordinary event which soon afterwards happened showed how little exaggerated they were.

Amongst the gunners of the fort was one tall, athletic fellow, who worked his gun with a will. His shouts and exultation when he had hit, or pretended to hit, a house where the Versailles gendarmes were lying as sharpshooters sounded very exhilarating indeed. But his very enthusiasm, and the persistency of the aforesaid houses in remaining standing, excited the suspicions of our lieutenant. When examined with a telescope, the houses betrayed no signs of damage. The enthusiastic gunner was watched, and taken *in flagrante delicto* making signals to the enemy. He was tried by a court martial, found guilty, and condemned to death; but an order from headquarters suspended the execution of the sentence, and the spy was taken to Mazas, and kept there as a hostage. But this was not all. In the middle of the same night, Sergeant W—— awoke five or six men—myself in the number—and after imparting to us his suspicions, we went to verify whether the gates of the fort were secure. What was our astonishment at finding every one of the small postern gates taken off its hinges, and so arranged that a single kick would throw it down! We gave the alarm; the officers turned out the men, and a strict guard was kept till morning. The governor of the fort was arrested by order of the Commune—whether it was for carelessness or treason, I could not say; but, in such desperate circumstances, one is almost equivalent to the other. In the course of our stay at Issy, not a single day passed without spies being arrested; and one can thus judge of the alarming situation in which we constantly found ourselves.

On the third day after our arrival, our battalion sallied forth from the fort to occupy the advanced trenches which another corps had just vacated; and we stationed ourselves in the cemetery that lies a few hundred yards on the right of Issy. Our exit had been

espied, for the batteries of Moulineaux, Meudon, and Chatillon directed a heavy fire upon us, to which our artillery prepared to answer with vigour. With a slight effort of imagination, I can still see our gunners, with the bright, new bronze seven-pounders, smoking their short black pipes behind a house, and quickly laying them aside when they had to reply to the hostile batteries. They were, for the most part, old soldiers and sailors. Then ourselves in the cemetery—a large white wall in front of us—the enemy's sharpshooters 150 yards forward. Now and then, when the enemy became too bold, and ventured to approach, we fired through the loopholes bored in the wall. The position of our guns was especially exposed, being placed on the glistening white road of Versailles. Five men had already been killed whilst serving the guns, and it became evident that the road on the side of the cemetery must be linked to the trenches beyond by a barricade, which would protect the artillery. We had to do the work under a sharp fire. The first man who came forward to lay the first stone was shot through the heart; the second fell headlong with a cry of "*Vive la Commune!*" but immediately rose covered with blood; the bullet, by a most extraordinary chance, striking him in the middle of the forehead, and ploughing the scalp without piercing the skull. He refused to go to the ambulance; and, after dressing his wound, continued to fire.

The tombstones had been uprooted by the hostile shells; but we felt some scruple in using them. "*Les vivants avant les morts!*" cried the captain. We therefore each took up a tombstone, walked crouching, and holding them in front of our bodies, while a perfect storm of bullets rattled on our movable fortresses. The first step was gained; the barricade rose with marvellous rapidity, and the artillery was at last partially protected.

After this achievement—which cost us several men—I took my turn at one of the loopholes, firing at anything that was stirring ahead. A comrade behind me, who had found no hole to fire through, nudged me to warn me that 't was his turn. Scarcely had he applied his face to the *meurtrière*, when he leaped up and fell back stone dead, with a bullet through the eye and brain. What a lottery of death is warfare! If the poor fellow had not been so impatient, I should not have the pleasure of imparting to

the reader this truthful account of my experience as a private and a "rebel."

Later in the day, I witnessed an affecting scene, which I shall not forget for some time to come. The fire had slackened in intensity; and, with several others, I had sat down on the steps of a vault to smoke a cigarette, when a sudden and ominous hiss reached my ear; and, before I had time to throw myself on my face, the shell exploded, and my *képi* was struck violently from my head, and torn by a fragment of the obus. As I was rising, thanking my stars that my head had not gone in company with my cap, I beheld a white-haired National Guard, who a second before was full of life, stretched lifeless on the ground, and his son wringing his hands over him, and lamenting that he had prevailed on his father to accompany him. Then, passing from grief to frenzy, he fixed his bayonet to his Chassepot, and jumped over the barricade, with the purpose of running upon the Versailles. It was with great difficulty that four men mastered him; and his madness was such that we were compelled to tie him up and carry him off in convulsions of grief, with the father's corpse behind, wrapped in a blanket.

Painful as such scenes are, one gets rapidly used to them. As for me, I grew quite callous by dint of seeing blood and dead bodies; and the most heartrending scenes left me unmoved. Shortly after the event which I have just related, we had an exciting encounter. Some sixty of our men had crouched along within fifty yards of the Versailles troops; and, concealed by a small hillock, had opened a deadly fire. But their small number was soon discovered, and a *mouvement tournant* of the enemy put them in imminent danger of being surrounded and captured. Like distressed mariners, they made signals with their handkerchiefs tied to the end of their guns. "*A la rescousse!*" cried the captain. Twenty men, armed with Chassepots, were selected; and we set out, creeping on our stomachs, and taking advantage of every stone, of every declivity. It is really wonderful how the smallest object can afford protection when lying at full length on the ground; even the *képi* or knapsack, placed in front, in a line with the body, will baffle the enemy's aim. On we crept, firing, running ten paces forward, dropping down flat, firing again, and the bullets making around

our ears such a music as must be very edifying to listen to when one is not exposed to the instruments which produce it. Small clouds of dust rise from the sun-dried sod. Bang! bang!—a bullet goes through the skirt of my tunic; a second glances off the barrel of my Chassepot, nearly striking off a finger. I am entirely exposed, and have just time to throw myself in a field of clover, which, agreeing exactly in colour with my green *capote*, conceals me, and gives me time to breathe. We at last effected a junction with our distressed comrades, and freed them from their predicament. The gendarmes had taken possession of one of the *cantonnier's* houses on the railway line, and were making a desperate stand. Luckily, our gunners had not forgotten us; we heard a whiz over our heads, and a shell alighted in the very middle of the roof. Out rushed the gendarmes like so many red-legged partridges, running away as fast as their top-boots would allow them to do. With a cry of "*Vive la Commune!*" we rushed furiously into the house; there was a deadly scuffle in the rooms, on the stairs, and even in the cellars. This was the most bloody hand-to-hand fight that I ever witnessed, or in which I took part. No quarter was asked for or given; and then I understood how the calmest and most humane individual acquires in a fierce struggle the ferocity of a wild beast.

We returned to the trenches; we ate our meagre fare of salt pork and bread. Those who were off guard descended within the vaults of the cemetery to have a snatch of sleep, even amongst the coffins. Four Federals, regardless of danger, were engaged in a quiet game of whist round the fire where our coffee was warming, when a shell burst in the middle of them, killing them all four. Some of their companions covered their bodies with blankets; the hand of one was still grasping the Queen of Hearts, which he was about to throw down triumphantly. I was again enabled to observe how head-wounds leave the expression of the face unchanged. These men preserved the expression which they wore just before their death. There was no contraction whatever of the features; and had it not been for the glassy look of the eye, it would have been almost impossible to betray signs of death on their faces.

I was very glad to hear, on the next morning, that a fresh party had come up

from the fort to relieve us. We were yet destined to lose some men, however, before reaching the fortress, although the distance was not more than six or seven hundred yards. As we neared a white, clayish ground, where the dark hue of our uniforms stood out conspicuously, the batteries of Chatillon pelted us with shell and grape shot. One man had his whiskers, hair, and eyebrows singed by the fire of an obus which exploded under his very feet; and yet, marvellous to say, he escaped without a scratch. We fairly took to our heels until we reached the postern gates, and were admitted within the fortress.

Thus the time passed, alternately fighting and taking a short rest in the fort. We subsequently remained for four or five days at a time in the trenches, sleeping on the bare ground with the stars above our heads, and thick mud under our backs. I must say that this was really killing work. Staunch and faithful battalions were scarce; and the consequence was that, whilst the lukewarm corps stayed in the interior of Paris, the true ones remained fighting for days and weeks without intermission; and the fatigue of the men was so great that they actually fell asleep at the loopholes, and were often taken by surprise and massacred. As for me, during my twenty days' sojourn in the Fort d'Issy, I could neither undress nor take off my shoes, and slept with my Chassepot cocked, and pressed against my chest. After a while I became of one uniform colour—from bottle green I turned to muddy gray, face and all. The shells fell so fast in the fortress, that it required a considerable amount of stoicism to go and fetch a kettle of water at the pump.

Eighteen days after our arrival—April 21—the fort presented indeed a strange sight, with its demolished bastions, its barracks standing as if by a miracle, and the very ground paved with shells. At night, the scene became veritably fantastic: shells exploded right and left; the large white stalions would break away, snorting with terror, bite each other, and engage in terrific fights in the *enceinte*. The report of the cannons of the forts tore our ears; the gunners, half naked and black with gunpowder, looked like so many demons, and plied their deadly tubes—whose flashes illuminated the dark belt of hills that faced the forts—with downright infernal energy. Through the intervals of silence might be heard the

screeching of the mitrailleuse—one of the most sinister sounds of battle.

I shall not dwell on the scenes of misery and slaughter which it was my daily lot to witness. Men become stoical after seeing half their battalion killed or wounded. These were, indeed, stirring times. The great attack of the Versailles troops upon Issy took place a day after our removal; and one can judge of the terrific scenes that followed when I say that the fort, reduced to a shapeless heap and abandoned, was defended for six hours by a single man, who fired the guns one after the other, until the Versailles troops perceived the evacuation of the fortress, and finally took possession of it.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XLI.

I TRY TO SATISFY BOTH LOVERS.

I REMEMBER rushing upstairs after Sir Everard left me; and then I suppose I lost my consciousness, for the next thing that I knew was that I was lying down upon the sofa in Aunt Hetty's room, and she was standing beside it.

Aunt Hetty tells me that she met me close by her door, looking so white and affrighted that she was alarmed, and made me come in and sit down, and then I fainted. I was quite ashamed of my weakness, for I had never fainted before; but I had so many fears upon me, and had been so overwrought in my feelings of late, that I suppose this last excitement quite overwhelmed me.

The first thing I asked was—

"Does any one know that I fainted?"

"None besides myself," she answered.

"Then please don't tell any one," said I.

And with that I began to cry, which was a great relief to me.

Aunt Hetty sat down by me, and put her arm around me, but spoke no word. She saw that I was in some trouble, and waited until I should speak. But as I said nothing, she asked—

"Can I help you, my child?"

"That is what I do not know, Aunt Hetty. I am afraid not."

"Young girls often have troubles that they care only to tell to their own hearts, in their shyness and inexperience," said Aunt Hetty, as though she were meditating aloud

more than speaking to me. Then she added—"If you feel willing to trust me, my child, you may speak as freely as to your own conscience."

"But what if my trouble is not altogether my own?"

"Then I cannot intrude upon it," said she. "If 'tis another's secret, thou hast no right to betray it."

I gave a sigh, for 'twas just in accordance with my own thoughts; though I longed to tell her all, and listen to her advice.

"Can right come out of wrong?" said I, abruptly.

"It can," she said, wonderingly; "but 'tis dangerous to trust to it."

"I know it is," said I. "But do you think that right always comes right in the end?"

She paused before she answered.

"I think so—though 'tis not always made manifest."

"That is what I complain of," said I. "What is to be done?"

"Wait awhile," said she—"patiently, trustfully. People don't trust enough, and that is the reason things are so long mending."

"I have waited so long," I almost groaned.

And then Aunt Hetty talked to me—though what she said was not altogether satisfactory, since her arguments touched her own troubles, and not mine. Nevertheless, her words had a soothing effect, and made me feel that if my own strength failed me I should have some one to whom to go who would, with her wisdom and experience, assist me in any emergency.

I found that Sir Everard had made out a good tale to my father, saying that his offer, as he expected, was somewhat premature, and that Mistress Grace would give no answer at present, to which he felt he was bound to submit. And with that innate tact and skill that he possesses, he contrived to preserve his ordinary demeanour, and did not leave Selwode, as I had vainly imagined he would do. He seemed determined not to lose sight of me until Mr. Lydgate had departed—which would, I could see, not be very long, since my father, hospitable as he was naturally, only showed the most necessary civility to Mr. Lydgate—whom, out of civility to my uncle Oliver, and also through her own liking for him, my mother had pressed to remain with us.

Sir Everard watched me narrowly, so that I had no opportunity of saying a word to Mr. Lydgate; and I was in great fear lest he

should go away without my having a word with him, for he had more than once spoken of his return to town on the morrow.

I could see by his gravity and silence that he was deeply moved by what had passed, and that he could by no means comprehend matters—which was not surprising; moreover, that he evidently looked upon Sir Everard as having a deeper claim on my regard than I was willing to allow. He was very abstracted and downcast—for all through the evening I dare make no attempt to approach him, scarce even to address an observation to him; and I felt that he would go away on the morrow without any explanation on my part.

Once I thought that an opportunity had occurred, for Mr. Lydgate drew near to Aunt Hetty, and fell into conversation with her; whilst I, not far from her, was on the point of moving so as to join them—when Sir Everard, who had been watching my manœuvres, suddenly placed himself beside me, so making a barrier that I must pass in order to gain my end.

Fortunately for me, Magdalen, who had found in Sir Everard an agreeable person to talk to, and one full of information, came to beg him to explain some prints of foreign places in the adjoining room; which he, though with much reluctance, as I could perceive, was constrained to do.

“Will you not join us, Mistress Grace?” said he.

But I declined; and he and Magdalen passed into the little inner room. A curtain was drawn across the opening in place of a door; but this Sir Everard dexterously managed to draw aside, so that he commanded an entire view of the outer apartment.

My sudden hope of taking advantage of his absence was thus in a measure frustrated; and I sat uncomfortably enough, not daring to change my place, and hoping that it might not enter into Mr. Lydgate’s mind to change his tactics, which were evidently induced by pride on his part, since I had so plainly repulsed him in the morning.

Yet from time to time I could see that he looked in my direction, though I avoided returning his gaze, lest in my eyes he might read that encouragement which I feared to give in presence of him who I might now fitly style my enemy, despite his professions of love.

Magdalen kept Sir Everard fully occupied; and after awhile my mother joined them, so

that he had enough to do in attending to his two questioners. Aunt Hetty and Mr. Lydgate were still conversing together in low tones; whilst I sat apart watching them so earnestly, that on Mr. Lydgate’s suddenly looking up, I had not time to withdraw my eyes until he had read in them what he wished to know; for almost immediately afterwards he got up and walked across the room to where I was sitting.

Involuntarily, I cast my eyes in the direction of the inner room; and I could see, even from afar, a frown upon Sir Everard’s brow. And I half shrank away as Mr. Lydgate took the seat beside me.

“I do not know, Mistress Grace,” said he in a subdued voice, “whether I have any right to ask for an explanation. You will surely understand the anxiety I feel, and you must also know that I scarce can tell whether you accept or reject the love I offered you.”

“I cannot explain,” I replied, in a hurried tone—“not now, at any rate. Mr. Lydgate, the kindest act towards me will be to leave me; and, if you can,” I added after a pause, “to trust me.”

“I shall leave to-morrow,” said he. “Had it not been that I hoped to have one word of reassurance from you, I should have left to-night. But, Grace, how is it to be? Such strange contradictions make me doubt, in spite of my promise to you.”

Again I glanced towards the inner room. Magdalen was closing her book. Sir Everard’s services were coming to a close.

“Do not doubt,” I said, in a scarcely audible voice—“I am distressed beyond measure; but you cannot help me yet.”

“Can I ever?” he asked.

I drew a small ring from my finger, and playing with it, as if by accident I dropped it on the ground, carefully keeping Sir Everard in view whilst I did so.

Mr. Lydgate picked it up.

“Keep it,” I whispered, “in memory of me, until we meet again. Take it as my farewell for the present; and, if you love me, trust me to the end.”

Ere he could make any reply, the party from the inner room entering, I quickly rose, and going towards my mother, asked her if she would send some parcel of books that Uncle Oliver wanted by Mr. Lydgate.

“For,” said I, “Mr. Lydgate tells me he is going in the morning, and I am sure he will be kind enough to take them for us.”

What a consummate hypocrite I was growing! I was already in an act of a new drama—unless, indeed, the last scene of Sir Everard's Pastoral was being brought about.

"And you will tell Uncle Oliver that I am making good progress in my studies, Mr. Lydgate," said I; "and that I am rejoiced to be once again at Selwode, out of the busy, intriguing town; and that I care not to hear of politics again, since they spoil domestic happiness; and that I wish Mistress Mary Astell had founded her college, so that I could have retired from the world; and—"

"My child, what nonsense you are talking," said my mother. "Mr. Lydgate will not remember half your messages."

And, indeed, I was talking at random, and scarce considered what I was saying. I did not wish Sir Everard to discover that any weightier hopes and wishes were lying heavy at my heart.

"Grace in a convent!" said my father, laughing. "No, we cannot quite believe in that. 'Twould suit Charlotte Furnaby better, since she has forsworn matrimony until a Stuart king is seated on the throne."

"I fear Mistress Furnaby has made a rash vow," observed Mr. Lydgate, apparently willing to second my endeavours.

"Why so, sir?" said my father, turning fiercely upon Mr. Lydgate. "Who knows what may happen?"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Lydgate. "I was not aware—"

"That your politics differed?" interrupted Sir Everard, who seemed somewhat afraid of what my father might say. "Mr. Lydgate, having been absent from England, is perhaps scarce aware how rapidly feeling has been developing, and that we are on the eve of a crisis. There is a rottenness everywhere—no one is satisfied; and yet 'tis dangerous to express opinions too clearly." This clause was evidently intended as a hint to my father. "You will excuse me, Mr. Lydgate, if I take Mr. Selwode's part in the discussion."

"I did not intend a discussion," returned Mr. Lydgate; "neither did I think of saying aught that might lead to one. It was rather with a view to apologizing for my remark that I was about to speak."

"Pray do not think that necessary," replied Sir Everard, who seemed determined to act as champion for my father. "I am sure Mr. Selwode needs none. He and I are closely bound in our political and other

relations, and I, therefore, take upon myself to speak for him."

My father's hand was upon Sir Everard's shoulder—for he hath so wonderful a liking for him, that I cannot but regard it as the effect of some philtre or other. For at the foreign courts where Sir Everard has been, I hear that the magic art is much in fashion, and so he may have learned some subtle spells; but with me they are innocuous, since I can trace the poison.

I had been a little startled by my father's speech; for though he had always spoken with contempt of the Hanoverian succession, I scarce thought that he would seriously incline to other than a Protestant prince for us. I think Sir Everard understood my look of surprise, for there was an odd gleam of triumph and satisfaction on his face as he glanced at me.

Mr. Lydgate seemed puzzled altogether, and Sir Everard looked defiantly at him; though I doubt if Mr. Lydgate noticed it. For my part, I, not wishing the two to have any especial conversation together, talked all the nonsense I could, which made Sir Everard laugh and Mr. Lydgate look grave.

So I did good in one way, and harm in another; and when all had safely parted for the night, I lay down on my bed, and wished I had done exactly the opposite of everything I had done, which I believe people continually wish when they have been doing all in their power towards acting for the best;—for that acting for the best is but a thankless office.

However, there was one comfort, and that was that the danger was almost over; for Mr. Lydgate would be off on the morrow, and they were not likely to meet in town, since their modes of life and their tastes were so dissimilar.

Yet, I did not think Mr. Lydgate would have gone so soon. I was down early enough at breakfast, but I found he had started an hour before.

And I had not said good-bye—only good night; and then, he was grave and unsatisfied, and in that temper we had parted. My only consolation was, that he had taken my ring. He had not returned it.

I was very uncivil to Sir Everard that day; but he did not seem to regard it. Indeed, my annoyance appeared to cause him some amusement; and he told me that he hoped to continue our warfare from time to time.

"There must be war, in order to neces-

sitate the making of peace," he said. "We must fight it out, and come to terms. You know my conditions."

But I was too much aggrieved to speak jestingly, and I strolled away into the yew tree alley, hoping to be alone. But Sir Everard, whose eyes were those of Argus, found me out; and again he bade me beware.

"For," said he, "I am half inclined to believe that you will play me false with this pedantic student; and if so, I give you fair warning that a man in love stops not at anything in his jealousy."

I had spirit enough to say—

"'Tis a rough way of wooing, Sir Everard."

"Perhaps so," said he. "But one must make use of one's means. I give you time. I wish not to hurry you. But you know the alternative."

"'Tis a pity there are no Protestant nunneries," I answered, bitterly. "That might satisfy you, if you fear a rival."

And I turned away, and rapidly retraced my steps towards the house.

But he was at my side again in a moment.

"Grace!" said he—"Grace, I implore you not to be hasty. Grace, I love you! Can you have no compassion for me?"

His voice was hoarse, and he spoke with passionate energy; and I knew, so far as a selfish nature can love, that he loved me. But I walked on rapidly, still taking no notice.

"Grace, I beseech you. Will you not give me one word of hope?"

Then I turned round in desperation—

"Sir Everard," I said, "you have intimated that so long as I am not likely to marry, so long is the peace of our family to be secured. I am willing to accept those terms. If it gratifies your love to place me in that position, it must be so; but I tell you, once for all, I never can—I never will be your wife."

We were close upon the terrace, and I was almost breathless with the haste I had made in walking.

"You are obdurate, mistress," said he. "Perhaps, when you hear my further pleadings, you may be more disposed to relent."

The pleading tone had vanished, and there was a harshness and haughtiness in his voice as he spoke that made me feel that I was more in his power than I even now comprehended. This was, doubtless, another threat. What could it be? When should I know?

Not yet; for Sir Everard was to leave Selwode in a day or two, and that he was very full of business of importance I learned from my father.

"Where is he going?" I asked.

"Amongst friends," said my father, emphatically. "He is going to pay a visit to Mr. Harley."

CHAPTER XLII.

DR. SACHEVERELL'S SERMON.

A CRISIS was at hand, as Sir Everard had prophesied, though it did not immediately come to pass; and it was brought about, as important matters often are, through a very insignificant instrument.

On the 5th of November of this year, Dr. Henry Sacheverell, chaplain of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, preached a sermon before the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London, at St. Paul's Cathedral.

He took for his text the twenty-sixth verse of the eleventh chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians—"In perils among false brethren," wherein, after having abused the false brethren out of the Church, thereby pointing at the dissenters, and the false brethren in it, whereby, I suppose, he would signify those of the moderate party within the Church, he proceeded, among other matters, to prove the doctrine of non-resistance, and to justify it through very curious arguments upon the late Revolution.

And from this fiery preacher's sermon sprang that sudden change in political affairs of which I am about to speak.

The sermon lasted for three hours, during which my father sat and listened as, he says, he never listened to aught before; and he declares that, if it had been delivered in a less solemn place than the new cathedral, he should have applauded at the end of each paragraph, and have called for three cheers for the preacher at the end of it; and he further says that many around him were of the same mind; whilst Sir Everard Tylney affirms that one or two such men set speaking in divers parts of the kingdom would set such a flame alight as would burn out all the new-fangled Whiggery that is ruining the country.

Mr. Harley appears to be of the same opinion, for he has come up to town post-haste. I hear that he was dining with some friends, whom he was entertaining at his seat in Herefordshire, when tidings were brought to him of the wonderful effect that the ser-

mon had produced—for, indeed, scarce any one thinks of anything else, and Dr. Sacheverell's name is in everybody's mouth; and as soon as he had read his despatch, said he—

"The game is up."

And without more ado he came up to town—for he is a shrewd man, and sees how things are tending.

My father and Sir Everard are in great spirits, and appear to see into the future with much certainty. They say that 'twill bring about a change of Ministry without fail. My father is especially sanguine, and speaks as if he had data to go upon of which ordinary folks know nothing. I cannot say if he has been consulting Mr. John Partridge, astrologer and almanac maker, at whose expense Mr. Bickerstaff has been making himself merry. But be that as it may, my father's cheerfulness has returned, and he has lost much of that captiousness that disappointment produced. Clarinda, too, is in a more gracious mood, so that matters have somewhat mended in our domestic relations. If only Sir Everard could be safely disposed of, I should be as happy as a queen—so the old saying goes; but I doubt if our poor Queen is overhappy at the present time. What with her sorrow for her beloved husband, and the constant Court squabbles, she has anything but a pleasant life.

And now I must explain that we are in London again—for my father fretted so in the country, and was so anxious and excited if news did not travel so fast as he wished it, that my mother decided that 'twould be better to return to our house in town; and so we came hither, leaving Aunt Hetty and Magdalen to take care of Selwode.

I must also mention that, soon after Mr. Lydgate went away, I had a long letter from my uncle Oliver, enclosing some verses which he said Mr. Lydgate had thought I should like to read. I found that 'twas a Pastoral which Mr. Lydgate had written, pretty enough, and certainly, in my eyes, much superior to Sir Everard Tylney's.

A PASTORAL.

Where soft gray hills, in summer sheen,
All purple-stained, and streaked with gold,
All vermeil dashed, and tender green,
Their image in the lake behold;—

Where 'midst fair pastures browse the sheep,
Where bird and butterfly disport,
Where 'mongst the brambles roses creep,
And life seems but a summer thought;—

Where by its dam the lambkin plays,
Or crops the herb, or light frisks by,
Reminding of those olden days
When shepherds reigned in Arcady;—

Where far away the eagle soars,
Scared by the shepherd from the flocks,
Where babbling streamlet idly pours
Over the moss-enamelled rocks;—

O Phyllis, come! the wild thyme sweet
Shall offer incense at thy shrine,
The warbling birds thy presence greet,
And deeper homage yet be mine.

The skies are bright, and blossoms rare
Flora in loving frolic flings,
Since Zephyr stirs the balmy air
With the soft waving of his wings.

And far and near their silvery mirth
Wakes up the hills and vales from sleep,
And o'er the beauty-laden earth
A fresher sense of joy doth creep.

O Phyllis, come! Earth's rapturous voice
Calls thee to revel in her bliss;
Nature but breathes one word—"Rejoice!"
And Zephyr hails thee with a kiss.

Ah! what is sweeter in this life
Than a fair breezy day in June,
When rippling brooks, in mimic strife,
Purl lazily a sleepy tune?

Whilst reeds in gentle music bend,
And call on Syrinx as they sigh,
In notes as sweet as Pan might send
From reed-pipes in the days gone by?

O Phyllis, come! Each wind-waved leaf
Can its own love-lorn tale relate;
The pine trees bow in faithful grief,
And mourn o'er Pithys' hapless fate.

And wood and mountain, wind and stream,
Of many an old-world legend tell,
When mortals lived in golden dream,
And gods did on Olympus dwell.

Whilst over hill, through dale, through grove,
Shall Echo, with immortal tongue,
Wail how Narcissus scorned her love,
And o'er the flood enamoured hung.

O Phyllis, come! Sweet mistress, hear!
Thy presence makes the earth divine.
Take from my heart its love-born fear,
Lest Echo's mournful fate be mine.

I sat idle for a long time after I had read the verses, just leaning back my head, and half closing my eyes, and falling into a delightful sort of trance; and yet my thoughts were busy enough wandering back to the day when I had first seen Mr. Philip Lydgate, and had wondered whether or no any poet would ever write verses to me. And now, here they were; for what doubt is there that I am Phyllis, since Mr. Lydgate hath long ago left off thinking of the Lady Mary? But what I liked better even than the

Pastoral was a little note folded within it; and Mr. Lydgate begged me to pardon the deceit he had used towards Uncle Oliver—as if it were in my heart to blame it!

“But,” he said, “sweetheart, how else could I send thee a letter, since thou hast forbidden me to show my love for thee openly?”

And then he went on to say much that I need not tell. All that is necessary to mention is, that he promised to be satisfied with the knowledge that I truly loved him, and that he would wait patiently until whatever fear oppressed me was done away.

I flattered myself that, so long as there was no actual engagement, I need not look upon my love affair as being a clandestine one. And yet what else was it? So one blinds one's self, or Cupid makes one blind, when one wants to believe in what is fitting and convenient.

I argued that there would be no objection to an engagement when it should be formally proposed; that my mother liked Mr. Lydgate, that Harry Fanshawe liked him, that my father—well, if my father did not care much about him, still he would be easily won over.

Uncle Oliver has, I know, a wonderful partiality for Mr. Lydgate; and I think he half suspects how matters stand, and is willing to lend his help. Perhaps he is thinking of his old youth-time, and how something fell through that might have prospered had a friendly hand been stretched forth to aid him.

This is but a surmise on my part; but it gives me great comfort, for I know that I have a good friend in Uncle Oliver, and we go on with our studies very contentedly. And he says in time I shall become quite a learned lady, and may found a college, if I feel so disposed, and be the head of it myself. And then he pictures for me a stately pile of buildings in the midst of academic groves, where a gray-robed sisterhood are taking their classic exercise.

I laugh and say—

“Some day, perhaps; but the world is not quite old enough for it yet.”

Then Mr. Lydgate gives his opinion; and he says he sees no reason why ladies should not be as learned as men are.

I shake my head, and say—

“Only a few; the rest would not have time.”

“Why, what in the world has a lady to do?” asks Uncle Oliver.

“Ah!” said I, “’twould take me all day to tell you the infinite variety of occupations a woman has; some that seem trifles enough, and yet go to make up the great sum. You know ’tis said, and very truly—

“For a man there's some rest under the sun,
But a woman's work is never done.”

And so it is, especially with those who have households to look after. Now, it is all very well for me, as there is no one dependent upon me just now, and I am of no importance to any one—”

“Are you sure of that?” quoth Mr. Lydgate, so softly that Uncle Oliver did not hear him.

“Well, finish your sentence,” said Uncle Oliver—for I made a pause when Mr. Lydgate spoke. “I suppose you intend, when you marry, to give up all the good things you are enjoying now?”

Mr. Lydgate smiled, and I was too confused to answer properly; so I replied hastily that “perhaps I should not marry”—and then felt how silly I was to say so.

However, Mr. Lydgate did not appear to take it to heart at all. I suppose he thinks the ring I have given him an antidote to my speech—though he has never since spoken of it, nor has he referred to our meeting under the trees. This silence of his places me at my ease; and even Sir Everard's reappearance does not make me so uncomfortable as I expected, since Mr. Lydgate's constancy and faith give me time to deal calmly with Sir Everard's threats.

But political matters for the present absorb him; and this sermon of Dr. Sacheverell's, which has set all people in a ferment, has taken hold upon him wonderfully, and he is hither and thither in every direction continually.

Indeed, it seems to have been gratefully accepted by both parties as an ostensible ground upon which they may fight out the quarrel that both have been eager should come to an issue this long time past.

My Lord Godolphin's sensitive nature grieves deeply, I hear, over the imputations cast upon him in the character of Volpone, in which he figured in the doctor's sermon; and he is induced to give his countenance to an impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell. This, many of the moderate Whig party think a great mistake; and I suppose it is, as far as they are concerned, for I see Sir Everard is in great glee, and my father goes about

rubbing his hands delightedly; and Clarinda has given an extra number of receptions, at one of which Mr. Harley did her the honour to be present.

Mr. Harley is ingratiating himself everywhere—"strengthening his party, as he ought to have done years ago; and which, if he had done, we need not have waited for the aid of doctors of divinity," quoth my father.

My Lord Duke of Marlborough, who came to England but a few days after the sermon, is much against the strong measures that are being taken by his party; and Sir Everard says that he is already quaking in his shoes, for the Queen is beginning to hold up her head a little, and to show much coldness to him, and more dignity towards the Duchess, and marked disapprobation of her conduct, than she has yet ventured to show.

"Mistress Masham is a clever woman," says Sir Everard, who has seen much of her of late. "The struggle between her and her Grace is coming to an issue, and 'twill soon be seen whether the craft and submissiveness of Abigail do not prevail over the rash imperiousness of Sarah. Indeed," he added, "one may almost say that the Prime Mistress will form the Ministry, for so I believe it will be."

Altogether, 'tis an exciting time, and I fear the tempers of those around me. None can bear contradiction on the subject of the present idol, whichever side they take.

Uncle Oliver has said nothing at present; but I know he regards this High Church doctor as a fanatic. He has seen more of Mr. Defoe lately, and inclines much to his opinions concerning this preacher, who has sprung into fame so unworthily.

Mr. Lydgate is as enthusiastic about his friend as ever, and has brought me Mr. Defoe's new pamphlet, "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*," to read; which he has also taken the trouble to explain to me in so lucid a manner that I begin to fear whither my political creed is slipping, and to feel afraid whether Mr. Lydgate may not be overstepping the mark with his ultra notions, and getting himself into trouble.

HITS ON THE HEAD.

BY AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

OUR highest medical authorities are still at issue as to the importance of accidents of this nature. Some, as we see at every trial consequent on a railway acci-

dent, confidently assert that no injury of the head is so trivial as to be despised; whilst others believe, or at all events affect to believe, that large portions of skull and brain may be removed by accidents that need not prove fatal. Each party has cases to fall back upon. Thus, Mr. Erichsen describes the case of a lady who did not fall or strike any part of her head or body, but merely slipped down a few steps on her heels, and who, in consequence of this apparently trifling concussion, transmitted through the spine, suffered from confusion of thought, loss of memory, and incurable paralysis; while, on the other hand, appalling histories—such as that of an iron bolt being driven completely through the head, from side to side; or of a circular saw making a cut extending from just above the nose in front to the occipital bump at the back of the head, and measuring nine inches in breadth and three in depth, so that the two halves of the skull fell apart more than an inch; and no permanent damage resulting in either instance—are not so rare as might be supposed in the records of the medical profession.

In the "*Descriptive Catalogue of the Warren Anatomical Museum*," at Harvard University—a copy of which may be seen in the Library of the Royal College of Surgeons—there are photographs of the skull of a man through whose head a large iron bar passed, and who lived more than twelve years after the accident, without any permanent mental disturbance. The details of the case are fully given. The same museum contains the cast of the head of a man whose skull was transfixed by an iron gas-pipe, more than four feet in length, who survived this injury with some mental weakness and damage to sight.

It is mainly with the class of slight cases that I propose to deal in this article; and my object is to show that, under certain conditions, if not universally, a disturbance far less than the mildest perceptible blow may, if it act continuously for a time, produce very serious results. My attention has long been directed to this subject, but is just now revived by a perusal of a very instructive essay by Dr. J. Crichton Browne, the medical director of the West Riding Asylum, entitled "*Cranial Injuries and Mental Diseases*," in which he describes a peculiar action on the brain produced by railway vibrations. I have personally,

to a slight extent, more than once experienced similar phenomena of a less marked kind; and I believe that they are of by no means rare occurrence.

A gentlemen, travelling by second-class in an express train at night, stretched himself out and endeavoured to go to sleep. When in a semi-waking condition, he was surprised by a procession of singular appearances that floated before his eyes. Figures in every variety of costume and attitude, gorgeous flowers, animals of which Cuvier never dreamt, seemed to glide into his field of vision, dwell there for a few moments, and then vanish, being followed by others with which they were wholly unconnected. He watched this phantasmagoria—then seen for the first time—with interest and curiosity, and tried to analyze it, but was unable to make out any law regulating the succession of the figures or the duration of the continuance of each. No shred of association or congruity seemed to bind them together. When he opened his eyes, the figure which for the instant possessed them remained in view for a couple of seconds, then lost its clearness of outline and aspect of substance, and faded away. He was lying with his head upon a plaid wrapped up as a pillow, and the carriage was jolting abominably. He found that when he raised himself upon his elbow, and held his head in the air with his eyes closed, the procession was interrupted, to be at once resumed when he replaced his head on the plaid, or leant it upon the window frame. When he made a prop of his arm, and laid his head on his hand, the figures reappeared, though less numerous, definite, and distinct; but whenever he sat up, or held his head so that it was entirely surrounded by the atmosphere, no visions appeared. He satisfied himself by numerous experiments that his hallucinations, if they may be so called, were dependent upon the movements of the carriage, communicated to his head by contact with some portion of it.

In this case, says Dr. Browne, an oscillation, or jolting, which usually occasions nothing more than discomfort, developed a condition closely bordering on the morbid, and it did so because the gentleman was at the time in bad health, brought on by great mental anxiety. In the state of health in which he then was, it is very probable that, if he had been exposed to the same disturbing agency for two or three consecutive

nights, brain fever might have been the result.

The next case to which I shall refer is also one that came under the care of Dr. Browne. Here the disturbing cause, although more than a mere series of vibrations, was, as will be presently seen, a very slight one. A. R., a boy about ten years old, of very nervous temperament, who had been kept at home up to that age, was then sent to a day school, where he at once gained credit for his quick apprehension and superior memory. It was soon discovered, however, that he disliked both the discipline and the work, and that he feigned various ailments in order that he might stay away from school. His malingering was clever, but unmistakable; so he was quietly given to understand that his complaints would not be attended to. In a short time, it became apparent that there was a singular falling-off in his intellectual power, and a deterioration in his moral character. From being sharp and active, he grew dull and stupid. From being amiable and obedient he grew irascible and insubordinate. Soon, also, other phenomena came to the surface which indicated the real nature of these alterations in capacity and disposition. He began to squint, to pause, and stare vacantly about him for a few moments, in the midst of anything he was doing, and to press his hands to his head, as if he felt pain there. Grave alarm was now awakened, and A. R. was closely watched, when it was found that he was in the habit of beating his head against the wall for the purpose of making himself genuinely ill, and thus obtaining his object. His method was to stand with his back to the wall, and give the back of his head two or three sharp taps against it. This, as he himself confessed when charged with it, he had done once at least almost every day for three weeks, in the hope that he would bring on some slight illness, and thus secure exemption from the hated tasks and routine. The taps could not have been severe, as A. R. always shrunk from pain, and as the part which he had invariably struck was only slightly swollen and tender when his extraordinary practice was detected. The consequence of his conduct was, that he sank into a state of imbecility or acute dementia, which continued for several months; but at length he made a good recovery.

Now, the blows which this wretched little scamp inflicted upon himself are, in their in-

tensity and character, very like those which boys are described as getting at football at Rugby, and at other schools in which the Rugby rules are adopted. The dangers of this game were, it may be recollected, discussed some months ago in the columns of the *Times*; but, as no fatal case could be substantiated, the matter was allowed to drop. Dr. Farquarson, the late medical officer of that school, admits that the shocks and jars to which the brain and spinal cord are exposed by playing this form of the game—so graphically described by Tom Brown—are considerable; for not only, he observes, “do the boys frequently fall on their heads, but there is much twisting and wrenching of the back.” And he further remarks, on the authority of “a master in a large public school who has given some attention to the subject,” that a well-marked difference is thus (*i.e.*, by hits on the head) often made in boys as they grow up, and that he has over and over again seen the fine edge and keenness of talent worn away by such rough usage.

Sometimes, a blow on the head of a child, instead of slowly inducing mental weakness, may rapidly excite acute disease of the brain, especially if the child be of a scrofulous constitution. Many years ago, when I was practising in a city in which there was a large and celebrated educational establishment, I was called in to see two cases, occurring within a few months, in which sharp, intelligent girls, aged about ten or eleven years, succumbed from rapid brain disease, which could only be referred to slight blows on the side of the head, inflicted by a conscientious but thoughtless master with, in one case, a book, and in the other with a ruler. One of the Government inspectors of schools relates that, on delicately suggesting to a country schoolmaster that there possibly might be other means, besides caning the back and shoulders, of introducing knowledge into the system, the reply he received was—“Oh yes, sir! I know that; so sometimes I kicks their shins, and sometimes I ‘its their ‘eads.” The injury that such a master might inflict on delicately organized children is incalculable.

Colliers are a class of men who are always to be found in abundance in the West Riding Asylum; and it is needless to say that they are, from their special vocation, liable to hits from fragments of falling coal. The vibrations of the brain excited by the

first blow are gradually forgotten; but the central mass of cerebral tissue never, perhaps, quite recovers its original integrity; and each succeeding accident, trifling if considered alone, gives rise to more serious symptoms, till at length, to use their own expression, the pitmen “get dazed and muddled,” and are no longer fit for work, probably terminating their days in a melancholic or fatuous condition.

In different races, and to a less extent in different classes of our own countrymen, there is a marvellous variety in the susceptibility to such accidents as those already described. Beginning with our own countrymen, we find that, as a general rule, the higher the type of civilization is, so much the greater is the danger resulting from any of the slight concussions we have described; and this is probably due to two causes—viz., the lesser thickness of the skull, and the greater delicacy of the nervous organization. The experience of our large asylums shows beyond question that idiots, imbeciles, and chronic lunatics do not suffer from blows on the head to the same extent as persons of average mind would suffer. I will quote one out of several cases illustrative of this fact given by Dr. J. Crichton Browne.

A woman, aged forty-six, has suffered from chronic mania since January, 1867. For eighteen months she has been in the habit of hammering her head upon the table in the most energetic manner. Any one seeing her do this, and hearing the noise of the concussion, would suppose that the skull must be invariably fractured. The only effect, however, is that the skin on the forehead has become thickened and hardened; and she is not at all more fatuous or excited now than she was two years ago.

When insanity results from an injury to the head, the form which it assumes is commonly that which is characteristic of the age and sex of the patient. Thus, an injury inflicted in childhood most commonly induces idiocy, and in advanced life senile dementia; while on a young woman the injury would probably lead to hysterical mania, and in a woman of about fifty to melancholia: acute mania being the form commonly resulting in young and middle-aged men.

Many of the American Indians expose the heads of their infants to a prolonged compression, which would assuredly be fatal to any European infant. Numerous tribes on

the Columbia River, for example, flatten the heads of their infants until a definite pattern is obtained, which may be described as consisting in a depression of the forehead, and consequent elongation of the whole head, until the top of the cranium becomes an almost horizontal plane. Although, doubtless, many of the babies die under the process, the surviving flat-heads are described by travellers as in no respect inferior in intelligence to their round-headed neighbours. The impunity with which this severe treatment is undergone is due to the coarseness, so to speak, of the nervous tissues of the brain. But, in addition to the non-susceptibility of the brain of the savage, the organ is far better protected from external influences of a deleterious nature by the far greater thickness of the skull. Works on anthropology abound in illustrations of this fact; but it is sufficient for the present argument to refer to the well-authenticated statements of travellers, that various Indian tribes in South America, and the natives of Van Diemen's land, used to employ their heads in breaking wood; and to the historians of the Spanish conquest of America, who describe the skulls of the aborigines of Cuba and Hayti as being so hard and thick, that they could not be cleft by the most powerful single sword-blow.

But let us return from savage life to a state of civilization, and inquire whether the case has been fairly put before the reader. Is he to suppose that a blow upon the head cannot, by any possibility, be productive of good instead of evil? The greatest discoveries have been made by pure accident; and it has thus been found that the mental condition, when not in a satisfactory state, has, in a few cases, been much improved by a hard hit on the head, which thus seems mysteriously to restore to stable equilibrium a disturbed and unstable mass of brain-cells.

Until we can decide which are the cases suitable for this heroic practice, and till we can further prescribe the necessary and proper dose of force, and the part of the skull to which it should be applied, it is not to be expected or desired that this mode of treatment will ever be intentionally prescribed; but that it really has been successful is evidenced by numerous well-authenticated cases, of which the following, recorded by Dr. Elisha Harris, in the "New York Journal of Medicine," is perhaps the most remarkable: "Mrs. M., aged twenty-six, ten

days after her confinement, resumed her ordinary household labours; and, being a feeble woman, and of an irritable, nervous temperament, she had the misfortune to have an attack of acute puerperal mania. She was not often violent; but, fancying that she was surrounded by terrible demons, frequently tried to escape from them; and, with this view, after she had been mad for a week, she leaped from her bed-room window on the second floor upon the pavement below. This act she repeated on several successive days; and on each occasion she was immediately secured, and taken back to her room, when she became gradually quieted. Again she repeated her efforts to escape. She leaped into the street, ran several blocks (of the extent of our English squares), entered a large warehouse, ascended to the third storey, and fancying herself still pursued, she jumped from a small ventilating aperture through which she could scarcely press her way, and fell on a low shed beneath. She was severely stunned by the force of the fall, and for a few moments was insensible. On her recovery, she said that she 'saw stars, and felt very dizzy;' but soon became perfectly conscious, and returned to her home restored to her right mind." It was immediately after this fall that Dr. Harris first saw her. He found her much exhausted, timorous, but not particularly excitable. The countenance was placid; and she expressed great joy and devout gratitude for her safe escape from the perils of her frightful leaps, as well as for her delivery from the mental torture which led to them. Her restoration to health was speedy, and there has never been a recurrence of any symptom of insanity.

The celebrated Dr. Prichard, in his "Treatise on Diseases of the Nervous System," 1822, states that he has been informed, on good authority, that there was a family of three boys who were all regarded as idiots. One of them received a severe injury of the head, and from that time his faculties brightened; and, at the date when the doctor wrote, was practising as a barrister, and regarded as a man of good talents; while his brethren are still idiotic or imbecile.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, in his interesting work "On the Obscure Diseases of the Brain," relates several similar cases—not, however, quite so well authenticated. A child, he tells us (without giving his authority), up to the age of thirteen, was idiotic to

an extreme degree, when he fell from a height upon his head, and was stunned. On rallying from his state of unconsciousness, he was found to be in full possession of his intellectual faculties. This physician further tells us, on the authority of Petrarch, that Pope Clement VI. found his memory wonderfully strengthened after receiving a slight concussion of the brain; and that Father Mabillon was an idiot till the age of twenty-six, when he fractured his skull. He was trephined; and, after recovering from the effects of the operation, "his intellect fully developed itself." If the dates in the English Cyclopædia are correct, he must have been an idiot when, in 1654, he took the vows and joined the Benedictine order, seeing that he was born in 1632.

SALMON.

"Away with sports of charge and noise,
And give me cheap and silent joys!"

SINGS quaint old Thomas Weaver, in praise of angling, to his still quainter "dear friend," Mr. Izaak Walton, in 1649. And, truly, the gentle craft has a quiet, philosophic charm about it which those who care not for the more turbulent exploits of field or chase may be excused for appreciating, notwithstanding the gruff Doctor's dictum concerning "a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

But angling is not as it used to be, and salmon angling least of all. That was a good old time, verily, when a man could sally forth into the fresh morning air of the hills, and rod and tackle in hand, fearless of keepers or water-bailiffs, ramble at his own sweet ease by the banks of deep streams, wend his way through secluded glens, ringing with the echo of the distant waterfall, or loiter by the shallows of some quiet pool, alive with the bright trout leaping in the morning sun. Then an expedition for salmon fishing was a joy to be remembered. There was the healthy exercise for you—for salmon angling is no mere idle child's play. There was the charm of a hundred changes of scenery in the tortuous windings of your day's travels; there was the glorious supper to wind up with, after a long day's hunger-inducing labours; and last, but not least, there was a respectable basket of good-sized beauties to show as the result of your piscatorial cunning. And there were salmon in those days—fine plump fellows in abund-

ance, only waiting for some one to pass that way and catch them. But all this is changed now. *Tempora mutantur*. Now, unfortunately, there are more salmon fishers than salmon to be caught.

The only people who can indulge in the sport at all, to any extent, are those whose purses are long enough to hire the privilege of throwing a line in some preserve which is guarded as jealously against all intruders, by gruff keepers and menials, as were the gardens of the Hesperides by the famed dragon of old.

An idea of the expense to which the luxury of salmon fishing has risen of late years may be formed from the fact that the fishings on the Tweed, at Edinmouth, which, but a comparatively short while ago, brought the annual rent of only £21, now let for more than £200. Such is the desire to secure salmon fishing at any price, although the sport itself is daily becoming more precarious.

There are few places now like the famous Fall of Kilmorae, on the Beauly, in Inverness-shire, described by Mudie, where it is said that the pool below the fall is very large; and as it is the head of the river, in one of the finest salmon rivers in Scotland, and only a few miles distant from the sea, it is literally thronged with salmon, which are continually attempting to pass the fall, but without success. Formerly, by the side of the leap, on a flat piece of rock, a kettle used to be kept boiling, into which the salmon frequently, on missing their spring, fell and were boiled alive. The Frasers of Lovat—who were lords of the manor of Beauly—would often entertain their friends on such occasions, under a canopy erected near the stream.

Not only, moreover, are these monarchs of fresh water fish getting less and less abundant in our waters, but their individual size is much inferior, on an average, to what it was formerly. It is said that Professor Wilson, himself an enthusiastic angler where there was anything to be caught worth the excitement, once landed a salmon which weighed sixty-four pounds.

We do not often see either, at the present day, such an announcement as this, which appeared in the London journals for April 18, 1789:—

"The largest salmon ever caught was yesterday brought to London. This extraordinary fish measured upwards of four feet from the

point of the nose to the extremity of the tail, and three feet round the thickest part of the body. Its weight was seventy pounds within a few ounces. A fishmonger in the Minorities cut it up, at one shilling per pound, and the whole was sold almost immediately."

But the largest salmon on record came into the possession of Mr. Grove, a fishmonger of Bond-street, in 1821. This fish weighed eighty-three pounds.

Although Scotland has always held the palm of precedence for the quality and abundance of this beautiful fish, England has been able also to boast of some fine salmon streams.

What says Fluellen to Gower in "Henry V."?—"There is a river in Macedon, and there is, moreover, a river in Monmouth, it is called Wye . . . and there is *salmons* in both."

The Wye and Severn are good salmon rivers even now; but when Shakspeare wrote they were almost superabundant in this fish. In olden times, it was a standing condition in the indentures of apprenticeship at Gloucester that the apprentice should not be obliged to eat salmon more than thrice a-week. This was intended, it is supposed, as a precaution against leprosy.

There is not much apprehension, we fancy, that the Gloucester apprentices of the present day eat more salmon than is good for them. Old Father Thames, too, has been a fine salmon resort in his day. In fact, the salmon fishery in the Thames was once a trade of no small importance, and the inhabitants of the villages upon its banks had their fixed bounds for their fishery. In the churchwardens' book of Wandsworth, under date of 1580, is the following entry:—

"M.D. that this yere in somer the fishinge Rome of Wandsworth was by certen of Putney denyed, and long sute before my L. Mayor of London continued, and at the last, accordinge to Right, restored by the Lord Mayor and the Councell of London. And in this somer the fysshers of Wandsworth tooke, between Monday and Saturday, seven score salmons in the same fishinge, to the gret honor of God."

But even in 1749 there is record of two draughts of salmon taken in the London river which seem to have been almost "miraculous." The accounts of the day state "that two of the greatest draughts of salmon were caught in the Thames below Richmond that have been known for some years—one net having thirty-five salmon in it, and another

twenty-two, which lowered the price of fresh salmon at Billingsgate from 1s. to 6d. per pound."

We might angle in vain for salmon at Richmond now, we are afraid. Yet, as late as within fifty or sixty years back, large quantities of salmon were annually taken in the Thames. But the introduction of steamboats, the great increase of the river traffic, and—most potent cause of all, perhaps—the floods of poisonous drainage emptied into the river, drove the fish away by degrees.

The Thames salmon, however, even in their most abundant days, were never equal in flavour to those of the more northern rivers. It has been argued by competent judges that, even under the most favourable circumstances, salmon would not again frequent the Thames in any large quantities, the river being too southern. We could afford to forget that the "silvery Thame" once boasted an abundance of the noble fish, if our other more celebrated salmon streams had not become so lamentably poor in fish population. The statistics of the produce of the principal rivers of Scotland and Ireland for some years past have been published from time to time, and a comparison of some of the modern returns with the more ancient accounts would be highly interesting. For instance, the Earl of Strafford wrote, in 1638, that the fishery at Derry produced to the Crown that year 240 tons of salmon, which sold at £15 per ton. In 1845, the seven years' average of the Foyle (Derry) was 140 tons, and the price, at an average, was about £100 per ton. Pen-nant tells us that as large a quantity as 320 tons was taken in the Bann in 1760; and Stanihurst, writing about the year 1584, declares that the fishermen of Lough Neagh, and of the "noble northern river, the Banne, complain more often for bursting of their nets with the over great take of fish than for any want." A very enduring sort of Irish grievance this, we should imagine. The fact seems to be that the salmon and civilization do not work well together. In the colder and less frequented latitudes, salmon are still abundant; but the increase of population, and the consequent invasion of hitherto remote and secluded spots, have done much to damage the salmon supply of the British rivers. Talking of the intrusion of civilization on the ancient haunts of the salmon reminds us of a quaint tradition

mentioned by Hollinshed in the "Scottish Chronicle."

"Over against Rosse," he says, "is an ile named Lewis, sixtie miles in length. In this ile is but one fresh river; and it is said that if a woman wade through the same there shall be no samon seen there for a twelvemonth after; whereas, otherwise, that fish is known to abound there in verie great plentie."

We hope that this ungallant prejudice of the *samon* has nothing to do with his disappearance from others of his once-accustomed streams.

The unpleasant fact, withal, remains, that the glory of the old Scottish salmon rivers has departed; and it is a matter beyond doubt that salmon are decreasing every year in most of the Scottish rivers. The chief reasons of this were very well stated some years ago by Mr. St. John, a veteran angler, and thoroughly acquainted with every river in Scotland. He remarked that, with short-sighted cupidity, these valuable fish are hunted down, trapped, and caught in every possible manner; and, in consequence of this reckless destruction, the proprietors of some salmon rivers will, before many years have elapsed, lose the high rents which they now obtain from sportsmen and speculators. Prolific as they are, fish, like other animals, must of necessity decrease unless allowed fair play and time to breed. It is not the angler who injuriously thins their number. The salmon is too capricious in rising at the fly to make this possible. It is the system of stake-net and bag-net fishing which requires to be better regulated and placed under more stringent local laws. As the fishing is now carried out, the salmon are almost precluded from reaching their breeding grounds. The mouth of every river is flanked and hemmed in by stake-nets and similar obstructions, against which the poor salmon have not the least chance. Coasting along the shore in search of fresh waters, they meet with a fence which they cannot get through, and leads them directly into an ingenious and most iniquitous puzzle of a trap. In fact, if the object of the proprietors and renters of rivers was to exterminate salmon, they could not devise better means to do so than those now practised. At present, fly-fishing in many rivers which were formerly abundantly supplied is not worth the trouble—a mere *umbra nominis*—excepting during the run

of grilse (young salmon). This can only be remedied by a system of unanimous and general preservation of the fish. There is no necessity for restricting the sport of the fly-fisher. Salmon will never be injured to any great extent by this mode of taking them; and were the net-fishing better regulated and diminished, higher rents would not be grudged by the sportsman.

But in this matter of the scarcity of salmon there are other individuals to be remembered besides sportsmen, laudable and delightful as their pleasures may be. The great majority of poor townfolk have not the means nor opportunity to betake themselves to the romantic lochs of the far north, and catch their own fish before cooking it. Many of us, too, prefer to have it brought to our own door, and to grow eloquent round the family board on the royal properties—gastronomically speaking—of the rich-fleshed salmon.

M. Taine, the latest critic of our national habits, has a wonderful idea of the hardihood of Britons in the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, we do not all care about standing up to our middles in water, waiting for the fortunate bite, and then—

"As down the stream like levin's gleam,
The fleggit salmon flies,"

being towed along by our captive at an alarmingly rapid rate, splashing over stones and boulders for a good half-hour, until your fish is tired, and you still more so. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at that when, a few years ago, people who are no salmon-fishers themselves, yet withal are fond of their slice of salmon, found that the much-esteemed luxury was daily growing scarcer and correspondingly dearer, a sort of general panic ensued.

In this emergency, a new science sprang up to their relief—namely, that of fish-hatching. The history of the science—for science it may truly be called—of breeding salmon and other fish by artificial means is remarkably curious. About the year 1758, Count von Golstein, a German naturalist, first conceived the idea that fish might be propagated in this manner; and certain experiments which he made proved the truth of his theory. Another German naturalist, Jacobi, made, a few years afterwards, experiments of a like nature; and even succeeded so far as to produce fish from the eggs of a *dead* female. In Italy, Spallanzani made some

successful experiments on the spawn of toads, and several kinds of fish. The first successful trials made in this country were commenced in Scotland by Dr. Knox, Mr. Shaw, and others; and these were followed up, with the same favourable results, by inquiring ichthyologists in England. But all these were simply scientific experiments, made with a view of ascertaining as a fact whether the breeding of fish by purely artificial means was really possible. The practical conclusion that the discovery might be made useful for the purpose of replenishing rivers which had long been growing less and less abundant in their stock of finny inhabitants, never entered the heads of these philosophers. Any practical man might have at once seen, in the success of these experiments, a feature of the greatest commercial and social importance. A new field of commerce was open which would have given employment to thousands, have created an inexhaustible supply of cheap, nourishing, and wholesome provision for all classes; and, in the matter of salmon alone, made what had hitherto been a luxury for the few an easily attainable dainty for the many.

But philosophers, as a rule, are not practical men. The honour of first putting the idea into practice is due to two humble fishermen named Gehin and Remy, belonging to an obscure village called La Bresse, in the neighbourhood of the Vosges, in France. This part of France is traversed by the Moselle, and possesses many of the tributaries of that beautiful river, together with some lakes. The fine, clear waters of these made them the most famous resorts of trout in all France, and the fish were so abundant that they formed the staple article of food of the people of that part of the country. From some cause or another, however, a rapid decline in the supply of fresh water fish set in, and each succeeding season only showed a still greater deficiency. The misfortune soon began to tell heavily, not only upon the poorer classes, but upon the fishermen themselves, who plainly saw their occupation daily going from them. In this emergency, the two poor fishermen we have named, totally ignorant of the successful nature of the experiments which had long ago been tried by the scientific ichthyologists, turned their earnest attention to the matter, and hit upon the self-same method of breeding fish artificially. Their first experiment was in the year 1841, and was

crowned with perfect success. During the next three years they repeated their experiments, with the same triumphant results; and these may be judged from the fact that, in the department of the Vosges, where they resided, they filled one piece of water which they had formed with between five and six million trout, aged from one to three years. And this was the work of two simple, uneducated fishermen, who had never even heard of Golstein or Jacobi, of Lacépède or Sannoni, and who probably knew as much about natural history or ichthyology as a navy does of Newton's "Principia." For a long time their labours were confined to their particular part of the country; and it was not until 1849 that anything was heard of the discovery and its great results beyond the department of the Vosges. A certain Dr. Haxo, of Epinal, a member of several learned societies in France, happened about this time to address an admirably written communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, describing Gehin and Remy's *modus operandi*, and its remarkable results. The paper made an extraordinary sensation, and its statements commanded the attention of the French Government. Gehin and Remy were summoned to Paris, and taken into the employment of the State, at good salaries; their duties being first to stock with fish, by their system, such rivers as should be appointed, the next to teach that system to the peasantry. They were treated as men who had made a great scientific discovery, and rendered a lasting benefit to their countrymen. *Savans* vied with each other in paying them homage. The President of the Republic and his Ministers made them dine at their tables, and attend at their receptions; and a commission, consisting of distinguished scientific men, was appointed to superintend their operations. Under their management, the rivers of France were again stocked with salmon and trout, and the lakes and ponds richly repopulated with multitudes of carp, perch, tench and pike.

A writer upon this question of artificial fish breeding generally makes some interesting remarks which are worth quoting, even though they may appear at first sight somewhat prematurely sanguine:—

"In addition to its commercial importance as a new branch of industry, and its social value as affording a vast addition to the people's food, this system possesses the advantage of opening a boundless field to

scientific curiosity. In the Danube and the Rhine, the Elbe and the Spree, and almost every other river in Germany; in the rivers and lakes of Russia and Northern Europe, in the lakes of Switzerland, in the rivers of France, there exist either species of fish which we do not possess, or peculiar varieties of species which we do possess; and there is every reason to believe that very many of them, if not all, might be naturalized in our waters. The same remark will apply to some of the fish in the rivers and lakes of America, and even of the rivers of Asia or Africa. Nor is this all. Why should not the races of fish be crossed, as well as those of animals and plants?"

The French scheme, which had proved such a wonderful success, was not long in finding favour in this country; and several gentlemen practically acquainted with the natural habits of the fresh water fish set themselves to work to adapt the system to our own increasing wants. The apostle of the movement in this country, and the person who has taken as great an interest as any one in the promotion of pisciculture, is Mr. Frank Buckland, and his letters in the *Field* on the subject are well worth reading. At the outset of his experiments, this gentleman received from M. Coumes, the chief engineer of the French fishing establishment at Huningue, near Basle, large consignments of the eggs of salmon trout and other fish, which were hatched out for public demonstration and instruction.

We have not space to give anything like a fair description of the tedious but curious process by which the artificial breeding is performed. Besides, an ocular demonstration—such as may be gained now from the working models exhibited at many of our places of public recreation—will give the reader who may be interested in the subject a better idea of the mechanism of the whole affair than pages of explanation. Suffice it to say that the efforts of our fish-breeders have been crowned with every success. Salmon is already cheaper in the market than some years ago; and there are strong hopes that before any long time has elapsed the delicious salmon may steam as fragrantly on the table of the poor man as it has hitherto alone done on that of his richer neighbour. Not the least pleasing feature of the new movement is that, even in our own lifetimes, we may see the ancient glory of old Father Thames revived; and say once more, with

Pope—when he sang of the "green retreats" of Windsor—

"Our plenteous streams a various race supply—
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian die;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains."

TABLE TALK.

THE loss of the *Megara*, which has occasioned such an uncomfortable sensation in the public mind has, I am glad to see, been made the subject of an official inquiry. The Admiralty has been unfortunate lately in the frequent succession of accidents to its ships, and party writers have not forgotten to make what capital they could out of these untoward visitations of fate. Dolorous comparisons are made between the condition of our navy of the present time and that of former days, when Britannia really did "rule the waves." But these naval critics must not forget that they have had their predecessors in the same lugubrious line, even in those days of British naval supremacy which they are so fond of lamenting. Take the following extracts from a debate held in Parliament in the session of 1786:—

Mr. Gilbert having brought up the report of the committee of supply on the estimates of the navy,

Sir John Jarvis said he was of opinion that the manner of making up the navy estimates was exceedingly faulty. He gave a technical description of what is called *tasting* a ship. It was boring or piercing her, in order to see whether she was sound or corroded. It often happened, from this mode of examination, that sound ships were condemned, while those of a contrary description were ordered to be repaired.

Captain Macbride was seriously concerned for the present situation of the British navy, and hoped that the money voted by that House for its support would be better applied than it had been for many years past. In corroboration of what Sir John Jarvis had advanced respecting the repairing of ships, he begged leave to mention the case of the *Asia*. This ship, on its return from India, was repaired at a very heavy expense, after which it made only *one* trip to Gibraltar, and is now to undergo another repair, the expense of which, according to the estimate, will amount to £18,000.

Mr. Brett: As to the assertion that we were not a match for the enemy last war, he would only observe that we had taken several of their ships before they had taken one from us—a circumstance that did not manifest so great an inferiority on our part as had been insisted on.

The battles of St. Vincent and Camperdown, eleven years afterwards, settled those fears of our naval inferiority which so trou-

bled the minds of the croakers of those days; and we hope, if the occasion should unfortunately arise, that the vaticinations of the "Job's comforters" of the present day will have an equally gratifying falsification.

IN THIS SAME DEBATE, I cannot help alluding to the then apprehensions that the system of copper-bottoming wooden vessels, which had only been a partial experiment for about ten years, was a failure. Nowadays, a vessel is nothing if not copper-bottomed; but, in the House of Commons of that time, Captain Macbride reprobated the practice of coppering ships. "Copper was known to be of a corroding nature, and, unless great care was taken, would certainly injure a ship's bottom. It was a mistaken notion that the coppering of a vessel rendered it fit for being sent to sea. It was useful to contractors, but detrimental to the navy." And other honourable members followed in the same vein.

A FAVOURITE argument with the opponents of republican government is, that the judges of the "model republic" across the Atlantic are far from being so incorruptible as those of the old country. Certainly, the purity of our judges is one of the strongest points of our constitution. But *audi alteram partem* is always a fair maxim. For the benefit of the other side, therefore—although, as a true Briton and lover of the constitution, I must confess, very reluctantly—I place the following at the service of the republicans. In an old broadside, date 1648, we are informed that—"Serjeant Wilde, *justiciarius itinerans*—*Anglicé*, journeyman judge—had, after the hanging of Captain Burlye, £1,000 out of the privy purse of Darby House; 'tis thought he afforded a great penniworth in his service which another would not have done for £10,000. And it is affirmed hee had £1,000 more upon the acquittall of Major Rolfe, so it is all one to him whether he hangs or hangs not."

I AM FOND of mushrooms—who is not? But, epicure as I am, I am very careful that my mushrooms come from trustworthy hands. Although no Cockney, I must yet confess that I prefer these delicious morsels to be gathered by more experienced judges than myself. No little danger, I am afraid, has been incurred through the learned attempts of some recondite botanical students to prove that other fungi besides the veritable

mushrooms of commerce are edible and nutritious. The latest example of this is given in a sad accident which has happened recently to a country clergyman. A Norfolk vicar had been gathering some fungi, which he mistook for mushrooms or some other equally innocuous substitute, and died from the effects of eating them. Undoubtedly, there are many varieties of the mushroom species, differing in the orthodox characteristics, which are perfectly harmless; but, after all, is it not the best plan to leave amateur fungus-gathering alone, unless we are thoroughly up in the subject, and rely for the savoury dish upon the discretion of the regular traders in this favourite comestible?

AND SPEAKING of mushrooms, nobody seems to have properly fathomed the origin of the word mushroom. The earliest place in which the mushroom is mentioned is, we believe, in Robert Southwell's "Spiritual Poems," published in 1595, where he says:—

"He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly *mushrumps* leave to grow."

The etymology, though seemingly far-fetched, has been ascribed to the Welsh language after this fashion—*maes*, "a field," and *chum*, "a thing which bulges out." There is in this derivation a striking likeness to the signification conveyed in the French name of one kind of mushroom—viz., *champignon*.

WE ADD to our article on Japanese lap-dogs this note. A lady, who has lived in China, states that such small dogs are there termed *Chow-dogs*. On inquiry, a naval commander has told him that the word *chow*, horrible to relate, means eatable; adding that he has seen these little black and white creatures suspended among rats in a Chinese shop. Truly, there is no accounting for tastes!

A CORRESPONDENT: Let me append this note to your article on "Dogs' Diet":—I have a black Newfoundland dog, who, if he sees me mount a ladder to cut a few bunches of grapes, patiently waits at the foot of the ladder for his share of the fruit. And when the children go blackberrying, Lion is dissatisfied if he does not receive a part of the berries that are gathered. He is also fond of a slice of apple or pear.

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EYES AND NO EYES.



IT is well known that there are many of the lower animals, as certain infusoria, worms, &c., that have no special or localized organs of digestion, but derive their nourishment either by wrapping

themselves around their prey, much as the paste surrounds the apple in a dumpling, or by absorption of nutrient matter through the skin generally. The same principle holds good in regard to other functions; and if we study the power of vision in the various classes of the animal kingdom, we shall find that, as in the case of digestion, it is liable to great variations, and is sometimes remarkably diffused over the body. Most animals have eyes on the head alone; others have them only on the hinder part of the body; in some they are limited to the head and thorax, while in others they extend from the head to the tail; and, lastly, there are some in which eyes are entirely wanting, but the whole surface of the body seems more or less sensitive to light.

In the great division of the animal kingdom to which man belongs—the VERTEBRATA, subdivided into the classes of *mammalia*, *aves*, *reptilia*, and *pisces*—the eyes,

as a general rule, attain their highest degree of perfection; and yet we find instances of mammals, reptiles, and fishes in which these organs exist in a most rudimentary form, or are even entirely wanting.

There are probably no readers of these pages who have not heard more or less of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It lies in a direction nearly south of Louisville, on the Green River, and on the direct road to Nashville, about midway between the two cities. It is formed by the action of running water on a soluble limestone rock; and descends from a great plateau, called The Barrens, 300 or 400 feet above the Ohio, to rocks nearly or quite on a level with that river. The mouth of the cave is the only communication between the external air and the vast labyrinth of galleries and avenues and mysterious rivers extending for many miles into the solid limestone; and yet the air is invariably pure and exhilarating, and the waters are all limpid and potable. This cave may be regarded as the most complete zoological garden in the world for eyeless animals;* and next in order may be placed the caves in Carniola and Carinthia.

The only mammals found in this cave are two species of rats, and at least two species of bats; which, in consequence of their having lived for an incalculable number of years, generation after generation, in complete darkness, are absolutely blind, although the organs of sight have not yet been atrophied by disuse so as to disappear, as is the case in other inhabitants of this and similar localities.

"As blind as a mole" is a common proverb; but, until recently, its accuracy has been

* During the last few months, a similar cavern, accessible only by descending a well, named the Wyandotte Cave, singularly rich in eyeless animals, has been discovered in the adjacent state of Indiana; and was visited by a party of naturalists, headed by Professor Cope, at the close of the August meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

a vexed question amongst naturalists, in so far as concerns the common mole. Mr. Robert J. Lee has, however, recently established the remarkable physiological fact that "the mole, at the time of birth, is endowed with organs of vision of considerable perfection; while, in mature age, it is deprived of the means of sight in consequence of certain changes which take place in the base of the skull, terminating in the destruction of the most important structures on which the enjoyment of sight depends." This writer describes the eye of the full-grown mole as presenting a surface uniformly black and glistening, in which there is no indication of a cornea and sclerotic distinct from one another, nor any evidence of an iris or a pupil.* The globe, when ruptured with a needle, was found to contain no evidence of the usual contents or structures, although they exist in fetal life. On examining the base of the brain, there was an entire absence of the optic nerves (which are usually very conspicuous objects); while the foramina, or holes in the base of the skull for the transmission of these nerves from the cavity of the cranium to the orbit of the eye, are totally absent.

There are at least two other moles—namely, the *Talpa caeca*, or blind mole, of southern Europe, and the *Chrysechloris inaurata*, or golden mole, of the Cape of Good Hope; and two Russian burrowing rodents, *Spalax typhlus* (the Russian slepetz), and *Aspalax zoor* (the zocor), which are utterly blind, since a dense membrane is stretched over the eyes.

Mr. Darwin, in his celebrated "Origin of Species," points out how admirably the effects of use and disuse, especially the latter, are exemplified in the case of the eye; and, besides quoting the cases we have given, mentions that, in South America, a burrowing rodent, the tuco-tuco, or *Ctenomys*, is even more subterranean in its habits than the mole; and he was assured by a Spaniard, who had often caught these animals, that they were frequently blind. One which he—Mr. Darwin—kept alive was certainly in this condition; the cause, as appeared on dissection, having been inflammation of the nicti-

tating membrane. "As frequent inflammation of the eyes must be injurious to any animal, and as eyes are certainly not indispensable to animals with subterranean habits, a reduction in their size, with the adhesion of the eyelids and growth of fur over them, might in such case be an advantage; and, if so, natural selection would constantly aid the effects of disease. As it is difficult to imagine that eyes, though useless, could be in any way injurious to animals living in darkness, I attribute their loss wholly to disuse. In one of the blind animals of the Mammoth Cave—namely, the cave-rat—the eyes are of immense size; and Professor Silliman thought that it regained, after living some days in the light, some slight power of vision. In the same manner, as in Madeira, the wings of some of the insects have been enlarged, and the wings of others have been reduced by natural selection, aided by use and disuse; so, in the case of the cave-rat, natural selection seems to have struggled with the loss of light, and to have increased the size of the eyes; whereas, with all the other inhabitants of the caves, disuse by itself seems to have done the work."—Original Edition, p. 137.

In birds, the organs of vision are invariably well-developed, and there are no known cases of natural eyelessness.

Amongst reptiles, we find certain instances of imperfect or degenerate eyes. It might be supposed that, amongst this class of animals, we should especially notice the common blind-worm; but its blindness is merely a popular delusion. The *Proteus anguinus*—a pale, ghost-like animal, ten or twelve inches long, resembling an eel in form, but having legs, lungs, and external gills, and being consequently a perennio-branchiate reptile—is probably well known to most of our older readers, who are familiar with Sir Humphry Davy's vivid description of it in his "Consolations of Travel." This animal, living in the caverns of the Adelsberg, which are connected with the remarkable Lakes of Carniola,* is regarded by the best naturalists as unquestionably blind—the eyes being reduced to a speck of dark pigment, and a very minute lens covered over by the cuticle of the head. Professor Owen thinks that this rudimentary eye may serve to warn the

* Most of our readers are familiar with the leading structures of the eye, either from the study of such works as Paley's "Natural Theology," or from popular physiological books, such as Huxley's "Lessons in Physiology," or Mapother's "The Body in Health and Disease."

* In summer these lakes dry up, leaving the ground fit for pasturage, and the waters retire to the mountain caverns.

animal, wandering towards the light, to retreat to the safe darkness of the subterranean waters.

A similar deficiency in the organs of vision occurs in certain species of snakes and snake-like lizards, belonging to the genera *Typhlops* and *Amphisbæna*, which living in the nests of ants or termites—the so-called white ants—do not require the sense of sight.

There are at least four species of fishes which have never seen the light of day. Of these, the best known is the blind-fish—*Amblyopsis spelæus*—of the Mammoth Cave, found in the river Styx, at a distance of five miles from the entrance. This fish was first described in 1842 by Dr. Dekay, in his "Zoology of New York." In 1843, Dr. Wyman, a distinguished American naturalist, published a more minute description of it, in which he remarks that the most careful dissection failed to detect traces of either eyes or optic nerves; and that the integument of the head passes directly over the orbits. In the same year, Mr. Thompson, the well-known Irish naturalist, published further details regarding it; and in 1844, the most extended and complete description that has yet appeared was published by Dr. Tellkamp, in Müller's *Archiv*. Since then, Dr. Storer has described it in his "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," published in 1846; and Professor Agassiz has written a letter regarding it in "Silliman's Journal" for 1851. During the summer of 1870, Dr. Mapother succeeded in obtaining some fine living specimens while making a visit to the Mammoth Cave, and has brought them alive to Dublin, where they may now be seen in the Zoological Gardens.* From Dr. Tellkamp's memoir we learn that the fish is solitary in its habits, and very hard to catch, darting away from the net with the velocity of an arrow, but soon again halting—and this is the time when it is most easily secured. It seldom comes to the surface, and is commonly seen swimming among the stones at the bottom of the water. Its colour is white, and it may attain a length of four and a half German inches. Its food consists of insects and other minute animals living in the circumambient water. According to Agassiz, it is one of the very few fishes that are viviparous.

*We mention the names of these different observers as illustrating the extreme interest which the discovery of this fish excited in the minds of naturalists.

Another blind-fish, although not so celebrated a one, is the myxine or hag (*Gastrobranchus cæcus*), an eel-like animal found in our own seas, where it lives parasitically on larger fish, to which it adheres by a powerful sucker with which its mouth is provided. In both these cases, the eye is represented by a tegumentary follicle, coated by dark pigment. This rudimentary eye-speck also occurs in the very lowest form of fish, the lancelet—a transparent animal, one or two inches in length, which was formerly mistaken for a shell-less mollusc.

Lastly, in the mud of the Mediterranean Sea we meet with a remarkable finless, slender, almost cylindrical fish, about twenty inches in length, and totally devoid of eyes. From its having no fins or eyes, it has received the name of *Apterichthys cæcus*.

Having thus brought to a close all that we have to say regarding the organs of vision in the vertebrata, it is immaterial whether we next consider the mollusca or the articulata, neither of these sub-kingdoms being entitled to claim superiority over the other. While in anatomical structure the cuttle-fishes (mollusca) more closely approach the vertebrates than any other of the lower animals, the bee and the ant (articulata) far excel all the molluscs, and even many of the vertebrates, in exhibiting a degree of intelligence and reasoning power far beyond the mere instinct of the older psychologists.

Amongst the MOLLUSCA, we have eyes varying in complexity, number, and situation, and cases in which no vestiges of eyes are present. In the *Cephalopoda** (cuttle-fishes, squids, calamaries, &c.), we find that the eye contains nearly all the principal parts that occur in the organs of vision of the higher animals—namely, a cornea, an anterior chamber filled with aqueous fluid, a crystalline lens (of the same globular shape as in fishes, and for the same reason—namely, the greater density of water than of air), a large posterior chamber filled with vitreous fluid, a tough fibrous or sclerotic coat, a "choroid" coat full of minute blood-vessels, and a retina.

In the *Gasteropoda*† (including slugs, snails, and all the animals living in univalve shells), there are two eyes which are always connected with the tentacles or feelers, being situated in some (as in snails) at their extre-

* From the Gr. *kephale*, the head; and *poda*, feet.

† From the Gr. *gaster*, the stomach; and *poda*, feet.

mities, in some (as in *Lymnaea*, common in our freshwater ponds and ditches) at the internal base of each tentacle, and in others at the external base. The eyes of these animals vary somewhat in structure, but always contain a crystalline lens and a vitreous humour behind it; while structures corresponding to the sclerotic, choroid, and retinal coats are also present.

In the *Accephala*, which may be characterized by the total absence of a head and by a very large mantle which envelops the body, and includes the inhabitants of bivalve shells (as the oyster, pecten, &c.); and in the *Tunicata*, so called from their being enclosed, with the exception of two narrow openings, in the mantle, eyes are generally present, and in that case are always many in number. "Each eye," says Siebold, "is composed of a ball formed of a fibrous 'sclerotic,' which is situated upon a small eminence, or is sunk into a contractile prolongation of the mantle, from which projects a cornea covered by the general skin. Within the sclerotic there is a reddish-brown pigment, which is continuous in front with a bluish-green iris, which has a circular pupil; while behind, at the base of the eye, it has the appearance of a *tapetum*, or velvet-like carpet, composed of rod-like corpuscles, which produce the beautiful emerald-green appearance of the eyes of certain species. The retina surrounds a vitreous body, which receives in front a very flattened crystalline lens."

These eyes, which are obviously well-developed organs of vision, are usually situated between the tentacles on each border of the mantle. They may vary in number from fourteen, as in the ascidians, to upwards of a hundred. Thus, in a species of *pecten*, or scallop, Will has seen from sixteen to twenty-four of these organs on the convex portion of the mantle, and from thirty-five to forty-five on the plane portion; while in a *spondylus* he counted sixty upon the convex, and ninety on the plane side. In the scallops, the eyes, which are of a beautiful emerald-green colour, extend from one end of the mantle to the other in the form of a semicircle.

In the *Pteropoda*,* an order of naked molluscs, characterised, as their name implies, by their swimming organs being composed of wing-like expansions of the skin, and

forming the principal food of whales in the Arctic regions, the eyes are, with a very few exceptions, absent.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AN ARGUMENT.

THE time of comparative peacefulness, though I endeavoured to rest in it, could, I knew, only be of short duration; for ere long I should have to take the choice of the evils that awaited me. Either I must make Sir Everard my avowed and open enemy, or I must give up all thoughts of Mr. Lydgate as a lover.

Neither of these alternatives was I willing to bring about; therefore I put my head under my wing, as doth the ostrich, and tried to fancy myself secure from the dangers that encompassed me.

Mr. Lydgate had continued to visit at our house as usual; and he had refrained from entering upon any argument with my father, knowing how widely their opinions differed, and fearing, as I could not but flatteringly interpret his silence, that a quarrel might ensue which would bring to an end that present state of truce in which we found ourselves;—for I knew that 'twas nothing better than a state of smothered hostilities, and that nothing but the most extreme forbearance would keep us where we were.

I had carefully concealed Mr. Defoe's pamphlet; and, whenever the general conversation seemed likely to take a belligerent turn respecting Dr. Sacheverell and his sermon, I had been on the alert to turn it aside in favour of some safer topic; and this I had so far managed, though I could see, when Sir Everard was present, that he would willingly have fallen into dispute with Mr. Lydgate; and, moreover, that he more than once had well-nigh skilfully led up to it, which was a tolerably easy matter; since, after all, as Mr. Lydgate had informed me, excepting with the mob who were influenced by a popular cry, and unthinking minds who saw no deeper than the surface, 'twas understood by the more acute politicians that the present struggle was not concerning the impeachment of an obscure individual, but 'twas the battle between the two great parties in the kingdom, involving the domi-

* From the Gr. *pteron*, a wing; and *poda*, feet.

nant principles of the Whig and Tory factions.

Mr. Harley knew this. Sir Everard knew it, though my father did not. His political experience was but the blind zeal of partizanship, into which so much of political bias degenerates.

And Mr. Harley probably foresaw the end of the struggle; as, doubtless, did also his Grace of Marlborough, and all those who have attempted to dissuade the Government from their ill-advised proceedings.

At last, however, the ice was broken, as I felt it would be, and a stormy argument came about. How it began, I scarcely remember; but Mr. Lydgate was moved to say—in answer to some speech of Sir Everard's—

"That all kings, governors, and forms of government proceed from the people."

To which Sir Everard answered—

"That he supposed Mr. Lydgate had been reading that seditious, treasonable pamphlet—whether written by Lord Somers or that knave Defoe he was not assured of—but which had made some noise, and had been deservedly deprecated by all true and honest men."

Whereupon Mr. Lydgate replied—

"That Mr. Defoe was no knave, but an honest man than Dr. Sacheverell in his arguments; and that, if he had expressed himself in the words of one of Mr. Defoe's propositions, 'twas only because they suited his own opinions so exactly, for that his opinions chimed with those of the writer of 'Vox Populi, Vox Dei.' And," said he, "'tis true that the voice of the people is the ruling power in a free kingdom; and by the people I mean not the ignorant and unlettered rabble, whose wretchedness and misery drive them to desperation, but the great thinking heart of the community at large, whose eyes are opened, and whose hands are ready to be uplifted in the cause of right and justice. And yet even that yell, as from a wild beast, that rises from the untaught populace is as the moaning cry of the dumb animal in the groaning and travailing of creation, and goes up not unheeded to Heaven."

"Then the cry is going up against your party at the present moment," said Sir Everard, "since the mob has fairly declared in favour of Dr. Sacheverell."

"I said not that the cry went up on the right side," said Mr. Lydgate. "I did but intimate that it hath a translation into a pro-

per language; and, like the prophetic tongue of Balaam, cannot curse or bless according to its own ignorant will."

"I know nothing of Balaam," returned Sir Everard, with something of a sneer—"excepting that there was an ass connected with him."

I saw Mr. Lydgate's colour come; but he noted my anxious look, so answered, quietly—

"We view matters from a different ground, Sir Everard; therefore our arguments will be unavailing upon one another."

And I think he would have said no more, but that Sir Everard was not inclined to let the matter drop, and so went on to say—

"That such preachers as Dr. Sacheverell would show up the treason of such writers as the author of 'Vox Populi' in its true colours, by sketching the false brethren in bold outline, and shading in with careful detail."

"I doubt it," said Mr. Lydgate, "since public opinion would not uphold his views of false brethren, nor his doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance."

"What," says Sir Everard, quickly, and assuming a look of apprehension, "are you for the turning out of lawful princes, the rejecting of the Lord's anointed?"

"So soon as they act illegally," answered Mr. Lydgate, "they lose their title to legality."

"That is but an evasive way of putting it," returned Sir Everard. "Do you mean to say that you would resist the monarch upon the throne?"

"There's not much danger of my doctrine being brought into action," said Mr. Lydgate; "but, certainly, if that monarch were a tyrant, and acted illegally with regard to the constitution, I should. And in this righteous resistance am I not supported by the highest authority in the realm? If her Majesty approved not of resistance, would she now be seated upon the throne? Is not the Chevalier the lawful ruler, if, in her heart, as I believe she does, she acknowledges him to be her brother?"

"Nay," says Sir Everard, "she holds the crown through virtue of succession through her sister."

"And may I ask," says Mr. Lydgate, "how her [sister] came to be Queen but through an act of resistance on the part of the Prince of Orange and the people at large?"

"There was no resistance necessary in

taking possession of the throne," quoth Sir Everard. "King James having fled, and left it vacant, the Prince fell into it."

"But," returned Mr. Lydgate, "why did the King flee? Was it not through his subjects rising up against him? Was it not through foreigners coming over against him? Was it not that he was defeated in his last battle, and made haste to escape for his life to France? I can see no clearer a case of resistance on the part of a people towards a supreme governor. And I hold such resistance to be lawful and right against a King who would infringe on the prerogatives of the constitution; and, moreover, easy to be justified from Scripture."

Sir Everard shrugged his shoulders; and my father coming into the room at that moment, Sir Everard called unto him jestingly, as it were, though I knew the words were intended to move deeply—

"How is this, Mr. Selwode, that you entertain seditious folk at your house? Here is Mr. Lydgate defending all manner of treason, and setting forth the resistance to lawful authority, and constituting the people the governing principle, and other heterodox matters, which he would prove from Scripture if I had a mind to listen to him."

"Nay, young man," says my father, "I trust to hear no defence of any such doctrines under my roof. Even in jest, 'tis too serious to trifle over. Dost not know that 'tis written, 'Is it fit to say to a king, thou art wicked? and to princes, ye are ungodly?' And, again, the wise man says, 'Where the word of a king is, there is power, and who may say unto him, What doest thou?'"

"Yet the children of Israel did often resist, and turn out their evil princes, and God approved of their resistance," said Mr. Lydgate, again quoting from the "Vox Populi."

"The Jews were an hardened and a stiff-necked people," returned my father, "and sore judgments came upon them."

Sir Everard laughed.

"You had him there, Mr. Selwode," said he.

"Nay," said Mr. Lydgate, losing a little of his patience, "Mr. Selwode's objection will scarce stand against David's open resistance to Saul, and his ultimate possession of the crown; nor against the efforts of the brave Maccabees against Antiochus."

"Which latter is in the Apocrypha," quoth my father; "so may be apocryphal."

Again Sir Everard laughed.

My father was elated with the successful sallies he had made, and was therefore in a better temper than I had hoped; and, said he—

"If you come to the resisting of kings, Mr. Lydgate, you will bring about another revolution before you know what you are doing; and we shall be having another Commonwealth, with a brewer or baker, or what not, at the head of it. A fine thing for the country, truly; but perhaps you aim at a republic, Mr. Lydgate, with the Duke as military dictator, and would do away with her Majesty's office altogether?"

"That I do not," replied Mr. Lydgate; "though I hold that a free monarchy such as ours is scarce more than a republic with an hereditary ruler."

"Treason," says Sir Everard, "for it makes you to say that one is as good as the other; and if you hold that, it comes to the point that you would as soon have the one as the other."

"Scarcely so. I give in my adherence to the monarchy since I think that man is not yet perfect enough for a republic in these days. It takes a greater development of universal civilization and refinement than we at present possess to render the greater system of equality endurable to educated minds. The fifth empire, which Bishop Berkeley prognosticates, may rise, and show us, after many failures, what shall be the last great form of government that shall prevail upon the earth. But this is beyond our own times, and will, I believe, be nigh the coming of the end—in anticipation, it seems to me, of the millennium, when earthly sovereigns shall be done away with to make way for the reign of the Prince of Peace."

I drew near to Mr. Lydgate as he was speaking, for it appeared to me almost as though he were uttering prophecy; and with a view of modifying the effect that I knew his words would produce, I said—

"I am glad that you do approve of monarchies more than republics, at least at present; that you do consider republics induce a rougher state of society than monarchies, where there is a king and a higher body of people socially to work up to."

Mr. Lydgate smiled.

"Undoubtedly, at present," saith he. "And yet Athens was a seat of greater learning and refinement than Sparta, though Athens was a democracy, and the Lacedæmonians had two kings."

"But we stray from the point," said Sir Everard—who, I could see, did not like my interference. "At this crisis of political affairs, 'tis well that men should know how they stand towards one another. I declare myself on the side of Dr. Sacheverell and the High Church in these matters of non-resistance, and have nought in common with such lukewarm prelates as Bishop Burnet; and I fervently trust in this foul impeachment he may come out triumphant, a conquering witness for the great truths he advocates. And I scarce care to hold out the hand of fellowship to those who do not maintain the same."

I looked at Mr. Lydgate as Sir Everard pronounced this uncalled-for speech; and I could see, by the sudden flash of his eye, that he took it as 'twas intended. He drew himself up, and bowed haughtily to Sir Everard, and once again spoke in the words of the pamphlet which had taken so wonderful a hold upon him.

"If it concerns you to know my opinion, Sir Everard, 'tis this—that absolute passive obedience is a damnable and treasonable doctrine, contradicting the glorious attributes of God, and encouraging rebellion, usurpation, and tyranny."

I think Mr. Lydgate had for the moment forgotten my father—as, indeed, I had, whilst I stared stupefied at the two men who stood confronting one another, not knowing what this outburst of Mr. Lydgate's might lead to.

My father had listened in equal stupefaction, but 'twas of rage as well as surprise; and he took Mr. Lydgate's words—that had been, as it were, forced from him through Sir Everard's taunt—as an insult to himself.

"If such be your views and sentiments, Mr. Lydgate, and you take upon yourself to express them in this open and unbecoming manner, I must e'en follow the lead of my valued friend, Sir Everard Tynney, and decline the honour of further intercourse with Mr. Philip Lydgate, or those of his school."

Mr. Lydgate's pale face flushed crimson.

"As you please, Mr. Selwode," said he.

Then his eye fell upon me.

"Nay, nay," said Sir Everard—"we were but jesting, Mr. Selwode."

But I knew by his voice that he was pleased at the pass to which things had come, and that 'twas but to throw the odium from himself that he pretended to play the part of mediator.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest," said my father, striving to speak calmly. "Unless Mr. Lydgate will retract the words he has just uttered, I must decline his further acquaintance."

"I cannot retract," said Mr. Lydgate. "I regret that I spoke hastily, or in a manner to cause offence to one whom I respect so highly as Mr. Selwode; and I am willing to make the most ample apology for so doing. But—my opinion I cannot retract."

"Just as I suspected," said my father—"rash, dangerous, fanatical. I pity my old friend, Sir Simon."

Then there was a pause. My father, despite his indignation and anger, was too much of a gentleman absolutely to turn Mr. Lydgate out of the house, though that was virtually the result of this unlucky conversation.

Mr. Lydgate stood for a moment irresolute; then he said—

"Farewell, Mr. Selwode, until better days;" and turning towards me, who stood a little aside, he said, in a low tone, so that the others could not hear—"I will not say farewell."

And then he went away, and we three that were left stood looking at one another.

There was a gleam of satisfaction on Sir Everard's face, though he strove to conceal it.

"I'm not sorry to get rid of him," said my father. "One of Oliver's infatuated fancies, because he's a student—a conceited, pedantic upstart, who will bring his father's name into disgrace."

As for me, I said nothing. None could move my heart, however adverse circumstances might be.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LOVE CONQUERS LOGIC.

TWAS scarce an hour after all this had happened, and I was sitting dolefully in my own room, wondering what would happen next, and half blaming Mr. Lydgate for his heat and want of caution, when Jenny came to tell me that Mistress Fanshawe had come to take me a drive.

"Tell her," said I, "that 'tis impossible for me to go to-day."

However, Clarinda was not satisfied with the answer, so came up to me herself to tell me that she would take no excuse, but that she must have me; and she bade Jenny get

my mantle and furs from the wardrobe—for, said she—

"'Tis a cold day."

"Too cold for a drive," said I.

"The colder the better," said she, petulantly. "'Twill freshen one."

The sharp tone in her voice made me look up, and then I saw that she looked worn and haggard, and as though she had need of some fresh air to brighten her up; and I asked, as soon as Jenny was out of hearing—

"Is aught amiss, Clarinda?"

But she made no answer; nor did she speak until we had driven half a mile or more, and then she suddenly said—

"What have you been doing, child? I thought to have heard you were engaged to Sir Everard before this."

"No," said I, "nor ever shall be."

"Don't say that," said she, clutching my arm; "you don't mean it."

"I do. How can I marry a man whom I do not love?"

"Tush!" said she. "Am I any better off? Do I love Harry? 'Tis all the same, my dear, whether you love Sir Everard or not. 'Twill be a good settlement, and you will be happy enough—and perhaps I shall be safe again."

"Why," said I, "do you still keep up your infatuation for the man?"

"I fear him," says she, in a hoarse voice. "Grace, I am in peril every moment. But for his love for you, he would not be silent—or rather, perhaps 'tis his love for you that makes him threaten; and if he should fail with you, what will become of me? He has begged me to intercede with you for him; and I know only too well what will be the result of his want of success. Grace," she said, throwing her arms around me, "can't you save me?—won't you save me? Grace, Grace, 'tis not myself alone that you ruin, but 'tis Harry and the poor children, and our father, and our mother."

And she sobbed so convulsively that I thought she would choke; and I was about to stop the carriage in affright, but she signed to me not to do so. And, after awhile, recovering somewhat her composure, she again besought me, for the love I bore to those near and dear to me, to help her.

"For," said she, "Sir Everard will not wait much longer."

"There you are mistaken," said I. "So long as I have no other lover, he promises to remain quiet."

"Have you no other lover, now?" says Clarinda. "Answer me nay, if you can. Has not Sir Everard sharp eyes, and cannot he see that Mr. Philip Lydgate is a dangerous rival?"

"No, no, Clarinda," I gasped; "he does not know it—he does not say it."

But she went on.

"Do not delude yourself: he does but seek an opportunity of a quarrel with his rival. Indeed, he has almost hinted at as much. Sir Everard is not a man to be deceived. He measures too accurately for that. Why should this Mr. Lydgate, who is but a harmless scholar, be the man of all others that Sir Everard hates most?"

"He is not," said I.

"He is," said she.

And then I thought of the late dispute; and I saw how it was that Sir Everard had managed, through subtle diplomacy, to put his rival out of my father's favour.

"'Twill break Harry's heart," said Clarinda.

And the words echoed through mine, and I knew that 'twould kill Harry; for in his great, honest heart he had trusted my sister, and staked his happiness on her faith.

"'Twill break Harry's heart!"

"Clarinda, could you ever love Harry as you used to do?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I could, if all this were over."

I covered my face with my hands, and gave a deep groan.

I think my utter despair touched Clarinda; for she said, with more feeling than she usually displayed—

"Grace, darling, I see that 'tis impossible. I think you would do it if you could."

They were the most unselfish words I had heard from her for a long time; and they made me ask myself for a moment if, for the sake of those I loved, I could make the sacrifice.

"'Tis hopeless, I know," said she, dejectedly; "but, Grace—Grace, you will give me warning? You will not let it come upon me unawares? You will let me know when the die is cast?"

"I will."

I could say no more. I could make no promise. I felt bound, stifled, oppressed—as though a weight were dragging me down—as though I could not breathe.

We were on our homeward way, and had nigh reached the confines of Hyde Park again,

when suddenly the desire for movement, for action, came upon me. I felt that I must somehow exert myself—exhaust myself—ere I could get rid of the fever that was upon me, and calm myself down to the quiescent state necessary for me to consider calmly all that was before me.

"Clarinda," said I, "if you will set me down here, I will walk home. 'Twill do me good."

"Nonsense," said she. "There will be scarce time before dinner; and what will people think to see you hurrying along alone?"

"My dress is dark," said I; "and I can muffle my face, so that I shall not be known. Indeed, Clarinda, it must be as I say."

And she, seeing that I was determined, made no further opposition, but stopped the coach, and let me out, giving some excuse to the men that was but a falsehood, but which Clarinda thought no harm of.

I walked quickly along, scarce noting whither I went, and only taking the right road by instinct; seeing not the people who met me, and feeling only that there was no other person in the world who had a trouble on their heart except myself.

I heeded not that some one was striving to overtake me. I heeded not that some one was beside me. And when a voice said "Grace!" I gave no start of surprise, for I was in a dull, heavy dream of misery, and it seemed to me as though the evil powers were drawing closer round me, to bar out hope from my soul. Therefore, when Mr. Lydgate spoke, there seemed for the instant to be no reality in it; and then suddenly something in my heart thawed as before a genial sun bursting out of a wintry sky, and I answered—

"Philip."

'Twas the first time I had called him by his name, and I did it unconsciously.

"Sweetheart, I thank thee for that word," said he.

"Oh! Mr. Lydgate," said I, "why did you speak so hastily this morning? Why did you anger my father?"

"Your reproach is sweet and bitter," he replied, "since it makes me see doubly what I have lost, and yet of what I am possessed. Thou dost not turn thy face away, in spite of thy father's displeasure."

"Why should I?" said I. "But you have raised up a barrier that will not easily be thrown down again—I know my father's

temper so well, and his heat about these politics; and if matters again turn out adversely, 'twill make him unrelenting for ever. If this Sacheverell affair does indeed, as some say it will, make in favour of the Tories, he will be in a better humour."

"Then," said Mr. Lydgate, "I may take heart, for this impeachment is the maddest step the Whigs could have taken, and 'twill do them more harm than 'twill do the doctor himself. There is no doubt, sweetheart, that the Whigs, though I belong to them, have overstepped the mark."

"'Tis poor consolation, though," said I, "since you have banished yourself."

"That know I only too well," he replied; "and I have repented over my rash tongue sorely enough. Yet I must see thee sometimes, Grace. Can I not meet thee even as we have met to-day? Can I not at the assemblies, the balls, the theatre, have some chance of seeing thee? Or wilt thou not let me go to thy father, and brave his displeasure, and plead my love for thee, and thine for me, sweetheart—if I may be so bold?"

"Oh, no!—oh, no!" said I, in accents so despairing that he was startled.

"Dost thou not love me?" he asked, with some trepidation.

"Surely I do," said I.

"Then wherefore not let me make this venture?"

"'Twould be hopeless with my father."

"And with thyself?"

"I have told you."

"Yet I would hear it once again," said he, "clearly and distinctly, from your sweet lips, so that my love may have a strong hope to lean upon in exile."

I hesitated for a moment, and then it seemed to me as though 'twould be a relief to have spoken my love out freely to him, come what might; and, almost in desperation, I answered—

"Mr. Lydgate, no other love shall ever take the place in my heart of that I feel for you. Whatever happens, my heart will keep its faith to you even unto death."

There was something that struck upon me as ambiguous in the words I uttered, as though there was a provision in them against contingencies. But Mr. Lydgate was satisfied.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I shall treasure thy words for ever and ever. If our love for one another be steadfast, what cause

have we to fear? It will carry us through storm and trial, and will guide us as a lamp lighted with so pure an oil that nought on earth can extinguish its heavenly flame."

And so it came to pass that, in spite of all my fears of Sir Everard, in spite of all my conscience-arguments and scruples, I became clandestinely engaged to Mr. Lydgate; and what I had casuistically said to Clarinda was quite untrue now: Mr. Lydgate was my accepted lover—Mr. Lydgate was Sir Everard's rival. Sir Everard's truce with me, should my engagement become known, was at an end.

As we were now getting into more crowded parts, I begged Mr. Lydgate to leave me; but he would not do so until he had seen me safely as far as Soho-square. Then he left me, and I felt rejoiced that we had been so fortunate as not to meet with any one we knew.

With what different feelings I regained my own room, and threw aside my wrappings! 'Twas not that the danger of Sir Everard's animosity was any the less, but I felt braver to encounter it. I had given my love, come what might, to Mr. Lydgate, and I was willing to risk the consequences.

CHAPTER XLV.

SIR EVERARD PLAYS HIS SECOND CARD.

FOR the next few days I was in excellent spirits, more especially as Sir Everard had business which called him away from town, so that I did not see anything of him. And I had time to think over quietly what measures I had best take with respect to Mr. Lydgate; for I did not quite like the idea of having given my promise to him without the knowledge of my parents. 'Twas something like Aunt Hetty over again, for I knew in my heart that my father would have as great objection to Mr. Lydgate's politics as to the Cameronian preacher's tenets.

If Aunt Hetty had only been here, I should have consulted her; for I felt that now was the time in which her wisdom and experience would be of use to me. But, alas! she was at Selwode; and I feared putting my pen to paper in order to consult her, not knowing into whose hand my letter might fall.

Then I began to argue with myself respecting Clarinda thus. I said to myself that any one with sense would understand that Sir Everard was maligning her, out of revenge; and that as for the lock of hair, I could explain it all to Harry, and that he

would think as I did; and if the world should be censorious for a season, 'twould only be what it had been over many another flighty pretty woman, and would do no great damage after all. Why should I throw away all my happiness in life just because Clarinda had been so frivolous and unthinking? People must know what a giddy creature she was; and she had not actually given the ringlet—it had been taken by Sir Everard, as I could testify.

So I argued with myself on the side that I wished to be victorious; and 'twas surprising how Clarinda's arguments and pleadings faded away, and all my anxiety was centred upon the point as to how my lover would be received by my family.

Then suddenly arose her cry—

"'Twill break Harry's heart!"

And then I thought of the letter which Sir Everard had read to me, and I wondered what Harry and the world would say to that. Yet, still, why should I sacrifice myself for her wrong deeds? People ought to bear their own burdens. If people would only do so, and would not be continually casting their burdens on other people's shoulders, how much easier 'twould be to live—what a lightening of life's troubles to many a one weighed down and oppressed with cares that ought not to have a finger's weight upon them. Alas, alas! if it were only otherwise! But there will ever be selfish ones in the world that will step on the others' shoulders, and so make their escape from the well. But still, after my meeting with Mr. Lydgate, I was willing to believe that everything might be accomplished; and, at any rate, 'twould be some time before Sir Everard knew that I was actually engaged.

My mother mourned over the quarrel and estrangement more than I did; and I know she wondered that I did not appear more cast down over it. But how could I be sorrowful, with the happiness that was in my heart? Moreover, there was a certain degree of relief mingled with the regret, since Sir Everard and Mr. Lydgate were kept apart, and were likely to be so, since 'twas only at our house that they had much opportunity of being thrown with one another.

I was able to show more civility to Sir Everard at our next interview than I had anticipated; and nothing more was said of Mr. Lydgate and the argument, and the matter died away—my father and Sir Everard going on in the old way as usual.

'Twas growing nigh to Christmas now, and the Queen, after having opened Parliament in person for the first time since her widowhood, had retired into seclusion again, and watched anxiously enough the progress of events. Doubtless, she observed with satisfaction the differences in the Whig party, and the growing jealousy that was felt by many of them of my Lords Marlborough and Godolphin. Also it must have gratified her to note the firmer and closer drawing together of the Tories. Her High Church principles naturally inclined her towards the side of Dr. Sacheverell, and he had said flattering things of her; and, in spite of any treasonable bearings there might be in what he had set forth, he was the High Church champion, and perhaps might be its martyr; and the High Church had peculiar claims to sympathy in the heart of her Majesty.

Sir Everard and I had met many times in a sort of neutrality, and he did not seem to care to make any opportunity of speaking to me alone; therefore, I had lulled myself into a sense of security, and began to believe that matters were shaping themselves as I wished them to be shaped, and that I had no cause for alarm. Therefore, when one afternoon I found myself sitting with Sir Everard in the drawing-room, I felt no uneasiness, but was talking gaily, and with perfect indifference of manner, upon the probable consequences of Dr. Sacheverell's trial.

All at once, he stopped abruptly in our light conversation, and said—

"You have played me false, Mistress Grace."

"In what way?" said I, quietly—though I was startled enough, and felt my heart beating much more rapidly than it had done during the previous five minutes.

"I don't think I need to explain," said he. "Mistress Selwode must be aware of it herself."

So I was, but 'twas not for me to confess until I knew whether Sir Everard's accusation was founded upon knowledge, or whether he was simply trying me. I flattered myself 'twas the latter, and replied—

"Sir Everard's words are an enigma—"

"Of which Mistress Selwode possesses the key."

"'Tis lost, then—or rusty, and won't fit the lock," said I, as carelessly as I could.

"Do you wish me to find it for you, and to rub it up, and oil it, so that 'twill go

easily?" he asked, leaning back his head against the chair, and looking at me contemplatively.

"It might be as well," I returned, "before you accuse me."

"I once told you, Mistress Grace, that I had my means of seeing here, and seeing there—if not with my own eyes, with those of others. In the present case, I may have availed myself of both, or my own eyes may have given me sufficient testimony."

Sir Everard had been absent, and I had only once seen Mr. Lydgate since our meeting in the park; and as 'twas at Uncle Oliver's, I was pretty sure that Sir Everard had no means of knowing of it; therefore my mind became a little more easy, and feeling that 'twas not upon that count I was going to be indicted, I answered, with tolerable assurance—

"Perhaps Sir Everard will kindly explain himself."

He looked at me for a few moments, and then exclaimed—

"Capital, Mistress Grace!—I admire your progress greatly; but 'tis only as I foretold. You are a hundredfold better a dissembler than your sister. Who would have thought it, with your country bringing-up? But 'tis native talent. '*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*' I admire you more than ever, mistress. 'T would be indeed a pity that such talent as ours should not be united."

"What do you mean, Sir Everard?"

"That Lethe's stream flows conveniently near to Soho-square, and 'tis pleasant to take a dip in it sometimes."

"It might indeed be," said I.

"Nay, then," he answered, "if Mistress Selwode is disposed to beat about the bush, I am not. We will come to a closer encounter. Has Mistress Selwode indeed forgotten her assignation in Hyde Park, and the result of it?"

"'Twas no assignation," said I, indignantly and unguardedly.

"We will not dispute as to words," said he—"call it a meeting, or what you please; 'tis enough that Mistress Selwode remembers and acknowledges it. I was not sure but that she might deny it altogether."

I was caught, then—for there was my own word in evidence against me.

"Having confessed so much," he continued, "it but remains to plead guilty to my principal accusation—namely, your clandestine engagement to Mr. Philip Lydgate."

I started; but I had sufficient self-possession to answer—

"That I shall decline doing. Sir Everard Tynley must prove me guilty before he brings his charges against me with any effect."

"Well put," says he; "and yet 'twill scarce avail in my further argument. We will not, however, waste time in splitting hairs—we will assume that Mistress Selwode is engaged, without compelling her to affirm it."

"It seems to me that the affirmation is needed to render the argument valid."

"You surprise me," he replied. "Your acuteness is greater than I anticipated. Still, to satisfy you that I am not altogether so ignorant as you would have me to be, I will refer to that second meeting of Mr. Lydgate and yourself at Mr. Oliver Selwode's lodgings."

I gave a gasp—almost a cry of astonishment.

"You see, I do not speak without grounds to go upon. Words may even have been overheard in that Hyde Park interview—for lovers are generally too much absorbed to have their wits about them."

I was brought to bay—and then the most timorous creature becomes bold.

"Sir Everard, until I marry, you have no right to carry any of your threats into execution. Therefore, if you are a man of any honour, I defy you."

"Excellent!" said he, in mock admiration. "I approve your spirit. Still, as I find the enemy advances in ambush, I think it well to be on my defence. A clandestine engagement may be followed up by a clandestine marriage; and therefore, for your own sake, I am honest enough to advise you of my tactics. I referred to a poem that I might have to write under certain conditions. I have scrawled out a few verses. Perhaps you may like to look over them at your leisure."

And he offered me a paper; but I indignantly cast it away.

"I desire to see no such production, Sir Everard. 'Tis a vile blot upon literature."

He smiled.

"You are right," said he; "'tis not pleasant reading for you—for your sister—for any of your family;—your father, for instance."

"Sir Everard, I despise you!"

"I think you have once before expressed

something of the same sentiment, and yet we have been perfectly amicable since. It may be so again."

I did not reply; and he went on, in a meditative manner—

"Supposing I were to give up this project of mine," said he—"to throw the verses into the fire, and with them your sister's letters and her lock of hair?"

"I should bless and esteem you for ever and ever," I interrupted.

"That sentiment you have also expressed before, and I believe I intimated that I rated that also at its true value. We will leave blessings alone for the present. I was merely about to mention that there is another reason why Mistress Selwode should be careful how she deals with me, even were that matter of her sister's disposed of."

I stared, aghast. What further hold could this man have over me?

"If Mistress Selwode has not drunk too deeply of the waters of Lethe, she may remember that she once did me the honour to consult me upon a point upon which she felt some uneasiness—just uneasiness. There was a mysterious visitor concerned—a letter mentioned—M. Chamillard's name connected."

I remembered well enough.

"What of it?" said I, quickly. "You told me there was no danger."

"I spoke advisedly, Mistress Grace. There was no danger so long as I chose to hold out an intervening hand. There was nothing to fear so long as I had no rival to fear in the love I felt for you. There was no fear so long as I was your friend; but make me your enemy irrevocably, and the case is different."

"For mercy's sake!" I ejaculated—"in pity tell me, what danger is there?"

And I trembled so, that even Sir Everard seemed a little moved.

"'Tis only to warn you," he said, "that you must not drive me to despair. 'Tis safe as yet. 'Tis simply this: your father is a rash man, and if not held in tether, runs beyond his bounds. The stranger who visited you was a spy in the pay of the French Government—somewhat of a friend of mine, though," he observed, parenthetically. "He came with a request from your uncle Furnaby, with which your father, out of family feeling, complied, and writ with his own hand a letter to M. Chamillard, in which he revealed several secrets that could

only have been known in a very dubious manner, and which were of high importance to the French Court, and of consequent damage to the English—in fact, the very sort of communication for which Mr. Gregg has been hanged.”

I shuddered.

“But I thought that whatever there was had been destroyed—that it never was sent—that—”

“It never reached its destination,” returned Sir Everard. “Nevertheless, it *was* written, and it *is not destroyed!*”

“And who has it now?”

“That is not the question. Suffice it to say, it depends upon me whether it shall be destroyed or made public.”

“Do you mean, Sir Everard, that you can have a doubt upon the subject? You would not, surely, bring my father into danger—an old friend—an old man! You surely would not do it?” said I, in horror.

“That is for you to decide,” he answered.

“Would you, for the sake of this Mr. Lydgate, whose principles your father detests, put that father’s life into so great danger? Your father’s life is in your hands, Mistress Selwode. ’Tis for you to make your choice.”

“Sir Everard,” said I, “none who know my father would believe him guilty of a disloyal act. I would go to the Queen herself and plead his cause, and implore her to have mercy on an old man who is her faithful subject. I should not fail. She has a kind heart, and would not let a faithful servant suffer from an act of rashness whose bearings he did not comprehend.”

“Could the Queen save Gregg, although she would fain have done so? Besides, consider how strongly everything points against your father at the present time. I presume that you know of Mr. Furnaby’s flight, and that he is by this time at St. Germain’s, not likely to return again? Then, too, the wonderful favour which your aunt, Mistress Graeme, and her daughter have received at your father’s hands, though her husband was under suspicion; and, when under suspicion, a sudden reconciliation was effected. Therefore, you see, Mistress Grace, that all circumstances are in favour of the letter that your father wrote being influenced by the gravest motives.”

My uncle Furnaby at St. Germain’s! No, I had not heard of that. And he and my father had had much correspondence, and

had been seen together at the clubs and public places.

“Sir Everard,” said I, after a pause, “you are not in earnest—you cannot be wicked enough for this? You are not cruel enough to carry your threat into execution?”

“Have I not told you before,” said he, “’tis dangerous to drive a man so deeply in love to despair—to madness? Grace, I swear that there is nothing I will leave unturned to make you my wife!”

I sank back in my chair, and hid my face. I could scarce even then comprehend the full force of all that he had said. But suddenly it came upon me with a crash, and a deep horror seized upon me. My father’s life, perhaps, was in this man’s hands—this man, so cold, determined, and unscrupulous! Was I in possession of my senses?

“Is it true?” I asked, wildly; “or am I in a dream?”

And then I flung myself on my knees before him, but all I could sob out was—

“Have pity!—pity!”

He raised me up.

“Grace,” he said, “I cannot bear this. I love you—from my soul, I love you. It is I who should kneel to you.”

“Yet you would injure my father.”

“You know my conditions,” said he.

I looked him steadily in the face for a moment.

“When you promise to be my wife,” said he, “that letter, and aught that can hurt your sister’s fair name, are cast into the flames.”

“And until then?”

“They are at my disposal.”

“Is there no alternative?”

“None.”

I was as a lion caught in the toils—frenzied yet impotent; but I was not yet subdued. I turned upon him once more.

“And when do you intend to carry your unmanly resolves into execution?” said I, contemptuously.

My tone of voice stung him.

“Beware, Mistress Selwode,” said he, “how far you try me. I have been very patient so far.”

“Patient!” I repeated.

“Yes, patient,” said he—“more so than I may be for the future. Beware!”

We neither of us spoke for some minutes; and then, with a dull, oppressive sense of the fearful weight upon me, I said—

“I must think of all this, Sir Everard. I

know not yet—I cannot fully understand whether your threat is of value or not. It may be an utterly idle one, for anything I know to the contrary. I am not prepared to give it entire credence."

I spoke bravely, though I trembled inwardly; for I knew in my heart that Sir Everard was not one to lay a plan without grounds to go upon.

"As you please," said he. "You may take time for consideration. Suppose I give you a month to see how matters go on in these troublous times?"

He spoke quite coolly—as though he were master of the situation, and in perfect confidence as to how matters would end.

"I shall await your answer," said he; "and until the month is out, I will not trouble Mistress Selwode with my presence."

He bowed very low, and taking my hand, raised it to his lips.

"Farewell," he said—"for the present."

And so he left me.

This was nigh upon Christmas, and the snow was on the ground, lying white, even in the streets, for 'twas a cold winter; but I think the snow was scarce so white as my face, the next time I saw it in the glass.

MUSHROOMS.

THIS is the season for mushrooms; and what more pleasant topic, from an epicurean point of view, than a passing gossip on these curious esculents? Mushrooms are by no means a delicacy discovered only in these latter days. Our old friends, the Romans, enjoyed their dish of mushrooms with as much gusto as any *gourmet* of the present time. In that famous fourth satire (second book) of Horace, which revels so enjoyably in the science of the kitchen, Catius tells us—

"— Præsentibus optima fungis
Natura est; aliis malè creditur."

Or, as Sir Philip Francis translates it—

"But flavoured mushrooms meadow land supplies,
In other kinds a dangerous poison lies."

The Romans, however, like the less initiated among ourselves, had a wholesome suspicion of other varieties beyond the orthodox fungus of their tables. And in that respect they had, perhaps, more reason for their caution than we have. A less satisfactory mushroom, or fungus, played rather an important part at one interesting period of Roman history. It was in allusion

to the cause of the deification of his uncle that Nero playfully characterized the funguses which transported him to Olympus as "the food of the gods."

Juvenal does not forget to allude to the occasion, when he says—

"You champ on spongy toadstools, hateful treat,
Fearful of poison in each bit you eat;
He feasts secure on mushrooms fine as those
Which Claudius for his special eating chose;
Till one more fine, provided by his wife,
Finished at once his feasting and his life."

And later on, in the next satire—

"Thy mushroom, Agrippine, was innocent
To this accursed draught—it only sent
One palsied, bed-rid sot, with bleared eyes
And maundering lips, head-foremost to the skies."

There is little doubt that the mushrooms placed before the Emperor were wholesome enough in themselves until tampered with by his affectionate wife, and by her gentle skill assisted with a poisonous property which they did not originally possess; for, in the classical writers of that time, we always find that the mushroom of the rich man's table and the fungus which carried off Claudius are alike called *boleti*. The mushroom most highly esteemed for its flavour and delicacy is always mentioned as *boletus*, and there is scarcely a book of Martial's epigrams in which the word does not occur.

The esteem in which *boleti* were held may be judged from one epigram alone:—"To send silver or gold, a cloak or a toga, is easy enough; but to send mushrooms is difficult." The unfortunate accident to Claudius seems to have thrown a dubious reputation over mushrooms generally.

Our old friend Pliny, as rendered by Philemon Holland, says—"Among all those things which are eaten with danger, I take it that mushrooms may justly be ranged in the first and principal place: true it is that they have a most pleasant and delicate taste, but discredited much they are, and brought into an ill name, by occasion of the poyson which Agrippina, the Empresse, connueighed unto her husband, Tiberius Claudius, the Emperour, by these means; a dangerous president given for the like practise afterwards. And verily, by that fact of hers, she set on foot another poyson, to the mischief of the whole world, and her own bane especially (even her own sonne, Nero, the Emperour, that wicked monster)."

He then gives the rules by which to know

the wholesome from the unwholesome mushrooms; treats of their growth, noticing the *volva*, a term used by botanists to this day; and finishes a chapter which, if not altogether reliable in the way of instruction, is at least amusing, by the words—"Thus much of the mushrooms named in Latine, *boleti*." His next chapter is on "other mushrooms or tadtstoles, called fungi, &c.," and proves one interesting fact—that the race of fungi generally were as much eaten by the ancient Romans of all classes as they are by the Italians of the present day. He says—"As touching those excrescences in the manner of mushrooms, which be named fungi, they are by nature more dull and slow. And albeit there bee many kinds of them, yet they all take their beginning of nothing els but the slimy humour of trees. The safest and least dangerous be those which have a red callositie or outward skin, and the same not of so weak a red as that of the mushrooms called *boleti*. Next to them in goodness are the white, and such as having a white foot also bear a head much resembling the Flamin's turbant or mitre, with a tuffet or crest in the crown. As for the third sort that be called *suilli*, as one would say, swine-mushrooms or puffs, they are of al others most perilous, and have best warrant to poison folk."

Good Philemon seems to have made some error in his translation here; for puffs (*lycopodon*), as we understand them, are among the most wholesome of the *agarici* tribe. In modern Rome, and other parts of Italy, they are greatly prized for their esculent virtues. But to proceed with our Pliny:—

"It is not long since, that in one place there died thereof all that there were of one household; and in another, as many as met at a feast and did eat thereof at the same board. Thus, Anneus Serenus, capitaine of the Emperour Nero, his guard, came by his death, with divers coronels and centurions, at one dinner. And I wonder much what pleasure men should take thus to venture vpon so doubtfull and dangerous a meat. Some have put a difference of these mushrooms, according to the severall trees from which they seeme to spring, and have made choise of those that come from the fig-tree, the birch, and such as beare gum."

Curiously enough, the same notion as to the wholesomeness or the contrary of the

fungi which grow on or near certain trees is still current in Italy.

Another paragraph to show how the habits of a people will last through ages of change in other respects, and we have done with the discursive Pliny:—

"As for the swine mushrooms—named in Latin, *suilli*—they are hanged up to dry infiled upon a rush running through them, as wee may see in those that come out of Bithynia."

The same usage is maintained to this day with the *funghi di Genoa*, as they are called in the market, the only difference being that threads or strings are used instead of rushes.

We thought we had put our Pliny aside, but we must not omit to notice one fact connected with the "mushrooms" of those days which may be of interest to our gentler readers. No Roman beauty considered her toilet complete without the requisite supply of these Bithynians on her table; for, says the chatty old Roman, "they are good to take away the pimples and freckles that appeare upon the skin, like to lentils—yea, and the deformities and spots in women's faces that disfigure their beauty."

We have just alluded to the extensive use made of funguses as an article of food by the modern Italians. An annual revenue of some four thousand pounds sterling is—or was, at least, recently—derived from the tax on *funghi* alone. But the most curious thing is that the authorities have always condemned as unfit for human food the delicious field and down mushroom, which with us cautious English is considered the only really safe specimen of the tribe for culinary purposes. One of the decisions of the *Congregazione Speciale di Sanita*, appointed in 1837, was that the stale funguses of the preceding day—all bruised, maggoty, or dangerous ones, and any specimen of the common mushroom (*agaricus campestris*), detected in any of the baskets of the market people, should be sent under an escort and thrown into the Tiber. An amusing writer on this topic, in referring to this odd regulation, says:—"We should just like to see how long John Bull would stand being marched by the police, with his basket of snowy buttons, or rosy-gilled expanded beauties—especially if they were his own gathering—to the Thames, the Avon, or the Humber, and seeing them ruthlessly consigned to the stream; or fancy the same *try on* by the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi! If such arbitrary proceed-

ings did not kindle a *bellum fungicum*, there's no snakes."

Nor do the pains and penalties end here. The *Ispettore dei Funghi* has the power of fining and imprisoning those who break any of the regulations in fungus cases made and provided; and this potent officer is bound to make a weekly report to the *Tribunale delle Grascie*. Yet, while eschewing what we consider the best of all the agarics, the Italian will leave not a stone nor stump unturned to obtain what we in our ignorance look upon at the best as but very dubious funguses. He will char his hazel or fallen elm, and water it lovingly, in order to coax forth a crop of molluscous-flavoured funguses which shall make him and his family a fry or stew worthy the ambrosia of the gods.

We all know, for instance, the common puff-ball (*lycoperdon*), and with common consent—excepting, of course, the more erudite in matters fungous—treat it as nothing more nor less than a worthless vegetable excrescence. Yet this is so highly esteemed in Rome, that small baskets of it are sent as most acceptable presents to the rich and powerful, and not unfrequently take the place of a money fee with the influential advocate.

"If a modern Roman have the luck to find the dark green fairy ring in his own garden or field, where he is safe from trespassers, spangled with these earth gems, he leaves them rooted, and cuts slices from them for his daily *frittura*, fresh and fresh, as long as they last. The peasant in many places not only grows fat upon funguses in the season, but acquires many a comforting coin by the sale of the superfluity, either fresh or dried—in which last condition, and under the name of *funghi di Genoa*, they extract no small sum from the pocket of the Anglican Dives, whose *chef* requires them to flavour his soups and *entrées*; though the very same condiments are left to perish here unregarded in the fields and woods, and by the waysides."

The Germans, too, are as fond of funguses as the Italians. But the Germans once began to carry their passion for these delicacies too far. When the German, after long and grave consideration, makes up his mind to a thing, he carries out his intention on the Straffordian "thorough" principle—as our poor French neighbours have found to their cost. So it was in this case of funguses. The *morcel morchella* of botanists always appear most abundantly where trees have been

burned. The idea having entered the mind of the German that the nature of his favourite *morchel* required burnt wood for its full and proper perfection, he thought of the most ready means of providing the beloved funguses in unlimited quantities.

The result of the conclusion arrived at was that whole forests of valuable timber were hewed down for the sake of these delicious esculents. But the scheme was too magnificent and expensive to last. The practice became so common, and so much serious damage was done, that a strong law was passed to stop the merry game.

It is time now to come to our own fungus grounds. We have the reputation of being the slowest nation in the world in embracing new ideas, or, which is the same thing, even in adopting old ones, if they are not, as it were, "to the manner born" with us.

Thus, we see that other nations, comparatively next door to us, have for ages been eating and enjoying productions of the soil which we have trodden under foot, and looked upon as little better than rank poison. There is a common impression, as fixed in the minds of country people as of townsmen, and one which has been handed down from father to son, and from generation to generation, that no varieties of the fungus family are fit to eat save the common mushroom and the champignon; and it will take some time before unprejudiced attention can be more generally attracted to the subject.

Caricaturists have ever had a despotic share in the direction of public prejudices; and in this matter of mushrooms we think a heavy impeachment lies against our old friend, the genial and lamented John Leech. Who does not remember that sketch in *Punch* where the complacent host explains to his affrighted guests that the delicious side dish of which they have been so freely partaking "is not the common mushroom—it's a large fungus called the *agaricus procerus*. It grows solitary in hedgerows, is called *colubrinus* from the snake-like markings on its stem. The pileus is covered with scales, which are formed by the breaking up of the mud-coloured epidermis, and—(general panic takes place)"? Who knows how much that characteristic picture of the appalled guests, and the ominous tall agaric hanging on the wall of the dining-room, has done to assist still further the timid prejudices of society generally against any but

the legitimate *agaricus campestris* of time-honoured repute?

That the selection of other kinds of mushrooms must be left to experienced hands, no one in the interests of our common safety can deny. Some of the most tempting in outward appearance of the mushroom species are, unfortunately, the most deadly from an edible point of view. To mention one of the most dangerous, yet most lovely of its kind—namely, the *agaricus muscarius*, of a rich, reddish-orange colour, starred with silvery, downy tufts, which age hardens into white warts, the remains of its envelope—no one marking it in its favourite haunts by the woodside, in sandy districts, or under fig trees, would suspect its intoxicating effects on man. The Russians and the people of Kamtschatka are the only mortals mad enough to risk it. They concoct a liquor from it for the purposes of intoxication; and the rolling eyes, convulsive limbs, and ravings, as of one fever-stricken, of the patient soon betray the peculiar properties of the draught. It seldom, however, proves fatal.

Yet even this fungus has its use. An eminent naturalist says:—

“Among its baser uses, the juice, rubbed on the walls and bed-posts of Neapolitan dwellings and English sea-side lodging-houses, may shield you from the attacks of the Cuirassiers, and even put to flight the Voltigeurs, the Scotch Greys, and the entomopopulation, generally flat-bodied or rotund. If all tales be true, none of the parasitical troops, heavy or light, quartered on man as the consequence of the Fall can stand before this sweeping router. When you are at home, suffering from a plague of flies—and a wound from a fly, especially if it have previously fed on putrid flesh, has been followed by death—the juice of this fungus, infused in milk, will summarily deliver you from their persecution. You will soon see them on their backs; and this mode of riddance is equally certain and far more humane than ‘Catch-em-alive-O!’”

The great difficulty, of course, is to know the deleterious from the edible fungi. This can only be overcome by practice in distinguishing the different varieties. The foreign peasants have managed it, and why not our own? Thousands of bushels of the common or true mushroom are gathered yearly in our fields and meadows by men, women, and children, yet how seldom a mistake occurs.

Now and then, perhaps, but very rarely, the hedge-mushroom may be thrown into the basket by accident; but it is easily distinguished from the genuine article by its taller stem, darker-coloured gills, somewhat pointed cap, and much greater lightness in comparison with its bulk.

There is a very common fungus, the *agaricus Georgii*, better known by its rustic title of horse-mushroom. The name has probably had as much to do in keeping up the popular prejudice against this variety as anything else.

In the country, these enormous agarics, standing five or six inches high, and crowned with snowy pilei as large as the crown of a hat, and often larger, are kicked about and destroyed with all the vengeance due to a reputed death-dealer.

Yet your despised horse-mushroom is truly delicious and wholesome eating. The gills in the unexpanded or button state are pallid; but, when opened, they are of a beautiful rosy pink. As it is much more tender and full of flavour in the expanded state, it is best, if you find this mushroom in the young or button stage, to keep it until the cap expands, which it will do even after being cut, if kept in a moist place, not too cold.

This Georgian agaric makes first-rate ketchup, as the Londoners have found out; and bushels of it are sold in Covent-garden Market for that purpose alone.

The numbers of varieties of the fungus family are interminable. Fries describes nearly a thousand species of the genus *agaricus* alone. In this country, there are over fifty well-defined descriptions of funguses.

We must leave to botanists the task of describing all these more particularly, and content ourselves with naming a few of the more interesting specimens of the edible sort.

The *agaricus gambosus* is found in downs and meadows, and commonly grows in large rings in May and June. Specimens have been gathered measuring five inches across, and weighing four to five ounces; and a single ring has afforded as much as ten or twelve pounds weight. The Italians eat it fresh in a variety of ways, or dry it, and sell it for from twelve to sixteen francs per pound. The best way to cook it is in a mince or fricasee, with any kind of meat; or in a *vol-au-vent*; or simply prepared with

salt, pepper, and a small piece of bacon, lard, or butter, to prevent burning, when it constitutes a most excellent dish.

The *a. personatus* is sold in Covent-garden for the table, but is supposed to be occasionally dangerous. As it imbibes water readily, it should not be gathered in wet weather. When not water-soaked, it is a fine firm fungus, with a flavour of veal, like which it should be dressed, *en papillotes*, with savoury herbs and the usual condiments. This species is common in meadows.

An excellent agaric for the table is the *a. prunulus*. It is mostly found on downs and open places, where it grows most abundantly. It should be eaten the day it is gathered—either stewed, broiled, or fried with egg and bread crumbs, like cutlets. Another good way of preparing it for the table is to stew it with cream and flour, and then season—as the cookery-books say—with pepper and salt.

The *agaricus campestris*, or common mushroom, every one knows; and every cook in the kingdom has equally his own favourite way of dishing it up for our anxious palates. But there are some varieties of it worth noticing. There is one which occurs at times with brownish scales, and the flesh turning pink when cut.

Another variety of the *campestris* order is the *agaricus anceps*, which when eaten produces a violent derangement of the stomach. It is found under hedges. Its gills are of a deep lurid red; the flesh tough, and not juicy; the odour disagreeable, and taste insipid.

The true mushroom, however, should be eaten fresh, for a few hours make all the difference in its wholesomeness or unwholesomeness; and this is not surprising when we consider the variety of principles that enter into its composition.

Vauquelin found it to comprise fat, adipocene, osmazome, sugar, fungine, and acetate of potash.

Some of our readers, by the bye, may ask what is osmazome. It is the same, then, as the juice obtained from the flesh of the ox—essence of gravy. We once met a rustic returning from a mushroom-gathering, and rejoicing in the possession of a handkerchief full of these rich esculents. Satisfaction was in every feature as, pointing to his prize, he said to us—"There is as much goodness here, sir, as in two pounds of steak." This goodness was osmazome.

We now come to the champignons, or, as they are sometimes called, Scotch bonnets. Dr. Badham, no bad authority on funguses, says:—"Independent of the excellent flavour of this little mushroom, two circumstances give it an additional value in a domestic point of view—viz., the facility with which it is dried: two or three days' exposure to the air is sufficient to effect this. The *agaricus Oreades* may be kept for years without losing any of its aroma or goodness, which, on the contrary, become improved by the process. It is used in the dry state to flavour rich soups and gravies, and in the preparation of alamode beef; but as it soon loses its flavour by over-cooking, it should be thrown in only a few minutes before serving."

The *boletus* is an important member of the fungus family. This is to the Italians, as we have already seen in the earlier part of this paper, what the *a. campestris* is to us—the common mushroom of general use. Strings of these dried are sold in all the markets of Italy. There are many different species of the *boletus*, yet no accident was ever known to arise from the indiscriminate use of them. In certain parts of Italy the peasants eat the *boletus luridus*, which elsewhere is generally looked upon as poisonous. Nevertheless, we would not advise any one to try this variety. Roques says of it that a cat died in twenty-four hours after eating an ounce of it. A young surgeon who had eaten one of these boletuses experienced intense heat in the throat and stomach, attended with spasms and great weakness, the pulse rapid, with a burning skin; but after a medical treatment of some hours, he recovered. He records another instance which proved fatal to a Chevalier P—.

Perhaps the most curious of the edible funguses is the *fistulina hepatica*. It grows to a great size at times. One is mentioned that measured nearly five feet round, and weighed more than eight pounds; while another is recorded, on Mr. Berkeley's authority, which weighed nearly thirty. It frequently resembles a tongue in shape and general appearance. In Italy it is called *lingua quercina* for this reason, and from the fact that it is nearly always found upon oak trees. The French call it *langue de bœuf*. In some parts it resembles a piece of liver; hence its name, *hepatica*. This fungus is of a blood-red colour, with flesh-coloured or yellowish tubes (*fistulæ*), which are prettily fringed at their mouths. No

fungus yields a richer gravy; and when grilled it is scarcely to be distinguished from broiled meat. When old, it is best stewed down for stock, rejecting the flesh; but if young it may be eaten in substance, plain or with mincemeat. It is so succulent as to furnish its own sauce.

We have only alluded to some of the more prominent varieties of the edible mushroom; but we have said sufficient, we hope, to awaken in our readers a more lively interest in the abundance of good gifts, so long despised or neglected, which year after year enrich our fields, woods, and meadowlands, only to waste away untasted and unknown.

The knowledge may be easily acquired, from professional works on the subject, of distinguishing the good specimens from the doubtful; and many an interesting excursion may then be made, combining the pleasures of botanical study with a more substantial reward in the way of such luxurious esculents than the veriest epicurean, even in mushrooms, ever yet dreamed of.

If one time were better than another to start on a fungus-gathering expedition, we would suggest after a thunderstorm. Thunder showers seem to produce a wonderful effect on the whole race.

"The warm autumnal showers are come, the thunder and the lightning,

And the musers the green slopes by thousands will be whitening,"

say the words of the old song of our childhood. We are past the season of warm autumnal showers at this time of the year, but even now a few warm, wet days would afford ample sport for the enthusiastic fungus hunter.

THALASSA.

I LOOK across the land and sea,
I gaze into the quiet west,
I hear the waves' low lullaby,
And yet my heart is not at rest.

The heron wings his stately way
In silence to his reedy nest,
The white mists steal upon the day,
And yet my soul is all unrest.

The even bells break from the coast,
Like sudden songs of angels blest,
That love at lingering hours the most
To bring the hearts of mortals rest.

"Weep not," they say, "the plaint of love
Is but a holy loss confess'd;
Sweet eyes look ever from above.
Be still, sad heart, and sink to rest!"

TABLE TALK.

IN THE GREAT Tichborne case, it has necessarily occurred that many witnesses have been examined who formerly served with Sir Roger Tichborne in the 6th Dragoon Guards. This regiment is usually known as the "Carabiniers," a word which is pronounced, and sometimes spelt, "Carbiniers." Why this regiment received this name is a point more satisfactorily to be determined than the origin of the word that gave the title to the regiment. The Dragoons were so called because they carried the firearm called "the dragon," from its butt-end being ornamented with a representation of the monster that was slain by England's patron saint; but the 6th Dragoons, instead of being armed with "dragons," carried "carabines," or "carbines;" both these firearms differing from the petronel, or poitrinel, so called because it was fired when held against the chest. The dragons and carbines gave their names to those mounted troops who subsequently used those weapons; the Dragoons, who were so first called in France, in 1600, by Marshal de Brissac, being met with as English regiments some thirty years later, and the Carbineers a few years after. The "Dragones" and Carbineers are fully described, as to the equipments and accoutrements, in the treatise "Militarie Instructions for the Cavalerie," published at Cambridge in the year 1632. Perhaps the origin of the word "Carbineer," or "Carabinier," will never be satisfactorily settled, for philologists are difficult persons to please, especially when they hold pet theories. Spanish light cavalry troops were known as "Carbins" as early as 1559, so that the carbine may have a Spanish origin; and "Carabs" were light vessels, on board of which the particular firearm known as the carbine may have been first used. Very few cornets of Carabiniers have made themselves such subjects for "Table Talk" as Sir Roger Tichborne has done; and the prominence into which his old regiment has been brought must be our excuse for these historical and philological notes.

"WAR AND THE WEATHER" is the title of a little book written by an American civil engineer, Mr. Powers, with the view of proving that rain can be produced by human agency, particularly by heavy discharges of artillery; and a large number of cases are

cited in which great battles have been followed by speedy rain. Six cases of this kind are cited which occurred during the war with Mexico, in 1846 and 1847; nine cases of battles, or skirmishes, are cited which occurred in 1861, in the war of the rebellion, and which were followed by rain at no great interval; forty such cases are cited for 1862, thirty for 1863, twenty-eight for 1864, and six for 1865. Eighteen similar cases are also cited from among the great battles which have occurred in Europe during the past century, making a total of 137 cases. The author thinks that if these facts are insufficient to convince, it would be in vain to expect to do so with a greater number of cases; and we should have agreed with him if he had worked out the subject in a more careful manner. Does he not know that, in most of the regions he refers to, the normal rain-fall is high, and that rain occurs, on an average, at least once in three days? To make his argument complete, he should have determined, from a careful comparison of a large number of cases, what is the average interval between a battle and the next succeeding rain—all the battles within a particular circuit being included—and should have then shown that this interval is less than it would be if the battle had no influence in the production of rain. Although, on these and other grounds, we do not consider that Mr. Powers has proved his case, we are strongly of opinion that great battles and great fires do exert some influence in the production of rain. The idea is by no means a novel one. It was revived during the late Franco-Prussian campaign, and several communications on the subject appeared in the *Cosmos* and other scientific journals; and the American papers report that the late terrible fires in Chicago, Wisconsin, &c., have been followed by deluges of rain.

ABOUT THE EARLIEST and most notable performance of English opera was in 1656, under the management of Sir William Davenant, the poet. The piece was entitled, "An Entertainment at Rutland House, by Declamation and Music, after the Manner of the Ancients," and was afterwards published, in the same year, in a quarto volume. Davenant had just been liberated from the Tower, where he had been confined by Parliament for his complicity in the scheme—originally encouraged by Henrietta Maria,

the Queen-Mother of England—of carrying out a number of artificers to Virginia. At this time, tragedies and comedies—thanks to the morality of a Puritanical Government—were prohibited. Davenant formed the idea of starting an entertainment which should consist solely of music, thus escaping the penalties of the law. This musical drama—of which we have already given the title—he styled an *opera*, and the first performance took place at Rutland House, Charterham House Row, or what is now called Charterhouse-square, on the 14th of May, 1656. The price of admission was five shillings. Although there was accommodation for 400 people, only about 150 were present. The scene was Athens; and a quaint description of the place and the performance is given in a MS. of the time:—"The room was narrow; at the end thereof was a stage; and upon either side two places railed in, purpled and gilt. The curtains, also, which drew before them were of cloth of gold and purple. After the prologue—which told them that this was but the narrow passage to the Elysium, their Opera—up came Diogenes and Aristophanes, the former against the opera, the latter for it. Then came up a citizen of Paris, speaking broken English, and a citizen of London, who reproached one another with the defects of each city—in their buildings, manners, customs, diet, &c. And, in fine, the Londoner had the best of it—who concluded he had seen two *crocheteurs* in Paris, both with heavy burdens on their backs, stand complimenting for the way with "*C'est à vous, monsieur; Monsieur, vous vous moquez de moy,*" &c., which lasted till they both fell down under their burdens. The music was above, in a loover* hole, railed and covered with saracnets to conceal them. Before each speech was concert musick. At the end were songs relating to the Victor (the Protector). The last song ended with deriding Paris and the French, concluding thus:—

'And tho' a shipp her scutcheon bee,
Yet Paris hath no shippis at sea."

The first song was made by Hen. Lawes, ye other by Dr. Coleman, who were the composers. The singers were Capt. Cooke, Ned Coleman and his wife, another woman, and other inconsiderable voices. It lasted an hour and a halfe, and is to continue for

* The *loover hole* probably means the *louvre* or *loover*—a place open to let out smoke, sound, &c.

ten days, by which time other declamations will be ready." Such was the "first season" of veritable English opera. The novelty seems to have rapidly gained in public estimation, for the Opera was afterwards removed to the Cockpit, in Drury-lane, and was much frequented for many years.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us another version of the verses beginning "Earth goes upon Earth:"—In the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, against the west wall of the nave, on the south side of the arch, was painted the martyrdom of Thomas-à-Becket while kneeling at the altar of St. Benedict, in Canterbury Cathedral. Below this was the figure of an angel, probably St. Michael, supporting a long scroll, upon which were seven stanzas, in old English, being an allegory of mortality:—

"Erthe out of erthe ys wondrously wrought,
Erth hath gotyn upon erth a dygnyte of noght,
Erth ypon erth hath sett all hys thowht,
How erth apon erth may be hey broght.

Erth apon erth wold be a kyng,
But how that erth gott to erth he thyngkys nothyn.
When erth byddys erth hys rentys whom bryng,
Then schall erth upon erth have a hard ptyng.

Erth apon erth wynys castellys and towrys;
Then seth erth unto erth thys ys all owrys,
When erth apon erth hath bylde his bowrys,
Then schall erth upon erth have many hard schowrys.

Erth goth apon erth as man apon mowld,
Lyke as erth apon erth never goo schold.
Erth goth apon erth as gelsteryng gold,
And yet schall erth unto erth rather than he wold.

Why that erth loveth erth wondur me thynke,
Or why that erth wold for erth other swett or
swynke;

When erth apon erth ys broght wt. yn the brynke,
Then schall erth apon erth have a fowll stynke.

Lo erth on erth considur thow may,
How erth comyth to erth nakyd all way.
Why shall erth apon erth goo stowte or gay,
Seth erth owt of erth schall passe yn poor aray.

I counsill erth apon erth that ys wondrously wrought,
The whyl yt. erth ys apon erth to torne hys
thowht,

And pray to God apon erth yt. all erth wrought,
That all Crystyn soullys to ye. blys may be broght."

A CORRESPONDENT: In a recent article in ONCE A WEEK, on "French Views of English Life," I see that the writer pleasantly alludes to the old notion of foreigners, that Englishmen were in the habit of selling their wives in the market-place at a stipulated price. But although the interesting custom thus attributed to us by our friends

across the Channel is happily out of date now, yet I beg to prove to you that such was not always the case; and, what is more, the wives were sometimes willing parties to the transfer. Here is an instance taken from the *Farmers' Journal* of May 5, 1810:—"A young man in Bewcastle, Cumberland, who was not on good terms with his wife, resolved, a few days ago, to dispose of her by auction. Not being able to find a purchaser in the place where they resided, she persuaded him to proceed to Newcastle for that purpose. Accordingly, they set out; and this modern Delilah laid her plans so well, that, immediately on his arrival, a pressgang conveyed him on board a frigate preparing to get under weigh for a long cruise."

THE CHINESE, it seems, by the latest accounts, are getting obstreperous again. The intercourse with Europeans, which has been forced upon them so much against their inclination—or that of their rulers, at least—appears to be as disagreeable as ever to the Celestials. But it is too late in the day for the buttoned mandarins to fight against necessity. An Englishman thinks no more at the present day of setting out for Peking than he does of going to Baden-Baden, or up the Rhine. But the journey to the Chinese capital was not always such a matter of course. In 1792, the following was considered an interesting piece of gossip for the papers:—"There is but one European who has ever penetrated China to Peking; and that European is an Englishman, who now resides in the vicinity of Bromley, in Kent. This gentleman had so long resided at Canton in the character of a factor, that he was a perfect master of the Chinese language, and entirely conversant with and assimilated to the manners of the country. Having formed a strict intimacy with some Chinese merchants who made an annual visit to Peking, it was agreed among them that he should accompany them to the Imperial residence as a Chinese. He accordingly did so, and proceeded with them to the metropolis without any obstacle or interruption. The very first morning after his arrival at Peking, he was disturbed by a noise at his chamber door, and the abrupt entrance of some Chinese soldiers. They showed him the merchants, his friends, hanging on a gallows before his window; and, without saying a word to him, they placed

him in a kind of litter, brought for the purpose, with a single aperture at the top for light and air; and in this situation, accompanied by a guard, he was conveyed back to Canton with more haste than he came. He was treated with no other severity."

MANY OF US are under the impression that adulteration is one of the unpleasant effects of our modern go-ahead social system. But if it is any consolation to us, it may be as well to know that people were not so much better off, in this respect, nearly a hundred years ago. Here is an extract from an article, written in 1793, on the cowkeepers of Middlesex:—"The milk is delivered entirely free from adulteration to the people who retail it in London; and, as they have it unadulterated at the rate of three farthings per pint, and retail it at three-halfpence, their profit is surely so great as ought not to tempt them to any adulteration. But, when it is considered how much their milk is lowered by water and other worse mixtures, it is matter of regret that no method has hitherto been fallen upon to prevent the abuses so justly complained of in regard to this very necessary article of life." Then we are told how the milkmen of those days worked the oracle to their own harmless little profits. "Not satisfied with the profit above stated, which, considering the difference of measure, is above one hundred per cent., it is a common practice with the retailers of this useful article to carry the milk first home to their own houses, where it is set up for half a day, when the cream is taken from it—at least, all that comes up in that time; and it is then sold for new milk, by which means what is delivered in the morning is no other than the milk of the preceding afternoon, deprived of the cream it throws up by standing during that time. By this means, a further considerable profit accrues to the retailer, and the milk is greatly reduced in point of strength and quality. This cream, poor as it is, is afterwards, it is said, mixed with other ingredients, and yet finds a quick and ready market in the metropolis." Who shall say, after this, that, in the arts of petty trade roguery at least, the present generation is cleverer than those that have gone before?

IT IS NEARLY thirty years ago, if our memory serves us, when, as schoolboys,

we were tempted to divert the use of the small sum of one farthing from its normal expenditure on tarts and fruit to the purchase of an epic poem. We suspect that it was the oddity of the thing that tickled us, more than any prospective pleasure in the enjoyment of pages of blank verse on a subject for which we did not care, and by a writer of whom we had never heard. But that writer, by his bold literary *coup d'état*, secured notoriety, if not fortune and popularity. His name and his poem at once became household words; and every one quickly became familiar with the fact that an epic poem, called "Orion," written by Richard Hartwell Horne, had been published and was offered for sale at the low price of one farthing. It must have been an expensive sarcasm, as well as a highly original method of proclaiming to a world satiated with poetic trifles the probable value at which it would estimate a work of genius that took the despised form of an epic poem. But the author of "The Death of Marlowe," "Cosmo de Medici," the miracle play of "Judas Iscariot," the "New Spirit of the Age," and many other thoughtful works, both in prose and poetry, was contented with the experiment; and the farthing epic was destined to make his name widely and acceptably known, not only in his newly adopted home, Australia, and in his earlier quarters in Mexico and the United States, but also in his native country, England. The original copies of the farthing epic were quickly bought up; and, since then, it has become such a literary curiosity that a copy could only be procured with difficulty, and at a high rate. "Orion" is a poem well worthy of Mr. Horne's fame as a writer and thinker; and we are, therefore, well pleased to think that it will now be produced in a way befitting its reputation by Messrs. Ellis and Green, in a "library edition." Perhaps no poem ever had a stranger history than this farthing epic.

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AUSTRALIA AS IT IS.—I. THE CULTURE OF THE ORANGE.



WE have just received a blue book issued by the Sydney authorities on the industrial progress of New South Wales, and which, unlike most blue books, is replete

with much interesting information concerning the productions and prospects of the colony. Nominally, the book in question is the report of the Intercolonial Exhibition of 1870, held at Sydney, but virtually it is an elaborate history of the progress of New South Wales, detailed in so many separate pamphlets on the different subjects of general interest to the community at large.

In the portly volume before us, we have essays, written by scientific men in the colony, on the progress and present state of astronomical science in New South Wales, on indigenous woods, Australian vertebrata, &c., &c. For the benefit of our readers, we think we cannot do better than give a digest of a few of the papers of more general interest. With this intention, therefore, we commence with a *résumé* of an article by Dr. George Bennett, F.L.S., on the cultivation of the orange in New South Wales.

The orange is a native of China and India, and is supposed to have been introduced into Italy in the fourteenth century. Gallesio states that oranges were brought by the Arabs from India by two routes—the sweet ones through Persia to Syria, and thence to the shores of Italy and the South

of France; and the bitter, called in commerce Seville oranges, by Arabia, Egypt, and the North of Africa, to Spain. Thus, all the old orange groves at Seville, planted by the Moors, were the bitter-fruited variety; and the first sweet orange is stated to have been reared at Lisbon, and became commonly known as the Portugal or Lisbon orange. A traveller in Spain, writing of its orange groves, says:—"At Cordova, in the Court of Oranges of the old Moorish mosque, now the cathedral, the splendid avenues of orange trees, all of them centuries old, were a most interesting sight. The lines of the orange trees in the court corresponded with the lines of the pillars—1,096 in number—in the interior." He also mentions having visited the Alcazua, the most beautiful of Moorish palaces:—"Its garden is a marvel of beauty. The most striking thing, however, was the celebrated orange tree of vast dimensions, and said to be 600 years old. Its stem is split into several trunks, and covers the ground-space of a good-sized vat."

The climate of Tasmania and New Zealand is not congenial to the ripening of this fruit in the open air, nor has it yet succeeded to any extent about Victoria. For this reason, a large and remunerative trade is carried on by the exportation of oranges from New South Wales to the less favoured colonies. The whole of the citron tribe are evergreens, and therefore are ornamental as well as useful. The gardens about Sydney are all well planted with orange trees; and during the summer season the effect produced on the eye by the blossoms and fruit, in every stage of maturity, is beautiful in the extreme. This fact of the orange tree bearing flowers and fruit at the same time has been alluded to by Moore:—

"Just there beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together free,
Like age at play with infancy."

One thing remarkable in the citron family

is that, although a tropical genus, it ripens its fruit in all countries in which it becomes naturalized only in the winter months; and from this peculiarity it has probably been enabled to travel from India to the southern shores of Europe, and to find a congenial locality in the equable and temperate climate of the Azores, Cape of Good Hope, and New South Wales. The varieties of the citron family thrive in great luxuriance in the open air in the districts around Sydney, Hunter's River, and other suitable portions of the colony of New South Wales, more especially in sheltered situations in the vicinity of the inland creeks or salt water rivers (as they are termed by the colonists), such as the Paramatta, the Hunter, and others. In localities of this description, fine, healthy, umbrageous orange trees are planted in groves, their dark green glossy, foliage contrasting beautifully with the clusters of delicate white, waxy-looking flowers, which diffuse a rich fragrance in the surrounding atmosphere, and attract by their perfume innumerable swarms of bees, butterflies, and other insects; while, at the same time, the fruit may be seen in every stage of ripening. It has always been found that lemon and orange trees thrive luxuriously on a sloping ground, in sheltered situations, near the salt water, or under the influence of the sea air, yet not exposed to the sea breeze. They always grow best, too, where they can enjoy the genial warmth of the morning sun.

The orange tree was first introduced into Sydney, New South Wales, from Brazil, in 1788. Captain Hunter says, in his "Journal of Transactions at Port Jackson and Norfolk Island," that they took on board at Rio de Janeiro, among other seeds and plants, "orange, lime, and lemon trees;" and further states that, at Sydney, "vines, orange and lemon trees are in a very thriving state." These were introduced from Sydney into Norfolk Island, where Lieutenant King observes, in his Journal of 1788 at that island—"Two orange trees which I brought with me (from Sydney) were kept in tubs until I should find a sheltered situation to plant them in." He afterwards says they were planted in the vale; and in March, 1790, observes—"Vines, orange and lemon trees are in a very thriving state." Thus we find that they appear to be well-established in Norfolk Island; and at this time they were also thriving at Sydney, as we learn from

Phillips's "New South Wales," in 1790. From this date, therefore, the cultivation of the orange tree in this colony may be considered permanent. A curious fate, however, overtook the orange trees in Norfolk Island. Norfolk Island was formerly covered with orange trees. But the commandant, in 1827, believing that the fruit furnished means of sustenance to the runaway convicts, caused them to be destroyed almost to a tree. In 1844 there was but one tree upon the island, and that was in an unhealthy state.

In New South Wales, the most luxuriant orange crops are produced on a slightly sloping land with an eastern aspect. By this position a good drainage is secured, and, great care and attention being bestowed upon the plantation, a superior quality of fruit is ensured. We, perhaps, could not give our readers a better idea of Australian orange growing than by quoting the following description of a visit made in 1859 to one of the largest orangeries in New South Wales, at a place called Lane Cove:—

"After an agreeable drive of nine miles, I arrived at the orangery. On entering the grounds, the scene was beautiful. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by the mass of bright foliage, studded in all directions with golden, luscious fruit, and redolent with the perfume of the flowers—realizing what Thomson, in his 'Summer,' says—

'Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend.'

"The situation of the grounds is good, having a north-east aspect, and sheltered from the inclement winds. The land is well drained, and gradually slopes to a well-watered creek; and on the opposite side of this, gradually rises again. On the brows of these sheltered hills the rows of orange trees are planted. At the entrance of the garden I remarked some fine lemon trees, forming an agreeable contrast, by the lighter green of their leaves and the delicate hue of the pendulous clusters of fruit, with the darker tints of the orange trees in their vicinity. The fragrance of the blossoms attracted multitudes of insects, butterflies of various bright tints, and innumerable bees—the latter imbibing the nectar from the flowers to convey to their hives, kept upon the grounds of this plantation. What a combination of beauty this scene displayed!

What gratification it afforded to the senses! The air we breathed was filled with delicious odour, and the trees around were loaded with ripe and ripening fruit. The mandarin orange trees are readily distinguished by the smaller leaf; and I observed that the fruit on the upper branches had attained a large size, whilst those on the lower branches were much smaller. These oranges, in Egypt and other countries, when budded on the Seville orange stock, form quick-growing and fine trees; but when budded on the shaddock, as recommended by others, bear a fruit of very superior flavour.

"The mandarin orange trees, several of which in this plantation were twenty feet high and forty feet in the circumference of their leafy branches, have yielded annually 350 dozen each tree, and the more common varieties have produced 280 dozen. The trees in this plantation, numbering nearly 900, surprised me by their healthy, luxuriant growth; and the absence of weeds evinced the great care bestowed upon them. Every two years the earth was dug around the trees, which, by admitting air to the roots, and by occasionally manuring with bone dust and other fertilizing agents, materially benefited their growth and productiveness. The trenching was carried from twenty inches to two feet in depth, which was always found amply sufficient. Bone manure is considered effective on clayey and sandy soils, and the benefit is felt for many years. Some of the finest and most productive orange trees have been grown near the Salt-water Creek, the subsoil consisting for the most part of shells, and among swamp oaks (*Casuarina*).

"The aborigines name the casuarina '*she-look*,' which has probably been corrupted by the early settlers into '*she-oak*.' Another valuable variety in this orangery was the navel orange—a fine, large and luscious fruit—originally from the Brazils. It is devoid of seeds, or has, at most, a solitary one, which is always abortive. This is a highly valued variety, but is usually regarded as a precarious and shy-bearing tree; and each usually bears only about 100 dozen. The crop of navel oranges is also very uncertain, the blossoms not being able to endure the hot winds so well as other varieties; and a large proportion is often destroyed. Nevertheless, from their extended cultivation, a great number of these delicious oranges are

sold during the season, and as they obtain a higher price in the market than others, it compensates the growers for their more limited production. The extent of ground planted with oranges at this place was twenty-two acres, the trees being about twenty-three feet apart. Many of them were from eighteen feet to twenty-five feet high: the latter, when measured, had a circumference of branches of fifty-four feet."

It was a bright, sunny day when this orangery was visited, with an exquisite, clear Australian sky, and the light was playing over the plantation with a brilliancy and beauty that must have aroused the most apathetic to admiration of the luxuriant scene. Here, also, is grown the Bergamot lemon—a hardy and prolific variety. Both flowers and fruit possess a powerful fragrance, and from both an essence of a delightful odour is extracted. It is said that 2½ ounces of the oil, by expression, is produced from 100 lemons.

The orange tree generally begins to bear about the third or fourth year; but growers seldom or never permit the fruit to come to maturity until the fifth or even the seventh or eighth year, by which time the tree has attained a considerable size, has more vigour, and will then probably, with care and attention, bear fruit to the age of sixty or seventy years, and even more. Most orange growers have a habit of planting the trees too close together. But this is a great mistake. There is not a tree that exhausts the soil more rapidly than the orange; and thus, when there is not a fair distance between orange trees at the planting, one is apt in time to destroy the other. It is a common saying in orange growing districts, that "the greatest enemy to the orange tree is its own kind."

In the Hunter River district there are several fine orangeries. One of the finest is a Mr. Waddell's, at Townhead, Singleton. It covers upwards of four acres of land, and numbers four hundred trees, the oldest of which were planted ten years ago. The trees were selected with the greatest care, Mr. Waddell having more regard to the quality of his fruit than to mere quantity. The Seville and St. Michael, so justly celebrated, grow here in perfection. One tree alone in this orangery has averaged a yearly yield of 100 dozen oranges during the last four years. But every tree is equally prolific; so that, in a good harvest, the four hundred

trees yield a crop of something like 480,000 oranges. The orchard is kept in the highest order, and is laid out in great taste. The long avenues of trees, with the deep green leaves, when the fruit is ripe, have a lovely appearance. So umbrageous, too, are these trees, that it is deliciously cool in the orangery in the hot days of summer.

Near Paramatta, and in other districts of the colony, there are extensive gardens of orange and other fruit trees. Here oranges, lemons, apples, pears, loquats, apricots, peaches, and other excellent fruits, together with extensive vineyards stocked with superior kinds of grapes, may be seen growing in the greatest luxuriance.

The orange in New South Wales often grows to a very large size. Some navel oranges, taken from five year old trees and grafted on seedlings, were exhibited very recently in the Sydney market, and were found to weigh respectively 22, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$, and 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. Two common oranges on a single stalk weighed together thirty-two ounces. Some large specimens of the Emperor-Mandarin orange, exhibited at the same time, bore good witness to the suitability of the climate for orange culture.

As the orange tree increases in age, so the fruit improves in quality—that is, if it is originally a healthy tree and grafted on a good stock; the younger trees bearing fruit with a thicker rind and abundance of seeds. As the tree becomes older, the skin becomes thinner, the fruit much more juicy, and the seeds diminish in number. As a rule, the older the tree, the thinner is the skin and the more luscious the flavour of the fruit. Some of the trees at the Azores bear at a very great age. It is no uncommon thing to see a tree a hundred years old still bearing plentifully a highly prized thin-skinned orange, full of juice, and free from pips. In New South Wales the orange trees commence bearing ripe fruit about the month of June. They are at that time of an acid flavour, but are sweeter in July; and from September to January they are in perfection. The season seldom terminates until February; and even as late as the 13th of March oranges are occasionally exposed for sale. It is found in New South Wales that if oranges are allowed to remain on the trees, and only plucked as required, they last all the year round—or, at all events, until the next crop begins to ripen. The late blossoms form a second crop, which, ripening later in the season, keep up a sup-

ply for the table; but oranges left too long upon the tree in any quantity are liable to injure the fruit of next season. Those of the second crop are small, with the pulp peculiarly crisp and sweet, containing, if any, very abortive seeds. Sometimes the rind remains green, or is of a pale yellowish-green colour.

Mention has just been made of the seeds of the orange. All the species of the citron family may be propagated by seeds, grafting, budding, or layers. The plants raised from seed are generally used for grafting and budding, as they are considered to possess greater durability and productiveness. The fruit is sweeter; but they take a longer time to come into bearing. The best month for pruning orange trees in New South Wales is February; and by keeping the branches thin, so as to admit sun and air, improves the quality of the fruit; for in unpruned, or in trees too much sheltered, it has been found that the rind of the fruit has become thicker and softer, which is prejudicial to the keeping of the fruit. By judicious pruning, the health and graceful appearance of the tree is much improved, and when it is borne in mind that the blossoms of the citron tribe are produced in the form of terminating peduncles on the wood of the current year, the object of pruning ought to be to encourage the production of young wood in every part of the tree. The wood of the citron tribe is hard, compact, and durable. This family is remarkable for the dotted appearance of all parts of the plants, in consequence of their abounding in little cells filled with a volatile and frequently highly fragrant oil. For instance, on holding up the foliage of the orange tree to the light, it is observed to be covered with innumerable minute glands, which secrete an essential oil in large quantities.

Efforts are being made in the colony to make this oil, together with water distilled from the flowers, a valuable article of commerce, as it has long been in France and the southern parts of Europe.

The flowers of the orange have somewhat of a warm and bitter aromatic taste, and are not only held in high esteem as a perfume, but are used for making orange flower water, as they give out their flavour by infusion. This preparation is extensively used, more particularly among the French, for nervous and hysterical complaints.

The Chinese scent their teas with orange flowers. The method has been thus described:—"In a corner of the building there lay a large heap of orange flowers, which filled the air with the most delicious perfume. A man was engaged in sifting them to get out the stamens and other smaller portions of the flower. This process was necessary in order that the flowers might be readily sifted out of the tea after the scenting had been accomplished. The orange flowers being fully expanded, the large petals were easily separated from the stamens and smaller ones. In 100 parts, seventy per cent. were used and twenty thrown away. When the orange is used, its flowers must be fully expanded in order to bring out the scent. When the flowers had been sifted over in the manner described, they were ready for use. In the meantime, the tea to be scented had been carefully manipulated, and appeared perfectly dried and finished. At this stage of the process, it is worthy of observing that, while the tea was perfectly dry, the orange flowers were just as they had been gathered from the trees. Large quantities of the tea were now mixed up with the flowers in the proportion of forty pounds of flowers to 100 pounds of tea.

"This *dry tea* and the *undried flowers* were allowed to be mixed together for the space of twenty-four hours. At the end of this time the flowers were sifted out of the tea, and, by the repeated sifting and winnowing process, which the tea had afterwards to undergo, they were nearly all got rid of."

The flowers of the Seville orange yield a very delicious water and essential oil, which are much patronized by the Egyptian ladies.

Piesse says, in his work on the art of perfumery:—"Some plants yield more than one odour, which are quite distinct and characteristic. The orange tree, for instance, gives three—from the leaves, one called *petit grain*; from the flowers we procure *neroli*; and from the rind of the fruit essential oil of orange, *essence of Portugal*. On this account, perhaps, this tree is the most valuable of all to the operative perfumer."

An important question has been agitating the minds of the orange growers of New South Wales, whether as extensive flower farms may not be established in the colony in the course of a few years as flourish in a

similar climate at Nice, Grasse, and Cannes, in France.

Some idea of the commercial importance of the flower-growing trade may be formed, when it is said that one of the large perfumers of Grasse and Paris employs annually 80,000 lbs. of orange flowers, 60,000 lbs. of cassia flowers, 54,000 lbs. of rose leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jasmine blossoms, 32,000 lbs. of violets, 20,000 lbs. of tuberose, 16,000 lbs. of lilac; besides rosemary, mint, thyme, lemon, citron, and other odorous plants in larger proportion.

Surely, these facts are sufficiently encouraging to the enterprise of Australian orange farmers, proving as they do that a rich source of wealth to the colony as yet remains unopened and neglected.

EYES AND NO EYES.—PART II.

HAVING in our previous article considered the peculiarities of the eyes in vertebrate and molluscous animals, we now pass on to the consideration of these organs in the sub-kingdom, ARTICULATA, or jointed animals; which includes *insects*, *arachnidans*, and *crustaceans*.

So much has been written regarding the simple and the compound eyes of insects, that we may pass over their description very briefly. The simple eyes, known also as *ocelli* and *stemmata*, are composed of a cornea, behind which is a spherical or cylindrical lens, lodged in an expansion of the optic nerve, and surrounded by a layer of colouring matter. Their number and arrangement vary extremely. There is only a single ocellus on each side of the head in the *Pediculidæ* (certain insects popularly believed to infest the heads of workhouse children, and of which every mammal and bird has its own species), the *Coccinæ* (or coccus insects, from which the well-known colouring matter is obtained), and other families. They occur in groups of from four to eight in the *Poduridæ*,* or spring-tails, and in the larvæ or grubs of the *Lepidoptera*† (the moths and butterflies), the *Coleoptera*‡ or beetles, &c.; while in the winged males of the *Strepsiptera*§ they form two lateral hemispherical projec-

* From the Gr. *pous*, a foot; and *oura*, a tail.

† From the Gr. *lepis*, a scale; and *pteron*, a wing.

‡ From the Gr. *koleos*, a sheath; and *pteron*, a wing.

§ From the Gr. *strepsis*, a twisting; and *pteron*, a wing.

tions, each containing from fifty to seventy ocelli, and separated from each other only by hairs. We thus have a transition-form leading us to the compound eyes, in which the cornea, instead of being a continuous convex surface, is divided into a vast number of facets, usually of an hexagonal form. These compound eyes, which are always two in number, are, in so far as structure is concerned, merely a large number of simple eyes closely grouped together, each facet representing the cornea of a single eye. The size and form of these eyes, as also the number of their facets,* are very varied. They are usually spherical or spheroidal, and in some cases cover nearly the whole head. In the dragon-flies, which belong to the order *Neuroptera*,† and in the flies, gnats, midges, &c., in the order *Diptera*,‡ they are very large, in some cases covering nearly the whole head; while in the *Formicidæ*, or ants, they are relatively small. Many insects, in addition to the compound eyes, have also on their head three ocelli, arranged in the form of an equilateral triangle. In consequence of this diffusion of the eyes over a large space, insects scarcely move the head when they look in various directions. The *Mantis religiosa* is, however, a remarkable exception to this rule.

"By far the greater majority of insects," says Dr. Andrew Murray, "are born blind: not blind, like a litter of pups, because they cannot see, but blind, because they have no eyes to see with. Almost the whole of the *Hymenoptera*† (bees, wasps, ants, &c.) and *Diptera* (flies), and two-thirds of the *Coleoptera* (beetles), are in this predicament. In fact, all those species who pass their larva state in darkness are thus unprovided." What would be the use of eyes to the larva of a bee or wasp—whose sole occupation, while living in its dark cell, is to open its mouth to receive the food which its nurses place in it? Or to the grub of the nut-beetle, which spends the early period of its life in the interior of a hazel-nut, in which its mother had deposited her egg? When, however, the larvæ have to seek their own food, as the caterpillars of the butterflies

and moths, and of the predaceous beetles (whether carnivorous or herbivorous), they are provided with eyes—namely, simple ocelli, in groups of from four to eight on either side. Both in the larvæ and pupæ of those insects which do not go through the complete series of changes, compound eyes are observed, presenting, however, a less number of facets than the perfect form.

Notwithstanding the abundant development of the visual organs in perfect insects, we find, in accordance with Mr. Darwin's views, that in this class of animals, as in the blind-fish, in localities where eyes can be of no possible use to the individuals, in the course of ages they become rudimentary, and at last disappear. For a large amount of information regarding blind insects which has been almost entirely collected during the last quarter of a century, we are specially indebted to Sturm, Schiodte, Tellkamp, Lespes,* and Dr. Andrew Murray. Adopting the arrangement of the last-named distinguished naturalist, we shall consider the blind insects in groups based on their special localities.

Ants' nests afford a very favourable hunting ground for blind insects. "These," says Murray, "and all species of insects that live entirely in ants' nests, wear the same livery as their hosts, and not only so, but very often assume much of their form." He mentions (writing in 1857) the three following beetles found in these localities—viz., *Claviger testaceus*, which is found throughout Europe, and two other clavigers, one of which occurs in Europe and one in the Caucasus; and he adds that the genus is represented in North America by an insect named *Adranes cæcus*, also found in ants' nests. To these, Gerstäcker has added another genus, *Amaurops*, also found in ants' nests. The clavigers, which have been the best studied of this group, especially affect the nests of the yellow ants. What relation they bear to their hosts is not accurately known. According to a German naturalist, P. Müller, the ants feed and take general care of these little beetles, who in their turn secrete a sweet fluid that is greedily sucked

* In the common fly, each eye contains 4,000 such facets; in the dragon-fly, the number exceeds 12,500; and in a beetle of the genus *Mordella*, the facets in each eye are calculated at 25,000.

† These terms are derived from the Gr. *lepis*, a scale; *koleos*, a sheath; *strepsis*, a twisting; *neuron*, a nerve; *dis*, twice; and *hymen*, a membrane; combined with *pteron*, a wing.

* Lespes has dissected perfectly blind beetles of five different genera—namely, *Aphacnops*, *Adelops*, and *Pholema*, living in subterranean caverns; *Claviger*, living in ants' nests; and *Langelandia*, found in dung-hills. "In every one of these," he observes, "the organ of sight is entirely wanting, and its annihilation has also involved the destruction of the optic nerve, and even a portion of the nervous centre."

by their protectors. Most of our readers are probably aware that the *aphis*, or plant-louse, yields a similar secretion, which is highly esteemed by ants. But besides the blind beetles, &c., found in ants' nests, blind ants themselves are by no means rare. The community in a formicary consists of winged males and females and wingless workers, the latter often presenting two distinct varieties, one being much larger, especially about the head, than the other. These three classes differ materially from one another. As a rule, the eyes are of a fair size in the males and females; but are small, and often rudimentary or totally absent, in the workers—which, moreover, seldom have the ocelli that are invariably present in the winged classes.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum—the highest living authority on the *Formicidæ*—for the following information on blind working ants. In the workers of the two European species of *Ponera*, the eyes are absent. In all the species of the South American genus *Eciton*, so graphically described by Mr. Bates in "The Naturalist on the Amazon," the eyes are extremely minute. At least four species of these "foraging ants" appear to be totally destitute of eyes, although they construct long covered roads with extreme engineering skill, along which they march in regular order, often for two hundred yards, till they meet with a rotten log, or other promising hunting-ground, when they distribute themselves at its crevices in search of booty. In two species of the allied genus, *Typhlatta*, the only known form of "worker" is blind. In the genus *Anomma*, which contains the remarkable "Driver and Visiting Ants of Africa" (described as marching in vast armies, making bridges over rivers, and not only driving animals from their course, but obliging the negroes to abandon their dwellings till the army has passed), all forms of the workers are blind, the males and females of this genus being still unknown.

Lastly, in the genus *Dorylus*, the workers of the different species are blind. They for the most part are found in sugar-casks from the West Indies and South America.

In the white ants, or termites, which are often mistaken for true ants, although they belong to different orders of insects, the workers, which would seem to require eyes, are totally destitute of organs of vision; while the males and females have both eyes and ocelli, although they lead a

life (imprisoned in a royal cell) in which it might be supposed that eyesight was needless.

Another group of blind insects is found underground, or beneath stones, &c. M. du Val has described, under the name of *Anillus coccus*, a small but active beetle, allied to the *Bembidii*, which he found in the South of France, under large stones lying beneath a great bed of decaying straw. A considerable number of minute clavicorn eyeless beetles, (of at least four different genera) have been found underground, or on posts that have stood long in the soil.

Another group have their *habitat* under the bark of trees, or under leaves and heaps of decaying vegetable matter. Three species of the genus *Ptilium* (containing the smallest known beetle) are devoid of eyes, which are replaced by a small tubercle, from which springs a long hair that possibly serves the same purposes as the whiskers of the cats; while other species, with apparently the same habits of life, are provided with organs of vision. The other blind genera of the group are *Leptinus*, of which there is only one species found (and that rarely) at the base of very aged oaks; and *Adelops*, of which a number of species are known (all being blind), and presenting a special interest, from the same species being found both in these localities and in the subterranean caverns. Several blind species, which have been already named as belonging to the second group, are also wood-borers.

We now come to the most singular and interesting group—the troglodyte, or cave insects. The first recorded case of the discovery of an eyeless cave insect is that of a beetle living in the caverns of Luege, near Adelsberg, and described in 1844, under the name of *Anophthalmus Schmidtii*. Between that date and 1857, at least four other European species have been discovered, each species of this genus being apparently restricted to its own cavern, or district of caverns—namely, one in the Sele Grotto, one in the Grotto of Setz (in Carinthia), and two in the Grotto of Kirnberg, near Oberstdorf. The examination of the Mammoth Cave has revealed the existence, in the western hemisphere, of an *Anophthalmus*, as close in form to the European species as the latter are to each other. The genus *Adelops*, a clavicorn beetle, is not only found, as has been already stated, to the amount of at least six species, under leaves in

forests, but two have been discovered in the caverns in Carinthia, and one in the Mammoth Cave. Another singular genus of this family—namely, *Leptoderus*—occurs in three distinct European cave-localities, each cave having its own species. Gerstäcker describes it as having very long thread-like legs, and being a fragile and very remarkably shaped beetle, living in the subterranean caverns of South Germany. Schiodte, who discovered no less than eight new forms of animals in these caves, says of it—"This beetle moves slowly and cautiously, supporting itself on its long legs as if on stilts. It stands still the instant that light—or rather, the sound of approach—reaches it, when it crouches down, and remains immovable, with outstretched legs, unless it is touched." Dr. Murray concludes his list of blind cave-beetles with the notice of the discovery of a weevil, and of a species of rove-beetle.

Passing from the order of *Coleoptera* to that of *Orthoptera*, there is a blind species of *Thysanura** (to which the spring-tails belong) that is found in these South European caverns. Mr. Thomson and Tellkampff describe certain crickets as occurring throughout the Mammoth Cave; and the last-named writer discovered a dipterous insect, a fly, but it seems uncertain whether these are blind or not.

This brings to a close our remarks on the different groups of blind cave-insects; but there are special instances that hardly fall within any of the preceding heads. Thus, among the *Physopods*, which contain only the family of *thrips*, there are at least two species in which there are no eyes. The dwelling-place of these minute insects is in the interior of flowers. Again, while the males of the order *Strepsiptera* (the larvæ of which inhabit the bodies of bees, wasps, &c.) have well-developed organs of vision, the females—which, after completing their final change, seldom live more than a few days—are both eyeless and wingless.

In the *Myriopoda* (of which the genus *centipede* is a well-known example), raised to the dignity of a class by the latest naturalists, but made an order of insects by Owen, and of crustaceans by Siebold, we find several subterranean genera that are totally blind. The majority possess ocelli grouped together in large numbers, so as to resemble composite eyes.

* From the Gr. *thusanos*, a fringe or tuft; and *oura*, a tail.

In the class *Arachnoidea*—which includes scorpions, spiders, mites, &c.—we find only simple eyes; and among the lower forms—as the parasitic mites and their allies—no organs of vision whatever. The number and arrangement of the eyes in the higher groups present so many variations, that they have been used as a basis of classification. In many genera, there are two of these organs on the anterior part of the back; in some, there are four eyes on the first segment of the body; and in one genus, there are six eyes on the first segment—one pair looking upwards, another forwards, and the remaining pair laterally. In the true spiders there are usually eight eyes, directed upwards, forwards, and laterally, and situated on the cephalo-thorax, or first great segment, including the head and chest.

The disposition and direction of these organs accord with the animal's mode of life. Some species watch their prey in crevices, fissures, or tubular recesses; while others remain motionless in the centre of their webs—a kind of life requiring them to look all around them. In the diurnal species, the colour of the pigment of the eyes is green, reddish, or of a brownish black; but in the nocturnal spiders, the pigment is replaced by a membrane which in the dark exhibits a splendid lustre. Tellkampff found several small white spiders, totally eyeless, in the Mammoth Cave.

In the *scorpions* there are two large eyes on the middle of the cephalo-thorax, and a row of from two to five smaller ones on each side of its anterior border.

We now come to the last class of the articulata—namely, the *Crustacea*, which present several varieties of eyes, from a simple sessile median eye-speck to two distinct, perfectly constructed eyes, placed on movable stems or stalks, which it is needless to describe. As a general rule, the sense of sight in this class is universal. The most remarkable exception is the *Astacus pellucidus*, a pallid cray-fish found in the Mammoth Cave.

At least three species of minute shrimps, found in England in wells thirty or forty feet deep, are devoid of eyes; while in a fourth species there is a mere speck of an eye that can hardly serve to distinguish light from darkness.

A blind *Oniscus*, or woodlouse—a low form of crustacean—was discovered as early as 1840 in the caverns of Carniola. In the *Entomostraca*—a still lower form of micro-

scopic crustaceans, inhabiting both fresh and salt water—the females of several minute genera that live parasitically on fishes are eyeless. There is a family named *Cyclopidae* from all the species of its different genera, containing apparently a single eye in the front of the head. In reality, however, there are two very minute eyes, in such close contact that their double nature is not easily detected.

In the very lowest order of crustaceans, the *Cirripeda* (which includes the well-known barnacles and acorn-shells), the young animals, on emerging from the egg, have a pair of stalked compound eyes attached to the anterior and lateral part of the body. For some days they jump about freely in the aquarium, like water-fleas; but in about a week they throw off their outer skin, and adhere firmly to the bottom of the vessel, where they soon assume the form of the young of the barnacle. As the calcification of the shell after the moulting proceeds, the eyes gradually disappear, and for the remainder of their lives the animals are blind. They still, however, retain a certain susceptibility to light, for a shadow passing over them excites certain movements, which are, however, equally induced by the sound of an approaching footstep.

The VERMES or worms have recently been elevated to a sub-kingdom containing five classes, of which the *Annulata*—so called from *annulus*, a little ring (because their entire body is composed of a succession of segments like little rings)—are the highest and most important. The eyes in this class may be absent, or may occur either as simple pigment-cells, and containing no light-refracting structure, or as composite organs;* and

they vary considerably in position and number. In the medicinal leech, ten distinct ocelli, dotting the upper margin of the suction lip, may be detected with an ordinary magnifying glass. Next to the anterior part of the body, the hinder end is the most common seat of the eyes—as in *Amphicora*, a worm found in the Northern European seas and in the Mediterranean; or there may be a pair of eyes on every segment, as in *Polyophthalmia agilis*, a worm found in the Bay of Biscay, which is not only thus provided to the very tip of its tail, but has three eyes on its head.

A large proportion of the worms of the other classes are parasitical, and live either in the intestinal canal or in the tissues of higher organisms. Hence to them eyes, and we may add noses, would be a nuisance rather than a privilege.

In animals still lower in the scale of organic nature, as in the sea-urchins and star-fishes, the jelly-fishes and sea-anemonies, pigment specks are seen which some naturalists have regarded as eyes, but no proper organ to refract the light has ever been detected with certainty; and we fear that our old friend and fellow-student, Edward Forbes, must have drawn slightly on his imagination when he described the spinous eyelid of a suicidal star-fish, that dismembers itself on removal from its native element, as “opening and closing with something exceedingly like a wink of derision.”

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MY FATHER CONFIDES IN ME.

THERE never was a more miserable Christmas Day than ours. We attended service at St. Paul's in the morning, and in the afternoon Harry and Clarinda, my aunt Furnaby and Charlotte, dined with us. A more uncomfortable dinner we never had. Family parties are theoretically delightful, but practically fail in being successful. There is as much annoyance as pleasure in them, and one feels the shortcomings more than if the guests were mere strangers.

covery of the *Amphicora*, with two eyes at the end of its tail precisely similar to those that were upon its head; and admits that he was himself a doubter till he discovered the *Polyophthalmians* noticed in the text.

*In a worm found by De Quatrefages in the Sicilian seas, the eyes were almost as complete as those of a fish. “I have succeeded,” he observes, “in enucleating the crystalline lens, and in examining it separately; and I found that when it was placed upon a piece of thin glass, which received the parallel rays transmitted to it by a plane mirror, it formed perfectly achromatic images. These images, repeated and magnified by the microscope, enabled me to distinguish with perfect clearness the very smallest details of the neighbouring coast; and by means of the crystalline lens of an annelid, my microscope was thus converted into a telescope.” This extract is taken from p. 176 of vol. ii. of his “*Rambles of a Naturalist*,” translated into English by Miss Otté, a book that deserves a place in the library of every lover of nature. Our details regarding the eyes of the annulata are chiefly borrowed from this writer. He vividly describes the horror excited in the minds of naturalists when Ehrenberg announced his dis-

Upon this especial day every one seemed out of sorts. My father was unusually gloomy. He had been very thoughtful the last day or two, and appeared to have something on his mind. Sir Everard Tylney had declined coming, and this evidently had greatly annoyed him, and even caused him to be dejected and out of spirits. 'Twas plain to see that he attributed Sir Everard's refusal to me; and as we were walking home after service, he observed that—

"'Twas not proper for one so young as I was to treat persons of importance with so much curtness; that Sir Everard was a friend of his—a good friend—and he did not know what he should do if he should lose him."

I could scarce help shrugging my shoulders at my father's want of penetration, and at the little discrimination he had in making choice of his friends; but I was too heavy-hearted to make any reply, and the subject dropped.

My aunt Furnaby was in low spirits, and wept when my father drank to the health and prosperity of the family, present and absent; and I could see that his own hand shook nervously as he set down his glass. Clarinda was out of temper, and vexed Harry more than once; and my mother looked fretted and anxious, and glanced restlessly at my father from time to time, as though she were instinctively a sharer in my secret.

Charlotte Furnaby was the only one who seemed to be in good spirits—

"She was glad her father had gone over at last, like a man, and she was ready to follow him whenever an opportunity offered."

And she poured out a full goblet, and proposed a toast—

"The rightful heir of these realms—may he wear the crown of his ancestors."

Then she tossed it off, and her dark eyes sparkled, and her face flushed, and she looked handsome as a young Amazon ready for battle. Clarinda drank the health, and my father lifted his glass to his lips; but Harry Fanshawe frowned, and he and my mother looked at one another. Altogether, 'twas a doleful attempt at merry-making, and everything went wrong. And when we drew round the fire, later on, and began to talk of old Christmas Days at Selwode, and reaped up bygone family stories, everybody grew so melancholy, that Aunt Furnaby said she could bear it no longer,

and wished that she was quietly sleeping in her grave, with all her troubles over.

So the coach was ordered, and my aunt Furnaby and Charlotte drove off; and when they were gone, Clarinda, who had been sitting beside my mother on a footstool, suddenly laid her head on my mother's lap and began to sob, just as she had done with me in our drive.

Harry looked at her in dismay. He had not the key-note to her thoughts as I had; and I felt wretched enough, for I knew 'twas a reproach to myself.

My father paced up and down, rubbing his hands, not in the jubilant manner of yore, but nervously and in much agitation, as though 'twere a relief to him.

"These are troublous times," said he, drawing up in front of the fire and facing us all. "A man may think himself well off if he can weather through the world in safety to himself. There are threatened dangers all around that we can scarce see our way out of. Heaven grant that we may meet in peace next Christmas!"

His speech might have had a general bearing, and so I think the others took it to have—and lugubrious enough it was then; but to me, with Sir Everard's warning sounding in my ears, there was a deeper meaning underlying it, and every word set me thinking that he was in some degree aware of his danger.

In this opinion I was fully confirmed a few days later, when he became quite uneasy at Sir Everard's non-appearance, and so dejected that I could scarce bear to see him; and then he asked me, in a humble sort of manner—

"Grace, hast had any quarrel with Sir Everard?"

I scarce knew what to answer, for we had not exactly quarrelled, and yet we were not on over-friendly terms.

"Not a quarrel," I answered, in a low voice. "I dare say he will come again."

"Ah, well—I hope he will," said my father, with a deep sigh. "I could have wished that—well, I will not say it, child; but Sir Everard is a worthy man, and loves thee. But if it cannot be it cannot." Then, after a pause, he said—

"You think, child, that he will come again?"

"Yes," I said.

"If—if thou wouldst not speak too harshly for awhile, Grace—not drive him away,

Grace," said my father. "He can do me great service just now. Perhaps, if he turns his back on us it might not turn out quite so well."

There was a quivering in my father's voice. My poor old father! He looked so broken down in these last days that my heart smote me as to what I ought to do—as to what might be my duty.

"I will be civil to Sir Everard when he comes again," said I, as cheerfully as I could. "I should think he will scarce do"—I stopped, for I was letting out the secret—"he will scarce hesitate to do a service for an intimate friend like you."

"If he can," said my father; "but 'tis difficult in these times even to help a friend. Grace, thou art a sensible girl. I think 't would ease my mind to tell thee somewhat I dread to hint at to thy mother. Sit down, Grace—sit down."

I sat down beside him, and took his hand in mine, and looked up into his woe-begone face, all pale and twitching, and marked with much deeper lines than it had been six weeks ago.

He tried several times to begin, and each time failed. I was longing to help him out; and yet that would betray too much.

"I wrote a letter for your uncle Furnaby," said he at last. "It hath fallen into other hands than those for whom it was intended. There is danger—I know not how soon—thy mother—"

And here he stopped.

"Into whose hands has it fallen?" said I.

"That I know not," said he; "but Sir Everard tells me he will strain every nerve, so long as he is in England, to rescue it. Whether he will succeed I know not. But, Grace, 'tis hanging over me. I meant no ill; but words look ugly in writing. And now, at any moment, there may be a warrant out against me."

"Oh, no!" said I, clinging to him. "Oh, no! 'tis not so bad as that." And I shuddered violently.

My agitation and distress seemed to take away his own.

"Hush, Grace!" he said, "thou must be brave. If anything happens, thou must comfort thy mother. We must be ready and prepared for the worst, whenever it may come. Thou must be my helper, child, and be strong to me as a son, now Jack is away. Poor Jack! I was vexed with him over his love affair. I shouldn't have been. Poor

Jack! God bless him, and send him home safe to his mother."

I clung closer to him.

"Is there no escape, till the danger is over?"

He shook his head—

"Government is on the alert," said he.

"There have so many gone over to France of late—thy uncle Furnaby, too; that tells against me terribly—that the least move in a foreign direction arouses suspicion. 'T were safer to remain quiet."

"You *know* there is danger? You are assured of it? 'Tis no false alarm?"

"Child!" said he, solemnly, "'tis no groundless fear. 'Tis a serious matter. I know the danger. But thou wilt not lose courage, Grace, whatever happens? Promise me this. Thou art wise beyond thy years; thou wilt keep a brave heart?"

"I will."

And from thenceforth it seemed to me that I was stronger, that I had my father's confidence to keep, that he leaned upon me, and I must not fail him; and so I kept up a goodly show of spirit through the day, but at night I communed with my own heart—not in stillness, not in calm, but in the agonized wrestlings of a soul that had to choose between its love and a father's life. And then I wrote one word to Sir Everard Tylney—

"Come."

For I determined to make one last appeal, and if that failed, to give up all my hopes of happiness—all that Eden whereunto I had looked forward—to save my father's life. For I knew that Sir Everard Tylney was the arbiter; and I knew, at the same time, that if my father knew the conditions he would scorn to take his life at Sir Everard's hands.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LAST APPEAL.

THOUGH I wrote "Come," Sir Everard did not pay immediate attention to my note, which made me feel somewhat alarmed, and gave a stronger colouring to the idea which the conversation with my father had strengthened—namely, that the unfortunate letter might, after all, not be in Sir Everard's own hands, but in those of some other person who had to be won over. And perhaps Sir Everard's efforts were failing with regard to it; and so he might hesitate to present himself unless he could come armed, as it were, with power.

The preparations for Dr. Sacheverell's trial were going on, and all London was in a fever about it; but my father, who had been so hot over the matter to begin with, had quieted down greatly, owing to this weightier affair upon his mind, and so took but little interest. My mother in vain attempted to account for this new phase in my father, which she could not understand. He had become silent and thoughtful, hovering round my mother with a strange tenderness, as though he could not bear to lose sight of her; whilst I, who comprehended it all, shrank more and more within myself, and the struggle that had commenced within me raged more furiously than ever. If I could only speak to Mr. Lydgate—if I could only tell him all. And yet I knew that 'twas impossible; and if the worst came to the worst, and there was no other way to save my father than to become Sir Everard's wife, I should have to leave him in ignorance for ever.

For ever—that is, in this life—until the great day of the solving of all secrets shall come, and all hearts be open one to another, and all mysteries solved, and the perfection of life after which we have striven be realized in the glorious perfection of the hereafter. Meanwhile, there must be sorrow, and doubt, and mystery.

And while I was thus communing, day by day and night by night, the busy world went on, heedless of individual woes and wants, and absorbing all interest into the great political struggle that was moving the heart of the realm, and shaking it to its very centre—the fight of the two great principles that were striving for pre-eminence, and of which this trial of Dr. Sacheverell's was but an exponent. The Whigs had lately—perhaps unwisely, but with true courage and uprightness—acknowledged the legitimacy of the Chevalier, as some called him; and this served only to render their advocacy of the doctrine of resistance stronger than ever against the arguments of those who pleaded non-resistance and the absolute force of hereditary right.

Then, too, the Whig party was convulsed with inward strife; for the Queen—urged on by Mistress Masham, who was daily advancing in power—had ordered the appointment of Colonel Hill, Mistress Masham's brother, to a regiment vacant by the death of Lord Essex.

The Duke, mortified beyond measure at this command, with which he was unwilling

to comply, determined to resist it, seeing in it but another step gained by the enemy to the undermining of the influence of himself and the Duchess; and he went so far as to demand either the dismissal of Mistress Masham from her post, or the acceptance of his own resignation, since he plainly foresaw that there would be no peace nor security for himself so long as she was in the ascendant. This divided the Whigs in council, some approving my Lord Duke's course of action, some disapproving. My Lord Godolphin was weak and vacillating, and fearful of pushing matters to extremity, lest it should entail the losing of power altogether. My Lord Sunderland, who was rash and impetuous, was perhaps at last the only supporter of my Lord Duke's demand. Her Majesty, however, held by her favourite, and in the end the matter was compromised by my Lord Duke's being obliged to content himself with the continued reign of his wife's cousin, on the Queen's giving her consent to his bestowal of the vacant regiment in whatsoever manner he thought proper.

Thus was it settled; but though a comparative triumph on the Tory side was achieved, the Tories were afraid of the influencing presence of the commander-in-chief, and laid their heads together to plan, if possible, the removal of the Duke to another sphere ere the trial of Dr. Sacheverell should come on. This was, as I afterwards found, what had been occupying Sir Everard Tylney amongst others, and had kept him away from us, he being useful to Mr. Harley, and in good repute with most of the Tory leaders, as a clever man, and one likely to be of service to them. He thought not of the agony of suspense that I was enduring, neither did he think of what my father must naturally suffer. He was deeply immersed in the plotting of the day, for the success or failure of his party affected greatly his future fortunes—and so he let day after day go by; and until their schemes were tolerably matured, and 'twas dexterously planned to send the Duke on a mission to Holland, we saw not his face.

My father, during this time of probation, endeavoured to be cheerful and composed; nevertheless, he could not entirely conquer his anxiety—which my mother perceiving, without being able to reach the cause, became anxious also. As for Clarinda, she, knowing of the seeming desertion of Sir Everard, laid it at my door, and was alter-

nately plaintive or enraged according to the humour she happened to be in.

I found means to see Mr. Lydgate once for a few minutes, but 'twas an unsatisfactory interview; and I was so much afraid of betraying my fears and troubles, that I left him, feeling that I had pained him by the shortness of my replies, and by my anxiety to avoid giving any definite opinion of any future plans that he proposed.

But as an end always comes to every joy, or trouble, or doubt we are in, so at last an end came to the miserable state in which I had now been for several weeks existing; and Sir Everard came to our house one morning as full of pleasure at seeing my father as ever, and with so much heartiness in his manner, that my father was much relieved, and, before the visit was over, had showed more interest in public affairs than he had done for a long time.

However, when Sir Everard had gone, my father again relapsed.

"Grace," said he, "I wish it were over, one way or the other. I could bear the certainty better than this suspense, because then I could fight against it; but this state of inactivity goes against the grain, and reduces me to the level of a dumb animal awaiting his master's pleasure."

"Surely," said I, "Sir Everard must have some hope, or he could not be so unconcerned."

"Ah, my child," said he, "men who mix so much in the world, and are so engrossed with affairs of importance, easily forget."

"I think not," said I.

For Sir Everard had, in parting, whispered to me—

"I am coming at thy bidding, Mistress Grace, before another day is over."

"I am glad to see thee doing him justice at last," said my father. "He is one that I greatly esteem; and I blame myself for having doubted him."

Well, I let him think so—'twas best; and yet I knew how different it was in reality. Neither did I think it necessary to let Clarinda gain in knowledge respecting Sir Everard's present tactics; indeed, I was by no means sorry that she should suffer with the rest, and feel that it was for her own sins and follies that she was suffering, and not have an excuse for shifting them on to the shoulders of others, as she was so fond of doing.

And as for myself, I was bracing up my

nerves for a last appeal, though I knew that there was no relenting on the part of my persecutor.

Sir Everard chose his own time for coming again. 'Twas when he knew he should find me alone; and in one way I was glad that he did it soon, since, as my father had said, suspense was almost worse to bear than anything else.

"I have come at your bidding, Mistress Grace," said he. "What have you to say to me?"

"What have you to say to me rather, Sir Everard?" I replied. "Have you considered well all that you spoke of—all that you threatened? Is there no change? Have you nothing else to say to me?"

"Nought new," said he. "Mistress Selwode has heard my conditions."

"Is my father safe?" I asked, hastily.

"He is not, nor will he be until my hand is nerved by his daughter to ensure his safety."

"You are resolved upon this, Sir Everard?"

"I am resolved."

"Will no motive of pity, of right feeling, of honour, of manliness move you?"

"None."

"Supposing I tell you that my love is given to another—that that other one I shall love with heart and soul so long as the pulse of life—"

"'Twill be no news to me," said he; "'twill but make me the more eager to tear thee from my hated rival."

"Sir Everard!" I exclaimed, roused to anger by his calmness, "have you no pride, no feeling, no self-respect? Would you marry a woman who has no love for you—nay, who even hates and despises you?"

He smiled.

"'Tis not very politic for you to tell me all this, and yet I will answer to it. Yes, Mistress Grace—in this case, I would."

"Would you have no jealousies—no fears for the consequence?"

"None—for I could thoroughly trust in my wife's principles."

"You flatter me," said I, bitterly.

"Nay," he answered, "I simply do you justice. In marrying Mistress Grace Selwode, I marry one who would be a true and upright wife—one on whose word and counsel I could depend through good and evil. And knowing this, think you I would not risk all to win such a woman? Heaven knows there are but few in whom one may thoroughly

trust. Mistress Selwode, I tell you, as I have half told you before, 'tis not your beauty that has enslaved me—for I have seen many poor fools handsomer by far than yourself—but 'tis the power of your soul's purity, the strength of your will for right, and your keen intellect, softened by feminine sweetness, that have bound me in fetters that, but a few years since, I would have laughed those to scorn who told me I should ever wear them."

He spoke rapidly and earnestly, and I remembered once more Clarinda's exclamation, "Is he not handsome?" For the energy with which he enunciated his sentiments brought the little of goodness that was in his heart—or rather, I should say, his intellect—into his face, and irradiated it for a moment.

"One who can speak so well," said I, "might surely have some conscience."

"Grace," said he, "'tis impossible. I know the only way to gain you is through this present chance that has offered itself to me. Therefore I make no alteration of my terms: only with the promise of your hand will I put out mine to aid your father. I know how I must consequently stand in your estimation, but I am willing to brave it. You are dearer to me than aught upon earth, dearer even than honour itself; and I have risked all, and will risk all, to tear you from any rival that may stand in my way. There is no alternative. Harsh as it may seem, I will not give way one inch. You must choose between the two this day; or I swear, by all the fury of disappointed love, that the letter that will seal your father's fate shall be in the hands of those who will not fail to use it ere to-morrow's sun has set."

I gave one hasty glance at him as he stood there, stern and resolute—no sign of pity in his unflinching eye, no sign of relenting in his firm-set lips. And then it seemed to me that the room went whirling round and round, that a deafening noise like to the whirring of wings went by, as though the evil ones were busy nigh me; and then the voice of Philip Lydgate, crying "Grace, Grace!" imploringly, pierced through the din. Then I seemed to see my father, old, dejected, bowed down, in prison, stretching out his arms towards me; and my mother, in the agony of her distress, turning her face from me. I know not how long I sat thus, but at length I arose.

"Sir Everard," said I, "to save my

father's life, I consent to the conditions; but remember, you marry a woman who loves another, who despises you, and will hate you with a yet more bitter hatred 'as years go on, whose whole life long of misery will be a constant reproach to you, and whose death will wake in you all the remorseful feelings of a murderer."

I waited not to hear him answer these words, which had rolled forth with wild, passionate energy. I left him standing there, sweeping past him as though he were a rejected suitor instead of my accepted lover.

And in the stillness of my room I laid my head upon the bed, and wept not, sobbed not, but only in a low, moaning voice, murmured, over and over again—

"Philip, Philip!"

Had I done right or had I done wrong? I could not clearly discern. I had forsworn myself. I had broken my promise to one good and true, and I should be false to the end of my life. Yet the evil was done for the best—that good might come of it. Was it sound doctrine? It must be: there was no help for it. My father's life against my love—what else could I do? Oh, that my own death might come speedily! And then I moaned again—

"Oh, Philip, Philip!"

WHAT IS WIT?

"TELL me, oh, tell what kind of a thing is wit?" says Abraham Cowley in the metaphysical ode which Dr. Johnson pronounced inimitable. But the request is not so easily complied with as might at first sight be imagined. Of the many authors who have written upon wit, it is amusing to notice the dreary, uncomfortable way in which they handle their subjects, and how terribly serious is the task of defining the troublesome little monosyllable. The famous Dr. Isaac Barrow, who was both a witty and learned man, has taken the bull by the horns in as sensible a manner as any one we remember to have read. In his fourteenth sermon, he says:—

"It may be demanded what the thing we speak of is, and what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man—'*That which we all see and know*;' and one better apprehends which it is by acquaintance than I can inform him

by description. It is, indeed, a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes and garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting wind." Barrow hereupon, like a wise man, gives up the idea of an impossibility—namely, a description of wit—and proceeds to explain:—"Sometimes it lieth in pat illusion to a known story, or in reasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale. Sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from their ambiguity of sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of luminous expression; and sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude. Sometimes it is couched in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quickish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense." And so on with other examples, until the great divine tersely concludes as follows:—"Often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how."

Other "learned Thebans" have tried their hands at defining wit, but the results have mostly been lamentable failures.

Locke gives a definition, which Addison tries to improve. Dryden is sadly unfortunate in his attempt, for he calls wit "a propriety of thoughts, or thoughts and words, elegantly adapted to the subject," which, if true, as some caustic writer has observed, would make "Butler's Analogy" and his "Three Sermons on Human Nature" jests of most excellent pungency. Dr. Johnson's definition is what might have been expected from so ponderous a quarter:—"Wit may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *concordia discordia*, a combination of dissimilar images or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike." "Sir Richard Blackmore's notion of wit" (says Sidney Smith) "is that it is a series of high and exalted ferments. It very possibly *may be*; but not exactly comprehending what is meant by a 'series of high and exalted ferments,' I do not think myself bound to waste much time

in criticizing the metaphysics of this learned physician."

Dr. Campbell, in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," says:—"It is the design of wit to excite in the mind an agreeable surprise, and that arising not from anything marvellous in the subject, but solely from the imagery it employs, or the strange assemblage of related ideas presented to the mind. This end is effected in one or other of these three ways: first, in debasing things pompous or seemingly grave; secondly, in aggrandizing things little and frivolous; thirdly, in setting ordinary objects—by means not only remote but apparently contrary—in a particular and uncommon point of view." This division of the operations of wit into three phases has the merit, at least, of method about it, even if it is not altogether unimpeachable as to its accuracy. Examples by way of illustration might be quoted by the score. Take this one as applicable to the first case:—

"And now had Phœbus, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap.
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn."

Or the following, from Phillips's "Splendid Shilling," as illustrating things little and frivolous:—

"Afflictions great! Yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue?),
A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues."

And again, as an illustration of the third division of wit, according to Dr. Campbell:—

"Hear, then, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

To distinguish humour from wit is about as difficult a task as the defining of wit itself. Some have made the distinction thus—that whilst humour must invariably produce laughter, wit does not *necessarily* do so. Leigh Hunt, however, comes very near the mark when he says—

"Though the one is to be found in perfection apart from the other, their richest effect is produced by the combination. Wit apart from humour, generally speaking, is but an element for professors to sport with." But

the more especial province of humour is, we think, in dealing with character and its hundred and one developments of human weakness and oddity, generally such as caprice, little extravagances, jealousies, vanity, pertness, self-conceit, &c. The quainter characters of the great novelists are all creations of humour. Don Quixote, Uncle Toby, Parson Adams, Pickwick, Sam Weller, *et hoc omne genus*, all depend for the humour thrown into them upon the odd weaknesses of human nature with which those characters are accredited.

There are, of course, many other opportunities for the play of humour besides the oddities of character. Incongruity is the very essence of humour. A very good illustration of this is given by Sydney Smith, as follows:—

"If a tradesman, of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here every incident heightens the humour of the scene: the gaiety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage! But if, instead of this, we were to observe a dustman falling into the mud, it would hardly attract any attention, because the opposition of ideas is so trifling and the incongruity so slight."

Let us touch briefly on the more positive and illustrative part of our subject.

In "Tristram Shandy," after the curse of Ernulfus has been read by Dr. Slop, we read:—

"I declare," quoth my Uncle Toby, "my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with such bitterness."

"He is the father of curses," replied Dr. Slop.

"So am not I," replied my uncle.

"But he is cursed and damned already to all eternity," replied Dr. Slop.

"I am sorry for it," quoth my Uncle Toby.

Foote was a true humourist. Some one told him that the Rockingham Ministry were at their wits' end, and tired out. "It could not have been with the length of the journey," replied Foote. On another occasion, he asked of a certain gentleman who had joked him on what Dr. Johnson called his *depeditation*—"Why do you laugh at my weakest point? Did I ever say anything about your head?"

The following is a good example of wit and humour combined:—

"That officer," Louis XIV. exclaimed, within hearing of one of his generals who frequently solicited favours, "is the most troublesome in my service."

"Your majesty's enemies," quietly remarked the officer, "have said the same thing more than once."

This is almost on a par with another military story told of the great Prince de Condé. He was told that his enemies called him a deformity. "How do they know that?" he said. "They have never seen my back."

Theodore Hook, in one of his wonderful improvised songs, was challenged to pun upon the name of Rosenagen; and this was the response:—

"Yet more of my muse is required—

Alas! I fear she is done;

But no!—like a fiddler that's tired,
I'll Rosen-agen and go on."

The "Rejected Addresses" contained some racy specimens—although we suppose most of them are well known by this time to readers in general. One of the authors, James Smith, wrote an epigram on Craven-street, Strand:—

"In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal barges are moor'd at its base;
Fly, honesty, fly to some safer retreat,
There's *craft* in the river and *craft* in the street."

To which Sir George Rose made the equally witty reply:—

"Why should honesty seek any safer retreat
From the lawyers or barges, 'od rot 'em?
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom."

This, I recollect, was once made a note of in "Table Talk."

Impromptu witticisms, or strokes of sly humour, are always more welcome from the fact of their clever application to some event of the moment. The Irish Chief Baron Bushe made a good hit at two agitators who had refused challenges to fight a duel—the one on account of his affection for his wife,

the other on account of his love for his daughter:—

“Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improved on the Hebrew command;
One honoured his wife, and the other his daughter,
That his days might be long in the land.”

It is not necessary to classify under their particular headings of wit or humour, or both combined, as the cases may be, the host of brilliant sayings scattered broadcast in our literature.

Leigh Hunt, in his “Illustrative Essay on Wit and Humour,” distributes their manifestations into no less than fourteen different divisions. A category such as this is too fanciful and multitudinous to follow through its various windings. Let us content ourselves, therefore, with the broader and more indefinite forms which wit or humour assumes. The simile, or metaphor, is a valuable weapon in the use of that incongruity, or element of *surprise*, of which we have spoken. Swift was a master in the application of odd similes. In his “Rhapsody on Poetry,” speaking of versifiers’ epithets, he describes them as—

“Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marsh
To moorland of a different parish.

* * * *

So geographers in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o’er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.”

William Mackworth Praed was very happy in the same way, notably in his “Lay of the Brazen Head.” As, for instance—

“I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many faggots,
And far too many faggots.
I think while bigots storm and frown,
And fight for two and seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to Heaven.”

Or again, in another of his sparkling poems—

“I think that love is like a play,
Where tears and smiles are blended;
Or like a faithless April day,
Whose shine with shower is ended;—
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough;
Like trade, exposed to losses;
And like a *Highland plaid*, all stuff,
And very full of crosses.”

This, too, of Sydney Smith’s is good. He

is reviewing a book of Waterton, the well-known naturalist. Speaking of the sloth, he says—

“He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and, in fact, passes his life in suspense, *like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop.*”

Irony, sarcasm, and burlesque parody are keen arrows in the quiver of the wit.

Some of the best examples of parody are to be found, as everybody knows, in the “Rejected Addresses.”

Take, for instance, the burlesque imitation of Walter Scott—

“Back, Robins, back!
Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing, rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman’s soul was all on fire!)
His brother chief to save.
But ah! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Thro’ fire and smoke he dauntless bore
Where Muggins stood before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
Destroying sight, o’erwhelmed him quite:
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o’er his head, while fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved.
Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps;
You Clutterbuck—come, stir your stumps!
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
‘What are they fear’d on? Fools! ‘od rot ‘em!’
Were the last words of Higginbottom.”

The parody of Wordsworth’s style in the “Baby’s Débüt” we have always thought inimitable, especially in the first verse:—

“My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year’s Day.
So, in Kate Wilson’s shop,
Papa (he’s my papa and Jack’s)
Bought me last week a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.”

Two of the succeeding verses will bear repetition—

“Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach;
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.
The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville
Stood in the lumber-room.
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp’d it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.”

We cannot help quoting a parody of O'Connell's on the lines—

"Three poets in three distant ages born."

The gallant officers alluded to were Colonels Sibthorp, Perceval, and Verner, of whom the first was the only one of the trio who could lay any valid claim to the possession of a beard.

"Three colonels in three distant counties born,
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn.
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
The next in bigotry—in both the last:
The force of Nature could no farther go—
To beard the third she shaved the other two."

But in quoting these more modern feats of burlesque writing, we must not forget that there is some excellent parody in such old books as Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," or the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal." Fielding's "Tom Thumb" is rich in this resource. The simile of the dogs is very mirth-provoking in the solemnity and stateliness of its rhythm.

"So when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a *third dog* one of the *two dogs meets*;
With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
And *This* dog smarts for what *That* dog had done."

Now, the "dogs meets," in the second line, is manifestly meant for a pun, and puns can scarcely be ranked very highly in the order of wit. They address the ear rather than the mind, and excite rather admiration for the skill of the word-perverter than any racy enjoyment of laughter within ourselves. The cleverest of all punsters was, perhaps, Tom Hood. Take the stanzas—

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his *legs*,
So he laid down his *arms*.
And as they took him off the field,
Cried he, 'Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg
In the Forty-second Foot.'"

Or the last one of the ballad of "Faithless Sally Brown":—

"His death, which happened in his *berth*, at forty odd befel;
They went and *told* the sexton, and the sexton *toll'd* the bell."

A perfect deluge of puns is found in Theodore Hook's "Address to Children," published in the *John Bull* newspaper:—

"My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call
a pun.

Read Entinck's rules, and 't will be found how simple an offence
It is to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*; your *aunt* an *ant* may kill;
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.

Or if to France your barque you steer, at Dover, it may be,
A peer appears upon the *pier*, who blind, still goes to *sea*.

Thus might one say, when to a treat good friends accept our greeting,

'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their *meat* when meeting.

Brawn on the board's no *bore*, indeed, although from *boar* prepared;

Nor can the *foal* on which we feed *foul* feeding be declared.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they;

And actors still the harder slave the oftener they play.

So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their tailors choose;

While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek the *mevs*.

The *dyer*, who by *dying* lives, a *dire* life maintains;

The *glazier*, it is known, receives his profits from his *panes*.

By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when Spring is in its prime;

But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you if you are *tied* for *time*."

A remarkable instance of a double pun is given in the "Lay of St. Gengulphus," in the "Ingoldsby Legends":—

"I will venture to say, from that hour to this day,
Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene,
Or a table divide fifteen guests of a side,
With a dead body placed in the centre between.
The Prince Bishop's jester, on punning intent,
As he viewed the whole *thirty*, in jocular terms,
Said 'It put him in mind of the Council of *Trent*
Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms.'"

The most powerful, and consequently the most dangerous, form of wit is caricature; and it would be an interesting subject of inquiry as to how far society and politics have been influenced from time to time by the caustic attacks of the caricaturist. As has been said by an able writer, "Caricature is one of the most, if not the most, unpleasant form of derision, and one of the most effectual weapons of attack. It remains in the memory and arouses the passions more completely, perhaps, than any other form of ridicule. Gillray's representation of Priestley officiating as chaplain at the execution of George III. put the torches into the hands of his fellow-townsmen. The picture of the entry of Carlo Khan into Leadenhall-street

helped the ruin of Fox's East India Bill; and such cartoons as that during the Corn Law agitation, of the Duke of Richmond surrounded by five donkeys, with a line from Shakspeare underneath—

'Methinks there be six Richmonds in the field;'

or of the sacrifice of the countryman to the divinity of the hare; or of Earl Russell nailing up 'Elliott's Entire' in lieu of 'Hudson's' at the sign of the Victor Emmanuel, which have appeared in *Punch*, will long live in the popular recollection."

We must not forget, nevertheless, that there is much harmless and innocent caricature, as the comic journals of the day abundantly testify. To them, at the present moment, we chiefly look for our continuous supply of that wit and humour which is acceptable so long as it does not transgress the proper bounds of fairness and good nature. Do we get it?

TABLE TALK.

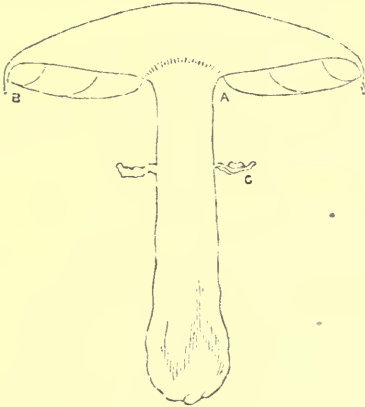
I HAVE been studying an account of a cattle show, and trying to learn from it what an animal should be like. The result which I have noted down conveys hardly so much information as one could desire. I find that very little attention need be paid to the beast's head, probably because it is not eaten. By the way, is it eaten? and if not, why not? We eat calf's head. One ox, however, is mentioned as having a "very sweet head"—sweetness here, perhaps, having regard more to the succulence of its flesh than to the beauty of its outward expression. "Mellowness in handling" is spoken of in terms of the highest praise, while flabbiness receives a corresponding amount of contempt. To "handle" at once "mellow and level" is the highest praise. Only one animal succeeded in doing this. An ox, steer, cow, or bull ought not to be "patchy;" it may have a "fine top;" it should be "ripe;" in its shoulders there should be no "scrimpness;" its back should be like a billiard table for levelness; its forehead, wherever that may be, should be "exquisite;" "plainness" is but a venial fault, if the animal be but "meaty;" care must be taken about the flanks, one poor creature exhibited having become a mere object of contempt on this account—"they were dwindled down to absolute shabbiness;" while, from some unexplained cause, another creature, intended

by nature to become a cow, resembled nothing so much as a "locomotive with a tender attached." By what kind of feeding this remarkable result was obtained is not stated; nor are we told whether it was by the use of Thorley's, or somebody else's, food for cattle that its legs had been transformed into wheels, and its unfortunate head into a chimney. But the greatest danger is attached to the hinder-quarters. To "droop" here, to have any "slackness," to be "mean and shabby" in these regions, is simply fatal; while—but this only shows how circumstances alter cases—to have a dimple where the tail is set on is positively "ugly." I must read two or three more cattle show accounts, and then I expect to be perfectly able to act as a judge myself.

FRANCE, LIKE ENGLAND, may, we suppose, be divided into the Wise and the Foolish. The former are occupied incessantly in trying to discover the causes of defeat, the latter in finding excuses for it. Among the wise men, M. Jolly has read a paper before the Academy of Medicine, in which the substance of his remarks is as follows:—"Tobacco costs Paris 500,000 francs a-day: enough to find bread for 2,000,000 people. The wild saturnalia of blood and destruction which has been held in Paris is only the natural result of the double intoxication of alcohol and nicotine. These two plagues have been more disastrous to fair France than war itself, and have contributed largely to the defeats of her armies. French soldiers, muddled and blinded by drink and tobacco, have fallen easy victims to the hardy Teutons. Wounded drunkards cannot be cured; all, or nearly all, die, whilst sober individuals with graver injuries readily recover. France," says Dr. Jolly, "has cast off all restraint. She has found it simpler and easier to poison herself freely." But this theory will not answer every objection that can be raised to its disadvantage. To wit: Where is the man that can smoke and swig beer with a German?

WE ADD ANOTHER word or two to our article on mushrooms. Our information is derived from a new paper of much promise, the *Garden*—devoted to all the topics that are naturally comprised under such a title. It is asked, "Are there any infallible rules for distinguishing the true mushroom

from all other funguses?" There are means of judging which, if not always unerring, are at least worth knowing, as a protection against the poisonous agarics of our fields. The true mushroom has a peculiar intense purple-brown colour of the spores. But the writer says:—"Several dangerous species, at times mistaken for this mushroom, have these spores umber-brown, or pale umber-brown, in colour, and belong to *Pholiota* or *Hebeloma*. In the accompanying figure is



SECTION OF THE TRUE MUSHROOM.

shown a vertical section of the true mushroom, which differs—when the colour of the spores is taken into consideration—from almost all other agarics, and certainly from all poisonous ones. One of the principal points to be observed is the distinct and perfect collar at c, quite encircling the stem, and the edge of cap at B, overlapping the gills; in some poisonous allies, as *a. aruginosus*—generally found on and about stumps—this ring is reduced to a few mere white flecks or scales. Lastly, the gills never reach or touch the stem A, for, on inverting a mushroom, a blank space will be seen all round the top of the stem where the gills are free from the stalk." It appears that the true mushroom always grows in grass fields, has purple-brown spores, a clothly collar, gills which do not touch the stem, and a top with overlapping edge.

THE THANKS of the community are due to Baron Bramwell and Mr. Commissioner Kerr for the summary justice which they have dealt out to several dastardly garotters lately. The "cat," as an institution, is not congenial to the minds of Englishmen generally, and public opinion has long since

condemned it in our army and navy. But for villainous roughs, who half strangle poor ladies on their quiet way home, for the sake of what trinkets or jewellery they may be unfortunate enough to carry about them, no punishment, short of the extreme penalty, can be too severe. All praise, then, I say, to the dispensers of such peremptory justice. All of us, although I hope few by personal experience, know what garotting means—namely, sudden strangling from behind. It is the habit in these days to give fine names to very ugly things—and the term garotting is an instance of this. The garotte, properly speaking, is the Spanish form of public execution, just as the guillotine is in France, and Mr. Calcraft's machine in this country. After the failure of General Lopez's second attempt on Cuba, and his subsequent capture and execution, a Jamaica journal gave a minute description of the garotte in these words:—"The prisoner is made to sit in a kind of chair with a high back, to which his head is fastened by means of an iron clasp, which encloses his neck, and is attached to the back by a screw. When the signal is given the screw is turned several times, which strangles the victim and breaks his neck."

MACLEOD v. THE QUEEN.—This case was referred to an arbitrator, and he has awarded the plaintiff £625. Mr. Macleod was one of three successful candidates for the honour of framing specimen digests of the laws of England. And the branch he undertook was both important and difficult: the law of bills of exchange. As to the time and labour, it was proved that Mr. Macleod had spent a year and three-quarters on his task, working from ten o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening on four days in the week, and from ten till two on the remaining two days; that he had read nearly one million of reports, scattered over something like 1,400 volumes; that he had collected and analysed 5,000 cases, making a chronological register containing the names, dates of cases, all the places in which they were reported, the Courts in which they were decided, the points ruled in them, and the marginal notes of the reports. He had completed seven sections out of the twenty sections into which his work was to be divided, and he expected to finish it in three years. He made no bargain with her Majesty's Commissioners. The work has been

stopped, and altogether £1,500 has been paid to Mr. Macleod for his services. But his claim was for about £7,000, on the ground of the enormous labour of making the digest, sacrifice of other employment, and interruption of other projects and other work. It is admitted by everybody that a digest of the law is wanted. We must begin with a digest of selected branches. Mr. Macleod makes one-third of a digest of one branch, and then is stopped, and only a quarter paid for what he has done. The Lords of the Treasury were his paymasters. In a different branch of literature, the author looks to the public for remuneration; and they are much more liberal to their favourite authors than the Lords are to their "selected candidates" for such a work as making a digest of the law.

LET US COMPARE with this the remuneration for a first-rate work of imagination. Now here is a tolerably correct statement of what one of the three or four most popular novel writers of the day will receive for a novel that will be published in a few weeks, at a guinea and a-half, having previously appeared in different serial publications. For its appearance—

In an English magazine . . .	£900
In a New York paper . . .	1,000
In Canada . . .	200
In various other ways and places (Baron Tauchnitz' prints, &c.) . . .	1,000
For the three years' right of publication in England, at a guinea and a-half, and subsequently at six shillings . . .	900
Total	£4,000

This cash account will show that the English novelist—when the English-speaking public like his books—is not a badly paid man. It does a little to balance the vast number of books of fiction out of which the author is lucky if he gets a fifty pound note. Too often he does not deserve to get that.

WE SEE ADVERTISED nearly every day what is called the "tenth" edition of a new novel. What is an edition? Has the number of copies comprised in it anything to do with it? We think not. One impression, consisting of one copy only, may be an edition. But to make new editions there must be some difference to distinguish them from the old editions. A date, the words "second,"

"third," or other "edition" on the title-page would be enough. It is a trifling distinction, but it constitutes a new edition, if you like to call it one. If you see a novel of Charles Reade's in its second edition at a guinea and a-half, what do you think it means? It means, probably, that 1,500 or 2,000 copies have been sold. What, then, of a tenth edition of a novel at a guinea and a-half? It ought to mean that 5,000 copies of the work have been sold, because 500 copies are the number usually printed of a novel in the expensive form, unless the writer is very popular; then 800 or 1,000 or 1,500 may be printed off at first. Now, the object of advertising the tenth edition of this novel is to make the public believe that it is a very successful book. If 1,000 copies have been sold, it has done just twice as well as nineteen novels out of twenty. But to justify the statement "tenth edition," on our showing of what an edition commonly consists of, 5,000 copies ought to have been sold. What the object of calling eighty or ninety copies of a novel an edition, when six times the number is commonly so called by the trade, and then largely advertising the fifth or sixth hundred as a tenth edition, is, needs no comment from us. The object is very easily understood by the most unsophisticated in the arts of Puff.

PROFESSOR JOWETT, the new Master of Balliol, has just delivered a remarkable sermon at the university church of St. Mary's; and his sermon, unlike too many other formal discourses under that name by churchmen at the present day, was, as might be expected from one of the "Essays and Reviews" champions, well worth listening to. But speaking of sermons reminds me of a story told in the "Life of John Edwin," the comedian, which some of our more prosy preachers might study, with a view to the impatience of their congregations. When the said John Edwin was tramping through the south of Ireland on a professional tour, with three others, they requested him, it being a Sunday morning, to favour them with a discourse suitable to the day. He began as follows:—"In the fifth chapter of Job, seventh verse, you will find these words: 'Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.' I shall divide this discourse, and consider it under the three following heads:—1. Man's ingress into the world; 2. A man's progress

through the world; and 3. His egress out of the world.

- '1. A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare;
2. His progress through the world is trouble and care;
3. And his egress out of the world is—nobody knows where!"

To conclude—

'If we do well *here*, we shall do well *there*.

I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year."

Setting aside the free and easy theology of the witty actor, I think his metrical sermon was by no means a bad satire on the Firstly, Secondly, Thirdly, and To conclude, so dear to the painfully logical precision of the country parsons of the old school. While upon this subject of easy-going religion, I am reminded of an anecdote of the celebrated Rowland Hill, who, good Christian though he was, sometimes startled sober, steady folk out of all propriety by his unorthodox vagaries. Once, being annoyed at his footboy singing profane songs while cleaning the knives and forks, he ordered him, under pain of dismissal, to sing hymns. But, as the work proceeded only to the tune of the solemn yet slow measure, Rowland Hill was compelled to tell the boy to return to his old style of profane music, otherwise his knives and forks would never have been ready in time for dinner.

I HAVE OFTEN wondered that a complete and exhaustive history—so far, at least, as the materials admitted—has not been written of the rise and progress of the early British press. Much curious matter, too, is hidden away in those quaint old broadsheets which would be interesting even in these days of superficial newspaper reading. We, of this happy nineteenth century, who take up our paper every morning as a matter of course, and learn in five minutes what the whole world and his wife have been doing for the last twenty-four hours, are apt to look pitifully upon the crudeness of the infant efforts of English journalism. But I am not so sure that, in their small way, these early journals were not as interesting to the readers of them as ours are to us at the present day. In readiness of style, too, some of them will bear favourable comparison with that of periodicals of later growth. The first real newspaper in this country was the *English Mercurie*, published in the reign of Elizabeth; and the fiftieth

number, still preserved, is dated the 23rd of July, 1588. Here is a specimen of its contents:—"Yesterday the Scotch ambassador had a private audience of her Majesty, and delivered a letter from the King, his master, containing the most cordial assurances of adhering to her Majesty's interests, and to those of the Protestant religion; and the young King said to her Majesty's minister at his court, that all the favour he expected from the Spaniards was the courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses—that he should be devoured the last."

SPEAKING OF THESE newspapers of other days, it is well known that the permission to publish debates in Parliament is of comparatively recent date. This question, however, first arose on July 9th, 1662, in the case of the *Intelligencer*, concerning the publication of the debates of the Irish Parliament in that paper, when a letter was written by the Speaker to Sir Edward Nicholas, complaining of the reports "in those diurnals, as they call them," and requesting that they should be stopped forthwith.

THERE IS NOTHING more curious, I think, in studying the history of our English language, than to note the odd changes which have taken place in the course of time in the signification of some of our commonest words. Take, for instance, the word *literati*, now always applied to men of letters. But the original *literati* were not quite such dignified characters as the men of letters of the present day, and the word, which now confers honour, had at one time a very different signification. Among the Romans, it was usual to affix some branding or ignominious letter on the criminal when the crime was more than ordinarily infamous. The culprits so branded were called *inscripti* or *stigmatici*, or by the more equivocal term *literati*. The same expression is likewise adopted in one of the statutes of Henry VIII., which recites "that diverse persons, *lettered*, had been more bold to commit mischievous deeds," &c.

The first number of the New Volume, with New Year's Supplement, will be published on Monday, Jan. 1, 1872, price Fourpence. This Double Number will contain the first chapters of a most interesting Serial Tale, entitled READY-MONEY MORTIBOY, a New Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne, and a Curious Paper, with many Diagrams, showing what may be done with a Halfpenny Bundle of Wood, &c. &c.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 207.

December 16, 1871.

Price 2d.

JERUSALEM:

THE CITY OF HEROD AND SALADIN.



THE new work bearing this title is a remarkable book in many ways, and will, we think, command much attention from the reading public. Dealing as it does

with a subject which is ever replete with interest, there is in it a freshness and candour, taking us out of the old conventionalism peculiar to former works on the "Sight of Peace," which gives us pleasure by its vigorous novelty. The volume is intended to give a history of the city of Jerusalem from about A.D. 30 to the present time. This period includes the siege and capture of Titus, the last revolts of the Jews, the Christian occupation of 300 years, the Mohammedan conquest, the building by the Mohammedans of the Dome of the Rock, the Crusades, the Christian kingdom, the re-conquest of the city, and a long period of Mohammedan occupation, during which no event has happened except the yearly flocking of pilgrims to the Church of the Sepulchre, and an occasional quarrel among the monks.

The book is the production of a joint authorship. For the modern period—that of the Christian kingdom—two sources of information exist. One, the contemporary and later chronicles of the Crusaders, written either in Latin or *Langue d'Oïl*;

and the other, the Arabic historians themselves.

The materials of the first source have been taken in hand by Mr. Walter Besant, a critical student of early and mediæval French, and the author of a well-known and scholarlike work, his "Studies in Early French Poetry."

The Arabic records have been utilized by Prof. E. H. Palmer, a gentleman eminently qualified by his perfect acquaintance with Arabic, and other associations, to undertake the task.

It may not be out of place to state that Mr. Palmer was in 1869, under the auspices of the Sinai Survey Fund, sent out as the Arabic scholar, and as collector of such traditions and histories concerning the Peninsula as were hitherto totally unknown—or, at least, never translated for general use.

He next went to the Desert of the Exodus for the Palestine Exploration Fund, as explorer, with Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The result of that journey is given in a joint work, called "The Desert of the Exodus." Mr. Palmer has recently been appointed to the Lord High Almoner's Professorship of Arabic in the University of Cambridge.

A peculiar feature about the book—which may or may not be considered a merit, according to the tastes of different readers—is, that there is nothing sacred about the actors in the story told. The authors have not thought it necessary to invest them, as is generally done by those who write on Jerusalem, with an appearance of sanctity merely because they fought for the City of Sacred Memories, or because they bore the cross upon their shoulders.

"We have," quoting from the preface, "endeavoured to show them as they were—men and women actuated by mixed motives, sometimes base, sometimes noble, sometimes interested, sometimes pure and lofty; but always men and women, never saints.

The Christians in the East were as the Christians in the West—certainly never better, more often worse. If we have succeeded in making a plain tale, divested of its customary pseudo-religious trappings, interesting and useful, our design is satisfied."

The first and second chapters are principally introductory; but the description in the second chapter of the siege of Jerusalem—which, in our limited space, we can only allude to—is vivid and graphic in the extreme.

The book, however, may be said to really commence at the third chapter—"From Titus to Omar."

The Temple had been destroyed; its people killed, led captive, or dispersed; and for the next fifty years at least, Jerusalem presented a dreary and desolate appearance. At first, its only inhabitants were the Roman garrison; but gradually the Jews came dropping in—at first, we may suppose, on sufferance and good behaviour. When the Christians returned is not certain. In the beginning, the Jews do not seem to have been persecuted by the Romans at all. A tax of two drachms was levied by Vespasian on every Jew for the rebuilding of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and was exacted with the greatest rigour. He also searched everywhere for descendants of the House of David, in order to extinguish the royal line altogether. Otherwise, there is no evidence to show that the Jews were ill-treated by the conquerors, but rather the contrary, as it was always the policy of the Romans to treat the conquered nations with consideration and humanity, and to extend to them the privilege of citizenship. But conquered nations are always restless; and, in the time of Trajan, the whole of the Jews in Egypt, Cyrene, Babylonia, and Judæa rose in universal revolt. After much trouble and loss on the part of the Romans, the insurrection was at length quelled—for a time, at least. When Hadrian ascended the imperial throne, finding the subject-province still troublesome, he resolved to suppress this turbulent Judaism altogether. He forbade circumcision, the reading of the Law, the observance of the Sabbath, and determined to convert Jerusalem into a Roman colony.

Again, the Jews revolted under one Barcochebas, "Son of a Star," who was hailed as the "Star out of Jacob," and as no less than the long-looked-for Messiah.

No one knows the origin and previous history of Barcochebas, nor how the insurrection first began. All kinds of legends were related of his prowess and personal strength. He was so strong that he would catch the stones thrown from the catapults with his feet, and hurl them back upon the enemy with force equal to that of the machines which cast them. He could breathe flames. He would at first admit into his ranks only those men who, to show their courage, endured to have a finger cut off; but was dissuaded from this, and ordered instead, and as a proof of strength, that no one should join his ranks who could not himself tear up a cedar of Lebanon with his own hands.

This insurrection assumed formidable proportions. Turnus Rufus, the Roman Governor, whose troops were few, slaughtered the unoffending people all over Judæa; but was not strong enough to make head against the rebellion, which daily grew stronger. Heavy reinforcements, however, arrived. Jerusalem was taken, and more—the spirits of the insurgents being crushed by the falling in of the vaults on Mount Zion; and Barcochebas himself was slain. The Romans showed little mercy in the hour of reconquest. The insurgents were slaughtered indiscriminately. The horses of the Romans, we are told, were up to their girths in blood. An immense number fell in this war: Dio Cassius says 580,000 by the sword alone, not including those who fell by famine, disease, and fire.

Hadrian's purpose seemed now accomplished, and Judaism crushed for ever. Jerusalem was turned into a Roman colony. Its name was changed to that of Elia Capitolina. The Jews were forbidden, on pain of death, to appear even within sight of the city; and in the site of the Temple, a temple of Jupiter was built. The history of the next hundred years presents nothing remarkable. The persecution of Diocletian raged throughout the East; a library was founded in Jerusalem by Bishop Alexander—for the Christians were now allowed to establish themselves in the city; and, meanwhile, the old name of the city was forgotten entirely out of its own country. So much was this the case, that a story is related of an Egyptian martyr, who, on being asked the name of his city, replied that it was Jerusalem, meaning the heavenly Jerusalem. The judge had never heard of

such a city, and ordered him to be tortured in order to ascertain the truth. An uninterrupted succession of Christian bishops continued till the time of Constantine. After that Emperor had become a Christian, his mother, the Empress Helena, at the age of eighty years, went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On her way she delivered captives, relieved the oppressed, rewarded old soldiers, adorned Christian churches, and arrived in the Holy Land laden with the blessings of a grateful people. And here she discovered the true Cross in the following manner. Led by Divine intimation, she instructed her people where to dig for it; and after removing the earth which the heathen had heaped round the spot, she found the Sepulchre itself, and close beside it the three crosses, still lying together, and the tablet bearing the inscription which Pilate ordered to be written. And the true Cross was picked out in this manner. A noble lady lay sick with an incurable disease. All the crosses were brought to her bedside; and at the application of one—that on which our Lord suffered—she was immediately restored to perfect health;—such is the account, at least, given by the writers of the following century.

At Helena's request, Constantine caused to be erected on the site—real or supposed—of the Holy Sepulchre a magnificent chapel, and united to it a large basilica or church. Of the building of this basilica, and the curious legends connected with the same, a long and interesting account is given in the work before us. In the enthusiasm which followed the conversion of Constantine, the Jews probably found it convenient to keep as quiet as possible. They held at this time exclusive possession of four large towns in Galilee, where they governed themselves—or rather, submitted to the government of the rabbis. Attempts were made to convert them. Sylvester succeeded, it is related, in converting a number of them by a miracle; for a conference was held between the Christians and Jews, in the presence of Constantine himself. One of the rabbis asked permission that an ox should be brought in. He whispered in the ear of the animal the ineffable name of God, and the beast fell dead. "Will you believe," asked the Pope, "if I raise him to life again?" They agreed. Sylvester adjured the ox, in the name of Christ, and if Jesus was veritably the Messiah, to come to life again. The beast rose,

and quietly went on feeding; whereupon the Jews all went out, and were baptized.

The Jews, however, had a perilous time of it while the Emperor lived; and his death probably saved them from a cruel persecution. Already severe decrees had been issued. Constantine's laws enact that any Jew who endangers the life of a Christian convert shall be buried alive; that no Christian shall be permitted to become a Jew; that no Jew shall possess Christian slaves.

A gleam of better days came upon the Jews when Julian the Apostate mounted the throne. Julian abolished the aggressive laws, and ordered the Temple of Jerusalem to be rebuilt; and now, it seemed, the restoration of the Jews was at hand. But the fates were still unpropitious. Hardly were the foundations uncovered—the joyful Jews crowding round the workmen—when flames of fire burst forth from underground, accompanied by loud explosions. A panic ensued. The workmen and the people fled in wild affright. The anger of Heaven was manifested in the mysterious flames: not yet was to be the rebuilding of the Temple. Then Julian died, and the dawning hopes of the Jews were once more crushed.

As for the miracle of the flames, it has been accounted for by supposing the foul gas in the subterranean passages to have caught fire. Perhaps, it has been maliciously suggested, the flames were designed by the Christians themselves, eager to prevent the rebuilding of the Temple. The history of Jerusalem for the next three hundred years is purely ecclesiastical, and full of the disputes and bitter animosities engendered by Arians, Pelagians, and other heretics. These can have little or no interest for the general readers; and, with our authors, we gladly pass them by.

The next important epoch is that of the Mohammedan conquest, about 632 A.D. Mohammed's first successor, Abu Bekr, conceived the notion of conquering Syria. He addressed a circular letter to the petty chieftains of Arabia, in which, appealing to their national prejudices and newly awakened religious zeal, he exhorted them to wrest the long-coveted Syria from the infidels' hands. The Emperor Heraclius stemmed the torrent of invading Saracens, to the best of his power, for awhile, but with no ultimate avail. Town after town fell; and, in the year 636, the enemy, under the command of Khalif Omar, appeared

under the walls of the Holy City. The Christians were forced to make terms of surrender with the besiegers. The Saracen conditions seem to have been, although somewhat strict, fair in the extreme, and reflect great honour on Omar, the conqueror.

Omar now built a magnificent mosque upon the ruins of the Temple. This now forms, with the mosque El-Aksa, the great Haram El-Sheriff, one of the most holy places of the Mohammedans. On the many interesting incidents connected with the Mohammedan occupation, from this time until the first Crusade, we have no space to linger here, but must pass on to one of the most interesting chapters in "The City of Herod and Saladin"—that on "The Christian Pilgrims."

When pilgrimages were first made to Jerusalem it is difficult to decide. When the day of persecution was over, countless stories of miracles and wonderful cures at holy shrines began to grow. These shrines probably, in the first place, were spots held sacred to the early martyrs and confessors to the faith.

But the invention of the Holy Cross by Helena, on her pilgrimage; the building by Constantine of the Church of the Martyrdom; and the immediate fixing, without any hesitation, of the sacred sites recorded in the New Testament, were the causes of a vast increase in the number of pilgrims who every year flocked to Jerusalem. But the passion for pilgrimages grew to so great an extent, and was accompanied by so many dangers to virtue and good manners, that attempts were made, from time to time, to check it; but with little success.

"Going on pilgrimages served too many ends, and gratified too many desires. Piety, no doubt, in greater or lesser degree, had always something to do with a resolve to undertake a long and painful journey. But there were other motives. The curious man, by becoming a pilgrim, was enabled to see the world; the lazy man to escape work; the adventurous man to find adventures; the credulous and imaginative man to fill his mind with stories; the vain man to gratify his vanity and procure lifelong honour, at the cost of some peril and fatigue; the sincere to wipe off his sins;—and all alike believed that they were doing an act meritorious in itself, and pleasing in the sight of Heaven."

In the beginning, the Mohammedans in-

terfered but little with the Christians. They revered the name of Jesus, they spared the Church of the Sepulchre, and even promised to protect the Christians. But promises made by the Caliphs were not always observed by their fanatical soldiers. The Christians were pillaged and robbed; they were insulted and abused; they were forced to pay a heavy tribute; forbidden to appear on horseback, or to wear arms; obliged to wear a leathern girdle to denote their nation, and were not even allowed to elect their own priests and bishops. Yet the enthusiasm of the pilgrims suffered no abatement.

The description of the investiture of a pilgrim in those days is worth quoting.

"The candidate had first to satisfy the bishop of his diocese of his moral character; that he went away with the full consent of his friends and relations; and that he was actuated by no motives of curiosity, indolence, or a desire to obtain in other lands a greater licence and freedom of action. If these points were not answered satisfactorily, permission was withheld; and if the applicant belonged to one of the monastic orders, he found it more difficult to obtain the required authority; for it had been only too well proved that, in assuming the pilgrim's robe, the monks were often only embracing an opportunity to return to the world again. But when all was satisfactory, and the bishop satisfied as to the personal piety of the applicant, the Church dismissed him on his journey with a service and a benediction. He was solemnly invested with the scrip and staff; he put on the long woollen robe, which formed the chief part of his dress; the clergy and his own friends accompanied him to the boundaries of his parish; and there, after giving him a letter or a passport, which ensured him hospitality so long as he was in Christian countries, they sent him on his way."

Thus provided, the pilgrim found hostels open for him, and every castle and monastery ready to receive him. The perils and dangers of the way were not, therefore, very great, even under the Mohammedan conquest, until the time of Hakem.

On the accession of this madman, the position of the Christians changed most woefully. All the churches, and especially that of the Holy Sepulchre, were destroyed by the command of Hakem. The ill-feeling once renewed between the Christians

and their Saracen rulers now yearly grew stronger. Pilgrimages at last assumed the form of large and compact parties of resolute men, determined to force their way, by strength of union, to the shrine of their devotions.

On these vast pilgrimages thousands went together, "the armies of the Lord," and the real precursors of the Crusades. In the year 1034, Robert of Normandy went, accompanied by a great number of barons and knights, all bare-footed, all clothed with the penitential sackcloth, all bearing the staff and purse.

The most important of all the pilgrimages, however, was that of the Archbishop of Mayence, accompanied by the Bishops of Utrecht, Ramberg, and Ratisbon, and by seven thousand pilgrims of every rank. They were not dressed, as was the wont of pilgrims, in sackcloth, but wore their more costly robes; the bishops in dress of state and cloth of gold, the knights with burnished arms and costly trappings. They followed the usual route across Asia Minor from Constantinople. When almost within sight of Jerusalem, they were attacked, not by the Saracens, but by a large troop of Arabs. The Christians, nearly unarmed as they were, after a very unequal contest, managed to overpower their assailants, and entered Jerusalem in a kind of triumph, by torchlight, with the sound of cymbals and trumpets.

And now approached the period of the first Crusade. All was ripe for the occasion. A Turk named Ostok had been made Governor of Jerusalem, fresh persecutions began for the Christians, and their sufferings daily grew more intolerable. The sword had already been drawn: the idea of a Crusade was not a new one. Letters imploring help had been received from the Emperor of the Greeks, and three popes had preached a Holy War. Moreover, the morality of the Western Church was at the lowest ebb.

William of Tyre declares that virtue and piety were obliged to hide themselves. There was no longer any charity, any reverence for rank, any hesitation at plunging whole countries into war. There was no longer any security for property; the monasteries themselves were not safe from robbers; the highways were covered with armed brigands; chastity, economy, temperance were regarded as things "stupid and worthless;" the bishops were as dumb

dogs that could not bark, and the priests were no better than the people.

The description of the first Crusade, of the direful sufferings of the Crusaders themselves, and the consequent establishment of the Christian kingdom, are matters of ordinary history; but the story, as told in full in the book the title of which heads this notice, reads like a very romance in the simple yet vivid pictures of those strange times.

On the 15th July, 1099, Godfrey of Bouillon scaled the walls of Jerusalem, after a long and bloody contest. With him began the succession of Christian kings who sat upon the throne of Jerusalem for eighty-eight years.

During this time, churches and convents were established in vast numbers. The great mosque of Omar was converted into a cathedral, and the chapels of Mount Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre were united into one large church, of which the foundation walls are still remaining.

We now pass on to the fall of the Christian rule. The last Crusade had taken place, and our English Richard Cœur de Lion had left Palestine to its fate. Turning to bid farewell to the country, he cried, "O Holy Land, God grant that I may yet return to help thee!" And his last message was one to Saladin, telling him that he was only going home to raise money in order to complete the conquest of the land. "Truly," said the courtly Saladin, "if God wills that Jerusalem pass into other hands, it cannot fall into any more noble than those of the brave King Richard."

Of the reputed lion-heartedness of Richard, our authors seem to take a very cautious view.

"Of the terror," they say, "which his name inspired, of his many and valiant gestures, of his personal strength, his chivalrous generosity, we have not room to speak. Nor can we do more than allude to those other qualities for which he made his name known—his ferocious and savage cruelty, his pleasure in fighting for love of mere butchery, the ungovernable rage which sometimes seized him, his want of consideration for others, his 'masterfulness;' the way in which he trampled on, careless over whose body he passed provided he attained his ends. For these and other stories which can be told about him, we refer our readers to the chronicles, and to that book on the Crusades which has yet to be written."

Take as a contrast the following passage on the character of Saladin:—

"No better proof can be given of the respect and esteem which Saladin's many virtues naturally commanded than the terms upon which he lived with his brother and other relatives. In spite of the too frequent application of the proverb which says that 'The Turk can bear no brother near the throne,' we do not hear of a single instance of jealousy or insubordination being exhibited against his authority by any member of his house or court; while his subjects absolutely idolized him. Saladin knew how to win the affection of his troops, while he made his authority felt; and his example restrained in them that licence which war too often engenders. Courteous alike to friend and foe, faithful to his plighted word, noble in reverses and moderate in success, the Paynim Saladin stands forth in history as fair a model of a true knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, as any which the annals of Christian chivalry can boast."

For the concluding chapters on the "Mohammedan Pilgrims," the "Chronicle of Six Hundred Jews," and "Modern Jerusalem," we must refer our readers to this thoroughly interesting and pleasantly written work. Nor must we forget to mention the valuable appendix at the end of the work, on "The Position of the Sacred Sites."

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CONCERNING DR. SACHEVERELL'S TRIAL.

I HAD bought peace and happiness for every one excepting myself. My father was the first to congratulate me upon my engagement.

"Tis as I hoped, child," said he. "I am glad Sir Everard has his reward, though I scarce expected it; for he is a true friend, and he has wrought a service for me, and, indeed, for us all, that I could never have repaid save by giving him such a wife as thou wilt be. He came straight to me from thee, and so the good news came all at once, for he showed me my own letter all safe, 'Which,' said he, 'I must keep in my own hands for a few months ere I destroy it, in accordance with a promise respecting it; but 'tis as safe in my hands as in the fire, where 'twill be eventually, and all our trouble will be over.'"

And my father gave a sigh of relief. I gave a sigh too, but 'twas of pity at his delusion respecting Sir Everard. However, his old look of happiness had come back to him, and my mother's brow was smoothed; and Clarinda's spirits returned to her, and she kissed me more affectionately than she had done for many a day, saying—

"Thou art a good girl, Grace, and Heaven will bless thee, and thou wilt have thy reward, for Sir Everard loves thee deeply. He is a man of mark in the world, and there will be many envious at thy good fortune."

And I received their kisses and congratulations, and wondered that they did not see that my heart had turned to stone.

I must do Sir Everard the justice to say that he behaved discreetly, and made the trial that was now come on the excuse for not being at our house so much as might have been expected from a devoted lover. He was, I knew, giving me time to become accustomed to our strange engagement.

Uncle Oliver was the only one who did not wish me well. He looked at me so keenly that I could not stand his glance; and I laid my head on his shoulder, and the tears I had so long repressed came stealing down my cheeks.

"How is this, Grace?" said he. "What hast done with my friend, Philip Lydgate?"

It was the first open allusion that Uncle Oliver had ever made to him; but it showed me that I had been right in my suspicion that he had taken a deeper interest than he cared to show.

"Hast quarrelled with him, Grace? He is worth ten of thy grand lover."

But still I answered not.

"Grace," he continued, "thou hast been my darling from a babe; thou hast filled up a void that"—here he stopped. "It seems to me," he went on, "that thou art even dearer to me, and belondest more to me, than to thy parents; and I have watched over thee as a very precious treasure. Child, I do not believe that you truly love this man—I cannot believe it. You are not happy, Grace. 'Tis some vain imagination that blinds you—some infatuation. The dazzling thought of this man's figure in the world, and of a brilliant future, have attracted you; but it is all emptiness and heartbreaking. Put it aside—you will repent."

"I shall not repent," I said. "And, Uncle Oliver, you must not talk in this way to the others. You are my own dear

uncle, and may say what you please to me; but unless you would break my heart, you must not speak thus of my engagement to others."

"Child, I can't understand you," he said. And then, after a pause, he said, very earnestly, "Grace, if it should be that in the end you find you are mistaken—that you do not love this Sir Everard as you may think you do now—promise me that you will tell me. Never marry but where your heart is, whatever may be the consequence."

"I shall never change my mind," said I.

He shook his head.

"Well," said he, "'tis not for me to interfere; but, Grace, I can't congratulate thee."

And so he went away; and I felt more comfort in his words than in the congratulations of all the others. I wondered whether he would say anything to Mr. Lydgate; for I had not yet had courage to do so, and I had shrunk from every possible chance of seeing him, and had been waiting with a sickening heart for the time when the knowledge must come to him.

'Twas surprising that none around me noticed how unnatural was my forced calmness and cheerfulness, nor how much older I was beginning to look, nor how I kept so quietly at home, and never cared to leave the house. Perhaps they thought it natural to a young girl when she has made up her mind to so important a step; though some take it lightly enough, not realizing that it involves all the future life.

Also, this trial that was going on occupied all minds, from the highest to the lowest; and seemed to take every one's thoughts away from all else. 'Twas now the eighth day of it, and Dr. Sacheverell was to make his speech in his own defence. My father and Sir Everard, who had attended every day, had gone to hear it, expecting a triumphant blaze of oratory. He had been already defended by his counsel, Sir Simon Harcourt, Mr. Dodd, and others, in answer to the charges brought against him, which, my father said, had been shamefully exaggerated by the opposing counsel; but Uncle Oliver—who is getting to have less and less of his old way of thinking, and is more and more in favour of his new friends' politics—says that Sir Joseph Jekyll spoke most ably upon the first article of impeachment, which concerned the doctrine of unlimited non-resistance, which to uphold, he said, was "to give up our right to the laws and liberties of

this kingdom, or, which is all in one, be precarious in the enjoyment of them, and only hold them during pleasure." And as for maintaining that King William "disclaimed the least imputation of resistance, and that to impute resistance to the Revolution is to cast black and odious colours upon his late Majesty and the said Revolution," the maintenance of such a proposition was "rather made to the dishonour than to the vindication of his Majesty." And upon these grounds Sir Joseph Jekyll reasoned out his speech; proving that resistance was lawful in certain cases, that resistance was used at the Revolution, and that "the Commons should think themselves ungrateful for their deliverance if they did not vindicate the honour of the late King, and of those illustrious persons who upon his invitation defended the constitution at that time by resistance, and declare that this resistance was lawful, honourable, and just."

These were his very words; and General Stanhope, Mr. Lechmere, and Mr. Walpole all argued to the same effect, proving the lawfulness of the Revolution through legal resistance, and showing the utter unreasonableness and absurdity of the doctrine of non-resistance.

After the second and third articles—upon which I need not touch—were disposed of, it came to the turn of Serjeant Parker to take up the fourth and last article of impeachment, which related to those passages of the Doctor's sermon wherein the men of character and station in Church and State had been depicted under the title of "false brethren."

"And perhaps of all the speeches," said my uncle Oliver, "I liked this the best. 'Twas very closely and forcibly argued, and every point was made to tell; though," he added, "the sermon was scarce worth sifting to prove so much objectionable matter."

'Tis surprising the interest the mob take in the matter, and how their feelings run in favour of Dr. Sacheverell, and against the present Ministry. Indeed, people of all classes who have espoused his cause have become rabid in their admiration, and he is attended to and from Westminster Hall by hundreds who strive to kiss his hand, and rend the air with pious ejaculations for his deliverance from the den of lions.

My father is among these. In his fervour he hath huzzaed with the crowd, and cheered them on, until, Harry Fanshawe tells me, he has got to be as well known as the Doctor

himself, and his appearance is the signal for frantic shouts of "Hurrah for the Squire," "Long life to your honour," "The country and Sacheverell," and such-like sentences. Whilst my father shakes every hand that is offered to him, saying—

"Courage, my friends, we shall win the day."

Then comes the Queen's sedan-chair along, and my father walks bare-headed a-nigh it, constantly flourishing his hat, and inciting round after round of deafening cheers. And the people shout—

"God bless your Majesty! We hope your Majesty is for the Church and Dr. Sacheverell."

She has a brave heart in her, our good Queen, to go undismayed among such a throng; but 'tis as it should be—she trusts her people and her people trust her, and so long as this mutual feeling continues royalty will never go down. Then, too, she is the people's ideal of a sovereign; and they fondly cling to the belief that hath taken root among them that her mother was a washer-woman.

And so she goes, day after day, the excited multitude shouting, raging, and growing daily more interested as the trial goes on. Harry Fanshawe tells me all this, for I have not been out, since it is now scarce safe to be in the streets. Indeed, there has been some serious rioting already, and the meeting-house of Dr. Burgess, near Lincoln's Inn-fields, has been attacked, together with several others, and they have been ransacked, and everything movable brought out and burned in front of them. Nay, even his lordship, Bishop Burnet, has not been safe since he has been one in favour of toleration, and has put an end to some practices in the Church, and is disapproved of by the High-flyers. His house has been attacked, and 'tis said that the mob would have killed him had they caught him. However, that they were not able to do; and so, in spite, they devastated St. John's Chapel, in Clerkenwell. They next turned in desperate fury against the Bank, I suppose with the idea of plunder, since their minds were now inflamed to any deed of recklessness and violence, so that the military had to be called out.

'Tis quieter now; but yet no one knows how soon there may be another outbreak, since some of the places near are blocked up with people from morning to night

especially in St. James's-square, and no one dare stir abroad without an oak-leaf in his hat.

'Tis a stirring time; even I feel it, crushed down as I am with my own troubles; and indeed 'tis a wonderful relief to me to have somewhat to excite me, or I know not what would become of me, for I can scarce eat.

And so the days go by one after another, and one hears but little else than the one word Sacheverell, and the disputations concerning him. And the shouts of the people as they hurry past, and the criers going about the streets with news of the trial, are incessant. And now and then Clarinda comes in to tell me of how the Duchess of Marlborough demeaned herself in the Queen's box at the trial on the previous day, and of how the Duchess of Somerset had plainly shown the estimation in which she held her Grace; and of the Queen's antipathy to her Mistress of the Robes, and all the Court gossip which interests her so much, but which falls so idly on my ears.

And then she talks to me of Sir Everard, and tries to rouse me up, and to encourage me with pictures of future happiness and glory; but I tell her I have no ambition, and that all I can do is to take quietly the lot that has befallen me.

And so we go on, until the trial draws nigh to its ending. The defence has been answered, Serjeant Parker has made another speech, and the Lords are to vote to-morrow whether Dr. Sacheverell is guilty or not guilty.

The excitement increases all around us. My father, who has forgotten his past danger in his present security, has recovered all his eagerness with regard to politics. He is more firmly convinced than ever that this impolitic trial will be the ruin of the Whigs; and so, indeed, thinks my uncle Oliver.

Everything is tending to increase popular dissatisfaction with the present ministry, and popular dissatisfaction generally. This has been an unpropitious season—there has been much scarcity, so that the poor are pretty well pinched. Then there came over from the Palatinate this summer some thousands of poor destitute folk, who had much royal and private bounty bestowed upon them, to the detriment, our poor people think, of themselves. And this ill feeling is being fomented by those badly affected towards Government; and we all know that a spark of popular indignation is

easily fanned into a flame that is not so easily extinguished.

And it is all flame and fever around, and one lives and moves in a sort of nightmare dream. There seems no reality or earnestness in anything; and yet in reality everything is terribly earnest just now. Certainly my own life is, and I would fain uncoil it, but that I cannot do, so I am obliged to let its serpent folds draw closer and closer round me, whilst I shrink despairingly away, knowing that hope is at an end.

Surprises are nothing new, but the mere everyday occurrences of life; so that when a day or two since we heard from Jack that he was coming home on sick leave, there appeared nothing strange in it to me—it was simply one of those ordinary events that are as inevitable as meal-taking and retiring to rest.

Still, I did not expect that he would be with us quite so soon, neither did I anticipate his arrival in so sorry a plight as that in which he appeared, the cause of which I must leave to another chapter.

CHAPTER XLIX.

JACK HEARS OF MY ENGAGEMENT.

AS I said in my last chapter, I was not surprised at the tidings that Jack was coming home to us; but it was with no small degree of dismay that I saw a coach drive up to the door, and out of it step my father, looking heated and excited, and Jack, with his coat torn and without a hat, and holding a handkerchief stained with blood up to his face.

I gave a start and a cry, and rushed down to see what was the matter.

"'Tis nought," said Jack, "only a stone. 'Twill soon have done bleeding. Let me get it washed before my mother sees me."

"And your coat, Jack, 'tis all torn—where have you been?"

"I have been in the wars since I came to our peaceful land," quoth he. "I had no idea that London was in such an uproar. But do, Grace, get some lint and plaster, or I shall bleed to death in an ignoble cause."

And though he spoke jestingly, I could see he was feeling bad enough, and I bade him come up to his room, which had been ready for the last week to receive him; and there I put in practice my slight knowledge of chirurgery, which my father insisted, and with good sense too, was a necessary accomplishment for all women.

'Twas a disagreeable wound, but I managed to plaster it over, and to wash away the stains around it, and make him as presentable as possible; but I asked him no questions then—I waited until he should be refreshed both with water and wine, for he needed both sorely.

I was more than curious to know how it all came about; for my father, in his impetuous manner, had said—

"'Twas all owing to that Whig rascal, Lydgate. If people will get into bad company, they must take the consequences."

I know that my face went scarlet, but I did not think that Jack would notice it. And I wondered how it could possibly come to pass that Jack and Mr. Lydgate were together, since I had not known that they knew one another. However, as I said before, I waited until Jack had changed his torn coat, and had bathed himself, and had taken some refreshment, before I began to ask any questions as to his mischance.

"And now tell us all about it, Jack," said I.

"I was going quickly along the Strand," he began.

"I don't see how you could do that," interrupted my father, "when 'twas thronged with people."

"Ay," said Jack, "but they were all going one way, so I was carried along pretty speedily, and was considering how I could make a turn to get out of it, jammed in as I was, when there was a sudden stop, and all at once there rose a clamour of yelling and shouting, and some one cried, 'Down with the traitor! Shout for Sacheverell, you crop-eared hypocrite.' The voice was answered by the multitude in one great shout, 'The Church and Sacheverell, and down with the Whigs.' And then a roar went up enough to deafen a man, and over it the shriller voices might be heard, 'Another cheer for the Doctor!' 'Down with the Ministry!' And then came a momentary silence; the crowd surged backward and forward, and the man whose desperate struggle with the crowd around him partly caused the motion, suddenly turned his face my way, and again the cry arose, 'Shout for Sacheverell.' 'Not I,' replied the man, whom I had already recognized as my friend, Philip Lydgate."

I made an exclamation of surprise, which caused Jack to pause, and my father to exclaim—

"Friend, indeed! the desperate, seditious, cantankerous Whig. Don't let any son of mine call him a friend. He'll not set his foot in this house again."

Jack flushed up as red as I had done; but he said nothing in return, and went on with his narrative.

"He was being borne down by the crowd, though he fought bravely against them; and I, not willing to stand by and see such odds against any man, let alone against—"

Here Jack stopped, not caring to irritate my father. Then he went on again.

"I felt all at once the strength of twenty men; and, drawing my sword, I cleared my way through the mob, until I found myself at his side. The sight of my weapon, which I flourished as one who meant to use it, made the people immediately near us fall back a little, and presently those at a little distance began to take up stones, which they aimed at us with better or worse effect. 'We must fight our way through, and take to our heels,' said I, 'or we are dead men. We can't stand against them for very long. Keep close, and I'll cut through, if possible.' And I made as if to hew the man next to me down, though I hesitated for a moment, as, though I had a multitude against me, they were unarmed, and it did not seem soldier-like. 'T was a womanish qualm, perhaps, and it did us both damage; and I believe that 'twould have been all over with us, if a wild cheer had not arisen from the crowd, and I espied my father standing on the door-steps of one of the houses. 'Hurrah for the Squire!' resounded from side to side; and just then my father, who had been looking to see what the uproar was about, saw me, and pushing up to me, exclaimed, 'Why, Jack! Stand off, you fellows,' said he to the crowd; 'tis a mistake. This is my son, just come from the wars. Would you turn upon a poor soldier who has bled in your service?' Then, with the fickleness of a mob, the tide changed in my favour. 'Hurrah for the brave soldier! Hurrah!' And under cover of my good fortune, Mr. Lydgate's offence was forgotten, and we made our way out of the crowd, though how I scarcely remember, for I was half stunned with the blows from the stones; and as for Lydgate why he had not gone a dozen yards before he fell down in a dead faint, and was picked up by some passers-

by, amongst whom was a gentleman who knew him, and said he would see him home when he came to himself. I wanted to stay, but the gentleman said, 'Nay, go and attend to your own wounds, and I will take care of my friend.'"

"What was he like?" said I.

"I scarcely can tell you, save that he had piercing eyes, and a brown complexion—a face that I trusted in; so I came away with my father."

"And only in time," said my mother. "You've lost quite blood enough, Jack."

I said nothing, but I felt sure that the friend must be Mr. Defoe; and I longed to have Jack to myself, that I might ask him one or two questions.

"Didst see the Duke, Jack?" asked my father.

"No. I expected to see him at the Hague, according to arrangements; but he had not arrived, on account of the weather 'twas supposed, so I got over to Harwich as fast as the vessel would take me, thinking I should meet him there; but he had left again, for he had put back once, and so I came up to town without delay."

I sat and listened whilst my father and mother and Jack were talking, feeling very tired and miserable.

What could be coming over me? I was losing my strength; and all my spirit, which had been helping me on, was ebbing away. I pictured to myself Philip Lydgate still perhaps unconscious, perhaps dying of the injuries he had sustained, and having in his heart a still deeper wound than any that men's hands could give.

Whilst I thus mused, I heard the voice of Sir Everard Tylney. He had just come from Westminster Hall, whither he had been alone, my father not having been able to get in.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked my father, breathlessly.

"Guilty! There were one hundred and twenty-one of the Lords present. Sixty-nine found Dr. Sacheverell guilty of the charges brought against him, and fifty-two not guilty."

My father did not speak. His face fell, and he was evidently much crestfallen.

"Guilty!" he ejaculated, in a low tone.

"Guilty," repeated Sir Everard. "But don't be cast down: they dare not pass a severe sentence, and 'twill be a triumph, whatever they do. The people are with us,

the Queen is with us, and Mr. Harley is certain of ultimate success. Ha!" said he, suddenly recognizing Jack.

Jack bowed stiffly.

"Your new brother, Jack," said my father, with more presence of mind than I had given him credit for.

"Congratulate me," said Sir Everard, holding out his hand, which Jack took mechanically. "Your sister has done me the honour to accept my long devotion."

I never saw a man more thoroughly bewildered than poor Jack. He looked first at me, and then at Sir Everard, and finally stammered out a few commonplaces, which he intended to be civil, but which sounded odd and discordant.

Sir Everard had too much tact to appear to notice his embarrassment—indeed, I suppose he was pretty well aware of the feeling Jack had towards him; so, after one or two sentences, he turned to my father, and they went on discoursing about the trial.

I knew that Jack was looking at me, scanning me attentively, and trying to understand it all; and I grew so uncomfortable that, taking advantage of the discussion, which had become very lively between my father and Sir Everard, I crept out of the room, and away to the little study where my father did his reading and writing, and crouched down on a stool beside the fire.

Presently I heard a step behind me. 'Twas Jack. He came and sat down, very grave, and somewhat sorrowful.

"Why, Grace," he said, "how's this? I would have given my word that you disliked this man, in spite of all your pleading about him when I was at home last; and now I find you going to marry him—at least, my father and he say so, and you don't contradict them; and yet I can't believe it. Grace!"—and he suddenly put his arm round me, and drew me close to him—"little Grace, tell me, is it true or not that you are going to marry Sir Everard Tylney?"

"It is true, Jack," I replied, very slowly and distinctly.

He started up.

"Poor Lydgate!" said he, involuntarily, as though meditating on something.

He paced up and down the room, and was, I think, scarce aware that he had spoken; until I said, in as firm a tone as I could—

"Where did you meet with Mr. Lydgate, Jack?"

"Abroad," said he. "I owe my life to him. I was ill enough, Grace—worse than I ever told you of—and he tended me through like a brother; and somehow we grew confidential, and all our secrets came out; and I learned that 'twas not all on my own account that he had bestowed such care on me; and then, Grace, I hoped—I thought—Grace, what have you been thinking of? 'Tis an ungracious thing to say, but I can't offer my congratulations."

"I don't want them, Jack," said I, wearily. He stopped, and looked at me.

"How wretched you look, Grace! Your heart is not in this. I will protest against this marriage."

"Oh, no!—oh, no, Jack," said I, springing up. "Oh, no, Jack; you must not—you must not."

"I believe there's some witchcraft in it," said he. "I don't believe you care for him, and yet you insist upon the marriage." Then, after a meditative silence, he asked, abruptly—"Grace, has my father been gambling?"

I looked at him in such undisguised astonishment that he saw there was no truth in his suspicion.

"Oh," said he, "I meant nothing undutiful; only it seems to me so like a sacrifice."

I was frightened then lest Jack, being on the track, might discover something near the truth; and that diplomatic spirit which, Sir Everard says, is never at rest among us came to my aid.

"You have not inquired after Magdalen, Jack."

"No," said he. "This surprise has put her out of my head for the minute; though perhaps 'tis loving her so much that makes me feel as I do for you."

"Jack, why have you never written to her, never sent any message to her, except just a stiff remembrance in connection with Aunt Hetty?"

"Because," said he, "I had a means of learning that I must wait, together with a knowledge that I might hope."

For one moment I was puzzled, and the next it all flashed upon me. How stupid I had been! Of course, Mr. Lydgate had been talking that time at Selwode to Aunt Hetty about Jack, and to Magdalen also; though, like a dutiful daughter, she had not thought it right to listen without her mother's permission. The scraps of conversation I had heard now pieced themselves together,

and 'twas now all clear to me. I had gotten over my jealousy long ago; indeed, it had but lasted an hour or two. So the half-suppressed groan I gave now had nought in the world to do with it.

"My father is as fond of Magdalen as need be, Jack," said I. "So your love will run smoothly enough."

"I hope so," says he—"smoother than yours, poor child; for I don't believe true love ever brought such pinched cheeks and dull eyes."

"There you are wrong, Jack," said I, trying to smile. "You know, the poets make out love to have many thorns and darts."

But my smile died away, and I looked grave enough, and neither of us spoke for a minute or two. Then I said—

"When are you going to Selwode?"

"Before long," he replied. "I shall write to-morrow, and tell Aunt Hetty that I am coming, and have made up my mind for only one answer from her and Magdalen. How could there be any other? 'Twould be an impossibility. You had better go with me for awhile, till you have thought more seriously of this marriage. Grace, child, do delay a little until you are quite sure of your own heart."

"I am sure of it, Jack," said I, very decidedly.

But he shook his head. He did not believe me. Ah, Jack!—it was that you did not understand.

GOSSIP FROM AN EDITOR'S BOOK.

FEW people outside of literary circles have heard much of William Jerdan, or know that for half a century, in his various capacities of editor, contributor, and reviewer, he enjoyed a sort of critical supremacy of his own.

Born at Kelso, in Roxburghshire, he came to London in 1804, and at once entered upon his literary career. After being connected off and on with some of the leading journals of his time, several of which—such as the *Pilot* evening newspaper, the *British Press*, and the *Satirist*; or, *Monthly Meteor*—have long ceased to exist, he became, in 1813, editor of the *Sun*, at that time a Tory organ. In 1817 he disposed of his interest in that journal, and soon afterwards became editor of the *Literary Gazette*, with which his name was associated for thirty-four years.

Holding such an important and responsible position for so long a time, it may readily be understood that his acquaintance with many of the leading literary and other characters of his day must have been extensive, and often intimate.

Mr. Jerdan was no contemptible author himself, but he was essentially the editor, pure and simple; and this accounts, perhaps, for his name not being so generally known as it deserves.

Two of his books, however, are far from being sufficiently read. His "Autobiography," and "Men I have Known," are a storehouse of reminiscences of his contemporaries, told in a light and fluent style, and replete with much interesting anecdote.

Having spoken thus briefly of Mr. Jerdan himself, we will now dip lightly into some of these personal reminiscences, as recounted by himself, of the more remarkable men with whom, in the course of a long experience, he came so intimately into contact.

Let us take the poets first. The personal appearance of Samuel Taylor Coleridge has been often described, but by no one so graphically as by Mr. Jerdan. De Quincy went to see him for the first time on some business, and this was his impression of him:—

"He might seem to be about five feet eight—he was, in reality, an inch and a-half taller—but his figure was of an order which drowns the height. His person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair—though not what painters technically style fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression, and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess which mingled with their light that I recognized my object: this was Coleridge. I examined him steadfastly for a minute or more, and it struck me that he saw neither myself nor any object in the street."

He was standing in a gateway at the time, and this portrait, Mr. Jerdan says, is very faithful. When years had blanched his hair to a silvery white, his tendency to obesity increased; his countenance was tinged with a faint florid flush; and his large, soft gray eye beamed with an extraordinary mingled expression of tenderness and splendour, for it was like molten fire, with its fitful force abated by the concomitant signs of thoughtfulness and feeling.

His action was most quiet and subdued, even when most energetically declaiming; and his hand—as a specimen—was as velvety as the sheathed paw of cat or mole, and might have manifested the veriest Sybarite that ever lived for luxury alone. And intellectually he was of the same curious organism. His frequent fits of gravity, as if absorbed in reverie, came like shadows, and so departed. When he laughed even, which was seldom, the laugh never seemed to come from the heart, hearty. It hardly deserved the name of cheerfulness.

But the philosophic poet was beguiled sometimes into exhibitions amusingly at variance with his general manner. He was present once at a party given by a literary gentleman, in the cottage of some small gardener in the suburbs. Amongst others invited were Lockhart and Hook, both brimful of fun and mischief. This was the first time Coleridge had seen Theodore Hook, and he was lost in wonder at the ready wit and repartee of the latter. Hook's influence over the dreamy poet was soon so mesmeric as to induce him to take part in a scene of the most boisterous merriment, the whole party capering, dancing, and running about like so many wild boys let out from school after a week's confinement. By and by, at the dictation of another of the party, Hook gave one of his wonderful extempore songs—the awkward subject for the display of his peculiar talent being cocoa-nut oil. Coleridge was astounded.

"Well," said he, in his smoothest, most drawling manner, "I have met with many men of the readiest wit and resources, but of all the men I ever met, Mr. Hook is the most extraordinary; for none could ever, like him, bring the vast stores of quick intelligence to bear upon the mere incidents of the moment."

But Coleridge could at times display a pleasant vein of humour on his own account; and when he was relating some amusing anecdote that tickled his fancy, the lustre of his eye, the gravity of his look, and the silvery tone of his voice, not forgetting his peculiar drawling manner in the delivery of his story, would all lend a charm and interest to the anecdote, which, when told by a second person, would lose much of its salt. He used to tell a story of his school-days, when he was a small boy in the scholastic establishment kept by his father. It was breaking-up day, and a play was to be en-

acted by the pupils for the gratification of fond parents. Among the rest, little Coleridge had to say something, accompanied by a laugh, which he unfortunately gave without the proper cachinnation—"Ha! ha! ha!" His father, who had taken great pains in preparing the youthful actor in his part, was naturally desperately annoyed; and, leaping on the platform, seized the delinquent by the ears, vociferating at the same time the *laugh*—by way of example—as, according to his canons of merriment, it ought to be. But it was doomed to be a failure. The more he shook him, shouting "Ha! ha! ha!" the more doleful was each succeeding response; till at last the "Ha! ha! ha!" was emitted with a blubber and a howl, which set the whole audience into convulsions of genuine laughter.

These pleasant stories relieve the dreamy character of the poet to a certain extent, and illumine, if never so slightly, the contemplation of the strange, wayward, and melancholy life of the author of "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner."

To turn to another poet. The inner life of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" must always possess interest for all true lovers of his genius. In his character, and still more in his manners and conversation, Thomas Campbell bore a striking resemblance to what poor Oliver Goldsmith is supposed to have been.

"There was frequently an approximation of the sterling and the absurd; the noble sentiment and the puerile conceit alternated. Common sense occasionally waited upon imagination; but it was sometimes more annoying to find imaginativeness kicking common sense out of company."

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied;"

and Campbell was one of the lamentable examples. Owing to his peculiar constitution, a single glass of wine would, in his moments of unusual excitement, have such an effect upon him, that, at private tables and public dinners, he was sometimes taken by those who did not know him properly for either an imbecile or an habitual drunkard—imputations, we need hardly say, equally ridiculous.

Like Goldsmith, too, Campbell had a large share of that personal vanity which so amused the contemporaries of the former. Campbell's personal appearance was very boyish and simple; his dress was almost that

of a dandy; his hair was most scrupulously correct; and his whole "make-up" betrayed the amiable weakness of the poet—namely, a love for the admiration of the fair sex. He was so sensitive on this point, that he often made himself ridiculous in general company.

Any preference shown by a lady to another aroused Campbell's feelings of jealousy and resentment to such a height that they would have seemed perfectly ludicrous if they had not sometimes been dangerous. One instance of this will suffice:—At an evening (after dinner) party, the handsomest woman in the room, somewhat frightened by Campbell's manner, made room beside herself for a quieter admirer on the sofa, to the poet's exclusion. The favoured individual dreamed of no offence; and was surprised, at the close of the evening's entertainment, by being desired to mount the box-seat of the carriage, which happened to go in his and Campbell's direction homewards (Campbell was one of the three inside); and when seeking an explanation for being exposed to the cold night air instead of being snug, when there was room enough, he was astonished to be told by his friends that the poet's rage against him was so excited that he would certainly have assaulted him if they came together. It was to avoid the risk of any such groundless quarrel that the separate arrangement was made by their common friends.

Campbell was very fond of pretty children; and one day he was so taken with the beauty of a child in St. James's Park, that he put an advertisement in the newspapers, with a description, to discover its residence. Some of his waggish acquaintances, to whom Campbell had been too communicative on the subject, answered the advertisement; and not knowing what address to give, took the last name in the directory—a Z—, No.—, Sloane-street. Hither Campbell hurried the next forenoon, in full dress, and was shown up to the drawing-room, where he found a middle-aged lady waiting to learn his errand. It was not long in being explained; and the indignant *Miss Z—*, on being asked to bring in her lovely offspring to gratify the poet's warm-hearted love of infancy, rushed to the bell, and rang violently for her servant, to show the insolent stranger to the door.

He had a very opposite taste—he loved a railway train; but it has often struck us that

this greatest reform of modern times—steam power—has never inspired the poetic muse to any worthy extent. But a curious little poem, which is not printed in his collected works, shows how neatly Campbell could adapt the stern reality of the iron monster to the lighter fancies of imagination.

"Whirl'd by the steam's impetuous breath,
I mark'd yon engine's mighty wheel—
How fast it forged the arms of death,
And moulded adamantine steel.

But soon the lifelike scene to stop,
The steam's impetuous breath to chill,
It needed but a single drop
Of water cold—and all was still.

Even so one tear by Mary shed,
It kills the bliss that once was mine,
And rapture from my heart is fled,
Who caused a tear to heart like thine."

Thomas Campbell, like all great Scotchmen, had a touch of dry humour in him sometimes.

"I blush," said a disappointed literary man to Campbell once—"I blush for the ignorance of the public. They have no taste—no perception of genuine merit."

"Ay," said Campbell, with a sigh—"merit like yours, my friend, is born to blush unseen."

The following conversation, too, is not bad in its way:—

"Lost your hair very early, Mr. Cammel!"

"Yes, very early."

"Great misfortune that, Mr. Cammel; and the cause, may be?"

"Why, as to the cause or causes, it was simply this: the life I led at college had a direct tendency to keep my head cool—I may say, cold; and being, moreover, a barren soil, the hairs were dissatisfied, and went off to some richer pasture."

"Ay, but I see they have not *all* deserted: there's half a dozen white ones, at least, peeping under the wig."

"Just so, and from the same cause; for in very cold regions, you know, the hares are all white, otherwise they would have run off like the rest; or perhaps they are too starved to quit."

Of one more poet—Wordsworth—we must dot down a few notes. Mr. Jerdan's admiration of the representative of the Lake seems somewhat qualified.

He describes his personal appearance as that of a noticeable man, whom once having seen, you remember ever after as apart from the common kind.

"His life was mostly spent in rural retirement, amid the romantic scenery of the Lake district in Cumberland. I once went from Cheshire to visit him at Rydal Mount. I was not unexpected, nor denied the favour of a first home picture. On walking up the beautiful greensward, on a fine summer afternoon, towards the house, I at once saw the poet seated, almost in attitude, at an open window which descended to the ground, and with a handsome folio poised upon his crossed knee, which he seemed to be reading. Had those been the days of photographs, the position would have been invaluable. He speedily left it, however, and gave me a kindly welcome to his very charming retreat—the apparent seat of 'idlesse all' and 'lettered ease.'"

The private life of Wordsworth, however, affords little, if any, scope for the "good stories" which are so plentifully scattered over the experiences of his more erratic contemporaries.

Mr. Jerdan seems to have looked upon the recluse of Rydal Mount as more of a philosopher than a great poet.

"In the country he would walk with you, talk with you, and seem gratified with your society; but somehow or other it seemed to me as if he were ready to relapse, becoming wrapt up in speculation, and would rather prefer being left to commune with himself. There must have been thousands of hours of these communings. It was during them that he had so much time to cultivate his elaborate simplicity, and descend to the trite and trifling subjects which he deemed consistent with that style, and believed he could elevate to the spirit, if not to the dignity, of song. It was this attempt which caused him to be accused of childishness, and induced the production of a certain kind of doggerel which no reputable periodical of the present day would accept.

"Wordsworth seems, on the whole, not to have been a companionable man; and, for this reason, ill-natured things were sometimes said of him. De Quincy once said of him that he was not generous or self-denying, but austere and unsocial, and would not burden himself with a lady's parasol, or any civility of trouble. This is not true. When in London, Wordsworth was always the easy, courteous, well-dressed gentleman; and his fine, tall, commanding figure commanded respect wherever he went."

The only anecdote of Wordsworth which

Mr. Jerdan gives worth quoting is the following:—

"I remember accompanying him one day to the Royal Academy Exhibition, wherein Turner had indulged his most defiant whim in colour by painting a Jessica looking out of her father Shylock's window. It was certainly an outrageous slap-dash of crude reds and yellows, lake, vermilion, gamboge, and ochre. Harmonious it might be, as the great artist could blend it to be seen from a distance; but, assuredly, a strange spectacle to be closely examined. Will it be credited that, on looking at the unlovely Jessica, the poet laureate, so chaste and delicate in all his own paintings, should have repeated a simile, probably heedlessly caught from one of his low-lived studies?—

"She looks as if she had supped off underdone pork, and been unable to digest it in the morning."

We now turn to a celebrity of a different sort of temperament altogether—Dean Buckland, the geologist and divine.

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal,"

says his old friend.

There are many good stories of Buckland; such as that in which, to the astonishment of a country squire, he demonstrated to him that the barrenness of the field within the park was due to the hosts of pheasants in his preserves, that robbed the earth of its needful chalk in order to consolidate their eggshells. In the same locality, too, Buckland made one of his splendid discoveries—viz., that the *moraines* upon Dartmoor were confirmatory of the glacial theory—the triumphant publication of which "truth" was derided by the people around, who ridiculed the learned geologist for making such a noise about his seeing *moor*-hens on the moor!

Buckland had some curious ideas of his own at times, even from a serious—or what, at least, seemed a serious—scientific point of view. One of the most amusing examples of this was when he maintained, with unflinching philosophy and ingenious arguments, against a whole army of *savans* and archæologists, that the crumbling of the Roman remains in Britain was principally owing to the absorption of the mortar by snails, for the construction of their own dwellings. At Richborough he gave a long

lecture, in which he pleaded his theory with such earnest eloquence, that more than half his listeners went away convinced that the ruins would have remained higher at this day if the Romans had eaten all their snails as well as their oysters.

Mr. Jerdan has many good anecdotes of Joseph Jekyll, the witty lawyer, and champion jester of his day; but his *jeux d'esprit* turn for the most part on persons and incidents of the time, and lose much of their point when told in the present light. The author tells us that a brother lawyer of Jekyll's, Serjeant Cockle, well known in his time as a severe hand at cross-examining witnesses, was badgering a simple countryman in a fishery case.

"Do you like fish?" asked the browbeating but almost baffled counsel. "On your oath, sir, do you like fish?"

"Ees, zur," answered simplicity, "I loiks fish; but I donna loik Cockle-saace wit!"

Another story is this:—Serjeant Pell was a large holder of Spanish bonds, which were not paid—nor, for the matter of that, have been, in all probability, since that time unto this day; and there was a great meeting of the parties most concerned, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the subject. The learned serjeant was haranguing them as Jekyll looked in to see what was doing, and at dinner, the wit gave his version of the business.

"I heard Pell preaching a sermon this morning at a tavern, about Spanish bonds. I think I could have given him a text."

Of course the company asked, "What text?"

"Well," he said, "I think this expression of St. Paul, 'I would that all men were even as I am, except these bonds.'"

This *bon mot* we have heard often repeated since, but it would seem that Joseph Jekyll is the father of it. The bar, as Mr. Jerdan says, is most prolific of favourable opportunities for the display of dry quips or caustic humour. A man has only to mix familiarly with a circuit to be entertained and laden with the superabundance of fun, often practical as well as verbal, that is pelted into his brain. Any experienced barrister, learned in this particular branch of the profession, could soon make up a whole volume of specimens.

A very little pleader was trying, with all his height, to attract the attention of the bench; which Jekyll noticing to be in

vain, observed, "*De minimis non curat lex.*"

But Jekyll was, after all, more of a small jester than a lawyer. He never did much at the bar. He was lucky enough, however, in the end, to get shelled as a Master in Chancery, without having by practice acquired any knowledge of equity necessary for the post.

Another subject, the career of Sir John Malcolm, the brave and chivalrous Indian soldier, would form an interesting chapter in itself; but as this is mere passing gossip, made up of the more amusing waifs and strays connected with Mr. Jerdan's characters, we must content ourselves with an anecdote as told by Malcolm himself. The story was of an English traveller, benighted on the wilds of Liddesdale, on a stormy winter night. Bewildered and exhausted, he rode about till at last, in the very agony of despair, he espied a light, and found it to proceed from a cottage window in a mean, straggling village. After much rapping and shouting, the window was opened, and an old crone, looking out, inquired who knocked, and what was wanted.

"I am a poor worn-out traveller, who have lost my way, and am almost dying. If there be any Christians here, for Heaven's sake open, and take me in!"

"Na, na," said the old wife, more than suspicious of a visitor at that unseasonable border hour. "Na, gang your gates, we are a' Jardines here. If ye want Christians, they're a' to be found sax miles across the moor, at —. Ye can try them!"

Much interesting matter, of a more serious tone, might be given concerning such men as Brunel, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie, Sharon Turner, and others; but our paper is limited. We will only allude, then, in conclusion, to the queerest character in the whole catalogue of Mr. Jerdan's subjects—namely, the eccentric Dick Martin. "Dick was an impersonation of Lever's Larry M'Hale.

'Oh, Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,

And never could want when the crops didn't fail;
He'd a house and demesne, and eight hundred a-year,

And a heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale!

'It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,

His house was as big and as strong as a jail;
With a cruel four-pounder he kept all in great order—

He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.

'He'd a blunderbuss too, and horse-pistols a pair—'

If we correct this portrait by reading many thousands of rental for the £800, and adding duelling pistols of the most accurate finish to the inventory of the armour, we shall have a very striking resemblance to the Galwegian hero."

It was this same Mr. Martin who compelled the poor process-server—who had, with more valour than discretion, made his way to Dick's fastness-home in the wilds of Connemara—to eat the parchment document before he was allowed to depart. But Mr. Martin, though rough and ready—rather fonder indeed of taking the law into his own hands than of showing due respect for it as administered by others officially—was by no means a bad man. He was an Irishman all over, and by no means an unworthy type of the Hibernian race.

To Martin's humanity and persevering efforts is due the law for the suppression and prevention of cruelty to animals. Yet, with all his humanity towards four-footed animals, Dick Martin was a terrible man among the bipeds of his own species. No man was fonder of duelling than this Irish M.P.; and, as Mr. Jerdan says, "Dick Martin might have a genuine regard for bipeds as well as quadrupeds; but it was his special vocation to protect and preserve the latter, and to care surprisingly little for the former, who might take care of themselves."

As may readily be imagined, Dick was a very irascible man, and this made him the more formidable in the event of what the Americans call a "difficulty."

One of his ebullitions of temper, however, ended very laughably.

A leading morning journal incurred his wrath by a report of his speech, and he waited upon the editor for an explanation. The editor stated that it was written by one of the most intelligent and accurate reporters upon his staff, and he could hardly imagine any, far less a deliberate, intention to misrepresent the honourable gentleman. To this excuse the complainant only replied by pulling a copy of the paper out of his pocket, and indignantly pointing to the obnoxious passage, exclaiming—

"Sir, did I ever spake in italics?"

The effect was so ludicrous, that both parties burst into a fit of laughter, and the affair was compromised without any further or more serious consequences.

We dismiss Mr. Jerdan in the belief that we have shown how pleasant a companion he is.

HOW THEY TREAT FOR CHOLERA AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

EVERYBODY knows that we have the cholera in Constantinople; but everybody does not know how it is prescribed for by the Turks. Perhaps the following Turkish prescription may be new and interesting to your readers. This much-dreaded disease has at last, through the Turks' own culpable neglect, made its appearance here, but only in a sporadic form, although certainly of a fatal character. Now, in a deep valley, between the two parallel heights of Pera and Ferikioi, communicating with the Golden Horn, runs the open sewage of both thickly populated hills, in a large black torrent—open, pestilential, abominable—crossed by the inhabitants of those parts by little bridges; and this among a swarming population of from 35,000 to 40,000 of the poorest Greeks and Armenians. In spite of public remonstrances of years, no steps have ever been taken towards getting rid of this poisonous nuisance; and the natural consequence is, that all infectious diseases find their pet nursery in the districts of Cassim-Pasha, Emin-Djami, and Pancaldi. As a matter of course, therefore, the cholera, having been imported from Brussa, broke out in Cassim-Pasha, &c., but—owing, probably, to the advanced season—by no means fiercely; at the worst, some twenty cases a-day, which soon decreased to six, four, two, and even none a-day. But the alarm was given, and what do the Turks do? Instead of sending doctors, sanitary brigades with medicine, disinfectants, proper food, and, above all, *water*—for there has been an actual absence of water-supply of any kind, whether from the clouds or from the water-carriers, for some time—they put the whole population of 40,000 of the poorest classes, to a very large extent supported by daily labour in other parts of the city, into quarantine—that is, without an hour's warning, mewed them up without work, without provisions, without medicine, without doctors, without water; neither allowed them to go out, nor any one else to go in, for a fortnight. Picture to yourself the panic of the women and the rage of the men—cooped-up, unable to earn their daily bread, or to obtain it if earned; and

that in a supposed condition of general health when, if ever, panic and insufficient and improper diet—two great propagators of the dreaded disease—ought to be strenuously guarded against. The only available meat, indifferent mutton, rose on the first day to fifteen-pence the pound. How many families had to go without who were accustomed to it? Drinking-water was not to be had for love or money. By a blunder of the soldiers, our hillside was included within the cordon for two days—a mistake which procured us a greater insight than our luckier friends possess of the inhumanity and folly of the Government, and of the excitement of the people. Our house is a great building; consequently, our cistern is almost inexhaustible. We habitually give water to numbers of our less fortunate neighbours; but, on the first day of quarantine, we had a vociferous crowd before the door, mustering some hundreds strong. As we had the pleasing prospect of being shut up with these people, away from any decent folk, and out of the hearing of the authorities, for a fortnight, we thought it wise to husband our resources; and after having given water to some 300 to 400 persons, we endeavoured to shut the door, telling them they might come again next day. But no sooner did they perceive our intentions than they attempted to storm the house. Mr. N——, who was holding the door ajar, and letting the people in and out by twos and threes, was nearly knocked down; and it was only owing to the prompt appearance of the other male inhabitants of the house, and by dint of well-distributed pushes and blows, that we held our ground, and shut and barred our door; on which the crowd withdrew, uttering threats of setting us on fire. Fortunately, we were released the next day; but the cordon is drawn immediately below our house, so that we cannot give water even to those we would.

But to return to the sanitary arrangements of the Turks. If any one died of the cholera, all that was done was to put an extra post of soldiers before the door, and to allow none of the other unfortunate inhabitants of the house to leave it, nor any one, even doctors, to enter it; while, at the same time, in a case we know of, the soldiers took their food from the guarded house, to complete the absurdity of the matter. But worse than this. A doctor came to the barrier, and demanded admittance, as he had two or more cholera patients to visit.

He was at two different posts peremptorily repulsed, the last time by an officer. I wonder what became of the patients? Worse still, a young man in our street feeling—as was very probable—the symptoms of cholera, went to the barrier, imploring to be let through to get medicine, and consult a doctor. He was repulsed, went back to his house, and died in a few hours. What name does one give to that death? How many other similar cases there may have been, we know not. If there have not been hundreds, it is simply owing to the mercy of God, and to the fact—known at the time—of putting the quarter into quarantine, that the disease was losing ground every day. Since the cordon has been drawn, there have been isolated sporadic cases over all Constantinople; but, in spite of this fact, in spite of the cholera's having almost died out inside the cordon, in spite of cold weather, and the bitter hardships and injustice inflicted on thousands of a class who are least able to stand extra privations, and who have now endured the quarantine full ten days, it is still continued indefinitely. The cordon is still maintained with such stupid and vexatious obstinacy, that only yesterday we saw how a poor woman, who begged for admittance within the line to go to her house and remain there, was refused. Last night, also, there was an alarm of fire—no unusual sound here, where cigar-ends not unfrequently set whole districts alight. Down came the firemen to our barrier, with their little portable engine, and their accustomed noise and confusion; but, after an immense amount of gesticulation and screaming, they had to retire the same way they came. On the other hand, the fact is generally known in Pera, though perhaps not so well as to us, who have continual intercourse with the quarantiners through a back door, that a large number of working men—nothing in proportion to the population shut up, but quite enough to render utterly futile the idea of a quarantine—get out every day through holes and corners and back doors, and go to their work. Many sleep out for nights, only slipping back occasionally to bring provisions to their frightened and lonely wives and children.

Owing to the indignant remonstrances of the local papers, the following humane regulations were agreed upon after two or three days of quarantine:—1st. The water-carriers have been compelled to sell water,

which they do at the price of fourteen-pence for a small barrel. 2. Turkish doctors ride through the streets distributing medicine from horseback to those who come for it. 3. Loaves are distributed gratis, and, to some indefinite extent, warm food; but this is, and must be, in most ridiculously inadequate proportions; for, in the best-organized community, it would be next to impossible, without the least preparation, to provide food for such a population. How much more so then here, where there is no system worth speaking of?

To-day, a poor widow woman we know came to us with her little girl through our back door, saying that her last stores of money and food were used up, and she was reduced to the daily dole of one loaf.

It was reserved for this century and for the Turks to discover that the best way to get rid of the cholera is to put a whole population of labouring classes on bread and water, and short commons of both. We cannot sufficiently thank God that, owing to the real absence of any cause for fear of cholera, and to the advanced season of the year, this enclosed district has not become the hotbed of a frightful epidemic, which at least would have taught the authorities that cholera is not to be shut up under lock and key like a bottle of poison.

I have ventured to trouble you with these remarks with an eye to the future, rather than to the present. This moment, we have received authentic news that the quarantine is to last another ten days. The rain is pouring in torrents. There has taken place a change of temperature of 8·9 degrees of Reaumur in the last two days. In the name of common sense, where is this to end? The people themselves submit, which is not the least striking feature in this extraordinary story. The Levantiners, and especially the Greeks, are notorious cowards; and there is a want of combination among this heterogeneous population which prevents their ever rising *en masse*, unless driven to sheer desperation—and Oriental apathy will bear a great deal. But are there no other diseases in the world beside cholera to which the authorities may be opening the door, by compelling the people to listless, hungry inactivity, not to speak of the irreparable injury to the trade of numbers?

Now, after the first burst of indignation over the quarantine, there was a committee held by the Board of Health, in which sat

representatives of all the foreign interests here, to deliberate whether the quarantine should be kept or not. Such was the prevailing opinion, however, in favour of its observance—shall we say panic?—that the few sensible voices raised were drowned, and that, too, although the Germans and Italians had every reason to speak loudly, as many of their working classes live in the enclosed district. What these gentlemen did not, perhaps could not do—namely, prevail upon the Turks to listen to the dictates of common sense and humanity—let us hope that the public opinion of Europe may effect, when—as is too confidently feared by our physicians—the cholera pays us another and a longer visit next spring.

TABLE TALK.

THE NATION—represented in the matter by Mr. Robert Lowe—is invited to give £40,000 for a picture by Raphael. This is the price set upon it by the owner, the Duke of Ripalda. The picture is at present on view in one of the foreign rooms at the National Gallery. It is undoubtedly a work of the master whose name is connected with it, and is one of those pictures the history of which, for nearly four hundred years, is known beyond doubt. Various accounts have appeared about it in different books on the several European Galleries; and, briefly, its history is this: Raphael, whilst the pupil of his Umbrian master, Perugino, received a commission from the Nuns of St. Antony, of Padua, to paint them an altar piece. The picture now offered for sale is the one ordered by the good nuns in or about the year 1504. Tempted by the increased value of their property, or from actual poverty, in 1663 they sold a part of their Raphael, consisting of four little panels, to the Queen of Sweden. These are now in England: one is at Dulwich, the other three are in private galleries. In 1678, the nuns sold the rest of their picture to an agent of the Prince Colonna. In 1802, his heirs sold it to the King of Naples. In 1860, the then King of Naples left Italy rather hurriedly, but he found time to dispose of many of his chattels, among others his Raphael. He gave it to the Duke of Ripalda, Spanish ambassador. This nobleman offered it to the French Government first; and, on their declining it, he has sent it to England. It is understood, the autho-

rities in Trafalgar-square will recommend the nation to give £20,000 for it. Of course, such works, when of undoubted genuineness, have no settled market value. Immense prices are asked and obtained for them. The Duke of Ripalda is not inclined to take a less sum than £40,000 for his picture. This, we think, is more than it is worth—to the English National Gallery.

AND FOR THESE REASONS. Our national collection is very rich in the works of Raphael already. We have the grand Cartoons, the celebrated Garvagh Raphael, and five other pictures of this master. Now, Cæsar among painters as he is, ought we to spend £40,000 on adding another work of his, and this a picture not of his best, but of his transition period, while—not including the recently purchased Peel collection—we have but one example of Hobbema, one Tintoretto, one Greuze, one Holbein, one Matsys, one L. da Vinci? And of foreign pictures of comparatively modern date hardly an example is found. Add to this that the Duke of Ripalda's picture is much disfigured by repainting at different times by inferior hands, and that the panel on which it is painted has cracked and been repaired in more places than one in a very clumsy way. Altogether, we think that at any sum over £15,000 the picture will be a dear purchase.

MR. TENNYSON, in his "Last Tournament," has added another lay to his "Idylls of the King." The Poet Laureate has certainly done much to lend an additional halo of glory to the name of that very mythical personage, King Arthur. But that his majesty was, after all, a living reality in those old chivalrous days, I am inclined to believe, notwithstanding the sneers of the sceptical. Camden, in his "Somersetshire," quoting "Giraldus Cambrensis," says—"Henry II. caused the body of King Arthur to be searched for in Glastonbury; and scarcely had they digged seven foote deepe into the earth, but they lighted upon a tomb or gravestone, on the upper face whereof was fastened a broad crosse of lead, grossly wrought, which being taken forth showed an inscription of letters; and under the said stone, almost nine foot deeper, was found a sepulchre of oake, made hollar, wherein the bones of that famous Arthur were bestowed."

Camden then gives a fac-simile of the cross containing the epitaph. "HIC IACET SEPULTUS INCLITVS REX ARTVRIVS. IN INSVLA AVALONIA." Stowe tells us that this cross of lead, as it was found and taken off the stone, was kept in the treasury of Glastonbury until the suppression thereof, in the reign of Henry VIII.; and Speed, writing on the same subject, says—"The bones of King Arthur and of Queene Guinever, his wife, by the direction of Henry de Bloys, nephew to King Henry II., and Abbot of Glastonbury, at that present were translated into the great new church; and then, in a fair tomb of marble, his body was laid, and his Queene's at his feete; which noble monument, among the fatall overthrowes of infinite more, was altogether rased at the dispose of some then in commission."

THERE IS A word game, called "Buried Cities," which is amusing to our young friends, and instructive as well. Being fond of such little puzzles, I have buried a good many places in the following doggerel lines. Little boys and girls who see *ONCE A WEEK*, try and solve the riddles they contain, and you shall know if you are right by looking at the key I will give you next week.

Where the vales' bosky woods their shadows throw,
Where the soft winds or ruder storm-blows blow,
There is a mossy bank whose flowers lie gemmed
with dew—

The bees to never-ending sips inviting,
While Pan to tune his reed delighting, :
And leaf-crowned Satyr one inviting
Idly on sweetest beds of thyme to view
As fair a wonder, by the hills concealed,
As mountain gorge or giant forests yield.
A lovely spot: the bullfinch in a grove,
With a most piping voice calls one to love;
Or dove re-echoes each fond lover's sigh.
Yon never quiet brook goes bubbling by,
And mighty rolls the flood of harmony.
Ah! I maintain in that deep sombre shade,
The proper thing to do is but to dream,
And idly con naught but Dame Nature's book!
Whose page we read in gently flowing stream,
And own in every grass-lade nestling flower
The best of teachers for each summer hour.

As I on a fair August eve here strayed,
I met as fair a creature as you'd see
In any region; and from eyes that beamed—
I knew not shy or kind—she glanced at me.
Then I, with ardour—"O, fair mistress, hear,
Quick end a lover's pangs and ease his pain;
Remember, gentle girl, a moment's fear
In love is like an age. Therefore, 'tis plain,
That I before a despot here have bowed
A century despairing, and have vowed
Oaths I suppose no lover e'er before
In verse, odes sapphic, lyric, or didactic swore."

I pause, she breathes, serene my pulse quick beats,
 As icily on me an eager look she bends;
 In whispers I adjure her yet to wait—
 If not in love, to let us part as friends.
 "I hope kind words, dear maid, from thee to hear—
 Agree, celestial one, to be content;
 Taxes or rent, or home, of these quite clear;"
 While, in stern voice, I added, "Wealth is mine,
 And all is bonded in the Five per Cent.!"
 She spoke at last, a sudden flash burst forth:
 "With cash—mere trash!—with lucre tempt me not.
 From one who wealth would grasp, O let O let
 me flee!"
 Right royally she spoke, and I forgot
 The worldly, and I made a last appeal.
 Then she: "Thy speech withal I can't withstand."
 So did she loving softly lip. A hand
 Was placed in mine. She blew a silver horn,
 A page appeared, and Beer she bade him bring,
 And savoury Mess in a fair dish be borne.
 In haste he ran—whilst I like any king,
 At hospitable rites in prospect felt.
 I bowed me at her feet, while she, like queen
 Seemed to my fancy; clad especially
 With taste in picturesque becoming green.
 Ah! can a polished lover wish for more,
 Than picnic with the maid he doth adore?

NOTE.—Sixty-two towns, rivers, islands, &c., will be found in these doggerel rhymes. In lines 3, 19, 23, 26, 43, and 50, there are two names of places to be found; in the rest, one in each line, except in lines 28 and 58, in which there are not any.

AN AMUSING SKETCH in *Punch* this week on the subject of engaged rings reminded me of a curious fact connected with the history of the wedding ring. The Greek Church directs that it should be placed on the right hand of the bride; and in former times the same custom was in vogue in this country. Rastell, in his counter-challenge to Bishop Jewel, mentions it as a novelty of the Reformation, "that the man should put the wedding ring on the fourth finger of the left hand of the woman, and not on the right hand, as hath been many hundreds of years continued."

I HAVE OFTEN felt entertained by the many lamentable efforts to get at the derivation of that very common word "humbug." Desperate efforts have been made from time to time to solve the problem, from the classical *ambages*—quibbling, subterfuge—down to some improbable story or another connected with Hamburg. Here is another solution, then, which, if not the true one, has the merit at least of being as good as any of its predecessors. In the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, in January, 1777, appears the following advertisement, from which I leave my

readers to draw their own conclusions, *pro* or *con*.—"To the Nobility.—As Monsieur Humbog does not intend for the future teaching abroad after four o'clock, he, at the request of his scholars, has opened an academy for young ladies of fashion to practise minuets and cotillions. He had his first assembly on Friday last, and intends continuing them every Friday during the winter. He does not admit any gentlemen, and his number of ladies is limited to thirty-two; and as Mrs. Humbog is very conversant in the business of the toilet-table, the ladies may depend on being properly accommodated. Mr. Humbog having been solicited by several gentlemen, he intends likewise to open an academy for them, and begs that those who choose to become subscribers will send him their addresses, that he may have the honour of waiting upon them to inform them of his terms and days. Mr. Humbog has an afternoon school three times a-week for little ladies and gentlemen, not exceeding fourteen years of age. Terms of his school are one guinea per month, and one guinea entrance. Any ladies who are desirous of knowing the terms of his academy may be informed by appointing Mr. Humbog to wait upon them, which he will do on the shortest notice. —Capel-street, Jan. 21, 1777."

"HAVE YOU READ the leader in the *Times* this morning?" is a common query between friends when they meet, and some topic of interest is on the *tapis*. But perhaps few people outside of press circles know the origin of the word "leader." The explanation of the term generally given is, that the articles in the papers which are called leaders were so called from the practice of leading, or putting leads between, the lines, to keep them at a more prominent distance than those of other parts of the paper, and is not to be understood as an abbreviation of the term leading article.

WITH THE DAILY increasing practice of tobacco smoking, one cannot help noticing how the old-fashioned habit of taking snuff is growing into disuse. In our father's time, the mutual exchange of snuff-boxes for a friendly pinch was always the introduction to a conversation. But all this is passed. The old silver snuff-box—handed down, may be, as a family heirloom through more than one snuff-taking generation—is

out of date. It is curious, however, to notice among whom the custom of taking snuff first originated. In a "Natural History of Tobacco," in the "Harleian Misc.," we are told that "the Virginians were observed to have pipes of clay before ever the English came there, and from those barbarians we Europeans have borrowed our mode and fashion of smoking. . . The Irishmen do most commonly powder their tobacco, and snuff it up their nostrils, which some of our Englishmen do, who often chew and swallow it."

THE RECENT DEMISE of Master Parke, one of the high officials in Chancery, reminds me of a good story told of the famous Lord Eldon as a poet and the progenitor of the gentleman just deceased. The story is not altogether new; but, as opportune to the moment, will, I think, bear repeating. The late Justice Sir James Allan Parke commenced going on circuit at the time when Lord Chancellor Eldon—then Mr. Scott—was the most formidable leader on that circuit; and the two soon became cronies. On one occasion, Scott, in a rare fit of humour, let off a joke at the expense of his friend; and he was urged by his friends to do it in verse. He said that he never attempted a line of poetry in his life, and could not do so; but being again urged, he wrote as follows:—

"James Allan Parke came naked stark
From Scotland;
But he got clothes, like other beaux,
In England."

And this was the first and last effort of Eldon's muse.

SOME EPICURES—who must thank their stars, however, to be able to get oysters at all in these scarce days—have a prejudice against any size of that delicious bivalve larger than that of the true "native." What would these fastidious *gourmets* have said to such an oyster as that mentioned by Montfét, in his book, "Health's Improvement," published in 1655? Says our ancient worthy:—"Alexander, with his friends and physicians, wondered to find oysters in the Indian seas a foot long; and in Pliny's time they marvelled at an oyster which might be divided into three morsels, naming it *tridacnon*. But I dare and do truly affirm that at my eldest brother's marriage, at Aldham Hall, Essex, I did see a Peldon oyster divided into eight good morsels, whose shell

was nothing less than that of Alexander's." As a rider to this, I may mention that in the University of Leyden an oyster-shell is, or used to be, shown which weighed 130 lbs.

QUEER EPITAPHS are plentiful as blackberries, but I do not remember ever reading one which conveyed more quiet sarcasm than the following. It is to be found in the church of Areley Kings, near Stourport. "Here lieth the body of William Walsh, gentleman, who died the third year of November, 1702, aged eighty-six, son of Michael Walsh, of Great Shelsley, who left him a fine estate in Shelsley, Hartlebury, and Areley; who was ruined in his estate by three Quakers, two lawyers, and a fanatic to help them."

I HAVE OFTEN, in the course of my peregrinations, noticed in the shops of the humbler class of tradesmen the laconic notice, conspicuously displayed for the benefit of "risky" customers, "No trust given." But I remember reading, some years ago, on the signboard of a little wayside inn between Pately Bridge and Ripon, a notice of like purport, but rather more urbanely expressed. It ran thus:—

"The maltster doth crave
His money to have,
The exciseman says
'Have it I must.'"

By that you may see
How the case stands with me;
So, I pray you, don't
Ask me to trust."

SOME OF THESE old signs, so seldom seen now except in remote country places, were very curious, and reflected no little credit on the "inglorious" village Miltons who composed them. We all remember, for instance, the verses attached to the sign of an alehouse kept by a barber, given by Walter Scott as the motto to the fourth chapter of the "Fortunes of Nigel":—

"Rove not from pole to pole, the man lives here
Whose razor's only equalled by his beer;
And where, in either sense, the Cockney-put
M ay, if he pleases, get confounded cut."

And many more equally terse and witty, and perhaps less apocryphal than this one of, we fear, the Northern Wizard's own ready invention.

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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

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AUSTRALIA AS IT IS.—II.

FISHERIES AND FORESTS.



WE return to the subject of Australia in connection with another most interesting paper in the report before us, by Mr. Alexander Oliver, M.A., on the fisheries of New South Wales. He says:—"It is, perhaps, in the nature of things that the fisheries of new countries belong to the

class of 'postponed industries.' The maritime nations of Europe have for ages been constrained to lay their seas and sea coasts under contribution for the support of teeming populations which had no outlet but emigration. For them the products of the ocean and the river became an important factor in the supply of food; and the fisherman's occupation took the form of a recognized industry, encouraged and regulated by the state. Thus the fisheries of Great Britain, Holland, and France have grown with the growth of each of these nations, and for centuries have formed an integral part of its productive power. The Channel fisheries alone maintain a fleet of several thousand vessels; and a vast amount of capital is embarked in their outfit."

No country in the world is more favoured

in the way of fisheries than New South Wales; yet, for various reasons, the abundant natural supply open to their use has been hitherto lamentably neglected by the colonists. Twice or thrice, perhaps, within the last twenty years, a few individuals have combined to start some ill-considered scheme—once in the form of a Sydney Billingsgate, at another time, in that of a fishing company; always with the same result: a speedy and utter collapse. Neither skilled experience nor the stimulus of capital has come to the rescue; and the result is—although signs of a more successfully sustained enterprise in this direction are fast arising—that a most lucrative field of employment is abandoned to a handful of poor and unenterprising men, to whom continuous exertion is distasteful, and the principle of co-operation altogether unknown.

In Sydney, a metropolis containing considerably over 100,000 inhabitants, there has never been such a thing as a building of any kind devoted to the purpose of displaying fish for sale—in other words, a fish market. Fish are brought from the catchers by two or three wholesale dealers, who subdivide their purchases amongst a horde of brawling barrow and basket men; and these last sell to the consumers.

No fish are ever brought to the wharves by the fishermen after seven or eight o'clock. In order to secure a market and dispose of his fish, a fisherman is obliged to secure his freight the day before he sells. Oftentimes he has to make good his passage from Broken Bay—a distance of some twenty miles from port; his fish remain in the boat all night, and are taken to the wharf for sale to the dealers on the following morning. These offer him whatever price they choose—for the trade is a pure monopoly. The purchased fish, if not condemned by the inspector—an extremely common occurrence, as may be supposed, during the hot season—are thrown on the wharf, and resold, at a

very considerable advance, to the hawkers. They hurry the fish away, by this time beginning to look much the worse for the rough handling they have suffered, and retail them to the unfortunate consumer, who, besides paying from 50 to 100 per cent. on the advance cost, is not uncommonly obliged to discharge his purchase into the dustbin. The most annoying feature, however, of the existing system is, that these hawkers of fish are never to be depended on. Nearly all of them hawk other commodities besides fish. Their practice, therefore, is to rattle the fish through the streets and dispose of them as quickly as possible, in order that they may be free to vend other cargoes of multifarious wares over the largest traversable area. Accordingly, after about nine o'clock in the morning, the consumer has but a very poor chance of buying any fish at all. As there are no fishmongers' shops, and no fish market where fresh fish can be obtained, he is compelled to keep a sharp look-out for his only medium of supply—the itinerant hawker; and failing him, he must be content to go without.

Let us now pass on to the nature and extent of the supply of fish which the seaboard of New South Wales is capable of furnishing. From north to south, the coast abounds with spawning as well as feeding grounds. A score of rivers with wide and well-protected embouchures, and a thousand inlets and indulations of every size and form, offer all the requirements of sea bottom for food and protection for the young fry.

Within a range of thirty miles of Port Jackson—that is to say, an easy passage for a small open craft of about two tons burthen, such as is commonly used by the Sydney and Botany fishermen—there are considerably more than forty well-known grounds, generally rocky patches, in from eight to twenty-five or thirty fathoms of water, where, in anything like ordinarily fair weather, schnappers of all dimensions, from the gorgeously-tinted “native” of near a score pounds in weight, to his great grandson of less than three, the silver Jew fish, taraglin, king fish, “moorra nennigai,” black and red rock-cod, morwong, travally, salmon, the beautiful “aulopus” (serjeant baker), flat-head, samson fish, and a variety of other less familiar forms, may be taken by the line in almost unlimited quantities. Forty dozen schnappers have been caught in a few hours

by a crew of three, even at so short a distance from Sydney as Coogee.

The beaches of Broken and Botany Bays, and Port Hacking—all within sixteen miles of Port Jackson—are even more productive to the net fishermen than the outer grounds to the schnapper men. These, as well as the schnapper grounds in their neighbourhood, have now for more than forty years withstood the regularly increasing and most wasteful drain on their resources caused by the Sydney market.

Oftentimes there may be seen, especially during the cool months, as many as a dozen fishing boats, working both net and line in and about Broken Bay—the mouth of the river Hawkesbury. These boats, their freights of fish secured, frequently come down the stream to Baranjo, the southern headland at the entrance to the river, to find a hard southerly or south-easterly wind blowing in the offing. Unable to cope with the sea, which a very few hours' continuance of either of these winds invariably sets along the coast, the poor fellows, who have perhaps been toiling all the night before at net and oar, are compelled to throw away their fish, and to recommence work, often with the same result. In one day, it frequently happens that a sacrifice is compelled to be made of the entire cargoes of half a dozen boats, amounting perhaps to a hundred bushels of whiting, bream, black fish, tailors, flat-head, mullet, and gar-fish—the most esteemed of Australian fishes. And all this destruction because fishermen are unable to dispose of their catch after seven o'clock in the morning! It is worse than useless for them to commence catching up the rivers until evening, unless the weather should happen to be very cool and favourable to the preservation of their fish; for the Sydney monopolists have determined, it appears, that fish must lie at least one whole night on the not too-fragrant floor and bilge of a boat, before they arrive at that degree of incipient putrefaction which the consumer must be brought to appreciate. It is said by those who have the best opportunity of forming a trustworthy opinion, that in summer considerably more fish are thrown away from stress of weather, and the effect upon fish of a hot, muggy night in a slimy boat, than are consumed by the whole city of Sydney. In the earlier days of the colony, the fisherman used to catch his freight as early in the morning as possible

—during the hot season, often within an hour after dawn—and then dispose of them in the course of the forenoon. “Those fish,” says Mr. Oliver, “were accomplishing their alimentary mission under the waist-coats of our fathers at an hour of the day when in these times the fisherman is but thinking of dropping his ‘kellick.’”

Beyond Port Hacking to the south, and Broken Bay to the north, there are prolific fishing grounds without number, many already known to the schnapper and net fishermen, who, at various times, and often in most unexpected places, have plied their trade for the Chinese curers.

Of these curers it is necessary to say a few words. The wholesale value—which in retail might be increased by from 50 to 75 per cent.—of the fish supply consumed by Sydney amounts to not more than £6,000 per annum. But this estimate deals only with fresh fish.

A not inconsiderable trade is done in the exportation of preserved, dried, and salt fish to the neighbouring colonies, but it is chiefly in the hands of the Chinese immigrants. Fish have hitherto been salted almost exclusively by Chinamen, for exportation to Victoria and consumption in that colony by the Chinese gold-diggers. They are shipped in a dry state in bags; and in the piping times of gold-digging frequently realized over £50 per ton. But the mode of curing adopted by the Chinese, however relished by their countrymen in Victoria, is sufficiently revolting to European tastes to exclude the article from general consumption—the backbone of the fish being left by the splitter, the flesh in a dried state is always more or less “cheesy.”

To return to our fishing places. From the North Head of Broken Bay as far as Newcastle—some thirty-five miles or more—the coast is really one continuous schnapper ground. A little north of Point Upright, the noble series of salt-water—sometimes brackish—lakes known as Tuggerah, Budgevi, Manburra, and Lake Macquarie, commences, and extends with but one break to within ten miles of the Hunter River. These lakes are literally crowded with fish, of the same species as are found in the southern bays and rivers, but perhaps superior both in size and flavour.

Here black bream, tarwine, flat-head, whit-ing, river gar-fish, and several varieties of mullet are the chief net fish; while in the

deeper parts, especially of Lake Macquarie, schnappers and Jew fish are very plentiful. These grounds once supported more than two hundred Chinese curers, and could easily do so now if their system of curing was a little more in favour with the tastes of the colonists generally than it seems to be at present.

Botany Bay, too, abounds with the best of the Australian fishes; and here are caught large quantities of flat-head, and a good many soles and flounders.

We might particularize many other fishing-grounds of the New South Wales coast, equally prolific in good and wholesome food for thousands.

One conclusion only remains: that when a better system of municipal laws has been established in Sydney, the dwellers on the eastern seaboard of the Australian continent will be second to no community in the world in their enjoyment of an abundant home-supply of cheap and splendid fish.

WOODS AND FORESTS.

As might be expected from its favourable climate, New South Wales is rich in vegetable productions, and these often remarkable for their variety and beauty. The most gorgeous plants and flowers grow wild and in the greatest profusion, lending a beauty peculiarly its own to a New South Wales landscape in its prime. The trees are tall and stately, often reaching to the height of a hundred feet, and thus in comparison reducing our own English trees to mere dwarfishness. But in point of beauty the English woods bear the palm. The Australian trees, with few exceptions, throw out fewer boughs, and these are short and stunted. Their foliage is not so luxuriant, and being all evergreens—none of them casting their leaves annually, as ours do—they present, as a rule, one dark, monotonous appearance, the prevailing complexion of all the forest scenery of the colony. The woods, therefore, of New South Wales want those beautiful and ever-varying tints which throw such a charm over a rustic landscape in this “merrie” England of ours.

The paper treating of the woods of New South Wales in the report before us is by Mr. Charles Moore, the director of the Botanic Gardens at Sydney; but it deals rather with the commercial value of the forests in regard to their timber than with

any poetic description of Australian forest scenery from an artistic point of view.

No country has been more favoured by nature with a great variety and abundance of trees, yielding strong, beautiful, and durable timbers than the colony of New South Wales. With the exception of some parts of the Manero, Murrumbidgee, and Murray districts, good kinds of timber can be everywhere obtained. Of late years, so much timber has been used for building and fencing, and employed for public works and exportation, that the supply of several valuable kinds has been considerably diminished. The trees, however, cut down for these purposes have been small in number compared with those destroyed since the introduction of the system of choosing land by free selection. Persons taking up land under this system almost invariably choose the more richly wooded places, fine timber trees being proof of a good soil. It is comparatively but a few years since nearly the whole of the Illawarra basin was covered with magnificent forests, consisting of trees of vast variety and plants of exquisite beauty.

This kind of forest vegetation—locally called in the colony “brush,” but more generally understood by “jungle”—is characterized by denseness of growth, the altitude and beautiful dark-green foliage of the trees, the presence of lofty climbing plants, which extend their slender pliant branches to considerable distances, and by this means often embracing, as it were, into one common bond many of the loftiest and largest trees. None of these climbers produce wood of marketable value, although some have stems of at least two feet in diameter. Another characteristic of forests of this description is a thick undergrowth of numerous kinds of ferns and other plants. Palms and tree-ferns abound—the former reaching sometimes a height of at least 130 feet, the latter of from forty to fifty feet. On the stems and branches of the trees numerous kinds of ferns and orchids grow, which, with the other plants referred to, often give the forests quite a tropical appearance. Although such forests as these are confined for the most part to the valleys and banks of rivers eastward of the Great Dividing Range, yet in some remarkable instances they are found more inland, as at Mount Hay, Mount Wilson, and Mount King George, shooting out from the midst of the Blue Mountain Range, like oases in the desert. On these the soil is of the

richest kind, composed principally of disintegrated trap, and clad with noble timber trees of a brush character, the undergrowth being chiefly tree and other ferns. These four mountains are the more extraordinary from the fact that they are surrounded in all directions by others of a sandstone formation, covered by a wretched and sterile scrub, and some eucalypts of miserable growth. The soil of all brush-forest country is invariably rich; and whether on the coast or elsewhere, it is the first seized on for cultivation, and the destruction of the natural vegetation follows as a matter of course. From this and other similar causes, nearly the whole of the brush-forests of Illawarra, the Hunter, the Manning, the Hastings, the Bellingen, and the Clarence have been for the greater part cleared; and others, such as those on the Richmond and the Tweed, formerly so extensive, are fast falling victims to the indiscriminating axe of the settler. Among the trees which constitute this kind of forest, there were many whose timbers were highly valued for their excellence. Several kinds were suitable for cabinet-makers' work, some for inside building purposes, others for coach-making and for coopers' work, and some for wood-engraving; but, as a whole, very little was known of their commercial importance. For staves, the wood of the “silky oaks” of the colonists, the corkwood, the plum tree, and the red, or mountain ash, were the most valued. But had the qualities of the other timbers which have been so ruthlessly cut down been better understood, the list of stave-timbers would have probably been largely increased. For coachmakers, the coach, or light wood, and hickory furnish much of the material used by that body; while the cabinet-maker and carpenter were supplied by the rosewood, tulipwood, colonial beech, colonial chestnut, red cedar, colonial pine, &c. These woods are all fine-grained, and some richly coloured, and capable of taking a high polish; but now—thanks to the wholesale destruction by the settlers—can only be obtained in the northern districts of the colony. The red cedar is used for every possible purpose to which wood can be applied, and is one of the most beautiful, durable, and most easily worked timbers in the world. It is closely allied botanically to the well-known mahogany of the West Indies; and while not one-half its weight, has the exact colour, appearance, and properties of that famous timber. For-

merly this tree grew in fair quantities in nearly all the brush-forests; but the present supply is almost wholly dependent on timber already cut, and still upon the ground where it was felled, as the only good trees left are in very inaccessible situations.

One conclusion is apparent, that, at no very distant day, the supply must cease altogether. It is nothing less than a misfortune to the colony that such a magnificent tree should be lost from the list of its natural timber-growths for the future.

Of the value of red cedar trees, some idea may be formed from the fact that some of the largest have furnished from thirty to forty thousand feet of timber each. Immediately above the cedar and pine brush, on a range which divides the waters of the Macleay and the Clarence, extensive forests have been recently discovered of a true beech, the timber of which promises to become of much commercial value. It has a fine grain, is very tough, apparently durable, and of large size. It has been tried for wood engraving, for which purpose it is found to be well adapted. New South Wales would seem to be particularly well favoured in the matter of woods suitable for the engraver. The only woods used for a long time for engraving were those of the native mock orange, a common tree, and the turmeric of sawyers. Recently, however, the wood of the white beech, the rosewood, and a species of acacia have been turned to excellent account.

In the hardwoods—a term applied to those kinds of trees occupying the more open and generally well grassed country—there still remains, under proper restrictions, which the colonists now see to be necessary, a never-failing supply of timber, almost unequalled for strength and durability. They are nearly all myrtaceous trees. We will not trouble our readers with the portentous botanical names, but content ourselves with reciting some of the more easily pronounceable local titles. Timber-producing trees are ordinarily sold in the Sydney market under such names as iron-bark, blue gum, box, stringy-bark, messmate, peppermint, black-butt, woolly-butt, mahogany, ash, bloodwood, spotted gum, gray gum, flooded gum, red gum, and designations of a like kind.

Of all these, the iron-bark is the most liked, and is the most expensive. It is largely employed in the construction of

ships, for cross-beams in house building, for spokes in wheels, bodies and shafts of carriages, for railway sleepers, and for fencing. Under favourable circumstances, it seems to be of an imperishable character, as some of it used for rafters in the earliest days of the colony has been found as sound as on the day on which it was used. In the ground, too, it is most enduring. Some posts of this, sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and now deposited in the Museum at Kew, were perfectly uninjured above the ground mark, and under it only partially affected. These posts were used for fencing, and were placed in the ground in the year 1815, where, on the authority of Sir William Macarthur, they remained for forty-five years. In the experiments made by Captain Fowkes on the timber sent from various parts of the world to the International Exhibition of 1862, a specimen of the wood of the Illawarra iron-bark was, next to a Demerara wood, found to be the strongest of any sent to the Exhibition.

Another class of trees from which woods of a useful description are obtained, but none of which can be classed either with hardwoods or those of the brush-forest, are those of the *banksias*, the honeysuckles of the colonists; the *casuarinas*, or colonial oaks; the cypress pines, and acacias, called by various names, such as myall, bastard-myall, boree, wattle, &c. The presence of these kinds of trees is in most cases indicative of a shallow, sterile, sandy soil. The principal use to which the woods of *banksia* is applied in New South Wales is for "knees" and crooked timbers of ships. The *casuarinas*, the forest oak, she-oak, swamp oak, and river oak of colonists furnish excellent wood for shingles, and are largely employed for that purpose. Occasionally the wood of the forest oak is used for ornamental cabinet-work. The cypress pine is good for inside house-work, and most valuable for telegraph posts; while acacia timber is used for all kinds of purposes, but can seldom be obtained of sufficient size and quantity to render it of any marketable importance.

We referred at the commencement of these remarks to the great height of many of the Australian trees. The average altitude of the ordinary timber trees in New South Wales is from 100 to 120 feet, with a stem of from 3½ to 5 feet in diameter. In jungle forests they have been known to reach a height of 200 feet or more. But these heights

sink into significance compared to those given of some of the varieties of trees indigenous to Victoria, Tasmania, and Western Australia. The Tasmanian blue gum is said to reach a height of 300 feet; and Dr. Von Mueller states that, in the official record of the Melbourne Intercolonial Exhibition, a "karri tree" of Western Australia was measured which reached 400 feet in height. But still more astounding is the fact that a fallen tree of the stringy bark species, in the deep recesses of Dandenong, measured 420 feet in length, with a stem of proportional diameter; but a crowning instance of all is that given on the same authority of a Mr. Klein, who took the measurement of a *eucalyptus*, on the Black Spur, ten miles from Heatesville, 480 feet high.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER L.

WHAT CAME OF THE ILLUMINATIONS.

FOR the next day or two I was in anything but an enviable position, for Jack was watching me closely—more especially if Sir Everard happened to be in the room; and I could see that he was, as it were, taking evidence, in order to pronounce judgment as to whether mine was a case of true love or no.

Still the trial was in my favour, for there was now much discussion as to what the sentence would be. My father's agitation rose to an unprecedented height, and he and Sir Everard were in constant argument upon the subject.

Sir Everard held that the present Government was too weak to pass a very severe sentence; for that, if it did, popular indignation would be more than it could withstand.

"The Whigs know this well enough," said he; "and the wiser ones among them know also that they have done a foolish thing in prosecuting at all, and are heartily ashamed of it."

But nothing would convince my father; for he had made up his mind that Dr. Sacheverell must be of necessity acquitted by an overwhelming majority, and his being found guilty had been a great blow to him.

At length the sun rose upon the twenty-third day of March, in this year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ten; and men knew that, before it set again,

Dr. Henry Sacheverell would receive sentence at the bar of the House of Lords. Men's hearts were beating with suspense and anxiety, for the interest taken in the event far surpassed the importance of the case, as regarded Dr. Sacheverell himself. 'Twas of comparatively little importance whether a hot-headed preacher should give vent to his misplaced enthusiasm or not; but 'twas of vast importance that the great question that his folly had raised should be settled. He himself was but as a ball tossed to and fro between wrestlers, and the proving him guilty had settled the game. True, the mob did not understand this: it blindly went on the side of the agitators, and looked for the last act of the trial with an interest that was scarce to have been expected.

Hour after hour the surging masses waited in the streets to hear the tidings; hour after hour the eager eyes were strained, the eager tongues unloosed in a Babel of conflicting opinion. Their idol was pronounced guilty; and they awaited judgment against him even as if their own necks were in danger of the halter, and they were standing in that terrible moment ere condemnation is pronounced.

So wore the hours on and on, and all this time there were anxious hearts in the Parliament halls responding to the beat of the great multitude outside. The Lords were ready to receive the members of the Lower House and the prisoner.

The usual forms were gone through; and then, amidst a breathless silence, the Lord Chancellor rose, and after summing up the points, pronounced as follows:—

"This High Court doth adjudge that you, Henry Sacheverell, Doctor in Divinity, shall be, and you are hereby, enjoined not to preach during the term of three years next ensuing.

"That your two printed sermons, referred to in the Impeachment of the House of Commons, shall be burnt before the Royal Exchange in London, between the hours of one and two of the clock, on the twenty-seventh day of this instant March, by the hands of the common hangman, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of the City of London, and the sheriffs of London and Middlesex."

'Twas a mild sentence after so formidable an accusation, and so formidable an array of all things connected with the trial. Indeed, the High Church party rather regarded it as a triumph than a defeat; and this sen-

timent was warmly echoed by the mob, who had been looking forward to something more severe. Therefore, the anxiety that people felt gave way to an irrepressible burst of rejoicing; and those who had felt sympathy with the accused were unbounded in their enthusiasm for the idol who was now exalted into a martyr—though his sufferings would be light enough, and his crown of martyrdom a thornless one.

Bonfires and illuminations were the order of the day. The excited people paraded the streets, and shouts continued to go up as loudly as ever, "Long life to Dr. Sacheverell!"

Jack was interested enough, though he pretended not to be. He had caught the general fever, though I could not make out on which side his sympathies were enlisted. He took the precaution, however, of having an oak-leaf in his hat before going out, since 'twas dangerous for any—to whichever side he belonged—to appear without this badge.

He came in from one of his expeditions into the city saying that 'twas well worth seeing the town a-fire.

"I would do you good, Grace," says he. "You look as if you wanted rousing up. You won't be afraid with me?"

"Not I, Jack," said I. "I'll go gladly. I'm not afraid of anything."

Ah! unhappiness and desperation take all fear away. I would have gone through the very mob itself that night, and have felt no alarm.

I threw on a large mantle, and drew the hood over my head; and, taking Jack's arm, we groped our way along. Sometimes the streets were quite dark; now and then a flambeau shed a light around, or a dingy oil lamp swinging before some better house; and as we got more into the city, there were windows illuminated, so that we could see well enough.

The wild cries and shouts of exultation that rose from time to time around me did not affright me—they rather excited me to enjoyment of the rash expedition I was upon than caused me the least anxiety.

I felt as I fancied my mother must have felt as she treaded her way through the streets in those old plague days—perchance through the very streets that I was treading now. I pressed closer to Jack.

"Jack, dost think of how the little girl fled from the city with her father? I can fancy exactly how she stepped along—not

minding darkness, danger, or fatigue, so that she could escape—escape—"

I murmured the word over to myself, as though I had some curious satisfaction in the sound of it.

"Or how poor Magdalen wandered alone through the crowded streets, fearing nothing, so that she could help her father," I went on.

"Hush," said Jack. "I can scarce bear to think of it."

"Yet both were safe at last," said I. "Both found an escape from the dangers that beset them."

And again I lingered over the words "Both escaped."

"Ha!" I gave a start, for a vivid flare of light broke upon us as we turned a corner, and came upon a bonfire, round which some people were dancing in their mad excitement, whilst others stood by laughing and talking, and uttering rude jests.

I shrank back a little, for at that instant a sudden gust of wind bore the flame in our direction, whilst a shower of glittering sparks came flying round us. The sudden lurch of the flame caused the people to flee before it, and Jack and I got terribly jostled.

"Hold fast," whispered Jack. "'Twill be over in a moment, and they will fall back again."

I did as he desired, and stood firm enough beside him, holding his arm; and soon the people righted again, laughing at their panic. We stood awhile to see the grotesque figures moving round the fire, when all at once there rose a cry of—

"Links—links!"

And a dozen men, with torches which they waved around, dashed through the crowd, followed by others shouting—

"No war, no war—peace and plenty!" "No foreigners!" "The Church and Sacheverell!" "Down with the Whigs!" and many other such cries.

I was off my guard at this unexpected movement, which caused the crowd to press upon us again, and this time we were separated, and I felt myself borne away I knew not whither—whilst, I suppose, Jack was carried off in an opposite direction. I was forced to move onwards with the crowd, and not until I found myself in this perilous situation did I reflect what a rash and extraordinary proceeding my venturing out with Jack had been; and I wondered whether any other lady in London had been so im-

prudent and indiscreet. Yet, terrified as I was now becoming, I knew that Jack would be in tenfold greater fear at losing me. How would it end? Should I ever get home, or would this rabble bear me on until I lost my way, and should perhaps, in some lone court or alley, be murdered, as people sometimes were, without chance of rescue? And all the horrible stories I had ever heard came to my mind as I was still carried on without will of my own, and without power to struggle free.

I looked furtively to right and left. There were women in the crowd, and yet I did not dare to ask for aid from them—'twould be so strange a thing for one of my condition to be in a mob, that I knew not how they might take it, and whether I might not make myself the butt of the rude people round me, who might but jest at my distress. So I kept quiet, and moved on, hoping that I might, through an occasional glare of light, find out where I was; but at present that was impossible.

At length I became aware that we had turned into a broader street. There was not so great a pressure round me; and I saw that, if I could get to the outer side of the crowd, I might manage to press close up to some of the houses, and there remain until the tide had rolled by.

There were already people standing along the walls, and I began to take heart again, for there was a more respectable look about them than about those with whom I was entangled; and I gradually edged farther and farther, as opportunity occurred, from the centre in which I had been wedged. At last, by a sudden effort, I jerked myself free from the multitude, and found myself clinging, panting and trembling, to a door-post, holding on to it as having reached a haven of refuge. Then it occurred to me that perchance people might be living within who would befriended me, and help me on my way home. But I must wait until the street was quieter; people would hardly be inclined to open their doors when such a tumult was going on.

And I waited. I did not feel so frightened now, as there was some hope of extricating myself from my unpleasant position; indeed, a sense of security had taken possession of me, and I stood there watching the human waves heaving past me with a certain sort of enjoyment. 'Twas something new, and it brought me into contact with humanity

—into communion with the people as the nation—not a mere isolated person belonging to an individual family, but one with the many of her Majesty's subjects. My heart grew more loyal both to Queen and country in those few minutes—which, however, seemed to me like hours. 'Twas a strange, enthusiastic feeling that came over me, making me comprehend the massing of the atoms that make up the aggregate of a nation, and yet understanding more clearly than ever the intense individuality of each of those atoms—the link running through the world joining soul to soul, broken in the eyes of man, unbroken in the sight of God.

The tramp of footsteps grew fainter—the line of march was thinning—the close moving column was diminishing into a few stragglers. The people who had pressed close against the walls, and had waited even as I had done, were dispersing. The street was dark, save for a far-off lamp or two—the remnants of an attempt at illumination. I tried to peer through the gloom, and endeavour to realize where I was; but in vain. 'Twas impossible to tell in what direction I had been carried along.

I lifted my hand, and knocked at the door—which after a time was opened, and two figures appeared in the doorway, evidently prepared to issue forth. They were as closely muffled in their cloaks as I was, so that I did not recognize them.

"Will you be kind enough, sir," said I, addressing the one nearest to me, "to tell me where I am? I—"

But here the other, who was a step or two behind, advanced hastily.

"Mistress Selwode!" said he, in accents of the utmost surprise. "How came you here?"

Then I in my turn was filled with astonishment, for this was none other than Mr. Lydgate.

"Again!" exclaimed his companion, after I had explained the circumstances that had brought me into so strange a predicament. "Surely, no one who marks carefully the ways of Providence can speak of accident. Twice have your footsteps been mysteriously guided, and there is no reason to doubt that 'twas purposely done."

I knew without any explanation how it was that Mr. Defoe and Mr. Lydgate came to be together, and that it was Mr. Defoe, as I supposed, who had succoured Mr. Lydgate on the night of Jack's mishap—though I had

not heard of him since; for although Jack had made many inquiries, his search after Mr. Lydgate had not been successful.

"This is the first day my friend Philip has left the house," continued Mr. Defoe. "Of his danger you will have heard already."

"Jack tried to find you, but could not," said I, turning to Mr. Lydgate.

"I must find him now," he replied, "since I owe my life to having met with him."

"And he owes his to you," I answered. "Jack has been telling me a great deal since he came home."

And then I recollected what this unexpected meeting had driven from my thoughts—my engagement to Sir Everard Tynley, and my apparent treachery to the man before me. Did he know? Had Uncle Oliver told him? 'Twas so long ago, he must have heard—he must know. And yet there was no coldness in his tone to me.

"I will escort you home, Mistress Grace," said he.

Then, in a lower tone, he said—

"'Tis an age since we have met, and I have somewhat to say to thee, sweetheart."

CHAPTER LI.

A CRISIS.

I TOOK Mr. Lydgate's arm, and we walked along in silence—for whatever he had to say, he did not appear to be in a hurry to say it; whilst I was in an agony of apprehension at the avowal which I knew must come ere we parted, for of my engagement I was now fully persuaded that he was ignorant.

Why could not Uncle Oliver have told him, and spared me this? But Uncle Oliver was displeased at my engagement, and had never, since the day on which he deprecated it, opened his lips on the subject; and it was not likely he should care to distress one whom he liked so well as Philip Lydgate with tidings of it.

"Poor Jack!" said I at last. "He will be in a thousand frights as to what has become of me. He is more to be pitied than I am; though what I should have done if I had not found you, I do not know."

"According to Mr. Defoe, good angels were guarding you—perhaps guiding the very feet of the mob to turn aside and set you down in safety; for, as far as I can judge of their movements, they made a swerve from the natural plan. I am beginning to be tempted to subscribe to his doctrines."

I could scarce tell whether Mr. Lydgate spoke seriously or not, neither could I tell by his face, for 'twas too dark to see very clearly—the little moon that there was, was being obscured by the clouds.

Soon we turned into more frequented streets; and then there was not much opportunity of speaking excepting in disjointed sentences, for we had to steer our way through the many people who were abroad to see the illuminations. We had got into the Strand, and from thence struck upwards towards Soho-square—I, still wondering what Mr. Lydgate had to say, and waiting until he should speak again.

"Grace," said he, "this trial of Dr. Sachererell's is telling in favour of your father's party. He will be in better humour with the world at large now, and I may forgive my shortcomings."

"I do not know," I replied, hesitatingly, and feeling that the crisis was at hand.

"Though I hope that it will not interfere with the good fortune that is in store for me."

I did not speak, and he went on.

"My year on the Continent did me good service with scholars and statesmen. My Lord Marlborough has spoken favourably of me, and 'tis all but settled that I shall have an appointment as secretary to the ambassador at the Court of Vienna. I intended not to tell thee of it until 'twas finally arranged, and I should be in a position to plead my own cause with thy father on the strength of it."

I wonder he did not notice how I trembled as I said—

"I am glad to hear of your good fortune. There are great scholars abroad."

"There are sweeter ones at home," said he, "in comparison with whom the others fade into insignificance. If I have thee with me, what care I for all the rest of the world?"

There came a long pause, in which the full knowledge of the cruel part I was obliged to act towards him stood out in all its bitterness.

"Will you not say amen, sweetheart?" he asked, bending down as though to catch my faintest whisper.

But my tongue was glued to my mouth as though 'twas never to move again.

Just then the clouds swept back, and left the half-moon shining upon us. My hood had fallen away from my face; and, as he

spoke, another voice struck on my ear—voices I should say, for there were two speakers; and Jack and Sir Everard Tynney came towards us, exclaiming—

"Heaven be praised!"

"And Philip Lydgate," added Jack, "my best friend—my never-to-be-repaid benefactor! What do I not owe to you?"

But Sir Everard looked black and wrathful; and stepping up to me, he bowed stiffly to Mr. Lydgate, saying—

"I thank you for your protection of this lady, Mr. Lydgate. I will relieve you of your charge."

And he offered his arm to me.

Mr. Lydgate was as one stunned. He did not offer to release my hand as Sir Everard suggested, neither had I the presence of mind to withdraw it.

"Grace," said Sir Everard, "I can take care of you now myself."

"Grace," asked Mr. Lydgate, letting my hand drop, "what does this mean?"

"It means," said Sir Everard, haughtily, "that this lady has promised to be my wife, and that therefore I am her fitting protector."

"Grace," repeated Mr. Lydgate, "is this true? I heard vague rumours of such a thing, but gave no heed to them—I did not believe them. They never gave me one moment's uneasiness, for they moved not my trust in your faith and love. I remembered our vows under the old trees at Selwode, and I believed you were as true to them as I. How could I believe otherwise? I could not believe you were false. Grace!—Grace!—I implore thee, tell me that 'tis not true. With your own sweet lips, tell this proud man that what he says is falsehood. Grace, with your own lips, tell me it is not true!"

In his earnestness he had seized both my hands, and was gazing at me with wild entreaty to put an end to the cruel doubt that had sprung up.

"You ask an impossibility," said Sir Everard, bitterly. "And if you were a gentleman, you would spare a lady the pain of repeating her 'No' to a—rejected suitor!"

Mr. Lydgate loosed my hands, and turned upon Sir Everard with eyes flashing with scorn and contempt.

But I sprang between.

"Philip," I cried, "O, Philip, it is true!"

My voice sobered him. He took my hand once more—he gazed into my eyes as though he would read my faithless, perjured

soul therein, and again he said in a deep voice, full of unutterable tenderness and despair—

"Grace!"

"Unhand the lady!" said Sir Everard.

And pushing Mr. Lydgate rudely aside, he drew my arm within his own.

Mr. Lydgate was unprepared for the sudden movement. He was still weak from the effects of his injuries; and not being able to recover himself, he stumbled, and fell heavily to the ground. For the first time, I noticed that his left arm was in a sling.

"Coward!" said Jack, springing forward to assist Mr. Lydgate—"coward! to strike a disabled man. Were I about to be fifty times your brother-in-law, I would denounce you as such. Nay, more, I may tell you now, since my blood is up, I would turn my back upon all such men as I believe you to be."

"Jack! Jack!" cried I, in agony. "Jack, Jack!"

But he pushed me away.

"I will not be stopped in my words," said he—and all the old dislike that I had endeavoured to stem in his last visit came welling up—"Grace, I give you warning that that man is false, and the sooner you know it the better."

A gleam of anger shot across Sir Everard's face.

"Colonel Selwode," said he, "I shall request an explanation of your words."

"That is an easy matter," replied Jack.

"And satisfaction for them."

"That is easy also."

They stood regarding one another defiantly, and I could not misunderstand the meaning of their words.

I had loosed Sir Everard's arm, and stood trembling, so that I could scarce support myself.

He drew nearer to me.

"Mistress Selwode," said he, "may I request to know what part you intend taking? Am I to be honoured by the fulfilment of your promise, or do you intend to turn me adrift as another of your disappointed lovers?"

He folded his arms, and stood looking cold and disdainful enough—with the firm, set expression of determination upon his lips which, more than any words, made me remember the alternative.

Mr. Lydgate was leaning against a pillar, evidently in intense pain—pale as death, and yet with a strange energy in his face, and I

fear an anger in his heart, that neither Mr. Steele's sermons against duelling, nor his own convictions, were powerful enough to quell.

"Sir Everard," said he, "you shall also hear from me."

"With pleasure."

But still Sir Everard did not move. He stood as though he regarded Mr. Lydgate's and Jack's speeches as mere by-play, and my decision the only matter of importance. I gave one glance at Mr. Lydgate, whose eyes were now fixed upon me, partly in entreaty, partly in surprise and reproach—partly, it seemed to me, in scorn.

"Grace!"

The word issued from his lips involuntarily, and at it Sir Everard started, and approaching me, he offered me his arm.

"Mistress Grace," said he, in a low, measured tone, "will you honour me with your decision, so that I may know how to act?"

Jack evidently thought 'twas a matter between my two lovers.

"Can you hesitate?" said he, brusquely.

"No," said I, recalled to myself—"I cannot."

I did not dare to add, "I dare not;" but I moved towards Sir Everard, who still held out his hand.

"Are you mad?" says Jack, pulling at my mantle.

"No," I replied, "I am not mad."

And yet, in truth, I was not far from it.

Sir Everard drew my arm within his own; a smile of triumph played upon his lips; he bowed sarcastically to Mr. Lydgate and Jack, saying—

"*Au revoir, messieurs.* I am at your service whenever it pleases you."

And then he hurried me away.

A MARVELLOUS MACHINE.

STEAM traction engines, capable of conveying heavy loads along ordinary roads, have for many years been a great mechanical desideratum. The enormous goods and mineral traffic of our chief railways renders a new mode of feeding and discharging them imperative; while, in countries and districts where there are no railways, there are mines which, by the aid of improved machinery, yield up their wealth in such abundance as to defy the ordinary means of transport—as mules or bullocks, or even horses and waggons. Two radical

difficulties have, however, until quite recently, baffled the ingenuity of our most eminent mechanists and civil engineers. If the traction engine were a comparatively light one, its machinery was always breaking from the shocks experienced in running over hard roads; if, on the other hand, with the view of obviating this difficulty, the weight were much increased, the roads were terribly injured.

Mr. Boydell's machine, invented some fifteen years ago, was the first of the kind that attracted the attention of the public. It may be described as a locomotive engine, with the peculiarity that to the driving and other wheels there were attached, by means of loose links, not only the rails on which the wheels rolled, but also the sleepers on which the rails rested. These parts were made in the form of a series of blocks that were laid down by each wheel as it advanced, and, when passed over, were picked up from behind, and pitched over the top of the wheel, to be ready for a continuation of the process. The action was, however, so jolting, irregular, and intermittent, as to rapidly destroy the strongest and best mechanism. The late Viceroy of Egypt, having heard that our War Office was experimenting upon the powers of this engine, requested to have one made, "as perfect as possible, and without stint in regard to the cost." Such an engine was sent to Egypt; but, to use the words of Mr. Anderson, Government superintendent of machinery, "it soon came to grief, because, in its construction, it was against natural principles, in having to throw such masses so suddenly into motion. It involved enormous strength in all its parts, which was, from the weight, an element of weakness."

Mr. Bray then invented an engine which, in many respects, was superior to the former; but, from its construction, it had the inherent property of destroying the roads over which it passed. In the Bray engine the wheels did not carry rails, but claws or prods shot out of them to enable the machine to ascend gradients, or to emerge from soft places into which it would sink from its own weight; but often, when there was not sufficient resistance to them—as on a soft road, or in a field, or on sand—they were of no use; while on a paved street or causeway they were worse than useless, for they really lifted the wheels from the stones, and the engine then walked upon what Mr. Anderson calls the

point of its toes, which soon told upon their efficiency.

Since then, several other traction engines have come out with greater simplicity of the driving-wheels, but coming far short of the hauling powers of either the Boydell or the Bray engines. Hence they do not supply the great want that is yearly being more universally felt of an engine that will not destroy itself rapidly, with great power of haulage, uniform and smooth in its action, easily passing over any road without injuring it, and at the same time economical when compared with the use of horses.

Thanks to the ingenuity of Mr. Thomson, and to the elasticity of India-rubber, we have at last got over all these difficulties. This gentleman, a well-known Edinburgh civil engineer, has for many years paid special attention to the properties and capabilities of India-rubber. He was the first, some twenty years ago, to apply tires of this substance to the wheels of trucks, &c., at railway stations, in order to deaden the sound; and to him we are also indebted for the more recent discovery that India-rubber, when in great mass, flattens on a road or floor, and, by presenting a greater extent of bearing surface, causes any superincumbent weight to be distributed over a much larger area. Hence he conceived and carried out the idea of providing the wheels of a steam engine to run on common roads with India-rubber tires of immense thickness. In consequence of the soft, elastic property of such tires, the wheel surface may, according to the condition of the road over which it passes, "present the broad, quiet tramp of the foot of the elephant, the gentle step of the feline race, or the web-footed effect of the aquatic animal when walking on the morass."

When the first patent road-steamer was tried, some three years ago, its success was complete, and far exceeded Mr. Thomson's expectations. In the beginning of 1870, the War Department, having heard of some of its performances, commissioned Mr. Anderson to proceed to Edinburgh to examine it personally, and to report upon its capabilities for military purposes of various kinds; and it is from this report, dated the 8th of April, 1870, and from a second report, dated the 14th of May, 1870, and signed conjointly by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Bailey, assistant controller, that we have obtained most of our information regarding this marvellous machine.

The wheels of the road-steamer are three in number—namely, two driving wheels, about five feet in diameter, on which almost the whole weight of the engine rests; and a smaller wheel in front, which is for steering purposes, and is so completely under control as to answer the slightest touch of the hand. Each wheel has a broad iron tire, with narrow flanges, upon which is placed a soft vulcanized India-rubber ring, about twelve inches in width and five inches in thickness, the flanges keeping it in its place. Over the India-rubber there is placed an endless chain of steel plates, three and a half inches wide, which form the portion of the wheel that comes in contact with the rough road; and this reticulated chain is connected with what may be called *vertebræ* at each side of the wheel.

The India-rubber tire and the ringed steel plates have no rigid connection, and are at perfect liberty to move round independently of each other, or even without the concurrence of the inner ring of the wheel which they both enclose. This remarkable combination contributes materially to the great success of the wheel. Small tubes are perforated in the iron tire of the wheel, to admit the atmosphere under the India-rubber ring. Without such holes, it was found that "the weight of the load was sufficient to exclude the atmosphere, so that one side of the India-rubber would thus be made to adhere to the iron with the full atmospheric pressure, while the other side would have to stretch and bag outwards." An ordinary wheel, if it is a rigid structure, presents to the road only a small surface; but this wheel conforms to every irregularity for a space of nearly two feet, by the weight of the engine causing the India-rubber to collapse, and thus producing so great a change of form.

We shall complete the description of the road-steamer with a few words regarding its boiler, which is an invention specially adapted to the machine. It is of the vertical tubular type, made entirely of steel, very simple, and of great strength. An ingenious device in connection with the exhaust tube almost completely suppresses the noise caused by the escape of the steam. It has received the somewhat undignified name of the "pot boiler," from there being a copper pot for holding water within the furnace; and it is so contrived that if the boiler contains any water, the pot will have a full supply. By this arrangement, the centre of gravity is

thrown so low that the engine can run up an incline of 1 in 10, or go along at an angle of 35° , looking as if it must tumble over.

Road-steamers of various powers are constructed, the smallest being those of 8-horse power.

On Mr. Anderson's arrival at Edinburgh, a small engine was placed at his disposal by Mr. Thomson, with unlimited power to do what he liked with it. It weighed about six tons, when fully loaded with water and fuel; and, although it had already gone over nearly 3,000 miles of roads of all kinds, seemed almost as good as new.

On the first day that he saw it, "the streets were wet and sticky to a degree." The engine was attached to a train of waggons containing ten tons of flour, standing at the bottom of a slippery street with a gradient of 1 to 17, and at once marched away to the top of the hill as if it had no load, and then down the other side, no breaks being required. After depositing its load somewhere in Leith, it ran down to the Portobello seashore at the rate of ten miles an hour, rushing over quicksands, and running into the sea and along its edge in every direction, in the most wonderful manner. Mr. Anderson, who was walking, sank three times as deep into the sand as the wheels of the engine; while an empty carriage that followed on the same track with its wheels in the same depression (we cannot call it rut) sank five inches deeper. The next job performed by this engine, on its return from the seaside, was to remove an old marine boiler, weighing twenty-five tons, from the Leith docks to a yard at some distance off, in which old boilers are broken up.

The following experiments are selected from the joint-report of Messrs. Anderson and Bailey:—

An 8-horse power engine was attached to a train of six waggons, each weighing one ton and containing two tons of flour, making a gross load of eighteen tons, independent of the weight of the engine. The road on which the experiment was made was that between Edinburgh and Granton, part of the way being nearly level, while the remainder forms a gradient varying from 1 in 17 to 1 in 25. The points to be specially ascertained were—to determine (1) the amount of load that could be drawn on a good road; and (2) whether it would be possible to turn the train of waggons round, and proceed in the opposite direction.

While on the level, the engine ran off with the train at a speed of about six miles an hour; and when it came to the incline, the velocity increased to eight or ten miles an hour. As the train reached the bottom of the hill, beside the Granton Hotel, the engine with its six waggons made a bold sweep round in a radius of about twenty feet, and turned up the hill at a speed of about four miles an hour, until the road was reached which turns at right angles to Edinburgh. At this spot the engine went round in a semicircle, dragging the six waggons over the same track; hence the different parts of the train were actually moving in opposite directions, forming a horseshoe-shape figure, within the width of the road, without encroaching on the footpath. This almost incredible movement is effected by the canting of each separate waggon being made not to depend on the engine, but on the vehicle immediately preceding it, the first waggon alone being led by the engine.

Having seen what the road-steamer could do under favourable conditions, these gentlemen resolved to test its capabilities under difficulties. The scene of their next experiment was "a sort of meadow, with short grass, consisting of a friable, sandy soil, which was easily cut up by the waggon wheels, and raised a cloud of dust." The same train was used as before; but, in place of the twelve tons of flour, nine tons of pig iron were equally distributed amongst the waggons. It was pulled about the field in various directions, turning round at the corners in a radius of eighteen or twenty feet, with the exception of one corner, where a road twenty-five feet wide, and turning at right angles, was marked out by stakes. The train was driven with ease through this road a considerable number of times; it was subsequently made to turn round in a small circle, until the engine touched the tail of the last waggon; and it then went off at a tangent, so that with the waggons it formed the figure 8. The train was then driven in triumph off the field; but the road-steamer returned to a circle in the middle of the ground, and, to use the words of the Government commissioners, "performed some careering gymnastics on its own account. Its action was like that of a playful horse. It would turn round with agility upon one wheel as a pivot, then at once spin round on the other wheel in a similar or contrary direction, then off on a zigzag course at a

high speed, to the no little danger of those who were not active enough to get out of its way."

Being anxious to ascertain if there were anything that the road-steamer could *not* do, they resolved to try it upon excessively soft ground, such as drawing a heavy load over a ploughed field. Through the kindness of Mr. Thomson, they obtained the use of such a field in the vicinity of Edinburgh. It had recently been ploughed and prepared for sowing turnips; and the soil, which was of an exceedingly fine tilth, was loose to the depth of ten inches. As no ordinary waggon with India-rubber tires was available, another engine, weighing six tons (the same weight as the pulling-engine) was selected as a makeshift, its wheels being disengaged so as to run loose on their axles, and free from the gear. After a few trials to ascertain the best angle for the steering-wheel, and the proper point of contact for the drag-chain, it went round and round the field, and pulled the load up an incline of 1 in 15, the only difficulty being in turning sharp corners, when the loose soft earth banked up against the steering-wheel. The engines were thus made to describe a square, with the edges rounded off, due to a radius varying from twenty-five to fifty feet. It was then deemed advisable to try what the road-steamer could do when hauling ordinary waggons under such conditions. Accordingly, three narrow-wheeled waggons were obtained, and loaded until there was a gross weight of nine tons. To these the engine was attached, and it walked them round the field and up the incline; but, from the depth to which the wheels ($2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tires) sunk into the soil, it was clearly as much as it could well do to drag them along. An engine with considerably broader wheels, such as Mr. Thomson has since constructed for agricultural purposes, would have performed the task with ease.

The waggon having been removed, the engine was made to do all in its power to repair the injuries it had effected. Having rolled the ground into a compact, smooth road, by passing over the same track a great number of times, it was then backed up to a five-tined cultivator (the tines penetrating fourteen inches into the ground), behind which was attached a pair of harrows with fifty tines. The cultivator and harrows were then dragged at a good speed over those

parts of the field which had been most trampled down.

Hitherto we have been describing merely isolated experiments, showing the powers of this machine. Fortunately, the commissioners were able to see and report on an engine which for more than a year had been performing its daily task as a substitute for horses, and to compare the relative efficiency and expenses of the two. They heard that Mr. White, an enterprising and extensive corn merchant in Aberdeen, had been daily employing a road-steamer for fully a year in drawing wheat and flour between his granaries in the city and his mills on the banks of the Don, about three miles distant. Mr. White not only invited them to visit Aberdeen, and see his system in action, but subsequently furnished them with "Notes on the Working of the Road-steamer for twelve Months," containing many interesting details, and a full account of the engineering expenses. On their arrival at Aberdeen, at 12.30 p.m., they found a train, consisting of a 12-horse power steamer, and two waggons, loaded with $11\frac{1}{2}$ tons of flour (making a gross load of 15 tons, exclusive of the engine), waiting for them. Four single journeys had been previously made during the morning; and at 12.45 the train started, and went at a pace varying from six to eight miles an hour along the granite-paved and Macadamized road that formed the first part of the journey. The new bridge of Don was then passed over; after which came the trying part of the road, "when the double power and slower motion were thrown into gear." On went the train with a steady, easy motion, down one hill and up another, till at length it ascended the hill called Blackneuk Brae at a good pace, then descended the last hill, making a beautiful sweep round in front of the mills, and finally turned up the brae for a short distance, so as to clear the way for the next train out, which was sent off shortly afterwards. There is probably no road for traffic in the kingdom so steep and crooked as the Blackneuk Brae. It used to kill several of Mr. White's horses every year—the gradients at some points reaching 1 to $7\frac{1}{2}$. The road was dry, and generally favourable for the work; the fuel consumed was a few pounds over a hundredweight, and the time occupied by the journey was exactly three-quarters of an hour. This road-steamer makes three double journeys daily, and oc-

casionally four. On an emergency, it could make ten double journeys daily; and the fuel consumed is in the proportion of 7 cwt. of coal for six trips, or eighteen miles.

Four persons accompany the train—viz., a man to steer, a lad to act as stoker, a man to apply the break when necessary, and a small boy to walk in front with a red flag, in conformity with an absurd act of Parliament. The small boy with the flag does more to frighten horses than the quiet, noiseless engine, and takes to flight whenever he sees a bull; while the breaksman has only to act when descending the steepest gradients; and as his chief duty seems to be to assist the boy in soothing the excited feelings of any strange horses they may meet, both he and the boy might be dispensed with on most ordinary roads.

Mr. White has now disposed of all his horses; and by substituting the road-steamer for them, he has effected a saving of about 50 per cent. He states that the horses on the road are now getting accustomed to the engine; and this is in accordance with what Mr. Anderson observed in Edinburgh and Leith—"the town horses seeming to know that it is their friend, and not their enemy."

After a year's experience, he informs the commissioners that there has been scarcely any accident in connection with the working of the steamer, and that the repairs did not amount to more than would naturally be expected in the working of a new machine exposed to such rough work. Independently of the price paid for the hire of the steamer (£105 12s.), the engineering expenses, including all repairs, amounted to £81 3s. 10d.; and this sum is exceptionally high, as many points that were at first imperfect are now remedied by experience.

As a wonderful illustration of the durability of the India-rubber tires, it may be mentioned that, when the Aberdeen road-steamer was first started, the engineer privately scratched with his penknife his initials on one of them; and that, after the steamer had run over a thousand miles, he found, on examination, his inscription perfectly intact. It may be added that, besides its regular work, this machine has done several "odd jobs;" as, for instance, on one occasion taking a picnic party of about 150 persons on five railway lorries to the mills, turning the sharp corner of the road without any uncoupling.

The report from which we have borrowed most of the preceding facts concludes with a recommendation to the controller-in-chief that a 12-horse power engine should be at once ordered, "so as to be prepared for a march out to any part of the country, in addition to the ordinary camp duty" at Aldershot. This recommendation was acted on, and we believe that two of the road-engines have for some months been regularly at work at Aldershot.

With regard to the proper description of waggon which should accompany the engine, it is considered that "a train of three waggons, made on purpose to suit the circumstances, will give the best result." Mr. Thomson, in a letter addressed to the secretary at the War Office, offers to supply such an engine, with three waggons, capable of taking a load of ten tons in all, and all necessary appurtenances, for the sum of £1,130.

In conclusion, we will briefly glance at the principal applications of the road-steamer to military and civil purposes.

The road-steamer had scarcely made its first public appearance before several eminent officers in the engineers perceived its importance; and two or three years have now elapsed since its special fitness for various military requirements were discussed in a pamphlet by Captain Trench. Perhaps its chief merit is that it not only inflicts no injury on the roads over which it travels, but it actually repairs and improves them.

"Some artillery officers were much struck by this fact when observing a road-steamer, with a heavy vehicle attached to it, being driven round and round in a field saturated with snow. The road-steamer left the merest track in the slushy ground, while the wheels of the vehicle behind cut it into deep ruts. But as the engine passed over these ruts, when retracing the circle, it effaced them; and by and by, being detached and allowed to run over the spot alone, it repaired the surface, and made it perfectly smooth and even. It was clear, therefore, that if road-steamers were engaged in hauling cannon, on whatever kind of road, a second engine, following in the path of the first, instead of aggravating the holes and ruts made by the artillery preceding it, would smooth them out, and restore the road to a good condition for its successors."—*The Times*, February 28, 1870.

Two or three road-steamers, with their appropriate waggons, would have saved the country the enormous expense of the railway constructed at the beginning of the Abyssinian campaign; and, as we have just seen in the recent war, French railways did not always afford a very safe mode of locomotion to Prussian troops, to say nothing regarding the difficulty caused in bringing up stores, &c., if a railway bridge were destroyed, or even a rail or two removed. It seems obvious that a few powerful road-steamers, in the hands of either army, would often have proved of great avail in conveying the heavy guns, the supplies of food, the wounded, and, in cases of emergency, even the troops. With regard to the last-named point, Mr. Anderson observes that an omnibus with a single pair of India-rubber wheels could be easily adapted, both in size and power, to carry a whole company of infantry, and to run over the country at the rate of from six to ten miles an hour, at a cost of 2d. per ton per mile. For the transport of heavy guns over swamps, soft clay soils, &c., this gentleman suggests "that, if the War Department should order an engine, it should be made with a crab or windlass on one end, to be worked by the steamer, so that, by means of a long chain or ropes, the machine could first walk over the swamps, and then, when anchored, it would, by means of the chain, haul over the 25-ton guns upon India-rubber wheels of a size and breadth to suit their weight. In this way, a gun could be taken up to any place where there was width sufficient; and, with a little accommodating, even up a steep stair."

It is, however, for the ordinary requirements of daily life that the road-steamer will prove most serviceable. It will supplant horses in this country, and elephants, bullocks, and mules in other countries, in conveying passengers and in feeding and discharging the great railway lines; and will, in many cases, allow us to dispense with branch lines.

Moreover, in consequence of the enormous adhesive action of the India-rubber wheels upon the road—a force exceeding one-half of the weight of the engine—the road-steamer will often be found useful in raising heavy weights. For example, the 8-horse power engine has a power of traction exceeding three tons; hence, by means of a rope passed over a pulley, it would raise

that weight from the bottom of a well or the base of a quarry.

It was in August, 1869, when the Royal Highland and Agricultural Society met in Edinburgh, that Mr. Thomson first applied his road-steamer to the process of steam ploughing. Two of Fowler's double-furrow ploughs were attached to it, and it did its allotted work in first-rate style, completely putting to shame three horses which were painfully struggling along with *one* similar plough. From that date to the present time, it has been making its way amongst high-class farmers; and the latest report of its agricultural performances at Dunmore Park, on the 28th of February, is recorded in the *Scotsman*, from which we glean the following facts:—

"The field to be broken up had lain in pasture forty years, and hence must have been very tough to work under any circumstances. As if to make the trial more severe, it rained heavily all the morning, and all the previous night and day; and, as the field had never been drained, many of the spectators were of opinion that no traction engine could drag itself, much less a plough, over such land. It started, however, with a new balance plough, invented by the Earl of Dunmore, attached to it, and did its work in a most unexceptionable manner. The furrows, six inches by ten, were beautifully turned over, and presented a capital seed-bed. During the whole of the preceding month, excepting for Sundays and a fast-day, this engine has been regularly employed on the estate; and besides ploughing, threshing, &c., it has been engaged in pulling up tree-roots, going to the railway station with luggage, carrying heavy timber, cutting hay and straw, bruising oats, working saw-mills, carrying drain-tiles, pumping water (having pumped 20,000 gallons in seven hours), bringing coal, and driving gravel for roads. The expenses of ploughing with it are reckoned at less than £1 a-day. Last autumn, his lordship built a large waggon, which he attached to his steamer, and used in carrying his harvest. The result of a day's work, as compared with that done by horses and carts, is very striking. Six carts made seven journeys between the harvest field and the stack-yard (a distance of sixty yards short of a mile), and carried oats sufficient to form three stacks of fourteen loads to each. The road-steamer and the waggon ran six journeys, and carried oats sufficient

to form two stacks equal in size to those already described, and nearly half a third stack. The carts began at 7 a.m., and left off at 8 p.m.; the steamer began work at 9.30 a.m., and left off at 6 p.m. The cost of the carting on that day was 35s.; while that of the day's work with the engine (including wages, coal, oil, wear and tear at 5 per cent., and interest on outlay at 5 per cent.) was 8s. It is difficult to conceive a greater triumph of steam over horse power, as applied to agriculture."

Almost everywhere, except at home, these engines are rapidly making their way. They are being used in the Island of Labuan by the Oriental Coal Company, to transport the produce of the mines a distance of nine miles, to Victoria Harbour. As long ago as September, 1869, the Government of India ordered an engine (to be followed by others) to be despatched overland, for a regular service which is to be established on the Grand Trunk Road, for the transport of troops, Government stores, and general merchandise, in place of the miserably slow and costly bullock trains (hackeries) which now creep along that fine road at the rate of barely two miles an hour. They are employed for general traffic on some of the chief roads of Ceylon; and they are getting in general use in the United States for agricultural and other purposes.

MYTHOLOGY AND FOLK LORE.— PART I.

DEEP and wide have been the researches prosecuted, and manifold and ingenious the theories broached, of late years, as to the relationship of the popular tales and fairy stories of different nations, and the way in which they sprang up originally, and in the course of time developed into the various fantastic and graceful forms which were the delight of our childhood, and ought still to yield amusement—aye, and instruction too—to our riper years.

Some account of their general scope and upshot ought to be interesting to our readers.

We generally find that anything which, or any one who, arrests attention, and becomes serviceable or entertaining, does not remain long without some attempt being made to chronicle the antecedents thereof; for, it must be admitted, we are all more or less under the influence of curiosity as to the past of whatever occupies our present, and

it becomes a sacred duty to learn the history of the objects of love and admiration.

That good fairy tales and fables come under this head is a fact which defies contradiction. People may pretend to dislike or despise them; but when they do so, only convict themselves of affectation or dulness. Any one who cannot appreciate such a selection of stories as that of Hans Andersen or the Brothers Grimm, need not flatter himself that he exhibits any elevation of taste or superiority of talent. On the contrary, he evinces symptoms of a rare type of deficient cerebral organization. Any phrenologist can tell him, no doubt, exactly what organ is lacking or undeveloped. I will confine myself to saying that the less said about such shortcomings the better; and if he persist in glorying in his shame, let him concentrate all his faculties on an effort to grasp the moral of the fable anent the "Fox without a Tail," and deny himself the pleasure of reading this article. It has always been a moot point with me whether "Beauty and the Beast" or "Puss in Boots" was my favourite; and I am inclined to think that the pathos of the one and the humour of the other hold alternate sway, according to my frame of mind. Many a time, when mourning over the degeneration of servants—which, by the way, upon reflection, I believe to be, to a great extent, imaginary—have I longed for an attendant as faithful and intelligent as Puss. Often have I treated these stories as allegories, and wondered at the number of interpretations they would bear, and the analogies they suggested. I can recollect thinking how very fond the persons who made them must be of children, and longing to know them, looking upon them as uncles in general to all boys and girls.

Since the time to which I allude, I have been taught that this delightful lore of the nursery was not made, but grew up gradually from remote ages, and that its first germs sprang into being in far-off regions of the East. Whether the Brothers Grimm intended their collections of German folk lore to amuse childhood, I know not; but it is certain that they were compiled in a spirit of philosophic research. Will any one continue to be too proud to pay attention to "popular tales" when they find that they have attracted the labours of *savans* and scholars, and been admitted into the sacred precincts of an —ology? Yes; Professor Max Müller has called them "the detritus

of ancient mythology," and Dr. Dasent actually gives them the title of "popular mythology."

It has been found that there is a remarkable correspondence, amounting to a family likeness, between many of the legends and popular stories of India, Persia, Russia, Scandinavia, Germany, and the Celts. My readers may remember a passage to this effect in the fourth chapter of "The Caxtons." Again, some of the stories bear traces of being grotesque corruptions or perversions of mythology proper. It may readily be inferred, then, that community of origin subsists between the different systems of European and Indian mythology, and this has been proved by analysis and comparison of the respective myths.

The advances made in the study of Oriental languages, especially Sanskrit, have given birth to a comparatively new subject—that of comparative grammar, which has at last established the science of language on a broad and secure basis, by proving to demonstration the affinity of all the principal Indian, Persian, and European languages. Comparative mythology does for myths and tales what comparative grammar does for words—it traces them up to a common source. The hypothesis that similarity of feature between the stories of different nations is to be accounted for by comparatively modern transmission or borrowing, is held by able and zealous advocates, but is contravened by the striking variety and strong individuality of development which generally accompanies the likeness or even identity of groundwork.

When we have traced tales, legends, and developed myths back to the parent myths which flourished in our forefathers' Asiatic home before the separation of the Aryan or Indo-European peoples, the question remains how these parent myths arose, and it has given birth to many rival theories. To discuss their respective merits would probably not be at all interesting to general readers; but a sketch of a very promising young theory, called the "solar" or "Dawn Theory," ought to while away a few minutes pleasantly, if properly executed. Its chief English exponents—as the music hall advertisements say—are Professor Max Müller and Mr. G. W. Cox. They hold that the myth grew out of metaphorical descriptions of natural phenomena. The use of metaphors in speaking of the apparent movements of the sun, of the alter-

nations of light and darkness, of atmospheric changes, the vicissitudes of seasons, and so forth, was a necessary result of the limited vocabulary at the command of primitive observers; so that the operations of nature were talked of as the acts and sufferings of conscious beings. For example, disappearance was expressed as death; sequence of phenomena as the relationship of child and parent, or pursuer and pursued. In process of time, the original physical interpretation of many of these metaphorical expressions was forgotten; as the radical meaning of appellative nouns was so lost, owing to the modifications of language, that they came to be regarded as proper names of human or superhuman personages.

Upon this the description of the processes and operations of external nature would necessarily, from the terms in which it was couched, be accepted as narrative of dramatic episodes of personal agents. Upon the dispersion of the Aryan family, these common themes met with great variety of treatment, according to the differences of climate and the local influences encountered by the several races in their wanderings and their new seats. Observe, for instance, the striking disparity, both of tone and detail, between the wild, grim myths of the Teutons and the serene, voluptuous mythology of the Greeks; with which, again, we may contrast the cold, passionless theology of Italy, as exhibited in the old Roman legends. Yet an identity of groundwork is to be traced through all discrepancies of superstructure.

This brief and bald statement of the general scope of the theory will suffice for my present purpose, as I do not propose to attack or defend it, but am anxious to pass on at once to familiar myths and tales, and exhibit them in the light of theory, no matter whether it be truth or illusion. For the nonce, then, I shall try to throw myself thoroughly into the spirit of the theory, thereby avoiding the prolixity or verbiage which would be entailed by presenting at one view both sides of the question.

We are told that, in the cases of gods of the various Pantheons, the consciousness of their physical character was generally maintained, so that they appear in the double character of anthropomorphic—human-shaped—impersonations and natural agents. But when the latter part was forgotten, the impersonations were regarded as semi-human

heroes and heroines, or mighty chiefs and beauteous ladies, who had passed away in days of yore, and left the earth to a feeble and degenerate race. Some of the deities, however, lost their primary or physical attributes by the overwhelming development of secondary attributes. Thus, Athene was regarded as the Goddess of Wisdom; and it needed more critical acumen than her worshippers were endowed with to see that she was the shining, wakening, and enlightening Dawn, who, in full panoply of burnished sheen, sprang from the forehead of the all-embracing sky-father, Zeus, armed with lance of piercing light. Aphrodite, again, the fair, warm Goddess of Beauty, the mother of young Desire, probably once represented the Dawn rising from the Eastern horizon; while her son, Eros, is Arusha, the Horse of the Morning, as he appears in the Vedic hymn. Daphne is the Dawn fleeing from the ardent Sun, Phoebus, who fades from his grasp on his reaching her, even as the tender tints are lost in the glare of broad daylight after sunrise. The incident of her transformation into a laurel—Daphne—is explained by the use of an equivocal appellation, which meant “the shining” or “the burning”—the laurel being celebrated for its powers of combustion. We may here observe that the constellation of “the Bear” is supposed to get its name from a confusion between its Greek name as “the shiner,” with the Greek for “a bear.” A similar confusion caused “the seven stars” to be called “seven ploughing oxen,” in Latin—*septentriones*—and “seven sages” in Sanskrit.

In the oldest Vedic hymns—those of the Mantra period—the germs which have developed into the complex and highly wrought myths of Greece are found either undeveloped, or in a process of growth remarkably distinct from the more Western produce. Thus, in cases wherein the etymological identity of Greek and Sanskrit names is obvious, only faint traces of similarity in the characteristics of the impersonations are observable. For instance, the charities or graces—the celestial antitypes of womanly beauty—appear in the East only as the Horses of the Sun, the Harits. The Vedic Ahana is simply the dawn, without the intellectual attributes of Athene. The name Erinnys is equivalent to the Sanskrit Saraynû—a feminine appellation denoting “one in motion;” but Saraynû is beautiful. She is spoken of as the Mare—the mother of twins. The Panis—the

dark thieves who steal Indra’s cows—turns up in the Homeric poems as the beautiful traitor Paris; while the lovely and frail Helen is not easily to be recognized in the divine greyhound Saramâ of the Eastern hymn. Hermes, or Hermeias, is the Vedic Sarameya, the son of Sarama. The Greek god of passionate love, Eros, is to be referred to the same origin as Arusha, connected with *arvan*, a horse—a Vedic epithet of the rising sun—which also appears as the independent name of a beautiful winged child, according to Professor Max Müller. Cerberus, the triple-headed dog which guards Hades, finds a namesake in Sarvara, or Sambara, one of the enemies slain by Indra. This deity’s great enemy, Vritra, the hiding thief, is degraded in Greek mythology into Orthrus, the two-headed dog of Geryones, the offspring of Typhon and Echidna, which latter name carries us back to the Vedic Ahi, the snake which Indra destroys.

The nickname of “Dawn Theory,” bestowed by unbelievers on the tenets of the school of mythological interpretation, which may be called Professor Max Müller’s, although he is by no means the only light and pillar thereof, was suggested by the number of heroines who are, according to their method, supposed to represent the dawn. To speak more accurately, we ought to say the waning and returning light—the soft, maiden-like brightness seen at the opening and close of day—rather than simply the dawn.

Eurôpe is understood to stand for daylight, generally carried over from the land of Cadmus—Kedem, the East—at the back of the bull Zeus, with which we compare the bull Indra, of the Vedic hymn, from whom the Dawn flees. Eurydice, again, is the wide-spreading flush of the Dawn; and her husband, Orpheus, possesses some solar attributes combined with others, such as his musical power, which must be referred to the wind. With him we may compare Amphion. Hermes is the wind, also; and the cows which he stole from Apollo are the bright sunlit clouds.

The cattle of Helios, consumed by the companions of Ulysses, are interpreted to be days. The goat-footed god of the woods, Pan, the lover of the pipe and the reed—Pitys and Syrinx—is the purifying breeze. The heroes who love, protect, rescue, or desert the lovely maidens who figure in the different legends are most of them repre-

sentatives of the sun, in one or other of his aspects. The fickleness and somewhat low tone of morality which is observable in classic heroes and gods is attributed to the originally physical phraseology out of which the myth grew, and is not the record of the *laches* of remote antiquity, nor the outcome of prurient invention.

The enemies and rabid monsters whom the children of light encounter with varied fortune are the powers of darkness, storm clouds, clinging mists, and the shades of night. Serpents and water-snakes—Hydras—are the commonest forms in which these ideas are invested. Then there are the Furies, Harpies, Gorgons, Graces, Centaurs, the Chimæra, Echidna, the Sphinx, and Cerberus. The Harpies, however, seem to embody mischievous and destructive winds or whirlwinds, rather than storm clouds sweeping over the sky.

Mr. Cox thinks the Furies—Erinnys—daughters of night, were originally dawn goddesses; the Stymphalian birds, the swans of legendary lore, are clouds;—the former dark and threatening, the latter beautiful and bright.

"The flocks of the Cyclops are the rough and misshapen vapours on which no sunshine sheds its glory; while the Cyclops—Polyphemus—himself is the oppressive and blackening mist through which glares the ghastly eye of the shrouded sun."

The myths of Hercules constitute the most complete and comprehensive drama of the vicissitudes of the sun. The snakes sent by Hera, the goddess of the upper air, which he strangles in his cradle, are dark clouds, and the monsters which he slays are all clouds or mists. His voluptuousness and his madness represent respectively the fructifying and raging heat of the sun. The notion of an inevitable doom of toil and suffering is common to all solar heroes. His death on the funeral pyre, upon the heights of Oeta, to which he resorts in the agony caused by the poisoned robe—of vapour—sent him by his wife, Deianeira—evening light—is a gorgeous sunset scene, in which the sinking luminary sheds the splendour of flame over the shreds and edges of the gathering smoke-like columns of mist.

The unhappy relations which often subsist between bright heroes and their parents is referrible to such phrases as "the day," or "the sun is born from night," "the day slays the night," or again, "one day must die be-

fore the next is born." *Œdipus* and *Perseus* are signal instances of the development of such ideas.

TABLE TALK.

WE FEEL MOST heartily thankful to Almighty God that at this time his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is in a less dangerous condition, and that we may hope, under the Divine blessing, for his happy and prosperous recovery from the dread malady that has laid him low, and for his restoration to his loving and loyal people.

CHRISTIAN AND JEW, Mohammedan and Fire-worshipper have prayed to the great Disposer of Events that, if He were so pleased, the Prince's life might be spared. Of all the anxiety of nations in his behalf the Prince is ignorant; but when he knows, how his heart will swell with noble feelings! Happily spared to his Mother's people, will he not dedicate his new life to following in the steps of his father? Let us believe that this will be.

WE WILL BRIEFLY state the course of events. On Monday morning, October 30th, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Carington, and others, left King's-cross station for Scarborough. On their way north they were joined by the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and the Duke of Beaufort. They arrived at Scarborough at seven o'clock p.m. The visit was spent chiefly in shooting. Nobody was ill except Lord Londesborough, their host. On Saturday, November 4th, the Prince and Princess returned to town. They left Marlborough House on Monday, the 6th, for Sandringham. On the 9th, his Royal Highness's birthday was celebrated in the usual way. On the 13th he felt unwell, and was treated for whitlow. He then went to Gayhurst, near Newport Pagnell, Bucks, on a visit to Lord Carington. The Prince returned to London in good health, dined at his club, and went to the French play afterwards. On his journey from London to Sandringham, he became seriously ill. Dr. Lowe called in the services of Mr. Clayton; and on the 22nd ultimo everybody read in the papers that the Prince's visit to the Maharaja Duleep-Singh, at Elvedon Hall, Thetford, was postponed on account of indisposition.

Since that date, the daily bulletins have told us of his Royal Highness's condition.

THIS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN the course of the fever. It is the peculiar property of enteric poison that it lights up a febrile action which is marked by elevated temperature, but it pursues its course with great regularity. The fever, in the case of his Royal Highness, pursued this course with great regularity for nearly four weeks, during which time the symptoms were entirely free from complication. On Friday morning, the 8th inst., the symptoms became suddenly of a most alarming character, and the case has since become greatly complicated. There has been a most alarming degree of bronchial irritation, great excess of secretion, and no muscular power to eject it from the air passages. Added to this, there has been a terrible reflex spasm. On Friday night and Saturday, the Prince's case became desperate—alternating, however, correspondently with the supervention or cessation of suffocative dyspnoea. It is a matter of congratulation that at this time we are assured the Royal patient was quite insensible to the apparent pain which drew tears from the eyes of those around his bed. We may also be thankful to the eminent medical men in attendance, who have so well and so faithfully supplied us with tidings of every change in his Royal Highness's condition. How different it was in the case of his illustrious father will be seen from our next note.

THE FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT of any kind in the *Times* that the Prince Consort was ailing appeared in the issue of the 12th of December, 1861—not as a separate paragraph, but merely as a part of the ordinary Court news.

"A bulletin of the health of the Prince Consort was issued this day:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince Consort is suffering from fever, unattended by unfavourable symptoms, but likely, from its nature, to continue for some time.

"JAMES CLARK, M.D.
HENRY HOLLAND, M.D.
THOMAS WATSON, M.D.
WILLIAM JENNER, M.D."

On the next day, Dec. 13th, still under the heading "Court Circular," was a second bulletin from Windsor Castle, signed this

time only by three of the physicians—Drs. Clark, Watson, and Jenner:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince Consort has passed a quiet night. The symptoms have undergone little change."

It was only on the morning of Saturday, the 14th—the day on which the Prince died—that the public mind was awakened to uneasiness by the publication, for the first time in large type and in a conspicuous part of the *Times*, of the following bulletin, now signed by the four physicians:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince Consort passed a restless night, and the symptoms have assumed an unfavourable character during the day."

To which was appended the ominous paragraph:—

"Saturday, Two a.m.

"Between one and two o'clock this morning, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales left the South-Western Railway terminus by special train, a message having been received by the Prince that his presence was required at Windsor Castle."

This sudden news, though the cause of no little anxiety to the nation at large, yet was far from exciting any very imminent alarm. In a brief article, the first published on the subject at all, the leading paper wrote calmly and confidently as to the issue of the illness. "At the present crisis, even the temporary loss of his services is a misfortune for the country;" and again, in conclusion, "The fever which has attacked him is a wearying and weakening malady; but it is well understood, and the treatment is in most cases effectual. The Prince has on his side youth and strength, an unimpaired constitution, and the ablest advice science can give; and we hope shortly to be able to publish a more cheerful bulletin than that of to-day."

At ten minutes to eleven on the evening of this melancholy 14th, the Queen was a widow, and the citizens of London learnt the terrible news as they were going to church, and heard the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral sounding its deep knell for the departed Prince.

CHRISTMAS DAY falls this year on a Monday, and this reminds me of some curious old lines from the Harleian MSS., which to

susceptible minds will have an odd significance when read by the light of recent events.

“If Christmas Day on Monday be,
A great winter that year 'twill be,
And full of winds both loud and shrill.
But in summer, truth to tell,
High winds shall there be and strong,
Full of tempests, lasting long,
While battles they shall multiply,
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born that day, I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen;
He shall be found that stealest aught—
Tho' thou be sick, thou diest not.”

On the last occasion of Christmas Day happening on a Monday, the *Pall Mall Gazette* took the trouble of commenting on these lines as follows:—“Here, it is said, are three prophecies—the wind, which lasted from January to well on in May; the war, which ended in Sadowa; and the rinderpest—all fulfilled this year after a Monday Christmas. The cattle plague, it is true, was a legacy from last year; but still the ancient prophet has proved himself a better man than Old Moore, and Zadkiel, and a score of modern pretenders;—better, too, than the moon, which has been singularly at fault this year, wind and rain coming on just as if we never had a change of moon at all.” For the present occasion, I will only advert to the last line of the quaint old prophecy—

“Tho' thou be sick, thou diest not.”

To how many English minds, not naturally superstitious, will these words have a touching interest in connection with the illness of our beloved Prince.

THE GENERAL DISCONTENT CONCERNING Mr. Street's design for the new Palace of Justice can hardly be gratifying to the architect himself. The critics, whether justly or unjustly, will have it that the whole thing is a hopeless, inharmonious jumble of four or five different styles; yet there is a common saying in France, that to constitute a perfect cathedral there should be “the spire of Chartres, the western front of Rheims, the nave of Amiens, and the choir of Beauvais.” Has Mr. Street been adopting something of the same principle in his scheme for our concentrated law courts?

KEY to the word game, “Buried Cities”:—

Where the va | le's bos | ky woods their shadows throw,
Where the soft | winds or | ruder storm-blasts blow,
There i | s a mos | sy bank whose flowers | lie
ge | mmed with dew—
The | bees to n | ever-ending sips inviting,

Whi | le Pan to | tune his reed delighting,
And leaf-crowned Sa | tyr one | inviting.
Id | ly on s | weetest beds of thyme to view
As fair a won | der, by | the hills concealed,
As mountain gor | ge or gia | nt forests yield.
A lovely spot: the bullfin | ch in a | grove,
| With a m | ost piping voice calls one to love;
Or | dove r | e-echoes each fond lover's sigh.
| Yon ne | ver quiet brook goes bubbling by,
And migh | ty rol | ls the flood of harmony.
Ah! I maintain in that de | ep som | bre shade,
The pro | per th | ing to do is but to dream,
And idly | con naught | but Dame Nature's book!
Whose page we | read in g | ently flowing stream,
An | d own | in every grass-bl | ade n | estling flower
| The bes | t of teachers for each summer hour.
A | s I on | a fair August eve here strayed,
I met as fair | a cre | ature as you'd see
In any reg | ion; a | nd f | rom e | yes that beamed—
I knew not sh | y or k | ind—she glanced at me.
Then I, with ar | dour—“O, | fair mistress, hear,
Quic | k end a l | over's pangs and ease
hi | s pain; |
Remem | ber, gen | tle girl, a moment's fear
In love is like an age. Therefore, 'tis plain,
That I bef | ore a des | pot here have bowed
A centu | ry de | spairing, and have vowed
Oaths I sup | pose n | o lover e'er before
In verse, | odes sa | pplic, lyric, or didactic swore.”
I pause, she breat | hes, se | rene my pulse quick beats,
A | s icily | on me an eager look she bends;
In whis | pers I a | djure her yet to wait—
If not in love, to let u | s part a | s friends.
“Tho | pe kin | d words, dear maid, from thee to hear,
A | gree, ce | lestial one, to be content;
Taxe | s or rent, o | r home, of these quite clear;”
Whi | le, in ster | n voice, I added, “Wealth is mine,
And al | l is bon | ded in the Five per Cent.!”
She spoke | at las | t, a sudden flash burst forth:
“With | cash—mere | trash!—with lu | cre te | mpt
me not.
From one who wealth would gra | sp, O let O | let
me flee!”
Righ | t roy | ally she spoke, and I forgot.
The worldly, and I ma | de a l | ast appeal.
Then she: “Thy speech with | al I can't | with-
stand.”
So did she loving softly lisp. A hand
Was placed in mine. She blew a silver | horn, |
A page appare | d, an | d | beer she ba | de him
bring,
And savoury | mess in a | fair dish be borne.
In has | te he ran | —whilst I like any king,
| At hos | pitable rites in prospect felt.
I bowed | me at h | er feet, while she, like queen
Seemed to my fan | cy; clad es | pecially
With taste in pictures | que bec | oming green.
Ah! c | an a polis | hed lover wish for more,
Than picnic with the maid he doth adore?

The first number of the New Volume, with New Year's Supplement, will be published on Monday, Jan. 1, 1872, price Fourpence. This Double Number will contain the first chapters of a most interesting Serial Tale, entitled *READY-MONEY-MORTIBOY*, a New Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne, and a Curious Paper, with Diagrams, showing what may be done with a Halfpenny Bundle of Wood, &c. In the New Volume of *ONCE A WEEK*, commencing with No. 210, a Cartoon will appear Weekly.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 209.

December 30, 1871.

Price 2d.

AUSTRALIA AS IT IS.—III. THE CULTIVATION OF THE OLIVE, ETC.



WE have given, in a previous article, a brief sketch of the cultivation of the orange in New South Wales,

and will now notice some of the other most interesting articles of cultivation in this richly favoured colony.

"Who would leave a fortune to his descendants," says the Italian proverb, "should plant the olive." And the people of New South Wales, having found out that the climate is propitious to the cultivation of this valuable tree, are acting extensively upon the advice. There is no more easily managed or profitable plant than the olive. If treated liberally, it will flourish in soils naturally arid and sterile, although it prefers deep and dry alluvial banks, the sides of moderate slopes, and flourishes among rocks and loose stones; and its productiveness is proverbial. There is an olive tree near Rome reputed to yield annually 240 bottles of oil; and individual trees are to be found in New South Wales of wide celebrity for their productiveness—the fruitfulness, in these cases, being imparted by the draining or wash from yards used for folding cattle and sheep.

The first specimen of the olive in New South Wales was imported, in 1805, by the

late John M'Arthur. In September, 1826, a violent equinoctial storm of wind and rain prevailed for several days; and during the gale, nearly the whole of the fine old olive tree was blown down. Previously to this, not a plant had been raised from it; but now the prostrate portion was cut up into junks of all kinds and lengths, the stouter pieces split into quarters, and the whole planted in nursery rows. Very few failed to grow, although some did not push out until the following spring; and the result was a thick grove of flourishing trees. To this accident may be attributed the establishment of olive-growing as an industry in the colony.

In the Exhibition at Sydney, olive oil was exhibited of two different seasons' growth—namely, of 1869 and 1870; the latter, though scarcely so bright, being better in flavour. The olives were gathered in a less mature condition than the year before; the oil was, therefore, more pure and nutty in flavour, although hardly old enough to have deposited all the sediment, as the oil of the olive seldom becomes perfectly clear before the first warm weather after being made. The trees from which these two specimens were produced were above thirty years old, and of perfectly luxuriant growth. The soil was a deep, well-drained, sandy alluvium, and had never received the least addition of manure.

To make oil of superior quality, the olives must be gathered before they are ripe, when only blotched with purple. At perfect maturity they are of a uniform deep brown purple, soon falling to the ground; and in that state, although yielding most oil, it never has the same pure nutty flavour as the produce of unripe fruit.

In the olive countries of the Continent, where little store is placed upon purity of flavour, the crop is allowed to drop from the trees, and is thus collected with far less trouble than the unripe, which requires to be pulled by hand. From the fallen fruit

is made, for the most part, the common description of oil, much employed for machinery and manufactories, known as "Galipoli oil."

A great portion of the produce of the most favoured oil districts is of this or little better quality, its rancid flavour not being unpalatable to the consumers generally. But in some celebrated oil districts—those of the South of France and Tuscany, for example—they strive to make it of the best quality, the increased value compensating for the diminished yield, and the greatly increased cost of gathering and collecting the crop.

The mode in which the colonists form their olive orchards is generally as follows:—A well-drained, deep, friable soil and subsoil is selected; when possible, very sandy, gravelly, or rocky soil will do; but if fertile so much the better, for the tree revels in rich, deep earth, if only well drained. The most favourite system is to commence getting the future olive ground into fine tilth and condition, by growing in it some suitable crop, with manure, so as to leave the land clear, and in a high state of fertility, with open holes, thirty to forty feet apart. Into these holes, in early spring, stout, straight branches, taken from a growing tree of productive kind, are inserted, care being taken that they are stripped of all their spray and leaves, leaving them, in fact, bare poles. These are fixed in the holes, at least twenty to twenty-four inches deep, and the latter are then filled up, leaving a small basin round each to hold water whenever there is danger of the land becoming too dry. The portion of the branch out of the ground is from four to six feet long, and as straight as can be got. Segments of roots are sometimes used in planting; but in this case it is considered best to rear them into young trees in a well-manured nursery. Often, when olive trees have attained to any size in a close plantation, stout, straight shoots, springing from the base of the trees, may be had. These answer best of all; and if severed by axe or adze with a few inches of the root-bark to form a heel, they will grow away at once, and probably bear the third year.

When the fruit is produced, the next business is to extract the oil. In the old olive-growing countries, mills and presses are constructed for properly grinding the fruit to a paste, and expressing the fluid from the solid parts. But among the colonists of New South Wales, a more primitive mecha-

nism at present obtains. The olives, when gathered, are passed through a common bean or corn crusher, the rollers being kept well apart the first time of being put through, and gradually made to work as close together as possible. The pulp is put through frequently, perhaps eight or ten times, and thus a better yield of oil is obtained. The pulp is next placed into gunny bags and sugar mats, and subjected for some time to the utmost power of the wine-press—a broad sheet of tin, turned up at the edges, being placed in the box of the wine-press to receive the oil, and convey it out without soiling the box. The liquid thus obtained is placed in large vessels, and the oil, as it rises to the top, is skimmed off and stored in jars or bottles.

But it requires some weeks before a complete separation can be effected, and several months before the oil attains perfect transparency. During the process of separating the oil from the watery parts great care is taken to exclude the light, otherwise the oil soon becomes rancid.

Another product of considerable value, to which the growers of New South Wales have lately begun to turn their attention, comes under the odd heading of capers. Like the olive, the caper—"the hyssop that groweth on the wall," of Scripture—is easy to propagate, grows freely, and is perfectly adapted to the climate of New South Wales. Few people have the least notion what the plant is like, or what part of it it is that constitutes the capers used as a condiment. The plant, then—which is regularly cultivated, to some extent, in the warm south-east corner of Provence, and grows wild upon old walls and ruins in Italy, Malta, and throughout the warmer shores of the Mediterranean—is a trailing, spiny shrub, in favourable situations rambling to a considerable extent, losing its leaves and younger branches in winter, and somewhat impatient of cold. In the later spring and summer it produces an immense number of beautiful flowers. The buds of these flowers, when quite small, constitute the "capers" of commerce. Every morning where they are grown, women and children pick the young buds, which are forthwith thrown into jars of strong vinegar, cold; and this is all the preparation they require. It is usual to sort them into sizes, and for the smallest sizes to bear a greatly higher price than the larger; but, in fact, the larger buds are just as good for use as the smallest.

The general mode of planting capers is in light, rich, well-drained land, at about eight to nine feet intervals. The land should be kept clear, and the capers be fully exposed to the sun. Watering them in very dry weather promotes their growth. If young plants are needed for propagation, the earth, before the frosts come on, is lightly drawn up over the whole plant, without pruning the young growth back, which is otherwise always done with the old plants. The greater part will then be preserved through the winter; and, being cut off in spring, make cuttings which, with moderate care, grow freely. This is the usual plan; but segments of the larger roots, an inch or more long, are also used, as with the olive. Although the caper is very hardy—enduring heat and drought—yet it is only in free, rich, deep soil, kept sufficiently moist through the summer, that it attains the greatest perfection. If it can be kept growing, as it would be under these favourable conditions, it will continue to produce its crop of flower-buds daily for full seven months in the year. Hence, in Provence, the caper is considered by far the most valuable product obtainable from a plot of ground of moderate extent.

Although the culture in New South Wales of such valuable sources of wealth as the olive, caper, and other trees—as of the mulberry, for silk-growing purposes—is, comparatively speaking, in its infancy, yet some of these agricultural industries have made remarkable advances for so young a colony. We need only refer to the cultivation of the tobacco plant. The manufacture of tobacco is stimulated by a duty of two shillings a pound on manufactured, and of a shilling on unmanufactured tobacco. There have been as many as forty establishments at work; but their number is now reduced to thirty-six, of which twenty-three are in the Hunter River district, in the neighbourhood of many of the tobacco grounds. The quality of the leaf, however, is at present hardly up to the required standard of excellence; and in the manufacture of cigars and tobacco, the growers are obliged to mix about one-fourth of imported tobacco with three-fourths of the home-grown article. The cigars made from colonial leaf have at best but a poor reputation, and are smoked only by those who cannot afford to buy the imported sort. The negro-head tobacco manufactured from colonial leaf is sold at two shillings a pound less than what is manufactured in America.

The best seed has been imported; but, for some reason or another, the standard of American excellence has not yet been attained. The farmers, however, are steadily improving in the cultivation and propagation of the leaf, and the limit of excellence has by no means been reached. Tobacco has been hitherto grown upon the alluvial lands on the river banks; but, although larger crops per acre are thus obtained, a superior quality is produced on lands less rich, though free from floods.

An experiment made a few years ago on the Lachlan River in tobacco growing resulted very successfully, so far as the quality of the leaf was concerned; and the colonists confidently anticipate that a large part of the south-western district will not only produce tobacco, but will supply the manufacturers with a better raw material than they have hitherto had.

The cultivation of the vine, too, has assumed a most important character in New South Wales. Some idea of the progress made by the colonists in vine-growing may be gained by the fact that, whilst in the year ending the 31st of March, 1865, the number of acres laid out in vineyards was 1,849, and the produce 161,298 gallons of wine, on the same date in 1870 the return was 3,906 acres, and 460,321 gallons: no bad improvement in five years. Besides this, about 1,000 tons of table fruit have been produced. There is an enormous extent of land suitable for vine-growing, and the occupation of a *vigneron* is daily becoming more attractive among the colonists. Large numbers of Germans are already settled in productive vineyards—generally their own property—throughout the counties of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Camden, and a considerable amount of capital is being invested in this thriving young industry in many parts of New South Wales. An idea once existed that the wines of that colony would not keep well, but this prejudice has since been satisfactorily dissipated.

We can find, perhaps, no better opportunity than at the conclusion of these notes on the agricultural products of New South Wales, of referring to a paragraph in our report on the fences employed by the farmers of the colony in enclosing their lands. Posts and rails and iron wire constitute the uniform pattern of Australian fences. Several different plants have been suggested as adapted for the purpose; but

none have as yet commended themselves for general use. Live fences, on our own good old-fashioned English pattern, certainly take up more room, take something from the soil, and require trimming; but then they are self-sustaining, they act to some extent as a protection against the wind, and they cast some shade—three important considerations. Yet very few are at present to be found in New South Wales; and the main reason for this seems to be that it is uncertain how far any thoroughly unexceptionable plant can be acclimatized that will make a hedge strong and thick enough for Australian use in the warmer parts. Hawthorn will grow to the south of Sydney, and on the table lands; but does not flourish so vigorously as in this country. The sweet-briar and furze have both been tried on the coast, but are considered objectionable on account of their tendency to spread—the seeds of the latter being blown about, and those of the former distributed by birds. The native thorn, *bursaria*, has succeeded moderately well in some places, but will not thrive where the soil is saline. The osage orange, the cockspur vine, and the acacia have also been slightly experimented on. The gardens, too, of the colonists lose much of their neatness of appearance by a too-frequent want of the trim borders and edgings so pleasing to the eye in our own gardens at home. Imagine using bricks and black bottles! As our report naively remarks—"They may be useful, but are hardly elegant." But the poor colonists, as yet, have not been able to help themselves. Box will not grow in or to the north of Sydney, nor will the daisy. The consequence is, that grass is generally used by the more tastefully inclined, and some have tried ivy as an experiment. It is in little deficiencies like these that the Englishman in New South Wales—for all the natural wealth surrounding him—is ever regretfully reminded of the familiar beauties he has left behind him in the old mother-country.

MYTHOLOGY AND FOLK LORE.— PART II.

THE whole cycle of Greek epic poetry consists of variously wrought and coloured repetitions of the one old story of the struggle between light and darkness, intermingled with ideas derived from the vicissitudes of the contest between summer and winter.

This point is most interesting, as it affects the origin of almost all our commonest phrases and episodes. To what would literature be reduced if we could eliminate every word or sentence which bore a vestige of Homeric or classic influence? The characters of Firdusi's great Persian epic, the "*Shahnameh*," have been traced back by M. Burnouf to the *Zend-Avesta*, as far as their names go; while, again, the principal names of the latter appear in forms but slightly different in the *Vedas*. An analysis of the Teutonic epics, the Norse *Saga of the Volungs*, of *Grettir*, and the *Helgi*, the better-known German "*Nibelungenlied*," and the Icelandic *Eddas*, will yield similar results. The same bright hero, with dark and hideous foes whom he overcame with the aid of magic weapons—which are, of course, rays of light—and the lovely maiden in distress, whom he loses and recovers only to lose again, are, in some guise or other, features common to all.

Even stories that purport to relate to historical personages—such as Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, or Charlemagne—are cast from the same plastic materials in the common mould.

Through the strong personal and local colouring of Greek dynastic legends, of the wealth of tales of magic and mystery which was found to have accumulated when the clouds of the dark ages were slowly dissipated by the rising sun of modern culture, and which form the basis of the romances of the middle ages, the tone imparted by the underlying solar element is discernible to the skilful and practised eye.

Into this overwhelming vortex of analytic criticism are swept our most cherished traditions, which we have fondly accepted as true history, wholly or in part, in spite of all the marvellous and supernatural traits whose authenticity has been a matter of feeling rather than of judgment. The world of living, breathing men is deprived of its most standard and conspicuous examples of power and courage, and we discover that fancy has fashioned them out of such impalpabilities as light and air.

Indeed, even the work of fancy has been less conscious and spontaneous than we are disposed to flatter ourselves is the case—as is obvious from the account we have given of the origin of the myths. These considerations are somewhat humiliating, especially

to those whose habit of mind has led them to draw comparisons between the past and present—of their kind, unfavourable to the latter. However, it is consoling to reflect that every trophy which we strip from the inventive faculty must be transferred to the power of perceiving and expressing analogies.

Whatever in narrative transcends the ordinary capacities of mankind is due to an intermixture of phrases applicable to the agencies and courses of external nature—not to a credulous belief in, or a fictitious introduction of, spiritual agencies. A succession of inevitable accidents of language has peopled the earth, air, sea, and sky with gods, demons, gnomes, tricky sprites, uncouth monsters—all unrealities founded on misconceived expression of realities, the influence whereof upon the whole sphere of human thought is utterly incalculable.

To return, however, from the general bearings of the theory to some familiar illustrations of its comprehensive scope. The legends which furnish the materials of the Laureate's "Idylls of the King," "Holy Grail," &c., naturally arrest attention.

The series of legends anent King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table exhibit frequent recurrence of the same myth under various forms, modified by the influence of Christianity. Arthur's mother, Tyraïne, answers to Alcmênê, mother of Hercules. He is wrapped in swaddling clothes of cloth of gold; he is brought up in lowly station; he draws the magic sword out of the anvil, like Sigurd and Theseus, and thus establishes his right to reign. In the struggle with Pellenore the weapon is broken, whereupon he gets *excalibur* from the Lady of the Lake. His wife Guinevere, like Helen, is faithless; Launcelot answering to Paris as the dark power who robs the sun of the light.

The legend of the Passing of Arthur needs no comment, as its interpretation is obvious.

What will the good folk of Coventry have to say to the suggestion that Lady Godiva was not a creature of flesh and blood, and, except on the one memorable occasion, of substantial drapery, but a representative of light, identical with the king's daughter in the story of "Allah-ud-Zeen," while Peeping Tom represents the mischievous breeze? The tale of "Beauty and the

Beast" is a popular form of the physical myth.

In their bright and genial aspect, breeze and vapour have given rise to myths of swans, nymphs, muses, and valkyries—the *apsaras* or water-maidens of Hindu epics—and also of fairies, pixies, and mermaids.

"In the 'Arabian Nights' the rushing vapour is the roc, which broods over its great luminous egg, the sun, and which haunts the sparkling valley of diamonds, the starry sky."

I refrain from delivering a judgment upon the amount of acceptance to which this theory is entitled, as my space does not allow me at present to discuss its merits or shortcomings. It is a matter of delicate investigation and careful balancing of perplexing items of testimony to determine where, through the enormous array of legendary and traditionary lore, the line is to be drawn which limits unmistakably physical elements. The subject allows of an infinite diversity of opinion; and every single story may be contested incident by incident, feature by feature.

Yet I cannot help thinking that, whatever be the upshot of the controversy—if the word be applicable—where enthusiasm on one side is pitted against mere ridicule on the other, whether a settlement of the question can ever be arrived at or not, a consideration of the hypotheses involved, and an application thereof to such specimens of folk-lore as come under our notice, will prove an useful mental exercise, calculated to strengthen our capacity for analysis, comparison, and discrimination.

The *prima facie* objection, which is advanced with all the pretension of at once quashing the comparative theory, that such a method of interpretation is competent to resolve episodes of real, unquestioned history into a tissue of physical phraseology, has specious attraction out of all proportion to its soundness and validity. If metaphorical expressions, drawn from the actions and sufferings of mankind, were used to indicate the phenomena of external nature, conversely the events of real life must be described in language which finds parallel in some or other of the aforesaid metaphorical expressions.

The assumptions of the solar theorist by necessity includes the fact on which the plausible objection which has evoked so

much witticism is founded; so that it ought not to go for much in serious discussion of a most interesting and not unimportant study.

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER LII.

CLARINDA'S CONFESSION.

MY agitation was laid to my fright at getting lost in the crowd, and my rushing after Sir Everard to have one word with him ere he left the house, to my increasing attachment for him. So people are continually ascribing false motives, and are generally wrong in their estimates and opinions. 'Twas but to whisper, in an agony of supplication—

"Sir Everard, you will not fight—for *my sake*, you will not fight!"

"For *their* sakes!" he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"For all sakes. These duels are terrible, and they settle nothing."

And I shuddered.

"I will do what I can, Grace; but I can make no promise."

I clasped my hands.

"Jack is so hasty. He did not mean it."

"He must make his own apology."

But that I knew Jack would not do in his present temper; therefore I returned like one distracted, determining to sit up until Jack should come home, and try what impression I could make upon him.

"You are tired, Grace," said my mother, as I sat alternately making an effort to converse, and dropping off to sleep. So at last I was obliged to go to bed; but still I tried to keep awake, and I wonder that the terror I was in did not prevent my closing my eyes. But I suppose that the fatigue I had gone through, and also my mental exhaustion, proved too much for me, and that the vain attempts I made to keep awake did but increase my drowsiness; and so I sank into a deep slumber, which lasted far into the next morning.

The first question I asked of Jenny was whether Colonel Selwode was stirring.

"Oh, yes, he has been up for some time," Jenny said.

Then I sent a message to bid him not leave the house until I had seen him, and

received for answer that he would do my bidding.

I took a cup of chocolate whilst Jenny was arranging my hair, and dressed as speedily as my trembling fingers would permit. Jenny, doubtless attributing all my mistakes and nervousness to the fact of my being in love, made allowance accordingly; and, in her heart, I knew that she was sympathizing with me, as she had passed through her own experiences with Thomas, who was exalted to a higher position in Clarinda's household, though there were no premonitions at present of his being made Lord Mayor of London.

I was dressed at last, and descended, to find Jack furiously pacing the breakfast-room, and pouring forth a flood of eloquence to Harry and Clarinda, who were sitting listening to him with different degrees of emotion.

"I have long told Clarinda so," says Harry. "I have never believed that Grace's heart was in it."

Here, seeing me, he stopped; but Jack said—

"Go on, Harry, and see if you can't persuade her out of it, as I would do. The man's a knave and a coward."

"Nay, Jack—no coward," says Harry, "you are wrong there. He probably knew no more of Mr. Lydgate's hurt than you did; and the push might have been partly accidental."

"He's false, at any rate," answered Jack. "He's a spy—a traitor. 'Twas he, and no other, who stole into the camp—he who got in openly through my father's letter to me, and then turned round and blackened the Duke in those vile papers. I've got my proofs. He can't gainsay me. I would quarrel with him on that ground alone; and would have quarrelled, as Grace knows well enough, but she persuaded me out of it. But go on, Harry, go on. Grace, listen to what Harry is saying."

But 'twas not so easy for Harry to continue his speech.

"Better let well alone," said Clarinda, turning very white. "You were always too fond of quarrelling, Jack."

"Clarinda!" exclaimed Harry, "how can you call it well? All that Jack said before Grace came is true. I've seen it all along. She does not love this man. If 'tis for ambition's sake she is marrying him, 'tis for you, as her sister, to bid her pause—for you

as a woman, Clarinda, even if you were not her sister. Think of our own love, Clarinda. Go back to the old times when I used to come down to Selwode with the verses that Uncle Oliver used to laugh at, and the rest to praise; when we wandered up and down the terrace, and saw nought but a golden bloom upon the earth; when we roamed the woods and fields, and heard no breath of wind, no song of bird so sweet as our own voices. I often go over the old days, Clarinda—made sweeter than ever by the present; for they mingle with the love that nought disturbs, from day to day, carrying it on in an unbroken chain, making it to bud forth new and fresh, making an ever-living spring in the summer of our married days. Think of our happy married life, and plead with your sister not to bring upon herself a lot so different, which she must have if she marries Sir Everard Tylney. By our own true, earnest love, by our happiness, I entreat you to try and turn Grace from her mad infatuation."

Harry was standing, leaning over Clarinda's chair, his arm upon it. Now and then he raised himself upright, his face beaming with heartfelt emotion, whilst his voice was tender and persuasive, touching me more than the bitterest invectives against Sir Everard could have done; and I looked at Clarinda to see how she bore it.

She had folded her hands tightly together, to keep down the strong emotion that agitated her. Her face was very pale, and I knew she was astonished at her husband's eloquence.

"Why, Harry!" said she, "why couldn't you always speak like that? 'Tis almost poetry."

"'Tis truth," said Harry. "Can you not feel that 'tis? Clarinda, will you not help me to save your sister?"

"How can I, Harry?" says she, trembling and looking frightened.

"How can you?" says he, with almost a burst of indignation; "why, tell her to look at our life, and see what 'tis—to look at our little ones, growing up in an atmosphere of love and confidence; and then to picture a future for herself as unlike all that she now sees as darkness is to light—a future full of misery, distrust, and danger."

"But Grace has made up her mind," says Clarinda, "and 'tis hard to persuade—"

She stopped; for even she was ashamed

to utter the falsehood in the light of her husband's truth.

"Look at her," said Harry, taking me by the shoulder, and turning me so that the light fell full upon me—"look at her, and tell me, did ever such a poor pinched face, distressful eyes, and quivering lips, tell of a peaceful mind and happiness unfeigned?"

And indeed they did not. Clarinda gave one hasty glance, and perchance her heart smote her, for she gave a start—

"Grace, child, thou lookest ill enough!"

"I shall feel better soon," said I, trying to break from Harry. "I was affrighted last night. 'Twill be better soon."

But Harry held me fast.

"You shall not go," said he, "until Clarinda has at least added her petition to mine. Clarinda! I entreat, I beseech, I command you, by our own unwavering, constant love, to urge your sister to give up this marriage."

"I cannot," says Clarinda, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Cannot!" says Harry. "Grace, would Clarinda's words have no more effect than mine? Nay, if we on our knees mingled our prayers in one, would you still insist upon marrying this man?"

"I would," said I.

My voice was so clear, so decided, that it startled even myself. The others, I could see plainly, were struck by it.

Harry was vexed.

"I have done my best," said he. "See if you can do aught, Jack, for I must go."

"I will defer my pleading till to-morrow," said Jack, turning to leave the room.

"You must not leave the house till I have spoken with you, Jack," I said, clinging to him.

"There is plenty of time for that," he returned—"I am not going out until after dinner." Then he whispered, as he disengaged himself from my grasp—"Do not be so incautious." And he left me standing like a statue of despair.

Harry was about to follow him, and had reached the door, when suddenly Clarinda called to him—

"Harry!"

There was something in the tone that made Harry look at her anxiously.

"Are you not well, Clarinda?"

"Yes. Shut the door—sit down."

He did as she desired; and then there came a long, uncomfortable silence, in

which my heart beat even faster than Clarinda's. What was she about to do? As she stood there—with her face half averted, with her twitching lips nerving themselves into quiet, with her hands folded upon her breast, quiet yet all unquiet—what did she purpose? Since there was no escape for me, why need she fall in Harry's estimation.

"Clarinda," said I, as I sprang towards her, "'tis useless *now*—it will not alter my determination."

But she pushed me aside, whilst Harry gazed at us in amaze.

"I was scarce thinking of you," she said, huskily. "Harry—Harry, do you indeed love your wife as you have said? Do you indeed believe her worthy of such love as you have spoken of to-day?"

"I do."

"And if you found that she was unworthy of such devotion—that she had been blind, and foolish, and vain, and imprudent—would it not change your mind?"

"I know," said he, putting his arm round her, "that my little wife has had her vanities and follies—that 'twas, perhaps, but natural; yet my heart has not changed towards her, nor hers towards me."

She threw his arm away from her—she started back, and looked at him almost as despairingly as I had ever looked.

"Harry, I am not worthy of it! Harry, I have deceived you—I have trifled with your love; and 'tis to hide my folly from being made known that Grace is sacrificing herself by this marriage with Sir Everard Tylney."

Harry seemed stupefied. He looked from the one to the other as though he had not heard—or, any rate, had not comprehended what had been said.

And then Clarinda, having made a plunge, swam boldly in the tide—beginning at her first pleasure at Sir Everard's admiration, of his following her to Selwode, of the lock of hair, her letters, and the whole subsequent history, with more truth than might have been expected from her.

"Harry," she ended up, "why could you not have spoken to me before as you have done to-day? Why could you not show me, from your own lips, what Grace has always striven to make me understand—that my husband is a far worthier, nobler man than Sir Everard Tylney? And to-day—when, by my confession, I lose his love and esteem

for ever—I am bound to feel, also, that I love and honour him as I have never done before."

She stopped. But Harry spoke not. He stood as one stricken—his face telling of his grief of heart. Good, simple Harry! What an unlooked-for evidence against his honest eloquence!

"I know that you can never forgive me, Harry—that you will despise me—that—"

He motioned her to be silent.

"Grace," said he, with quiet dignity, "you must not make this sacrifice for us. We must bear our own burdens."

There was a pathos in the manner in which he at once took the burden upon his own shoulders, without a word of reproach to his wife.

"Harry!" she cried—"Harry, will you not speak to me?"

But that was not in his power at present; and his honest face looked so dejected and downcast, that I felt I would have made almost any sacrifice to have spared him what he was now suffering. Such a blight to fall among the flowers that had flourished so fairly!

Yet, withal, there was a strange, determined look upon his face as he strode towards the door.

Fear had made my senses acute.

"You must not go to *him*," said I. "'Tis all settled. Clarinda's lock of hair I shall be able to deliver into your hands myself. Harry, let there be no scandal. Clarinda has suffered deeply for her vanity and folly: let her confession atone for it. Harry, had she not loved you, had she not repented, she would never have humbled herself to make it. Harry, forgive her!"

But he put me aside.

"I must judge myself of what I ought to do," said he, sternly.

Oh, these false ideas of honour! As if a sword-thrust could clear a man's conscience, or give true satisfaction to another! Oh, this murder that gentlemen defend, on the ground that 'tis the only gentlemanly way of settling disputes!

I knew well that Harry had but one thought in his head, and but one errand in view, and that errand was to Sir Everard Tylney.

Again I said—

"You must not go."

And I endeavoured to detain him. But 'twas unnecessary: at that moment the door

opened, and Sir Everard Tylney walked into the room.

"I hope you have slept away your fright," said he to me. And then he turned to greet Harry and Clarinda.

Harry neither took his offered hand nor bowed acknowledgment of his gracious bow. He drew himself up stiffly, and regarded Sir Everard with a look of scorn.

For an instant Sir Everard was at a loss to understand. He darted a glance at me, as if to ask—"Do these two know all that happened last night?" Though had he supposed that likely he would scarce have come so gaily and full of indifference to-day.

But Clarinda, who seemed nerved up to her utmost pitch of courage and right feeling, spoke out—

"Sir Everard, I have been making a confession to my husband."

With all the clear-sightedness of a profound diplomatist, Sir Everard saw the case as plain before him as though he had been present at the scene which had just taken place.

If he was disconcerted, however, he had tact enough not to show it, and answered, with the utmost coolness—

"Indeed! I hope it has proved satisfactory."

"Sir Everard," said Harry, speaking for the first time, "that you must answer to me."

"Nay," said Sir Everard, "let us have no family quarrels over trifles. Here," said he, thrusting his hand into his breast-pocket, and pulling out a small packet—"here is your ringlet, and here your letters." And he tossed them somewhat contemptuously towards her. "Captain Fanshawe," said he, "I congratulate you upon your wife's having found out at last that 'tis better to be satisfied with her own husband."

There was such a sneer in his tone that I felt that, if I had been a man, I should have borne it no better than Harry or Jack would do.

Clarinda clutched the packet. I think her relief was so great that she scarcely heeded Sir Everard's contempt of her; though, when she should come to think it over quietly, doubtless it would be galling enough.

Harry was white with passion.

"You are a coward, Sir Everard!" said he.

"That is not true," answered Sir Everard, drily—"and you know it, Harry. 'Tis for the sake of my little Grace that I wish to smooth matters over, and let bygones be bygones."

"That excuse shall not avail you," returned Harry. "If Grace chooses to lower the family by marrying a knave, a villain, and a coward, it shall not suffice to shelter you from my just indignation. But it seems to me she is released from her engagement now."

"By no means," said Sir Everard, calmly. "Grace is bound to me by stronger ties than this paltry affair. But yours are hard words, Captain Fanshawe—though I make all due allowance for them. You are naturally upset by what has occurred, therefore I do not heed them now. You must repeat them again at another time, and not before these ladies, if you wish me to take any notice of them."

I thought Harry would have sprung upon him, and I could have exonerated him if he had done so. But he controlled himself—he saw that this was not the time to enter into further contention. Besides, even as he curbed the sudden impulse, Clarinda fell fainting at his feet.

He hesitated one moment as he looked at her unconscious form. Perhaps he thought that so she might look in death, when 'twould be past his power to tell his wife how he still loved her, and how his old faith and tenderness were pleading with him for forgiveness of all her faults and follies.

One moment only he hesitated—the next he raised her in his arms, and printed one kiss upon her cold lips.

"My wife—my own wife!" he said, softly. Then he looked straight at Sir Everard. "Sir Everard," said he, "you shall hear from me."

I think Sir Everard must have felt a little ashamed of himself when Harry had gone. He could scarce, I think, help contrasting Harry's manly bearing with his own conduct.

"Grace," said he, soothingly, "do not be alarmed. For thy sweet sake, I will forbear all quarrel with thy brothers. For the rest, what happens must be left in my hands. But this troublous time will soon be over, and then we shall laugh over it all in the security of the future."

But, though I said nought, I was not

comforted. My fears pointed to Mr. Lydgate, whom I knew Sir Everard feared and hated in his heart of hearts.

CHAPTER LIII.

I CONSULT WITH UNCLE OLIVER.

AS soon as I had time to commune with myself—after the strange and, I may say, almost tragic events that had occurred—two things suggested themselves to me.

First, that Clarinda was safe now, and 'twould all go well between her and Harry. For that I was thankful—perhaps more for his sake than for hers, since I felt that she well deserved all that she had suffered, and probably would suffer, through her folly.

Secondly, that Sir Everard Tylney must be very confident of the second check he had upon me, or else he would not have so lightly loosed his hold over Clarinda. And when this latter conviction forced itself upon me in all its bearings, closing up every channel of hope that I might have had of an escape from it, I seemed more fully to realize my position than I had ever done before; and I could not help wondering how Sir Everard, having quarrelled with Jack—though, to be sure, Jack began the quarrel—and having insulted Harry, and brought the anger and dislike of us all three upon him, should still insist upon making himself one of our family by the unworthy means he was using—means of which a true gentleman would disdain to avail himself.

I felt as though I could no longer bear my burden alone—as if I must speak out my trouble to sympathizing ears, or I should sink under it. And yet I could not confide in my mother, through my promise to my father; neither could I confide in my father, for I knew he would take any risk or danger upon himself sooner than I should sacrifice myself. I might, under the strictest promise of secrecy, confide in Jack—and it might prevent his insisting upon a meeting with Sir Everard, which I knew was in agitation; and I started up to go in search of him.

But, meeting one of the servants in the passage, I learned that Jack had gone out an hour since. And I had not spoken to him!

I had thought he would come to me, and he had not done so. And yet, why should he have done so, since he had told me at what hour he was going, and had gone no earlier?

I was at my wits' end; and, sitting down, I covered my face with my hands, and felt

as though I were utterly forsaken. Then all at once I thought of Uncle Oliver, and how he had bidden me come to him in case of any repentance I might feel at my engagement. Then my spirit rose again. I would make Uncle Oliver my confidant. Why had I not gone to him before?

So I ordered a coach, and drove to Uncle Oliver's lodgings, and by good luck found him at home, sitting over his cheery fire—for the March winds blew cold, and the air was chill.

But he was not reading, as usual. His face wore a troubled expression; and when he raised his eyes to see who had come, he did not smile as usual, but only said—

"Sit down, child. What hast thou to tell me?"

But when I had got thus far, and had come into the region where I expected to find help, my terrors returned upon me, and made me feel that all was hopeless; and I sat down beside Uncle Oliver, and, leaning my head upon his shoulder, I gasped out—

"Help me—oh, help me!"

"Hast come to thy senses, Grace?" said he.

"No more than ordinary," said I. "But, Uncle Oliver, 'tis not so much of myself as of others I would speak. I am in terror for everything and everybody. I don't know what will happen, if 'tis not happening now. Sir Everard—Jack—Mr. Lydgate! Uncle Oliver, you must stop them—they must not fight. I dare not speak to any one but you. You will help me—"

"Are you crazed, child?" said Uncle Oliver. "How can Philip Lydgate fight, when he's lying on his bed with a broken arm that isn't likely to let him move for some weeks to come?"

"Heaven be praised," said I, fervently.

"Not much to be thankful for," said he.

"It is—it is, if you knew all."

"You are as incomprehensible as Jack," he replied. "He's been here, stamping, and raging, and declaiming—more like a madman than anything. Sir Everard, it appears, won't fight him—so he's safe enough, too—and he wants to know how a man that won't fight can be made to fight, and it's more than I can tell him. He says he will proclaim Sir Everard as a coward wherever he goes, and—"

"Nay," I interrupted, "he must not do that. We must not anger Sir Everard."

"Eh?" says Uncle Oliver, looking sharply

at me. "And why must we not anger Sir Everard? Out with it, Grace. I knew there must be some mystery. Out with it, child—you'll feel all the better for putting your trust in me."

"I think I should," said I, laying down my head again—"if I dare."

"Grace," says he, lifting up my head, and looking at me with his old fond look, "Grace, child, tell me everything: 'twill be one of the best days' work you ever did—for these last weeks have been lying very heavy at my heart."

And then I told him all that I knew of my father's rashness; and how Sir Everard had in his possession a treasonable letter of my father's, writ to M. Chamillard.

"Does Ralph know of this?" interrupted Uncle Oliver.

"He knows of the letter, and has felt much anxiety about it; but he believes that there is now no danger from it."

Uncle Oliver meditated for some little time ere he replied; then he asked—

"Does thy father know the price of his safety?"

I started—for how came Uncle Oliver to know of this, since I had not told him? But he took it for granted so unhesitatingly, that, even had I had the will to do so, it would have been useless to try to deceive him.

"No, no—he does not know. He must never know, Uncle Oliver."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Uncle Oliver.

"I see it all. What is the letter about?"

"I don't know," said I; "but 'tis sufficient to hang him in these days."

"Ralph had no business ever to meddle with politics," said my uncle. "He's too hot and too hasty, and plunges rashly in where another man would even fear to dip his fingers. 'Tis an unfortunate business; for, if it had not been for this, I could have rid thee of thy lover. I've had it in reserve, if I could find out that thou wast not altogether a voluntary agent—as I have suspected that thou wast not, all along. But I never anticipated this. Ralph to be mixed up in their plots!—'twill never do. I don't see how I can help thee, child, without injury to thy father."

He sat down, looking so grave that I felt 'twas all over, and that there was truly no escape for me—which I was half beginning to think there might be, since Clarinda had got free so well. And, in my heart, I could not help knowing that if it had not been for

Clarinda's folly, my father would never have been drawn into an intimacy with Sir Everard. And yet, she who was the mainspring was clear of all trouble, and it fell upon me instead. How unjust everything was in the world! And people might as well do wrong as right, since this was to be the end of it, and the innocent were to suffer. And this, it seemed to me, was the constant experience of life. Perhaps I was wrong in arguing thus; but everything seemed very hard to me at that moment.

Presently, Uncle Oliver looked up.

"Dost know, child, that this brilliant lover of thine is deep in the Jacobite interests for all his apparent moderation; that a patent of nobility is made out for him at the Court of St. Germain; and that the future is to see him high in the English Administration, which he would never be under present circumstances? There is no end to the ambition of the man. 'T would have been better by far if he had taken a fancy to Charlotte Furnaby."

"Charlotte likes him," said I, brightening up a little, and half cogitating as to whether 'twould be possible to make a transfer. There was a sort of comfort in discussing the matter with Uncle Oliver, even if it came to nothing.

"If we could send him after thy uncle Furnaby," said my uncle, still pursuing his own train of meditation. "I don't believe that Mr. Harley has a spark of Jacobitism in his heart, only he plays fast and loose with all parties, as best suits his convenience. Mrs. Masham is a staunch partizan, and would fain have the Queen name her brother as successor. But Mr. Harley won't scald his fingers again in a hurry, whatever hopes he may hold out to the infatuated faction."

And again my uncle sank into a reverie.

Suddenly he roused himself.

"There's no fear of a duel just yet," said he.

"Unless Jack insults Sir Everard past bearing," said I—for I had not my uncle's faith in the matter.

And, indeed, when I returned home again, I began to think I had good cause for my incredulity.

Jack did not come in until the evening was half over, and then he was very quiet; and there appeared to me—for I watched him narrowly—to be a sort of constraint about him, and he was more than usually tender towards my mother and me, and did not contradict anything my father said

against the Duke—which was usually one of the sore points in their discussions. And then he retired to his own room, saying that he had some letters to write; and when I went—as I often did—to speak to him the last thing, I noticed a large letter addressed to Aunt Hetty, and I could not help seeing that the sheet before him began, “My dearest—dearest Magdalen.” I moved my eyes away directly, but still it gave force to my suspicions; and, looking up at Jack, I took both his hands in mine, saying—

“Jack, is there aught upon your mind to-night?”

He started.

“Nonsense, child,” said he.

But just then my quickened eye caught sight of a glistening blade, half covered with a coat that had been thrown hastily over it as I entered. I pointed to it.

“Jack!” said I.

And we looked at one another for a minute or more.

“Thou dost not love this man, Grace,” said he—“else I had forborne.”

“What am I?” I exclaimed. “Thou art destroying thy father. What matter what happens to me, miserable as I am? Oh, Jack!—oh, Jack! you might have spared me this!”

“Grace!” said he, bewildered.

“Sir Everard has power to prove treason upon my father—he holds the proof in his hands. Jack, we dare not anger him!”

Jack went very white; but ’twas with passion, not fear.

“The mean, despicable villain!—the coward, as I said he was! My father a reasonable man! A truer, more honourable, loyal subject never lived; and I would declare the accusation a base lie in face of all the seeming proof that might appear in its favour. Grace,” said he, “thou art a brave girl. Ask me no questions—leave me to do what is right—and all shall end to the honour of the family. You must trust me, Grace. I will do nought to shame any one.”

“Jack,” said I, “if ’tis as I suspect—and you don’t deny—’tis all wrong, ’tis murder, and nothing else.” Then, with a lucky thought, I added—“what would Magdalen say?”

“Magdalen—poor little Magdalen,” said he. “I haven’t seen her yet.”

For Jack had determined that my father should give his approval of the marriage before he went down in form to Selwode to

win his bride;—though, for the matter of that, she was won already, and Jack knew it, so his mind was undisturbed on that score.

“Jack,” said I, “your letter is to bid Magdalen good-bye, in case—in case—”

And I could get no further.

Jack was moved.

“Grace, you must not talk in that way.”

“And if you—if you kill Sir Everard,” said I, with a great effort, “’twill be no better. Jack—Jack, I beseech you—”

“And I beseech you, Grace, not to talk nonsense. What has put it into your head that I am going to fight at all? We’ve been talking foolishly. Go to bed. You don’t know anything about my letters. Good night, child—it’s growing late. Don’t raise an alarm with your fancies.” And he laughed, but not naturally, it seemed to me; and, kissing me, he pushed me gently out of the room, again saying, “Don’t frighten yourself—’twill be all right in the morning. Sleep off your fears.”

I could not make out whether Jack was in earnest or not. Did he mean to contradict what he had certainly admitted? He might know that I should be in a state of distress about it; and how could he possibly think that I should sleep with so great a weight upon my mind?

I went to my room, but my fears were too greatly alive to let me rest; and I determined that I would watch, and that, if Jack should attempt to steal a march upon us, I should be ready to give an alarm. I threw myself upon the bed without undressing, merely wrapping a thick mantle around me, so that, at a sound, I should be ready to spring up.

I kept awake for some hours, and heard the clock strike—twelve!—one!—two!

I may have dozed a little; but if I did, the warning chime for which I listened—even in my sleep—always roused me.

Then I fell asleep, but the stroke of three awoke me. ’Twas dark, and there was silence throughout the house; and I drew the coverlet of the bed around me, for I was shivering with cold. Then I closed my eyes again, and in due time the clock struck four.

Still all was quiet, and the morn was chill. The sun would not rise for more than an hour; and as I looked from the window, the outer world was wrapped in a mantle of gray, scarce a shade lighter than its night garment.

My eyes ached for want of sleep. My ears ached with the perpetual strain of listening.

Hark! what was that?

I was not tired, nor sleepy, nor shivering now. I was awake, and the dense gray was paling.

What was that?

NOTHING FOR NOTHING.

THE dog in the fable who drops his meat in the river to snap at the shadow is grossly libelled. Canine sagacity cannot be so imposed upon, and a dog will not part with the bone that he has for the chance of getting a lump of meat. A dog may be excessively greedy, but withal he is too wise to let go the little bird in his mouth for the sake of trying to catch the big bird in the bush. Man may not be so greedy as the dog, but assuredly he is not equally prudent. His judgment being dazzled and dazed by golden visions, he barter his solid competence for castles in the air. *Experientia docet* saith the adage, but it is not true. Thousands of households are broken up, thousands of families are ruined by speculation; yet thousands are ready to stake their money on the same game. Sheer gambling is immoral, and almost always fraught with ruin; but it is not absolutely without reason. It is possible that you may win at roulette or *rouge-et-noir*, or in the betting ring, or on the Stock Exchange. The odds may be a thousand to one against you, but there is the one chance in your favour. Now, with the speculations in which country clergymen, widows, and retired tradesmen are content to dabble, there is no certainty of a single chance in favour of the speculator. Do you believe in the dreams of the alchemist? Do you think that lead can be transformed into silver, and copper into gold? Of course not. But are you much wiser than the alchemist?

At this time, there are a score of new schemes per week for getting rich suddenly. Come, dear friends, on Tom Tiddler's ground, and pick up gold and silver. The entrance fee is trifling, and you can fill a cart with the precious metal in less than no time. Or, to vary the cry, "Shut your eyes and open your purse, and see what I will send you." To people of small means, the temptation is great—is almost irresistible. Of all the virtues, providence is the hardest to

practise. It involves constant self-denial, and battling with pride and the innate craving for luxuries. The tempter whispers in the ear of the man who is making a modest provision for old age and for his children—"My dear fellow, why do you grovel on in such a miserable manner? Why don't you make a fortune at once? Sell your Consols, and buy shares in the Patent Moonshine Bottling Company (Limited). You incur no risk; and instead of a poor three per cent., you will realize from thirty to sixty per cent.!" Well, to people who are entrapped by such monstrous proposals we have not a word to say. *Si populus vult decipi decipiatur*. But there are thousands who are tempted to invest in enterprises that are not mere moonshine, yet are not the right sort of investments for those who are ruined if they lose their stake. It is to the small capitalist, it is to those who have little, that we wish to offer a few words of counsel. We shall make a plain appeal to reason.

It is a true saying that "high interest means bad security." We do not assert that there is no such thing as luck, for the assertion would be contradicted by a reference to the share list. Some shares sell for four times their nominal value, and the original shareholders were fortunate. But no one can be sure that a new enterprise will yield an abnormal return. If a man had a scheme certain to return ten per cent. on the capital invested, he would be a fool to spend sixpence in advertising for capital, because there is abundance of capital for investment, and he has only to ask in Lombard-street for what he wants. Here, then, we come to a solid fact, which intending investors should bear in mind: for every shilling of interest above the usual rate—say four or five per cent.—that is promised, you must incur at least a proportionate risk. If you will speculate, do so with your eyes open. Do not be gulled with the idea that you are only changing your three per cent. Government stock into ten per cent. joint-stock shares. What you are really doing is giving up a certain three per cent. for the chance of a ten per cent. investment. Do not be deluded by reports, certificates, and eloquent promises. The reports may be true, the certificates may be authentic, and the promises may be fulfilled; but in the meantime the result is uncertain, or else the big capitalist, who has money bringing him in no more than three or four per cent.,

would take care that you did not have a finger in the pie. If you will speculate, do so; but be aware that you are speculating, and not bartering certainty for certainty.

The language of a prospectus is always positive, but it should be transposed into the subjunctive or doubtful mood. The promoter says—"If you buy my shares you will get a large interest." The investor should say—"If I buy his shares I may get large interest, and I may lose my money. Can I afford the loss?"

Perhaps the most tempting speculations are foreign loans. The proposals are so grandly worded. The borrower is a Government; the documents are signed by Ministers of State; the honour of the Government is pledged; the revenues of the State are pledged; the resources of the State are prodigious. The railroad is to be made across a land flowing with milk and honey; the customs revenue of the magnificent ports is to be counted by millions; the produce of the country, only waiting for roads to transport it to the coast, is sufficient to feed a score of worlds. It is confidently expected that beneath the soil is a bed of gold. It is believed that silver mines and diamond mines are to be found. Lend your money at ten or twenty per cent., and you shall have the El Dorado of creation for security.

Our fathers had a weakness for Spanish stock: the price was so low, the interest was so high, and the natural resources of Spain were so marvellous. So there was quite a rage for Spanish. Men turned their savings into Spanish; widows took all they had to their brokers, and bought Spanish. Thousands of families were ruined. The perfidy of Spain was properly denounced; but were the speculators free from fault? They bought Spanish under the impression that it was as good as the Bank of England. Was it in strictest morality honest to give Spain so much less than her securities were worth? We do not excuse the perfidy of Spain, and we will not gainsay the morality of those who bought Spanish; but we hold that when they bought high-rated stock at a low price, they ought to have confessed that they were speculating—that they were not bartering gold for gold, but were staking their money on a chance.

In our day, Egyptian and Turkish have been in vogue. We hear a vast deal about the resources of Egypt and the honour of the Turks. If Egypt is so rich, why does

she not begin to redeem her debt? If the Turk is so honourable, why does he pay such high interest? Is it because his security is bad? Suppose, dear Mr. Flat, that some year the interest on your Turkish is not only late in coming to hand, but does not come at all? When your landlord applies for his rent, and your butcher for his bill, they will not be satisfied with any eulogy of the honour of the Turk. Honour, Mr. Flat, will not butter parsnips; and probably you have never inquired into the means of the Turk. It may be that Turkish stock is as safe as Consols; but that is certainly not the opinion of the Rothschilds and the Barings, or else the Turks would be accommodated at a moderate interest.

But let us examine some of these foreign speculations, in which a good round sum of British money is invested. We will cite a few facts and figures about a foreign Government Railway Loan, the total amount of which is three and a half millions.

First of all, we will consider the value of the guarantee of this Government, because no doubt that tempted many to invest. Englishmen are sometimes derided for their ignorance of geography; but we do not think it is any reflection upon the information of the nation that very few persons know anything at all about this State. It is not to be expected that the general public will have any knowledge of the semi-civilized corners of the world; and, indeed, that knowledge is not attainable. Well, there were five federated States of Central America—Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, Honduras, and Nicaragua. These States borrowed £163,000 in 1825; and, beyond the first two or three years' interest, were unwilling or unable to pay either principal or interest. Some of them have compounded. Bear in mind that the States which now guarantee millions were obliged to compromise an old debt of thousands. Surely, then, the guarantee of such a Government is not worth the pip of a China orange. Either it could pay and would not pay, or it would have paid and could not pay. Whether it is too poor or too prudent does not signify to its creditors.

But then the interest and sinking fund are guaranteed by a first mortgage on the whole of the domains and mahogany forests of the State, "which, according to official report, are of immense value." Suppose Victoria came into the market, and

offered as security a first mortgage on all the undiscovered gold in her territory. Any competent geologist would officially report that the undiscovered gold in Victoria is of immense value. What should we say to such a security? Why, that it is no security at all; that the undiscovered resources of a country are not of marketable value until skill, capital, and labour have brought them into the market. Now, this is precisely the case with the mahogany forests of Central America.

A mahogany tree in London is valuable; but growing in its native forests, it is, perhaps, hardly worth the felling. American ice in London is worth so much a pound, but on the American lakes it is worthless. We must disregard the mahogany guarantee as well as the Government guarantee.

Well, we come to the railway itself, and we are to see what sort of a security it offers. It is a projected line of 230 miles from coast to coast, and of course the profits on a proposed line are only a matter of guess-work, and therefore we shall not offer any opinion on that point, but confine our attention to facts.

This line was contracted to be made, with stations and rolling stock, for £8,000 a mile, which is certainly a very low price; but we will let that pass. In 1867, when the first million was borrowed, the prospectus said that "careful estimates had satisfied the Government that the surplus revenues of the State domains and forests will be amply sufficient to complete the whole line without any further issue of stock." Judge of the value of these careful estimates, when, in 1870, another loan of £2,500,000 was contracted for the railway!

Well, then, what has become of the money? Is the railway made? Is there money enough in hand to complete it? Of the proposed 230 miles, only forty-five miles are completed. We believe some little progress has been made with the second section (there are three sections), but it is certainly nothing like completed. One million was to make the entire line: three and a half millions have been borrowed; and only forty-five miles out of 230 miles are completed.

We come to the second question—Is there money in hand to complete the line? We need hardly remark that the loans were not taken at par. The first loan was offered at £73; and if we deduct the necessary

preliminary expenses, we may fairly assume that not more than sixty per cent. was realized—that is, £600,000. The interest is ten per cent., which in four years amounts to £400,000. The redemption charges, at three per cent. per annum, amount in four years to £120,000. Deduct £520,000 from £600,000, and you leave, out of the first million, £80,000 only for the railway. The other loan was perhaps less expensive, and may have produced 65 per cent. net, or £1,625,000. In January next there will have been paid for interest £375,000, and for the drawings £150,000, leaving a balance of £1,100,000. The money from the two loans obtained for the railway is £1,180,000; and if we deduct £360,000 for the forty-five miles made, we have a balance of £820,000, which is not nearly enough to complete the line, even at the rate of £8,000 per mile. The amount, however, charged for interest and drawings is £453,000 per annum; so that, in less than two years from this time, the whole of the remaining money will have to be paid for interest and drawings.

These are facts, and everybody can see the conclusions to which they point. At this time, when speculation is so rife, and when all sorts of Governments are asking for the savings of the British people, our remarks and admonitions cannot be untimely, and may perhaps be useful. We repeat, again and again, that there is no such thing as high interest and good security; for he who pays more than the market rate of interest does so because his security is not first-rate; and he who invests his money at a high rate of interest incurs a risk equal to the abnormal rate of interest he bargains for.

About eighty years ago, an Essex farmer called on Mr. Joseph Lind, a stockbroker, who was named "Honest Joe." The farmer said he wanted to speculate with the money he had saved.

"Will you be guided by my advice?" said Joe Lind.

The farmer replied that he would.

"Well, invest your money in the purchase of pigs, for then you will have a squeak for it, which is more than you are likely to get here!"

We do not venture to advise our readers not to speculate; but we do say, if you will speculate, do not think you are merely investing—that is, do not imagine that a stock offering an exorbitant rate of interest

is a secure investment, since it is of necessity a mere speculation. These railway loans are certainly most curious ventures; but there are other ventures from which they differ only in degree. We shall conclude by repeating our text and admonition: Please, for your own sake, remember that you can get nothing for nothing, and that for high interest you must and do pay by the risk of your hard cash.

IN FUTURO.

THE mad world vexes us; the brief years pass;
The sunlight breaks upon our morning dreams;
And the sweet glory of the noble dawn
But wakes to impulse of ignoble aims.
We watch the quick, short hours as they fly,
And watch them for our profit. So the world
Goes round, and each one wears the hollow mask.
Which of us is the richer?—you or I?
Which steps more bravely on the public way,
And gives the easiest nod of self-content?
For thus men measure as they meet and speak,
With mutual grasp of hand; and love and soul—
Which is of God, and God alone—is lost
In the fierce passion of accursed gain.
But evermore, beneath a silent cloud
That broods all dimly troublous on the hearts
Of Mammon-seekers, comes the dreaded thought
Of that Futurity which no man knows.
“To die! to die!” the trembling Croesus cries;
“And all the gold that I have sought to win
Through sleepless nights and long-expectant days—
Nay, cannot buy a single hour from Death.
The poorest beggar that may roam the streets,
Or rest his troubles in a wayside hedge,
Is rich as I in his despairing doubts
Of that great mystery, the Is to Be.”
And this is all the labour of our lives,
To toil and think not, lest a holier thought
Should mar our senses, and betray a hope
Of something better than the passing world.

TABLE TALK.

OUR NEW VOLUME will have for its leading serial story a novel entitled “Ready-money Mortiboy: a Matter-of-fact Story;” and we believe the great interest of this fiction will make it superior to anything we have published since “Foul Play,” by Charles Reade and Dion Bouicault, appeared in the columns of ONCE A WEEK. We begin the ninth volume of the new series with Mr. Swinburne’s new poem. There will also be a cartoon portrait of some public character every week, by Mr. F. W. Waddy—an addition which we believe will be attractive to our readers all over the world.

THE WAITS, or “wayghtes,” were in early times musical night-watchmen in palaces,

castles, camps, and walled towns, who piped watch at stated hours during the night, sometimes for the purpose of calling up or changing the guard, at others to awake certain persons at appointed times by soft music at their chamber doors. In towns, these night-watchmen were duly appointed by the municipal authorities or corporations, and enjoyed certain exclusive privileges. Even after castles had been dismantled, and internal fortifications were no longer needed, these privileges became the most important part of their emoluments. The waits continued to parade the streets in the winter nights up to the latter half of the last century; but it is doubtful whether they were directly paid for their labours otherwise than by gratuities from the inhabitants at Christmas. Under the ancient system, the waits of corporate bodies were rather important functionaries. They wore badges, usually of silver; and in the case of the City of London, these badges were suspended from silver collars. In one of the Lord Mayor’s processions in 1575, the waits are described as wearing blue gowns with red sleeves, and red caps, “every one having his silver collar about his neck.” Each ward of the City of London had its company of waits—six or eight in number. On the restoration of Charles II., the “Merry Monarch” was entertained with music from a band of eight at Crutched Friars, six at Aldgate, and six at Leadenhall-street; and beyond its boundaries were those of Finsbury, Southwark, Blackfriars, and Westminster. The waits, even after their official importance had somewhat decayed, were frequently employed for rather romantic purposes. Either Steele or Addison—to each of whom the paper has been attributed—says, in the *Tatler* of Sept. 9, 1710:—“As the custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young man of any fashion in a corporation who does not make love with the town music. The waits often help him through his courtship; and my friend Bannister has told me he was proffered £500 by a young fellow to play but one winter under the window of a lady that was a great fortune, but more cruel than ordinary. One would think they hoped to conquer their mistresses’ hearts as people tame hawks and eagles—by keeping them awake, or breaking their sleep when they have fallen into it.” By way of commentary, I only hope that the waits of those days played more dulcet music than

their degenerate representatives at the present day, otherwise the anxious suitor must have trembled for the result of his outlay.

FEW OF THE MANY quaint old customs and observances—considered necessary to be kept by our forefathers on New Year's Day—remain even in the shadow amongst Britons of the present day. With us, the Christmas festivities once over, New Year's Day is generally devoted to looking back at the business operations of the last year, and laying out our plans for the twelve months before us. With our Scottish neighbours, certainly, who think little of Christmas as a season for feasting, the first day of the new year is kept with all honour; and the French, on the *Jour de l'An*, as they call it, *par excellence*, still retain the ancient and pleasing custom, prevalent in this country in the olden time, of giving and returning presents to their friends and acquaintances. But this usage—now reduced to the small generosity of Boxing Day—was once universal in this country with both high and low. Kings even expected their New Year's gifts, and gave them by way of compliment—but often in a very disproportionate ratio—in return. Matthew Paris tells us that Henry III. *extorted* New Year's gifts; and he cites from a MS. of the public revenue, in the reign of Edward VI., an entry of “rewards given on New Year's Day to the King's officers and servants in ordinary, £155 5s., and to their servants that present the King's majestie with New Year's gifts.”

DR. NATHAN DRAKE, in his work upon “Shakspeare and his Times,” writing of these customs, is of opinion that the wardrobe and jewellery of Queen Elizabeth were principally supported by these annual contributions on New Year's Day. From the original rolls, it appears that nearly all the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the Queen's household servants—even down to her apothecaries, master cook, sergeant of the pantry, &c.—gave New Year's gifts to her Majesty, consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, jewels, trinkets, or wearing apparel. The largest sum given by any of the temporal peers was £20; but the Archbishop of Canterbury gave £40, the Archbishop of York £30, and the ordinary bishops £20 and £10. Many of the temporal lords and great officers of state, and most

of the peeresses, contributed rich gowns, petticoats, silk stockings, garters, sweet-bags, doublets, mantles embroidered with precious stones, looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with jewels, and other costly presents. Sir Gilbert de Thick, Garter King-of-Arms, for instance, gave a book of the States in William the Conqueror's time; Absolon, the Master of the Savoy, gave a Bible, covered with cloth of gold, garnished with silver-gilt, and plates of the royal arms; the Queen's physician presented her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; another physician presented a pot of green ginger, and pots of other conserves. One of her ladies-in-waiting gave her Majesty a little gold comfit box and spoon; another, a box of cherries, and one of apricots. Putrino, an Italian, gave her two pictures; Ambrose Lupo gave a box of lute-strings, and a glass of sweet water; each of three other Italians presented her with a pair of sweet gloves; a cutler gave her a meat-knife, having a fan haft of bone, with a conceit in it; and Smyth, the dustman, presented her Majesty with two bolts of cambric. But though “good Queen Bess” made returns to the New Year's gifts in plate and other articles, she took prudential care that the balance should be considerably in her own favour.

AFTER THE REIGN of Elizabeth, the custom seems rapidly to have fallen into disuse. In 1605, Sir Dudley Carleton writes:—“New Year's Day passed without any solemnity; and the exorbitant gifts that were wont to be used at that time are so far laid by, that the accustomed present of the purse of gold was hard to be had without asking.” It appears, however, that in this year the Earl of Huntingdon presented and received a New Year's gift. I give in his own quaint words his own description of the *modus operandi* pursued on the occasion. “*The manner of presenting a New Yere's gifte to his Majestie, from the Earl of Huntingdon*:—You must buy a new purse of about vs. price, and put thereinto xx pieces of new gold of xxs. a piece, and go to the presence-chamber where the Court is upon New Yere's Day, in the morning about eight o'clock, and deliver the purse and the gold unto my Lord Chamberlaine; then you must go down to the jewell-house for a ticket to receive xviii. *vid.* as a gift for your pains, and give *vid.* there to the boy for your ticket; then go to Sir William Veall's office, and show

your ticket, and receive your xviii. *vid.* Then go to the jewell-house again, and make a piece of plate of xxx ounces weight, and marke it; and then in the afternoone you may go and fetch it away, and then give the gentleman who delivers it you 1 £ in gold, and give to the boy iis., and to the porter *vid.*"

PERHAPS ONE OF THE oddest New Year's gifts of those days on record was the dark lantern sent by a certain Sir John Harrington, of Bath, to James I.—then James VI. of Scotland. The top of the lantern was a crown of pure gold, serving also to cover a perfume pan; within it was a shield of silver, embossed to reflect the light, on one side of which were the sun, moon, and planets, and on the other side the story of the Birth and Passion of Christ, "as it is found graved by a king of Scots (David II.) that was prisoner in Nottingham." The cunning knight took good care, however, to throw out with his present a broad hint to the future King of England; for on it he caused to be inscribed the following passage for his Majesty's perusal:—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." And yet the hypocritical courtier was actually writing at the same time of the reigning sovereign, Elizabeth—whom he, no doubt, saw could not last much longer (she died in the following March)—in these terms:—"I find some less mindful of what they are soon to lose than of what, perchance, they may hereafter get. Now, on my own part, I cannot blot from my memory's table the goodness of our sovereign lady to me, even (I will say) before born. Her affection to my mother, who waited in her privy chamber; her bettering the state of my father's fortune, her watchings over my youth, her liking to my free speech, &c., have rooted such love, such dutiful remembrance of her princely virtues, that to turn askant from her condition with tearless eyes would stain and foul the spring and fount of gratitude." The disconsolate courtier wrote thus of his "sovereign lady" to his own wife, whom he calls "sweet Mall," two days after he had sent his present of the dark lantern to James, with "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

THE LAST REMAINING glory of the ancient "wassail" is supposed to exist in the custom still in vogue at the banquets of the City corporations of passing what is now called the

"loving cup." The chairman stands up at the close of the dinner, and drinks from a flagon, usually of silver, having a handle on each side, by which he holds it with each hand, and the toastmaster announces him as drinking "the health of his brethren out of the loving cup." The loving cup, which is nothing more or less than the ancient wassail bowl, is then passed to the guest on his left hand, and by him to *his* left-hand neighbour; and, as it finds its way round the room to each guest in his turn, so each stands and drinks to the president out of the loving cup.

A CORRESPONDENT: In connection with the articles appearing in ONCE A WEEK on "Australia as it Is," I send you a paragraph from a New South Wales newspaper of date May, 1866, in which an interesting notice is given of the first appearance of a gipsy tribe at the antipodes. "The first gipsies seen in Australia passed through Orange the other day *en route* for Mudgee. Although they can scarcely be reckoned new arrivals, as they have been nearly two years in the colony, they bear about them all the marks of the gipsy. The women stick to the old dress, and are still as anxious as ever to tell fortunes; but they say that this game does not pay in Australia, as the people are not so credulous here as they are at home. Old 'Brown Joe' is a native of Northumberland, and has made a great deal of money even during his short sojourn here. They do not offer themselves generally as fortune-tellers, but, if required and paid, they will at once 'read your palm.' At present they obtain a livelihood by tinkering, and making sealing-wax. Their time during the last week has been principally taken up in hunting out bees'-nests, which are very profitable, as they not only sell the honey, but, after purifying and refining the wax, manufacture it into beautiful toys, so rich in colour and transparency that it would be impossible to guess the material."

The first number of the New Volume, with New Year's Supplement, will be published on Monday, Jan. 1, 1872, price Fourpence. This Double Number will contain the first chapters of a most interesting Serial Tale, entitled READY-MONEY-MORTIBOY, a New Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne, and a Curious Paper, with Diagrams, showing what may be done with a Halfpenny Bundle of Wood, &c.

In the New Volume of ONCE A WEEK, commencing with No. 210, a Cartoon will appear Weekly.





Drawn by]

Frontispiece.

[John Proctor.

"HA—HUM!" COUGHED MR. CHICK.—PAGE 20.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
When it comes it brings good cheer."

ACROSS THE BRIDGE:

THE

Christmas Annual

OF

ONCE A WEEK.

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THE LADY ALICIA.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

By J. S. Rice.

IHAVE always been of opinion that the treatment of ghosts, by those other ghosts who yet walk about in flesh and blood, is unworthy of our boasted civilization. We regard with a terror perfectly ridiculous a race of beings whose behaviour has always been beyond reproach; who have never had any crimes to compass, nor any selfish ends to serve; whose appearances—singularly rare at all times—have ever been enforced on them by some strange necessity, or by the desire to accomplish certain definite ends. The spectre who wrings her hands by your bedside, dressed in her shroud, poor thing—because she has nothing else to put on—does not want to injure you. Why should she?

And yet, at her first appearance, the miserable man who sees her sticks his head between his knees, stifles himself with the bed-clothes, and remains in that position till daylight dawns. There are some ghosts who drag chains; others, who knock things about, ring bells, and make strange noises. This simply shows bad breeding, but does not prove malice. One is not *afraid* of a man who does not know what is due to social etiquette: why, then, of a spirit? Some ghosts are of a humorous turn. These come round dark corners unexpectedly; and turn up when least looked for, behind trees and in country lanes. But we have wags in the flesh, and we are not afraid of them. Whatever else they may do, there is no instance on record of a ghost deliberately appearing with a malignant or mischievous design. They are a kindly, beneficent, well-conducted race, and full of goodwill to men. It is in consequence of the singular ingratitude they have experienced for all their kindness, that they have retired, for very

many years, into a kind of seclusion. Wounded and hurt by the suspicion, ill-will, and terror they have caused, they returned long since to their own haunts, and rarely put themselves in evidence. It will be found that, of late years, their appearances have been in almost all cases entirely accidental, and when they were taking the midnight air for a little exercise and change.

Very early in life, I formed the project of vanquishing scruples which, I was convinced, stood in the way of much real—one can hardly say tangible—enjoyment. I aspired to the society of the supernatural. I longed to converse with the men *who have been*. With this object, I began to read whatever books I could find on the subject, likely to give me information. I could find none. Cornelius Agrippa and Albertus Magnus may have been adepts, but they have left no clue to their secrets; while the ghost stories usually told me, as I know now, were either gross exaggerations or stupid inventions. I attended *séances*, only to discover that, if the raps are made by spirits, they are illiterate and vulgar spirits, evidently belonging to the lowest social scale, and having nothing whatever to communicate.

I then tried haunted houses. I heard of several, and actually went down personally, offering my services to sleep in the haunted chamber, and question the ghosts themselves. On the only occasion when I was not treated as an intending burglar, and permitted to sleep in the house, I saw and heard nothing.

Accident helped me.

The way of it was this. Six months ago, my friend Jones—as good a fellow as ever belonged to the Stock Exchange—deserted his old friends, and created that vacuum which nature abhors in the little whist-playing, pipe-smoking circle, by marrying. I have nothing to say against his wife, who adds to the many charms with which Providence has endowed her, that special charm, which so rarely accompanies married beauty, of being civil to her husband's friends. And one of the first things which Mrs. Jones did, after they were settled in their new house, was to ask me to run down and spend an evening with them.

They lived in an old-fashioned house, too large for a young married couple, but adapted for almost any number of interesting events, in the neighbourhood of Weybridge. It stood in its own old-fashioned garden,

surrounded by a high red-brick wall, and was itself an ancient red-brick house, belonging probably to the reign of Queen Anne.

"I got it," said Jones, showing me over the place, "at a somewhat cheaper rate than such a house would ordinarily be let at, in consequence of there being absurd stories about it. The people round here have got an idea that it is haunted."

"I'm sure we have seen nothing since we came—have we, Alfred?"

"Perhaps," said I, "it is haunted by the ghosts of happy marriages."

Mrs. Jones smiled, and put her arm through her husband's. I sometimes wish I was married myself; but the fit wears off. Besides, I am too ugly.

After dinner—what a cozy thing a dinner of three is, when everybody means to be pleasant!—we took our claret into the garden, and sat there through the long July evening, while the soft twilight of summer lay upon everything, and the sweet scent of the flowers filled the air. And somehow we fell to talking about ghosts. I found Mrs. Jones's mind a mere blank upon this important subject; and I spoke, from the experience gained by my own investigations, much to the same effect as I have written above, in those valuable preliminary remarks which my readers are already digesting.

The evening passed along. Eleven o'clock struck.

"Come," said Jones, "this won't do—we have been long enough over ghosts; let us come back to flesh and blood—which, in my own case, means a devilled bone. Lucy, dear, go in and get us a little supper."

We had our little supper—a devilled bone—and then a glass of brandy and water and a pipe, and then to bed.

It was about half-past twelve when Jones took me to my room.

"You are our first guest," he told me. "I hope you will be able to give a good account of yourself in the morning."

He laughed, and wished me good night.

Looking round the room, I got into bed. It was not a remarkable room in any way: low—like all the rooms in the house—wainscoted, and consequently rather dark. It was lighted by two windows, looking into the garden. I could not help thinking, as I got into bed, that here was a favourable opportunity for a ghost: an old house, which had been empty for a good many years; a newly married couple, who took it in spite

of rumours about it; and a room in which no one had yet slept. Sighing over the small chance that any spirit would avail itself of the occasion, I fell asleep.

I do not know how long I had been sleeping—perhaps not more than half an hour or so. I was awakened by feeling a cold, gentle pressure of the right hand. I was lying on my side, you see, with my right hand sticking straight out of bed, as if to invite some such confidence. Directly I felt the pressure, I jumped to an immediate conclusion that it was caused by some supernatural agency. For a few moments, in the first flush of excitement, I did not venture, for fear of disappointment, to open my eyes. Suppose it should be only the house dog, or even the cat. But no: no dog, no cat could grasp one's hand! I lay motionless. The pressure continued. I felt—oh, joy of joys!—the distinct grasp of fingers—long, cold, and, if I may use the word of what was unseen, shadowy. I opened my eyes, and gazed, for the first time in my life, upon a Spectre.

It was of the fair sex—a young lady, apparently, of twenty-five. Long light hair—a wealth of it—floated in waves down her back, and over her bare shoulders; her face was clouded with an anxious look; her form—not wholly, but partly transparent—was draped in a white robe, not long enough to hide her pretty feet, which were bare, as were also her arms. The room had been perfectly dark before her appearance; but you require no artificial light to see the supernatural, and a sort of dim and soft radiance seemed to fall from her upon me, and the bed on which I was lying, and the room itself.

I need not, I suppose, be ashamed to confess that, for a few moments, I felt upon me that irrational terror which men generally experience in the presence of visitors from the other world. My first impulse—which I resisted—was to snatch my hand away, and plunge my head beneath the bed-clothes. My next—also resisted—was to start up, and stare at her. I may mention here that it is quite reasonable to experience this first feeling of terror, and that to be able to converse with spirits, not only without fear, but with positive pleasure, is a matter of long practice. Two ideas must be firmly seized in order to accomplish this mastery over oneself: first, that no spirit ever wants to do you any harm; secondly, that no

spirit could do you any harm if it wanted to. I lay thus, with half-open eyes, pretending to be still asleep, but watching her. She pressed my hand again and again, but I made no response. She stamped her little foot with vexation at her ill-success, and snatching her hand away, began to walk up and down the room. I sat up softly while her back was towards me; and, at her next turn, our eyes met, and she gave a little cry of delight.

"You are awake, then, at last," she said, in a low, sweet voice.

Her voice was indeed the sweetest I ever heard.

"I have been awake," I replied in a half-whisper, "for some little time—ever since you began squeezing my hand. May I ask who you are?"

"May I tell you?" she replied with another question.

"Really," I said, getting bolder, "considering that you are here, that you have spoiled my night's rest, and that you can hardly have come without some reason, your question sounds rather absurd, does it not?"

"True," she returned, smiling. "What I meant was, that you are really not afraid of me?"

"Not in the least now. I was, when I first looked at you."

"How delightful! You are the first Man I have met with not afraid to talk with me, since I—since—"

"I think I understand you. Shall we say, to prevent the trouble of explanation, since other days?"

"Thank you—since other days. Even then, men seemed to be afraid of me for my *beaux yeux*. Ridiculous, was it not?" This with a flash of the *beaux yeux*.

"Not at all. I quite understand it. Was it—were the other days long ago?"

"You mean, I suppose, that I have grown old, and lost my beauty. Men were not so outspoken formerly; and it was not considered polite to tell a lady that it—but there, of course it doesn't matter what you say."

She looked so seriously offended, that I hastened to apologize.

"Pardon me, I meant to imply that it could not have been long ago, for the contrary reason."

She laughed, and made me as pretty a curtsy as the scantiness of her dress would allow.

"I thank you very much. But it *was* a long time ago—more than a hundred and fifty years. You would not think so, I am sure."

"Indeed, no. Is it possible? A hundred and fifty years! Really!"

It grew interesting. The little coquette sat down in my easy chair, spreading out her scanty white skirts, and leaning back with an air of great enjoyment.

"I have not had a talk—with a Man, that is, for among ourselves it doesn't count, of course—all that time. I have made several attempts, but the stupid creatures always got frightened. Former tenants, you know. However, now you are come, you will be able to amuse me."

"Certainly, anything I can do. May I be allowed to—make some slight additions to—"

"To your dress? No, please don't, or else I shall be made aware of the deficiencies of my own, which really cannot immediately be remedied. Pray stay where you are for the present."

But I was too excited to sit still; and, draping myself with the counterpane as gracefully as was possible under the circumstances—there is something, after all, of the Roman toga about a counterpane, properly thrown over the figure—I got out of bed. And then, turning to the looking-glass, in hopes of being able to catch a glimpse of my own appearance, I found, to my astonishment, that my visitor—if I may call her so—was not the only spiritual occupant of the apartment; for sitting in a chair, dressed like her friend, in a single flowing robe, was another young lady. For the moment, my senses reeled; but I quickly recovered. What helped me more than anything else was a clear, ringing burst of laughter from the first apparition.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, wiping her eyes, "I hav'n't laughed this hundred and fifty years. You *do* look so absurd. But you are a good fellow not to be frightened. Let me introduce you to Lady Bab Charteris, my very particular friend. Bab, my dear, this gentleman has the extraordinary merit of not being afraid of us."

As she spoke, the features of Lady Bab, which had been indistinct and clouded before, became clear and bright. She was a little younger, and, if possible, even more lovely than my first friend. Her hair did not fall in ringlets and waves, but was piled

and artistically dressed after the fashion of George the First's time, which I shall always love for her sake. She dropped me a low curtsey, smiled, and sat down again.

"Alicia, dear, we are very fortunate. And now, sir, I must introduce you, in my turn, to her who had the courage to wake you up. This is no other than the celebrated toast, Lady Alicia Vernon."

I could not, stupidly enough, remember anything about a celebrated toast of that name; but that was my ignorance. I suppose my face expressed something of my hesitation; for Lady Alicia laughed, and said—

"I suppose you have never heard of me? Confess, now."

"I—I—am afraid—"

"Oh! impossible," said Lady Bab. "Of course, I should not expect to be remembered so long"—this was said a little anxiously. "Besides, a young woman who dies at twenty-one, unmarried too, really gets such a very short time to make a reputation."

"We are both of us forgotten, Bab, my dear," said Alicia, gaily—"of course we are forgotten. And if either of us were remembered, it would be you, my poor, unfortunate, dear little Bab"—kissing her as she spoke.

It was rather embarrassing, all this. I was standing on the floor, in the most ridiculous manner possible—still with the toga of a counterpane round me, and, as I was well aware, my hair sticking out in all directions. No man, not even the handsomest, can afford to be seen by ladies with his hair in that dishevelled state, like a Somauli Arab at Aden, produced by the pillow. Why a pillow does it, when a sofa cushion doesn't, I cannot tell.

This, however, has nothing to do with my history. I placed the easy chair for Lady Alicia, and invited her to sit down.

"Pray, do not stand yourself," said Lady Bab; "and if you feel yourself at all cold, get into bed. On the whole, Alicia, my dear," she added, looking at me thoughtfully, "I think he would look better in bed—we should not see so much of him, perhaps; and then we could tell him what we want, comfortably."

I made no objection, and once more retreated to the bed, where I propped myself up with pillows, and wondered what was coming next. It was all exceedingly novel and interesting, though the ladies would

laugh whenever I tried to combine politeness with a counterpane. But no one, with a proper sense of what is due to the sex, can object to being laughed at by a pretty woman.

They both came and sat on the bed, one on each side of me.

Lady Alicia began to talk.

"What a real treat it is, Bab, to talk to a man again! Do you know, sir—what is your name? No, never mind your name—when I touched your hand, I thought you would probably turn out to be one of those wretched creatures that always shriek and run away when they see us? I am very glad you did not."

"So am I," said Lady Bab, softly.

"All the good fortune is on my side," I said; and they both smiled prettily.

"I used to come here years ago, and when the memory of Lady Alicia was still alive, with a special object. Shall I tell him, Bab?"

"Why not?" said her friend, sadly. "We are both so clean forgotten now, that it can not matter."

"True. Listen, then, to a very short story. This room was my bridal chamber. It has been left exactly as it was—never touched or repainted—on account of me and my ghost. Over the mantelshelf was—for time has effaced it—my portrait, painted by my husband himself, Sir Arthur Vernon. He was a good man, and I loved him; but, like most women, I had not married the man I loved first, and perhaps best." She stopped, and sighed. "I knew, but my husband did not, of the existence of a certain secret cupboard in this very room. It is here still. This I used as the depository of certain letters from Charlie, which I did not wish my husband to read, and could not bring myself to destroy. I hid them away there. Then I died suddenly, and the thought of these letters tormented me. I could not endure the idea that my husband, or some one else, might find them; and for years I haunted this chamber. Lady Bab generally came with me, in hopes of finding some one who could be safely trusted with a secret, and who would not be afraid of us."

"And you never found any one?"

"Never, until we found you."

"Then," said I, "trust me. I am at least a gentleman. Let me be your confidant. Let me take out those letters, and burn them for you."

But she shook her head.

"No," she said, smiling. "It does not matter now. We are, as you have told us, so utterly forgotten, that a few old love letters make no difference. Besides, even if they were found, there is nothing in them to hurt my fair fame; only they were not from my husband."

"Do you ever see him now?" I asked.

"My husband? Oh! you mean Charlie. No. The fact is, that the poor fellow has been going downhill a great many years, and has become disreputable. However, there you have my story; and it is rather a frumpy old story, is it not? But, my dear, tell him yours."

"What have I to tell him? It is all told in a sentence. A year of London, and routs, and dances, and cards; a toast for a twelvemonth; and then, before even I had time to fall in love with any one, small-pox."

It did seem hard, and I said so.

"Yes," said Lady Alicia. "My case was bad, but poor Bab's was a great deal worse. And so, you see, we are a pair of ghosts; and have been any time this hundred and fifty years."

"Yes," said Lady Bab, with a yawn; "and terribly dull it is, too, at times."

"But you have society?"

"Ye—yes. Oh, yes—there's society—of its kind: exclusive society: none but county families. The worst of it is, that one sees the same people always."

"Indeed! I should have thought there would have been a constant influx of new blood—I mean, of new spirit."

"No," said Lady Alicia; "not into certain circles. We have our prejudices, and we do not like any modern importations. Consequently, we are rather hipped, at times, for want of amusement."

"Rather, dear?" asked Lady Bab.

"Very much hipped, then. You see, we tell each other our stories over and over again."

"But some of the stories must be very good."

"I dare say they are," said Lady Bab, "when you first hear them. However, I never did care to hear them. When a young woman goes out of the world under such melancholy circumstances as I did, poor thing—and unmarried, too—she really has got enough misfortunes of her own to cry over, without shedding tears about other people. But you can amuse us, if you like."

"How can I amuse you? You have only to tell me a way, and I will do anything—everything I can."

"Tell us instantly," said Lady Alicia, "the news of London."

"With pleasure."

I reflected for a moment, and then began:—

"After the Irish Church was disestablished, and the new Reform Bill passed, Mr. Gladstone found it advisable, in the interests of the Liberal party—"

"What on earth is the man talking about?" cried Lady Bab. "We want the news of the town. Tell us who is the reigning toast."

"Really, I don't know."

"Here's a state of things!" said Lady Alicia, with a sigh. "I thought everybody would know such a simple thing as that. Tell us the latest Court scandal."

I began to tell them all about the Tichborne case. Directly they found it had nothing to do with fashion, they put their fingers to their ears.

"It's very kind of you, and all that," said Lady Bab, yawning, "not to be frightened at us; but, really, if that is all you have to tell us, I think we might as well go away at once."

"Oh, nonsense!" said her friend. "He must have something more. Just at present, of course, he is a little flurried by our unexpected visit. But suppose we come and see you again. Would you like to see us?"

"Indeed I would."

"Then we will come here."

"No, not here. Come to my chambers in the Temple."

"In the Temple? Lady Alicia Vernon in the Temple? Dear me, this is very irregular! Well—if you don't mind, Bab, dear."

"I think I should like it," replied the beauty, "if he has anything amusing to tell us."

"Then we will come. Expect us—to-day is Saturday—next Saturday, at eleven o'clock in the evening. You must be alone; and, if you please, dressed—in the fashion of a gentleman. And we shall expect to find a whole budget of pretty stories. And now, thank you very much for a pleasant talk. We shall be with you punctually."

"Stay one moment, dear," cried Lady Bab—for her friend was already becoming indistinct. "Do you"—this was to me—"faithfully promise to have your stories ready for us?"

"I do!"

"Good stories—with pictures?"

"I will!"

"Do you know what happens to those who break their word, Across the Bridge?"

I trembled. What could it be?

Lady Alicia interposed.

"We need not tell him, Bab, dear—it would perhaps unhinge his mind. But, my dear man, above all things, be faithful. Indeed, I advise it for your own sake. We have no power to save you if you break your word."

"None," said Lady Bab.

"I will keep it," I promised.

"Farewell, then," said Lady Alicia. She stooped over me as I kissed that slender hand which had no substance, and her long curls fell upon my head in a profusion of colour and softness.

And "Farewell" said Lady Bab, coldly extending her hand, which I also kissed. "And remember—*keep your promise.*"

Lady Bab was, perhaps, the more regularly beautiful of the two; but Lady Alicia—with her bright, smiling face and kindness of manner—won my heart, and has it still.

* * * * *

"How did you sleep?" asked Mrs. Jones, as she was pouring out the tea in the morning.

"Never better," I replied—telling a tremendous fib.

"My husband tossed about all night, and had nightmares—no doubt, in consequence of that little supper, which you might just as well have dispensed with."

* * * * *

I went up to town with a burning headache and an intense anxiety. I had promised to procure a whole budget of stories for the following Saturday. How was I to do it?—I, who never wrote a word of fiction in my life; with no more imagination than a door-knocker—no more poetry than a broom handle. I resolved, however, to try. I bought a large quantity of paper, cut it into slips, took a new pen, and sat down to write my stories. How are stories written? Who suggests the ideas? Do they come spontaneously? Do they grow? If so, who plants the seeds? How do you begin a story? Ought the end to come first, or the beginning? If you begin anyhow, would not the incidents suggest themselves? I tried this plan. I began anyhow.

"On a rustic bench in one of the fairest gardens in this fair realm of England, there sat, on a warm afternoon in August, two maidens, who might have seen twenty summers. They were conversing in low tones."

I declare that, after two days of the hardest work that ever man put into a romance, this was as far as I could get with mine. What were they talking about? How the deuce could I tell?

On the Tuesday evening, I tore up the above novel and interesting opening of a tale, and went out in despair, hoping that a walk would bring inspiration and incident. It brought neither. I went to bed. I had no dreams. On Wednesday, it rained all day. Who could write stories with the rain pouring down outside?

On Thursday morning, I awoke with an indefinable terror upon me. I *must* keep my promise, at any cost. If I cannot get the tales out of my own brain, I must get them out of somebody else's.

That day I spent in going the round of all my friends. From two or three of the most good-natured I got what I wanted, on the faithful promise of returning the copy. One lent me a manuscript for a critical opinion. One lent me his for any suggestions that I might have to offer. But still I had not enough. On Friday I tried again. What straits I was reduced to—what meannesses I practised—how I threatened personal violence to one man, and nearly suffered it from another—I have not space to tell. Suffice it that I was accompanied on Saturday morning by an old acquaintance, not wholly unknown in the annals of the P.R.; and that, when entreaties failed, and appeals of friendship were of no avail, more violent measures succeeded.

Ha! ha!—I had my budget of stories. I was able to keep my promise.

I awaited the night of my strange trysting with singular impatience. There was a romance so unusual, so out of the common run of things, in the whole business—apart from the natural desire one felt to converse again with creatures so lovely and *spirituelles*—that I could not even sit down till the time came.

The leaden-footed hours crept along. I

had my rooms cleaned up for the occasion by a supplementary female, to the displeasure of my own laundress. I had got some flowers from Covent-garden; and a small, bright fire—for, though it was July, it was a cold, rainy night—was burning in the grate. I could think of nothing else that would please my new acquaintance. Eating and drinking, of course, were out of the question. Pictures and photographs might amuse them, and of them I had plenty.

The Temple was very quiet. Most of the men were away for their holidays, and my own staircase was entirely deserted, save by a hard-working lawyer on the first floor, immediately under me. In the silence, I could hear him clear his throat from time to time, as he went through his papers. But there was no other sound to be heard.

I sat still, waiting. No one came. I put out the lights and sat in darkness, expecting, with a trembling heart, to see the two ladies appear every moment. They came not. I waited till the clock struck twelve. I waited—with a dull, cold feeling of disappointment—while it struck one, two, and three; and finally, when the daylight shone in at the windows, I went to bed.

Now, I suppose no one will believe me, veracious as my narrative has been, when I tell them that I saw nothing at all that night. It is true, however. One thing I heard—a faint, trembling music—and a woman's voice singing. And these were the words:—

"Shadowy dreams and fitful fancies
O'er the sleeper's pillow flit;
Not a night but has its glances
O'er the Bridge where others sit.

Still believe that ever round you
Spirits float, who watch and wait;
And forget the twain who found you
Sleeping nigh the Golden Gate."

People may believe me or not. At least, no one will accuse me of ever having written a line of poetry. But was it a dream altogether? Or did Lady Alicia sing those touching lines as a farewell? It may be so—for *I have never seen her since*.

And as to the stories which I took such infinite pains to collect, here they are; and our readers may judge how far I had the power to amuse my fair visitors.

THE DEAD SEXTON.

By J. Sheridan Le Fanu,

AUTHOR OF "CHECKMATE," "THE ROSE AND THE KEY," ETC.



THE sunsets were red, the nights were long, and the weather pleasantly frosty; and Christmas, the glorious herald of the New Year, was at hand, when an event—still recounted by winter firesides, with a horror made delightful by

the mellowing influence of years—occurred in the beautiful little town of Golden Friars, and signalized, as the scene of its catastrophe, the old inn known throughout a wide region of the Northumbrian counties as the George and Dragon.

Toby Crooke, the sexton, was lying dead in the old coach-house in the inn yard. The body had been discovered, only half an hour before this story begins, under strange circumstances, and in a place where it might have lain the better part of a week undisturbed; and a dreadful suspicion assailed the village of Golden Friars.

A wintry sunset was glaring through a gorge of the western mountains, turning into fire the twigs of the leafless elms, and all the tiny blades of grass on the green by which the quaint little town is surrounded. It is built of light, gray stone, with steep gables and slender chimneys rising with airy lightness from the level sward by the margin of the beautiful lake, and backed by the grand amphitheatre of the fells at the other side, whose snowy peaks show faintly against the sky, tinged with the vaporious red of the western light. As you descend towards the margin of the lake, and see

Golden Friars, its taper chimneys and slender gables, its curious old inn and gorgeous sign, and over all the graceful tower and spire of the ancient church, at this hour or by moonlight, in the solemn grandeur and stillness of the natural scenery that surrounds it, it stands before you like a fairy town.

Toby Crooke, the lank sexton, now fifty or upwards, had passed an hour or two with some village cronies, over a solemn pot of purl, in the kitchen of that cosy hostelry, the night before. He generally turned in there at about seven o'clock, and heard the news. This contented him; for he talked little, and looked always surly.

Many things were now raked up and talked over about him.

In early youth, he had been a bit of a scamp. He broke his indentures, and ran away from his master, the tanner of Bryemere; he had got into fifty bad scrapes and out again; and, just as the little world of Golden Friars had come to the conclusion that it would be well for all parties—except, perhaps, himself—and a happy riddance for his afflicted mother, if he were sunk, with a gross of quart pots about his neck, in the bottom of the lake in which the gray gables, the elms, and the towering fells of Golden Friars are mirrored, he suddenly returned, a reformed man at the ripe age of forty.

For twelve years he had disappeared, and no one knew what had become of him. Then, suddenly, as I say, he reappeared at Golden Friars—a very black and silent man, sedate and orderly. His mother was dead and buried; but the "prodigal son" was received good-naturedly. The good vicar, Doctor Jenner, reported to his wife—

"His hard heart has been softened, dear Dolly. I saw him dry his eyes, poor fellow, at the sermon yesterday."

"I don't wonder, Hugh darling. I know the part—'There is joy in Heaven.' I am sure it was—wasn't it? It was quite beautiful. I almost cried myself."

The Vicar laughed gently, and stooped

over her chair and kissed her, and patted her cheek fondly.

"You think too well of your old man's sermons," he said. "I preach, you see, Dolly, very much to the *poor*. If *they* understand me, I am pretty sure every one else must; and I think that my simple style goes more home to both feelings and conscience—"

"You ought to have told me of his crying before. You *are* so eloquent," exclaimed Dolly Jenner. "No one preaches like my man. I never heard such sermons."

Not many, we may be sure; for the good lady had not heard more than six from any other divine for the last twenty years.

The personages of Golden Friars talked Toby Croke over on his return. Doctor Lincote said—

"He must have led a hard life; he has *dried in* so, and got a good deal of hard muscle; and he rather fancied he had been soldiering—he stood like a soldier; and the mark over his right eye looked like a gunshot."

People might wonder how he could have survived a gunshot over the eye; but was not Lincote a doctor—and an army doctor to boot—when he was young; and who, in Golden Friars, could dispute with him on points of surgery? And I believe the truth is, that this mark had been really made by a pistol bullet.

Mr. Jarlot, the attorney, would "go bail" he had picked up some sense in his travels; and honest Turnbull, the host of the George and Dragon, said, heartily—

"We must look out something for him to put his hand to. *Now's* the time to make a man of him."

The end of it was that he became, among other things, the sexton of Golden Friars.

He was a punctual sexton. He meddled with no other person's business; but he was a silent man, and by no means popular. He was reserved in company; and he used to walk alone by the shore of the lake, while other fellows played at fives or skittles; and when he visited the kitchen of the George, he had his liquor to himself, and in the midst of the general talk was a saturnine listener. There was something sinister in this man's face; and when things went wrong with him, he could look dangerous enough.

There were whispered stories in Golden Friars about Toby Croke. Nobody could

say how they got there. Nothing is more mysterious than the spread of rumour. It is like a vial poured on the air. It travels, like an epidemic, on the sightless currents of the atmosphere, or by the laws of a telluric influence equally intangible. These stories treated, though darkly, of the long period of his absence from his native village; but they took no well-defined shape, and no one could refer them to any authentic source.

The Vicar's charity was of the kind that thinketh no evil; and in such cases he always insisted on proof. Croke was, of course, undisturbed in his office.

On the evening before the tragedy came to light—trifles are always remembered after the catastrophe—a boy, returning along the margin of the mere, passed him by seated on a prostrate trunk of a tree, under the "bield" of a rock, counting silver money. His lean body and limbs were bent together, his knees were up to his chin, and his long fingers were telling the coins over hurriedly in the hollow of his other hand. He glanced at the boy, as the old English saying is, like "the devil looking over Lincoln." But a black and sour look from Mr. Croke, who never had a smile for a child nor a greeting for a wayfarer, was nothing strange.

Toby Croke lived in the gray stone house, cold and narrow, that stands near the church porch, with the window of its staircase looking out into the churchyard, where so much of his labour, for many a day, had been expended. The greater part of this house was untenanted.

The old woman who was in charge of it slept in a settle-bed, among broken stools, old sacks, rotten chests, and other rattletaps, in the small room at the rear of the house, floored with tiles.

At what time of the night she could not tell, she awoke, and saw a man, with his hat on, in her room. He had a candle in his hand, which he shaded with his coat from her eye; his back was toward her, and he was rummaging in the drawer in which she usually kept her money.

Having got her quarter's pension of two pounds that day, however, she had placed it, folded in a rag, in the corner of her tea caddy, and locked it up in the "eat-malison" or cupboard.

She was frightened when she saw the figure in her room, and she could not tell

whether her visitor might not have made his entrance from the contiguous churchyard. So, sitting bolt upright in her bed, her gray hair almost lifting her kerchief off her head, and all over in "a fit o' t' creepins," as she expressed it, she demanded—

"In God's name, what want ye thar?"

"Whar's the peppermint ye used to hev by ye, woman? I'm bad wi' an inward pain."

"It's all gane a month sin'," she answered; and offered to make him a "het" drink if he'd get to his room.

But he said—

"Never mind, I'll try a mouthful o' gin."

And, turning on his heel, he left her.

In the morning, the sexton was gone. Not only in his lodging was there no account of him, but, when inquiry began to be extended, nowhere in the village of Golden Friars could he be found.

Still, he might have gone off, on business of his own, to some distant village, before the town was stirring; and the sexton had no near kindred to trouble their heads about him. People, therefore, were willing to wait, and take his return ultimately for granted.

At three o'clock, the good Vicar, standing at his hall door, looking across the lake towards the noble fells that rise, steep and furrowed, from that beautiful mere, saw two men approaching across the green, in a straight line, from a boat that was moored at the water's edge. They were carrying between them something which, though not very large, seemed ponderous.

"Ye'll ken this, sir," said one of the boatmen, as they set down, almost at his feet, a small church bell, such as in old-fashioned chimies yields the treble notes.

"This won't be less nor five stean.' I woen it's fra' the church steeple yon."

"What! one of our church bells?" ejaculated the Vicar—for a moment lost in horrible amazement. "Oh, no!—no, that can't possibly be! Where did you find it?"

He had found the boat, in the morning, moored about fifty yards from her moorings where he had left it the night before, and could not think how that came to pass; and now, as he and his partner were about to take their oars, they discovered this bell in the bottom of the boat, under a bit of canvas, also the sexton's pick and spade—"tom-spey'ad," they termed that peculiar, broad-bladed implement.

"Very extraordinary! We must try whe-

ther there is a bell missing from the tower," said the Vicar, getting into a fuss. "Has Crooke come back yet? Does any one know where he is?"

The sexton had not yet turned up.

"That's odd—that's provoking," said the Vicar. "However, my key will let us in. Place the bell in the hall while I get it; and then we can see what all this means."

To the church, accordingly, they went; the Vicar leading the way, with his own key in his hand. He turned it in the lock, and stood in the shadow of the ground porch, and shut the door.

A sack, half full, lay on the ground, with open mouth, a piece of cord lying beside it. Something clanked within it, as one of the men shoved it aside with his clumsy shoe.

The Vicar opened the church door, and peeped in. The dusky glow from the western sky, entering through a narrow window, illuminated the shafts and arches, the old oak carvings, and the discoloured monuments, with the melancholy glare of a dying fire.

The Vicar withdrew his head, and closed the door. The gloom of the porch was deeper than ever as, stooping, he entered the narrow door that opened at the foot of the winding stair that leads to the first loft; from which a rude ladder-stair of wood, some five and twenty feet in height, mounts through a trap to the ringers' loft.

Up the narrow stairs the Vicar climbed, followed by his attendants, to the first loft. It was very dark: a narrow bow-slit in the thick wall admitted the only light they had to guide them. The ivy leaves, seen from the deep shadow, flashed and flickered redly, and the sparrows twittered among them.

"Will one of you be so good as to go up and count the bells, and see if they are all right?" said the Vicar. "There should be—"

"Agoy! what's that?" exclaimed one of the men, recoiling from the foot of the ladder.

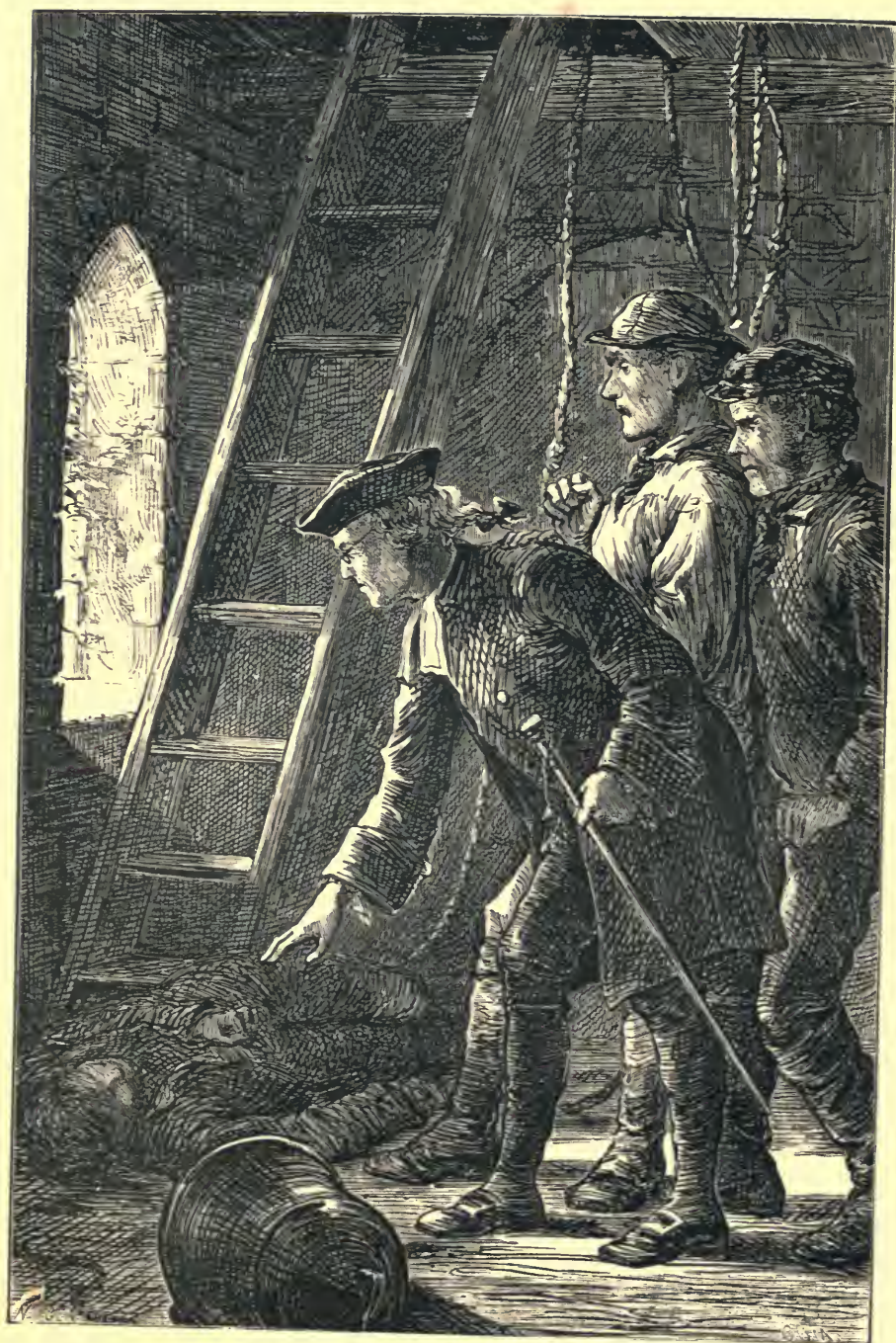
"By Jen!" ejaculated the other, in equal surprise.

"Good gracious!" gasped the Vicar, who, seeing indistinctly a dark mass lying on the floor, had stooped to examine it, and placed his hand upon a cold, dead face.

The men drew the body into the streak of light that traversed the floor.

It was the corpse of Toby Crooke! There was a frightful scar across his forehead.

The alarm was given. Doctor Lincote,



Drawn by]

IT WAS THE CORPSE OF TOBY CROOKE.—PAGE 12.

[C. O. Murray.

and Mr. Jarlcot, and Turnbull, of the George and Dragon, were on the spot immediately; and many curious and horrified spectators of minor importance.

The first thing ascertained was that the man must have been many hours dead. The next was that his skull was fractured, across the forehead, by an awful blow. The next was that his neck was broken.

His hat was found on the floor, where he had probably laid it, with his handkerchief in it.

The mystery now began to clear a little; for a bell—one of the chime hung in the tower—was found where it had rolled to, against the wall, with blood and hair on the rim of it, which corresponded with the grizzly fracture across the front of his head.

The sack that lay in the vestibule was examined, and found to contain all the church plate; a silver salver that had disappeared, about a month before, from Doctor Lincote's store of valuables; the Vicar's gold pencil-case, which he thought he had forgot in the vestry book; silver spoons, and various other contributions, levied from time to time off a dozen different households, the mysterious disappearance of which spoils had, of late years, begun to make the honest little community uncomfortable. Two bells had been taken down from the chime; and now the shrewd part of the assemblage, putting things together, began to comprehend the nefarious plans of the sexton, who lay mangled and dead on the floor of the tower, where, only two days ago, he had tolled the holy bell to call the good Christians of Golden Friars to worship.

The body was carried into the yard of the George and Dragon, and laid in the old coach-house; and the townsfolk came grouping in to have a peep at the corpse, and stood round, looking darkly, and talking as low as if they were in a church.

The Vicar, in gaiters and slightly shovel hat, stood erect, as one in a little circle of notables—the doctor, the attorney, Sir Geoffrey Mardykes, who happened to be in the town, and Turnbull, the host—in the centre of the paved yard, they having made an inspection of the body, at which troops of village stragglers, to-ing and fro-ing, were gaping and frowning, as they whispered their horrible conjectures.

What d'ye think o' that?" said Tom Scales, the old hostler of the George, looking pale, with a stern, faint smile on his lips,

as he and Dick Linklin sauntered out of the coach-house together.

"The deaul will hev his ain noo," answered Dick, in his friend's ear. "T' sexton's got a craightraw like he gav' the lass over the clints of Scarsdale; ye mind what the ald soger telt us when he hid his face in the kitchen of the George here? By Jen! I'll ne'er forget that story."

"I ween 'twas all true enough," replied the hostler; "and the sizzup he gav' the sleepin' man wi' t' poker across the forehead. See whar the edge o' t' bell took him, and smashed his ain, the self-same lids. By ma sang, I wonder the deaul did na carry awa' his corpse i' the night, as he did wi' Tam Lunder's at Mooltern Mill."

"Hout man, who ever sid t' deaul inside o' a church?"

"The corpse is ill-faur'd enew to scare Satan himsel', for that matter; though it's true what you say. Ay, ye're reet tul a trippet, thar; for Beelzebub dar'n't show his snout inside the church, not the length o' the black o' my nail."

While this discussion was going on, the gentlefolk who were talking the matter over in the centre of the yard had despatched a messenger for the coroner all the way to the town of Hextan.

The last tint of sunset was fading from the sky by this time; so, of course, there was no thought of an inquest earlier than next day.

In the meantime, it was horribly clear that the sexton had intended to rob the church of its plate, and had lost his life in the attempt to carry the second bell, as we have seen, down the worn ladder of the tower. He had tumbled backwards, and broken his neck upon the floor of the loft; and the heavy bell, in its fall, descended with its edge across his forehead.

Never was man more completely killed by a double catastrophe, in a moment.

The bells and the contents of the sack, it was surmised, he meant to have conveyed across the lake that night, and with the help of his spade and pick to have buried them in Clousted Forest, and returned, after an absence of but a few hours—as he easily might—before morning, unmissed and unobserved. He would, no doubt, having secured his booty, have made such arrangements as would have made it appear that the church had been broken into. He would, of course, have taken all measures

to divert suspicion from himself, and have watched a suitable opportunity to repossess himself of the buried treasure, and dispose of it in safety.

And now came out, into sharp relief, all the stories that had, one way or other, stolen after him into the town. Old Mrs. Pullen fainted when she saw him, and told Doctor Lincote, after, that she thought he was the highwayman who fired the shot that killed the coachman the night they were robbed on Hounslow Heath. There were the stories also told by the wayfaring old soldier with the wooden leg, and fifty others, up to this more than half disregarded, but which now seized on the popular belief with a startling grasp.

The fleeting light soon expired, and twilight was succeeded by the early night.

The inn yard gradually became quiet; and the dead sexton lay alone, in the dark, on his back, locked up in the old coach-house, the key of which was safe in the pocket of Tom Scales, the trusty old hostler of the George.

It was about eight o'clock, and the hostler, standing alone on the road in front of the open door of the George and Dragon, had just smoked his pipe out. A bright moon hung in the frosty sky. The fells rose from the opposite edge of the lake like phantom mountains. The air was stillness. Through the boughs and sprays of the leafless elms no sigh or motion, however hushed, was audible. Not a ripple glimmered on the lake, which, at one point only, reflected the brilliant moon from its dark blue expanse like burnished steel. The road that runs by the inn door, along the margin of the lake, shone dazzlingly white.

White as ghosts, among the dark holly and juniper, stood the tall piers of the Vicar's gate, with their great stone balls, like heads, overlooking the same road, a few hundred yards up the lake, to the left. The early little town of Golden Friars was quiet by this time. Except for the townsfolk who were now collected in the kitchen of the inn itself, no inhabitant was now outside his own threshold.

Tom Scales was thinking of turning in. He was beginning to feel a little queer. He was thinking of the sexton; and could not get the fixed features of the dead man out of his head, when he heard the sharp though distant ring of a horse's hoof upon the frozen road. Tom's instinct apprized him of the

approach of a guest to the George and Dragon. His experienced ear told him that the horseman was approaching by the Dardale-road, which, after crossing that wide and dismal moss, passes the southern fells by Dunner Cleugh, and finally enters the town of Golden Friars by joining the Mardykes-road, at the edge of the lake, close to the gate of the Vicar's house.

A clump of tall trees stood at this point; but the moon shone full upon the road, and cast their shadow backward.

The hoofs were plainly coming at a gallop, with a hollow rattle. The horseman was a long time in appearing. Tom wondered how he had heard the sound—so sharply frosty as the air was—so very far away.

He was right in his guess. The visitor was coming over the mountainous road from Dardale Moss; and he now saw a horseman, who must have turned the corner of the Vicar's house at the moment when his eye was wearied; for when he saw him for the first time, he was advancing, in the hazy moonlight, like the shadow of a cavalier, at a gallop, upon the level strip of road that skirts the margin of the mere, between the George and the Vicar's piers.

The hostler had not long to wonder why the rider pushed his beast at so furious a pace, and how he came to have heard him, as he now calculated, at least three miles away. A very few moments sufficed to bring horse and rider to the inn door.

It was a powerful black horse, something like the great Irish hunter that figured a hundred years ago, and would carry sixteen stone with ease across country. It would have made a grand charger. Not a hair turned. It snorted, it pawed, it arched its neck; then threw back its ears and down its head, and looked ready to lash, and then to rear; and seemed impatient to be off again, and incapable of standing quiet for a moment.

The rider got down—

"As light as shadow falls."

But he was a tall, sinewy figure. He wore a cape or short mantle, a cocked hat, and a pair of jack-boots, such as held their ground in some primitive corners of England almost to the close of the last century.

"Take him, lad," said he to old Scales. "You need not walk or wisp him—he never sweats or tires. Give him his oats, and let

him take his own time to eat them. House!" cried the stranger—in the old-fashioned form of summons which still lingered, at that time, in out-of-the-way places—in a deep and piercing voice.

As Tom Scales led the horse away to the stables, it turned its head towards its master, with a short, shrill neigh.

"About *your* business, old gentleman—we must not go too fast," the stranger cried back again to his horse, with a laugh as harsh and piercing; and he strode into the house.

The hostler led this horse into the inn yard. In passing, it sidled up to the coach-house gate, within which lay the dead sexton—snorted, pawed, and lowered its head suddenly, with ear close to the plank, as if listening for a sound from within; then uttered again the same short, piercing neigh.

The hostler was chilled at this mysterious coquetry with the dead. He liked the brute less and less every minute.

In the meantime, its master had proceeded.

"I'll go to the inn kitchen," he said, in his startling bass, to the drawer who met him in the passage.

And on he went, as if he had known the place all his days: not seeming to hurry himself—stepping leisurely, the servant thought—but gliding on at such a rate, nevertheless, that he had passed his guide and was in the kitchen of the George before he had got much more than half-way to it.

A roaring fire of dry wood, peat, and coal lighted up this snug but spacious apartment—flashing on pots and pans, and dressers high-piled with pewter plates and dishes; and making the uncertain shadows of the long "hanks" of onions, and many a fitch and ham, depending from the ceiling, dance on its glowing surface.

The doctor and the attorney, even Sir Geoffrey Mardykes, did not disdain on this occasion to take chairs, and smoke their pipes by the kitchen fire, where they were in the thick of the gossip and discussion excited by the terrible event.

The tall stranger entered uninvited.

He looked like a gaunt, athletic Spaniard of forty, burned half black in the sun, with a bony, flattened nose. A pair of fierce black eyes were just visible under the edge of his hat; and his mouth seemed divided, beneath the moustache, by the deep scar of a hare-lip.

Sir Geoffrey Mardykes and the host of the George, aided by the doctor and the attorney, were discussing and arranging, for the third or fourth time, their theories about the death and the probable plans of Tom Scales, when the stranger entered.

The new-comer lifted his hat, with a sort of smile, for a moment from his black head.

"What do you call this place, gentlemen?" asked the stranger.

"The town of Golden Friars, sir," answered the doctor, politely.

"The George and Dragon, sir: Anthony Turnbull, at your service," answered mine host, with a solemn bow, at the same moment—so that the two voices went together, as if the doctor and the innkeeper were singing a catch.

"The George and the Dragon," repeated the horseman, expanding his long hands over the fire which he had approached. "Saint George, King George, the Dragon, the Devil: it is a very grand idol, that outside your door, sir. You catch all sorts of worshippers—courtiers, fanatics, scamps: all's fish, eh? Everybody welcome, provided he drinks like one. Suppose you brew a bowl or two of punch. I'll stand it. How many are we? *Here*—count, and let us have enough. Gentlemen, I mean to spend the night here, and my horse is in the stable. What holiday, fun, or fair has got so many pleasant faces together? When I last called here—for, now I bethink me, I have seen the place before—you all looked sad. It was on Sunday, that dismalst of holidays; and it would have been positively melancholy, only that your sexton—that saint upon earth—Mr. Crooke, was here." He was looking round, over his shoulder, and added—"Ha! don't I see him there?"

Frightened a good deal were some of the company. All gaped in the direction in which, with a nod, he turned his eyes.

"He's *not* thar—he *can't* be thar—we *see* he's not thar," said Turnbull, as dogmatically as old Joe Willet might have delivered himself—for he did not care that the George should earn the reputation of a haunted house. "He's met an accident, sir: he's dead—he's elsewhere—and therefore can't be here."

Upon this the company entertained the stranger with the narrative—which they made easy by a division of labour, two or three generally speaking at a time, and no one being permitted to finish a second sen-

tence without finding himself corrected and supplanted.

"The man's in Heaven, so sure as you're not," said the traveller, so soon as the story was ended. "What! he was fiddling with the church bell, was he, and d——d for that—eh? Landlord, get us some drink. A sexton d——d for pulling down a church bell he has been pulling at for ten years!"

"You came, sir, by the Dardale-road, I believe?" said the Doctor (village folk are curious). "A dismal moss is Dardale Moss, sir; and a bleak clim' up the fells on t'other side."

"I say 'Yes' to all—from Dardale Moss, as black as pitch and as rotten as the grave, up that zigzag wall you call a road, that looks like chalk in the moonlight, through Dunner Cleugh, as dark as a coal-pit, and down here to the George and the Dragon, where you have a roaring fire, wise men, good punch—here it is—and a corpse in your coach-house. Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together. Come, landlord, ladle out the nectar. Drink, gentlemen—drink, all. Brew another bowl at the bar. How divinely it stinks of alcohol! I hope you like it, gentlemen: it smells all over of spices, like a mummy. Drink, friends. Ladle, landlord. Drink, all. Serve it out."

The guest fumbled in his pocket, and produced three guineas, which he slipped into Turnbull's fat palm.

"Let punch flow till that's out. I'm an old friend of the house. I call here, back and forward. I know you well, Turnbull, though you don't recognize me."

"You have the advantage of me, sir," said Mr. Turnbull, looking hard on that dark and sinister countenance—which, or the like of which, he could have sworn he had never seen before in his life. But he liked the weight and colour of his guineas, as he dropped them into his pocket. "I hope you will find yourself comfortable while you stay."

"You have given me a bed-room?"

"Yes, sir—the cedar chamber."

"I know it—the very thing. No—no punch for me. By and by, perhaps."

The talk went on, but the stranger had grown silent. He had seated himself on an oak bench by the fire, towards which he extended his feet and hands, with seeming enjoyment; his cocked hat being, however, a little over his face.

Gradually the company began to thin. Sir Geoffrey Mardykes was the first to go; then some of the humbler townfolk. The last bowl of punch was on its last legs. The stranger walked into the passage, and said to the drawer—

"Fetch me a lantern. I must see my nag. Light it—hey! That will do. No—you need not come."

The gaunt traveller took it from the man's hand, and strode along the passage to the door of the stable-yard, which he opened, and passed out.

Tom Scales, standing on the pavement, was looking through the stable window at the horses, when the stranger plucked his shirt sleeve. With an inward shock, the hostler found himself alone in presence of the very person he had been thinking of.

"I say—they tell me you have something to look at in there"—he pointed with his thumb at the old coach-house door. "Let us have a peep."

Tom Scales happened to be at that moment in a state of mind highly favourable to any one in search of a submissive instrument. He was in great perplexity, and even perturbation. He suffered the stranger to lead him to the coach-house gate.

"You must come in, and hold the lantern," said he. "I'll pay you handsomely."

The old hostler applied his key, and removed the padlock.

"What are you afraid of? Step in, and throw the light on his face," said the stranger, grimly. "Throw open the lantern: stand *there*. Stoop over him a little—he won't bite you. Steady, or you may pass the night with him!"

In the meantime, the company at the George had dispersed; and, shortly after, Anthony Turnbull—who, like a good landlord, was always last in bed, and first up, in his house—was taking, alone, his last look round the kitchen before making his final visit to the stable-yard, when Tom Scales tottered into the kitchen, looking like death, his hair standing upright; and he sat down on an oak chair, all in a tremble, wiped his forehead with his hand, and, instead of speaking, heaved a great sigh or two.

It was not till after he had swallowed a dram of brandy that he found his voice, and said—

"We've the deaul himsel' in t' house! By Jen! ye'd best send for t' sir," (the cler-

gyman). "Happen, he'll tak him in hand wi' holy writ, and send him else-whidder deftly. Lord atween us and harm! I'm a sinfu' man. I tell ye, Mr. Turnbull, I dar'n't stop in t' George to-night, under the same roof wi' him."

"Ye mean the ra-beyoned, black-feyaced lad, wi' the brocken neb? Why, that's a gentleman wi' a pocket full o' guineas, man, and a horse worth fifty pounds!"

"That horse is no better nor his rider. The nags that were in the stable wi' him, they all tuk the creepins, and sweated like rain down a thack. I tuk them all out o' that, away from him, into the hack-stable, and I thocht I cud never get them past him. But that's not all. When I was keekin inta t' winda at the nags, he comes behint me, and claps his claw on ma shouther, and he gars me gang wi' him, and open the aad coach-house door, and haad the cannle for him, till he peaked into the deed man's feyace; and, as God's my judge, I sid the corpse open its eyes and wark its mouth, like a man smoorin' and strivin' to talk. I cudna move or say a word, though I felt my hair rising on my heed; but at lang-last I gev a yelloch, and says I, 'La! what is that?' And he himsel' looked round on me, like the devil he is; and, wi' a skirl o' a laugh, he strikes the lantern out o' my hand. When I cum to myself, we were outside the coach-house door. The moon was shinin' in, and I cud see the corpse stretched on the table whar we left it; and he kicked the door to wi' a purr o' his foot. 'Lock it,' says he; and so I did. And here's the key for ye—tak it yoursel', sir. He offer'd me money: he said he'd mak me a rich man if I'd sell him the corpse, and help him awa' wi' it."

"Hout, man! What cud he want o' t' corpse? He's no doctor, to do a' that lids. He was takin' a rise out o' ye, lad," said Turnbull.

"Na, na—he wants the corpse. There's summat you a' me can't tell he wants to do wi' t'; and he'd liefer get it wi' sin and thievin', and the damage of my soul. He's one of them freytens a boo or a dobbies off Dardale Moss, that's always astir wi' the like after nightfall; unless—Lord save us!—he be the deaul himsel'."

"Whar is he noo?" asked the landlord, who was growing uncomfortable.

"He spang'd up the back stair to his room. I wonder you didn't hear him

trampin' like a wild horse; and he clapt his door that the house shook again—but Lord knows whar he is noo. Let us gang awa' up to the Vicar's, and gan *him* come down, and talk wi' him."

"Hoity toity, man—you're too easy scared," said the landlord, pale enough by this time. "'Twould be a fine thing, truly, to send abroad that the house was haunted by the deaul himsel'! Why, 'twould be the ruin o' the George. You're sure ye locked the door on the corpse?"

"Ay, sir—sartain."

"Come wi' me, Tom—we'll gi' a last look round the yard."

So, side by side, with many a jealous look right and left, and over their shoulders, they went in silence. On entering the old-fashioned quadrangle, surrounded by stables and other offices—built in the antique cage-work fashion—they stopped for awhile under the shadow of the inn gable, and looked round the yard, and listened. All was silent—nothing stirring.

The stable lantern was lighted; and, with it in his hand, Tony Turnbull, holding Tom Scales by the shoulder, advanced. He hauled Tom after him for a step or two; then stood still, and shoved him before him for a step or two more; and thus cautiously—as a pair of skirmishers under fire—they approached the coach-house door.

"There, ye see—all safe," whispered Tom, pointing to the lock, which hung—distinct in the moonlight—in its place. "Cum back, I say!"

"Cum on, say I!" retorted the landlord, valorously. "It would never do to allow any tricks to be played with the chap in there"—he pointed to the coach-house door. "The coroner here in the morning, and never a corpse to sit on!" He unlocked the padlock with these words, having handed the lantern to Tom. "Here, keck in, Tom," he continued—"ye hev the lantern—and see if all's as ye left it."

"Not me—na, not for the George and a' that's in it!" said Tom, with a shudder, sternly, as he took a step backward.

"What the—what are ye afraid on? Gi' me the lantern—it is all one: I will."

And cautiously, little by little, he opened the door; and holding the lantern over his head, in the narrow slit, he peeped in—frowning and pale—with one eye, as if he expected something to fly in his face. He closed the door without speaking, and locked it again.

"As safe as a thief in a mill," he whispered with a nod to his companion. And at that moment a harsh laugh overhead broke the silence startlingly, and set all the poultry in the yard gabbling.

"Thar he be!" said Tom, clutching the landlord's arm—"in the winda—see!"

The window of the cedar-room, up two pair of stairs, was open; and in the shadow a darker outline was visible of a man, with his elbows on the window-stone, looking down upon them.

"Look at his eyes—like two live coals!" gasped Tom.

The landlord could not see all this so sharply, being confused, and not so long-sighted as Tom.

"Time, sir," called Tony Turnbull, turning cold as he thought he saw a pair of eyes shining down redly at him—"time for honest folk to be in their beds, and asleep!"

"As sound as your sexton!" said the jeering voice from above.

"Come out of this," whispered the landlord, fiercely, to his hostler, plucking him hard by the sleeve.

They got into the house, and shut the door.

"I wish we were shot of him," said the landlord, with something like a groan, as he leaned against the wall of the passage. "I'll sit up, anyhow—and, Tom, you'll sit wi' me. Cum into the gun-room. No one shall steal the dead man out of my yard while I can draw a trigger."

The gun-room in the George is about twelve feet square. It projects into the stable-yard, and commands a full view of the old coach-house; and, through a narrow side window, a flanking view of the back door of the inn, through which the yard is reached.

Tony Turnbull took down the blunderbuss—which was the great ordnance of the house—and loaded it with a stiff charge of pistol bullets.

He put on a great-coat which hung there, and was his covering when he went out at night, to shoot wild ducks. Tom made himself comfortable likewise. They then sat down at the window, which was open, looking into the yard, the opposite side of which was white in the brilliant moonlight.

The landlord laid the blunderbuss across his knees, and stared into the yard. His comrade stared also. The door of the gun-

room was locked: so they felt tolerably secure.

An hour passed: nothing had occurred. Another. The clock struck one. The shadows had shifted a little; but still the moon shone full on the old coach-house, and the stable where the guest's horse stood.

Turnbull thought he heard a step on the back-stair. Tom was watching the back-door through the side window, with eyes glazing with the intensity of his stare. Anthony Turnbull, holding his breath, listened at the room door. It was a false alarm.

When he came back to the window looking into the yard—

"Hish! Look thar!" said he, in a vehement whisper.

From the shadow at the left they saw the figure of the gaunt horseman, in short cloak and jack-boots, emerge. He pushed open the stable door, and led out his powerful black horse. He walked it across the front of the building till he reached the old coach-house door; and there, with its bridle on its neck, he left it standing, while he stalked to the yard gate; and dealing it a kick with his heel, it sprang back with the rebound, shaking from top to bottom, and stood open. The stranger returned to the side of his horse; and the door which secured the corpse of the dead sexton seemed to swing slowly open of itself as he entered, and returned with the corpse in his arms, and swung it across the shoulders of the horse, and instantly sprang into the saddle.

"Fire!" shouted Tom, and bang went the blunderbuss with a stunning crack. A thousand sparrows' wings winnowed through the air from the thick ivy. The watch-dog yelled a furious bark. There was a strange ring and whistle in the air. The blunderbuss had burst to shivers right down to the very breech. The recoil rolled the inn-keeper upon his back on the floor, and Tom Scales was flung against the side of the recess of the window, which had saved him from a tumble as violent. In this position they heard the scaring laugh of the departing horseman, and saw him ride out of the gate with his ghastly burden.

Perhaps some of my readers, like myself, have heard this story told by Roger Turnbull, now host of the George and Dragon, the grandson of the very Tony who then swayed the spigot and keys of that inn, in the identical kitchen of which the fiend

treated so many of the neighbours to punch.

What infernal object was subserved by the possession of the dead villain's body, I have not learned. But a very curious story, in which a vampire resuscitation of Crooke the sexton figures, may throw a light upon this part of the tale.

The result of Turnbull's shot at the disappearing fiend certainly justifies old Andrew Morton's dictum, which is thus expressed in his curious "History of Apparitions":—"I warn rash brands who, pretending not to fear the devil, are for using the ordinary violences with him, which affect one man from another—or with an apparition, in which they may be sure to receive some mischief. I knew one fired a gun at an apparition, and the gun burst in a hundred pieces in his hand; another struck at an apparition with a sword, and broke his sword in pieces, and wounded his hand grievously; and 'tis next to madness for any one to go that way to work with any spirit, be it angel or be it devil."

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THE THREE CHIMES.

A CAROL.

By Richard Atkinson.



HE bells are ringing across the snow—

Across the snow in the Christmas Eve;

Now wild and sweet, now faint and low,

This song the voices weave.

We sing a requiem, sad and slow,

To the sainted rest of days of yore;

For men must come, and men must go,

In the quick years evermore.

We ring a chime—and a happy chime—

To the troubled hearts of men that be;

As came a voice of olden time,

On the shore of Galilee.

But fair of all is the last sweet chime

We ring of the years and years to be

Ere cometh the golden harvest time

Of immortality!

BLIGHTED BY A WATER-BUTT.

By Fitchfield Mosely,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHARITY DINNER."



ON a pleasant autumnal evening, not many years ago, two personages might have been observed sitting in two back gardens in St. Benedict's-road, High-bury, and separated only by a brick wall.

One was a female, young, fair, and of prepossessing appearance;

the other a male, also young, but short, stout, snub-nosed, insignificant, and unprepossessing.

The name of the lady was Amelia—Amelia Chuttney, only daughter of a retired major in the Indian army; that of the gentleman was Digby Chick, his position being that of copying clerk in a solicitor's office in Throgmorton-street, City.

Had any casual observers been glancing into those gardens at the moment this narrative begins, they would have seen Mr. Chick busily engaged in propping a square box against the wall which separated his own from the other garden. That done, he mounted cautiously, as if to try his weight; and finding the arrangement sufficiently strong and perfectly satisfactory, he dismounted, and producing a pocket comb, proceeded to tittivate his hair after the fashion of sundry small and fussy gentlemen who are anxious that their appearance should create an impression. That done, Mr. Chick again mounted the box, and holding on to the wall with both hands, proceeded to gaze into his neighbour's garden. At this juncture, however, his frail support gave way suddenly, bringing his chin into such smart contact with the wall as to graze it severely, and make his eyes water by reason of the force of the concussion.

But Mr. Chick was of a persevering nature, and one not easily damped by reverses; and so, without more ado, he quietly re-erected his platform, and again looked over the wall at his fair neighbour, who was engaged with a book, and either did not, or would not, appear to see him.

"Ha! hum!" coughed Mr. Chick.

There being no notice taken of this salutation, after a few moments Mr. Chick repeated his cough in a louder key.

This time the young lady looked up from her book, in the direction of the sound.

"Good evening, miss," said Digby.

"Good evening, Mr. Chick."

"Is papa out or at home, miss?" asked Digby.

"He's asleep in the back parlour. I'll go and wake him if you wish to speak to him," returned the young lady, rising.

"Pray, don't think of such a thing, miss—it aint him I wish to speak to, it's you."

"Me—Mr. Chick!"

"You, Miss Chuttney! Don't wake your papa, on any account—pray, don't. He's a most estimable gentleman, I am well aware; but perhaps he might object to my climbing up the wall, and looking over into his garden, and—and talking to you, miss."

"I think it is not improbable, Mr. Chick."

"And I think it extremely probable. Oh, Miss Chuttney, it may perhaps be presumptive of me to say so, but probably you are not aware of the fact that I adore you."

"Sir!"

"Don't speak to me like that, miss. It's quite true, I can assure you. My position at present is a humble one, but my prospects are good. I have expectations, great expectations, from an old aunt of mine in the country—extremely elderly person, nearly a hundred now; but the longest lane has a turning, and she can't live for ever, you know."

"Sir!"

"Don't say 'sir' to me in that tone, if you please, Miss Chuttney; call me anything but 'sir.'"

"What would you have me call you?"

"Call me Digby, if you like."

"But I don't like, and therefore I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Oh, Miss Chuttney, I am not naturally of a mercenary disposition—quite the contrary, I assure you; but I cannot offer you my heart and hand with eighteen shillings a week in it, and nothing in perspective; that is the sole reason why I alluded to my venerable aunt. By the bye, miss, aint aunts with a little money fine institutions?"

"Mr. Chick, you will oblige me by getting down from that wall, and leaving off your absurd conversation."

"Absurd conversation! Is Love an absurdity?"

"It is in some instances, especially when we conceive a passion for what can never be ours."

"Just my sentiments to a T, miss; *then it is an absurdity*. Isn't it strange, too, that there are lots of people who never know when they are making themselves ridiculous?"

"It is, indeed," returned Amelia, smiling to herself.

"Excuse me, miss, but I am straying from my subject, and my arms are beginning to ache from hanging so long on to this wall, as the box I was standing on gave way about five minutes ago. Oh, give me some hope—say that you do not regard me with such aversion!"

"Sir!"

"There you go again. It's true, I am not much to look at. I haven't got altogether the aristocratic or military cut about me, I know; but then, you see, everybody can't be in the army. I had a brother once, and he enlisted into a foot regiment, and was drummed out for deserting in a fortnight, so that's something towards it; but if I am not a gentleman, at any rate I am not a worthless fellow, like some swells—all shirt collar and cuffs, miss."

"Really, sir, this conversation—"

"I know what you're going to say; but do listen to me for a moment. There's your pa waking up, for I just now heard him sneeze, so I must be very brief. Oh, Miss Chuttney! I love you to distraction—I am your devoted slave. Don't refuse me all at once—don't nip my young affections in the bud! There *is* a future in store for us: think of what I told you about my aunt, and give me some hope."

"Mr. Chick!"

"Miss Chuttney!"

"Will you oblige me in this one instance?"

"Certainly, I will—you may command me."

"Very well. I see that papa is coming into the garden; so go away, and leave off this nonsense."

"Nonsense, Miss Chuttney!"

Here the Major's voice struck in, gruffly—

"Amelia, my love, who are you talking to, eh? I thought I heard voices."

"Voices, papa! surely you must have been dreaming. Go away, Mr. Chick!"

As the Major appeared at the lawn window of his house, Mr. Chick disappeared from the wall as if he had been shot, and vanished indoors.

Weeks passed away, during which time Mr. Chick embraced every opportunity, whenever Miss Chuttney was alone in the garden, of declaring his passion for her, much to her disgust; but he was a most irrepressible and pertinacious lover, and no amount of discouragement served to damp his ardour in the least; and the young lady, although at times greatly annoyed, was somewhat amused at his constancy; when, to her great surprise, one evening she found the following epistle, addressed to her, deposited on the dustbin at the back of the house—

"**ADORED MISS CHUTTNEY**—Trusting that my feelings towards you are reciprocated, I take the liberty of proposing a plan for your approval which is calculated to ensure our mutual happiness. You are, of course, acquainted with the sentiments I profess towards you, as every evening for the past two months I have declared them to you from the top of the garden wall; but I can fully understand that you are afraid of offending your excellent and respected parent, who does not appear to view me with a favourable eye—in fact, quite the reverse, for he scowls fiercely at me whenever we meet, which is very seldom, as I make it my business to avoid him.

"Now, as you are aware that we are both of an age to be responsible for our actions, I ask you, without any further preface, to elope with me. This is Saturday. If you agree to my proposition, we can carry it into execution on Monday evening. The reason why I say Monday is, that I have obtained a week's holiday from my employers, and

therefore we could spend our honeymoon at Margate or Ramsgate. I have purchased a rope ladder, which we can secure to the balcony outside your room; and if you can arrange to leave the garden-gate unlocked that night, our escape can be very easily effected.

"Oh, Miss Chuttney! I implore you to agree to this, and render me a happy man. Just a line saying 'Yes' or 'No,' addressed to me, and left on the Dustbin, will be sufficient; and after dusk I will obtain it with a fishing-rod. Let the answer be 'Yes!' unless you wish to drive me into a madhouse.—Your own, "DIGBY."

"Really, this persecution is becoming intolerable," said the young lady to herself, after reading the above effusion. "I've a very great mind to show this letter to papa. Shall I, or shall I not? *Pray little finger tell me true, shall I show this letter to pa-pa or no? Yes!—no! Yes!—no! Yes!* The oracle says yes! and so I will."

And having come to this conclusion, she went indoors for the purpose.

The indignation and surprise of the Major may be imagined, as his daughter informed him, circumstantially, of Mr. Chick's protestations of devotion, and wound up by reading the letter to him.

"Confound his impudence!" said the Major, striding about the room. "A low-born, undersized, sneaking little vagabond like he is, to dare to aspire to the hand of my child! Amelia, you ought to have told me of this impertinence before. Hang me, if I won't horsewhip him into a jelly! I'll—I'll——"

"Papa, dear! don't do anything rashly. For my part, I think the poor fellow is a little insane."

"A little insane. Why, he must be a raving mad lunatic to think of you, my dear; but I trust you have given him no encouragement, Milly?"

"Not I, papa."

"Very well. Now, then, shall I horsewhip him, or shall I catch him in his own toils, and frighten him within an inch of his life?"

"I fancy that the best plan would be to frighten him, papa!"

"So be it—I am inclined to think so too; but to do so, I shall require a little of your assistance."

"My assistance?"

"Your assistance, Milly. Get your pen and ink—you must answer this letter at once."

His daughter obtained the writing materials, and sat down to the table.

"Now, papa, you must tell me what to say."

"Say that you agree to his proposal."

Amelia wrote a few words on a scrap of paper, and then walking up, said—

"Very well, papa, I have done so."

"Now fold up your note, and go out at once, and place it in the dustbin. When you return, I'll explain my plan to you."

The plot of the Major met with his daughter's approval; and having mutually agreed what course to pursue, they waited for the Monday evening somewhat impatiently.

The Monday evening at length arrived—eight, nine, ten o'clock came and went, and shortly after that hour the lights in the Major's house were all extinguished. At about half-past eleven, Mr. Chick, carrying his boots in his hand, crept noiselessly downstairs, opened the back door, and stepped out into the garden, and reviewed the position with a self-satisfied air.

"Everything seems propitious for our flight. It's a lovely night, and there's no moon," said Digby to himself. "In about half an hour it will be time to commence operations."

Being afraid to go back into the house, lest he might wake the other inmates, he sat down upon a garden seat, thinking what an uncommonly lucky fellow he was; until he was aroused from his reverie by an earwig crawling down his back.

Twelve o'clock struck from a neighbouring church.

"The time has come," muttered Digby, as he mounted the wall and dropped his rope quietly into his neighbour's garden. That done, he let himself gently down on to the lid of the dustbin, and from thence to the ground.

"All's well, so far," said our hero; "but where's Amelia? Surely she can't be asleep."

So he picked up a few small pebbles, and threw them one by one against the window of her room. After a short delay, the French window above was very cautiously opened, and the muffled-up form of Amelia appeared in the balcony.

"Hush! Is that you, Mr. Chick?" said a voice whose accents rang like music in his ears.

"Yes! it's me, your own Digby, darling. Hush! there's a big dog next door, and we mustn't wake him, or he'll bark. Are you quite ready?"

"Quite!"

"Is the garden gate open?"

"No; but I have the key."

"Ah! that's right. Have you such a thing as a piece of stout string up there?"

"I dare say I can find a piece. I'll see."

Amelia disappeared from the balcony, but returned almost immediately.

"Here it is."

"Let one end of it down to me, and I'll fasten it to the rope, and you can draw it up and secure it. There are two large hooks to fasten it to the balcony."

Amelia followed Digby's directions, and in a few seconds the ladder was firmly secured.

"Now, my darling, all you have to do is to descend."

"Oh, Mr. Chick, I'm so frightened. Suppose I were to fall? I really daren't venture alone. Oh, do come up and assist me."

"Certainly, I will," replied Digby; and he mounted the ladder.

At this moment, the dog before alluded to began to bark violently; and directly afterwards, the garden gate was heard to open and a heavy footstep to approach.

"Oh, dear me!" almost shrieked Amelia, "whatever will become of us? It's the policeman. How very unfortunate! He has a duplicate key, and sometimes walks round the garden at night, to see that all is right."

"What shall I do?" asked Digby, in agony.

"Crouch down on the top of the water-butt, and very likely he'll not see you, and give me the ladder."

Our hero did as he was told, and Amelia pushed to her window, and put out the light, as the heavy footsteps came nearer and nearer.

The policeman, who evidently fancied that all was well, seemed about to depart, when suddenly the lid of the water-butt tipped aside, and splash-dash went poor Digby into five feet of water.

"Hallo!" said the policeman to himself; "what's that? Burglars, or I'm very much mistaken. Blest if they aint in the water-butt? Now, then, young fellow, I can see you. Come out of that, will you?"

Now nothing was easier to say than this, but few things more difficult of accomplish-

ment. If any should doubt the truth of this assertion, let them try the experiment.

"Hush!" said poor Digby, as well as he was able, from the interior of the water-butt. "Hush! I can assure you, policeman, that it's all right."

"Oh, of course it is," returned the officer, ironically; "nothing could be righter. How else should you be in that water-butt?"

"Help me out, there's a good fellow."

"That's cool," answered the policeman.

"It's a great deal worse than that, it's awfully cold in here. I say, policeman, *do* help me out—I'm not a thief."

"Of course not, my lad—nobody ever gives hisself that character."

"It's all a mistake, it is indeed."

"That I believe, or else you wouldn't be in there."

Just then the window above was opened, and the Major appeared in his dressing gown and nightcap.

"What's the matter, eh? What's the meaning of all this riot and disturbance in the middle of the night? Amelia, my love, bring me my seven-shot revolver! Policeman, what does all this mean, eh?"

"Well, sir, it means just this: there's been an attempt made to break into your house; but I've got the burglar, and he's inside the water-butt."

"Bless my heart, you don't say so?" said the Major. "Climb up on the stand, policeman, and seize the ruffian by the hair of his head; then turn your bull's-eye on to his face, and let's see what he's like."

The policeman clambered up the side of the butt, and followed the Major's instructions implicitly.

"Why, hang me," roared the Major, "if it isn't the young fellow who lives next door!"

"Yes, Major, it's me," said the unhappy Digby, rendered desperate by the situation.

"Then, sir, what the devil are you doing inside my water-butt?"

"Excuse me, Major—I'm very sorry, but it's quite an accident. I didn't mean to do it. Let me out, and I'll never get inside it again."

"Ha! an idea strikes me," gasped the Major, as though overpowered by the force of it. "Amelia, this is your doing. I feel certain that you are responsible for this. Go and shut yourself in the drawing-room directly, and don't quit it until I give you leave."

"Don't be angry with her, Major. It's all my fault—it is, indeed."

"Confound your impudence, sir! You admit as much, do you? Policeman, keep him there—don't let him escape. Hang it! I'll—I'll murder him! Somebody give me my revolver, and I'll blow him to atoms!"

"Oh, Major!" cried poor Digby, "spare me, spare me! I had no idea of this."

"Stop him making that noise—we shall alarm the whole neighbourhood. Dip his head under water, and give him another ducking, policeman."

Up came the victim to the surface again, puffing and blowing.

"Major, Major—spare me! Think of my youth and inexperience. Don't cut me off in my prime—but let me go this time, and I promise you that I'll never attempt such a thing again. Oh, Major! reflect—you were a *young* man once."

"What, sir! Do you mean to say that I am an old man now?"

"Oh, no, Major—I don't say anything of the kind. Quite the contrary, Major—quite the contrary."

"Now, sir, I'll give you one chance for your life, and mind you speak the truth. Equivocate in the slightest degree, and you are a dead man! Were you not attempting to elope with my daughter? Give him another dip, policeman, to assist him to an answer."

"Yes, yes—I was!" blurted out poor Digby, almost suffocated by this immersion.

"Oh, you precious scoundrel! You were, were you? Now, then, if I let you go this time, will you ever repeat this attempt?"

"Never, Major—never," was the gurgled out reply.

"Never address another word to my daughter, and never look at her again?"

"Never—never again. Only let me go now."

"Shall I help him out of his bath, sir?" asked the policeman.

"All in good time, I haven't quite done with him yet," was the reply.

"Pray don't keep me in here much longer, Major, or I shall catch my death of cold. It's a family complaint—my grandmother was subject to rheumatics and ague."

"Confound your grandmother, sir; you should have thought of that before. Listen! I have one condition to propose—accept it, and we will rescue you from a watery grave; refuse it, and I'll put the lid back in its place, and sit upon it until you're suffocated."

"Name it, Major, for pity's sake, and let me go."

"It is this. You must promise to quit your apartments next door early to-morrow morning, and never show your confounded physiognomy in this locality again; for if ever I meet you within two miles of my house, I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life."

"And serve him right, sir," struck in the policeman.

"Just so. Officer, you're a man of sound common sense, and a credit to the Force. Now, sir, your answer?"

"I will agree to anything, Major."

"Very well. Policeman, help him out, and let him go."

After considerable exertions on the part of the constable, poor Digby was at length extricated from his uncomfortable quarters.

"Now, sir," said the Major, "begone! and never let me see your face again."

Digby didn't wait to be told twice, but immediately disappeared into the adjoining garden.

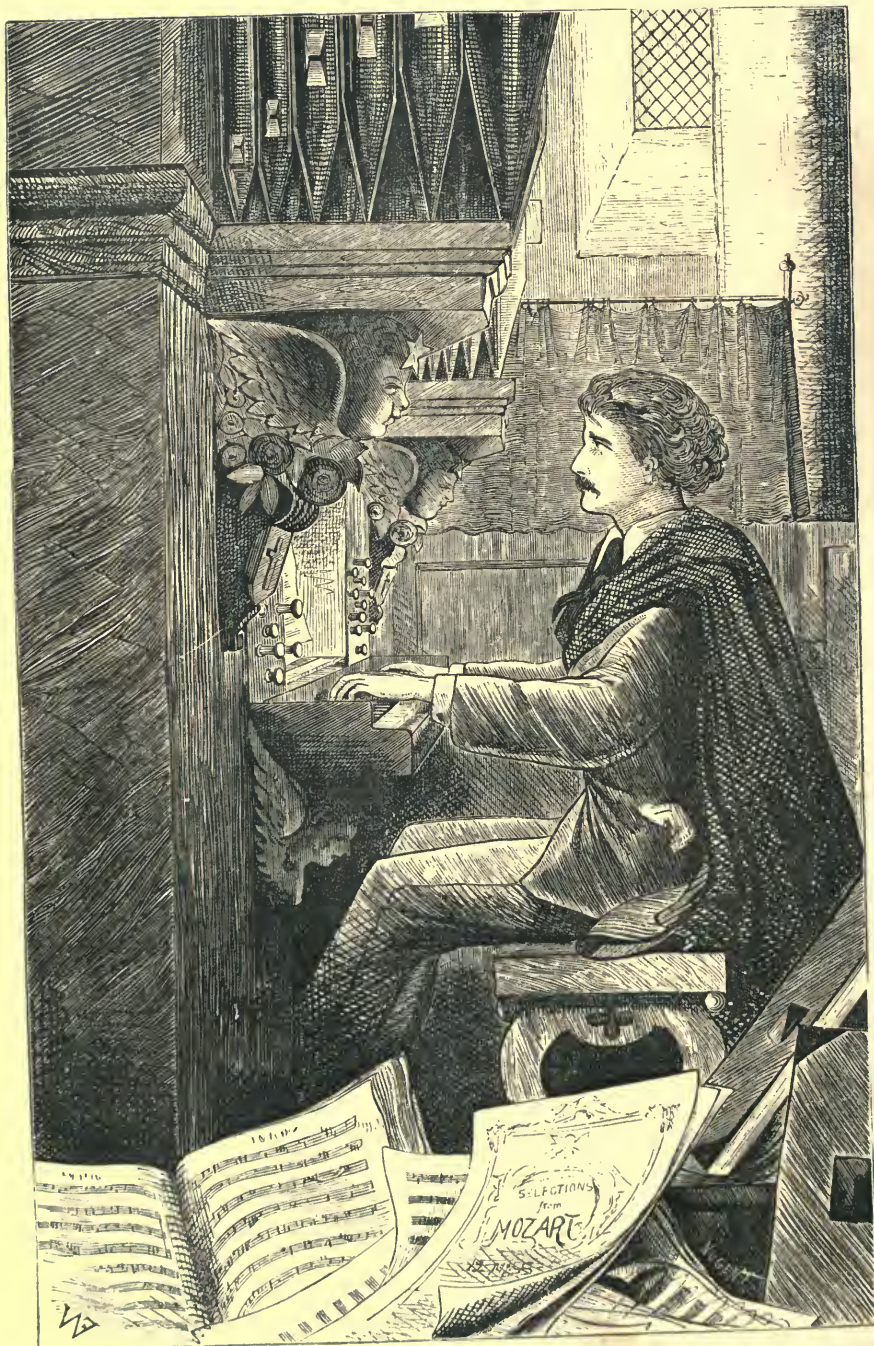
"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the Major when Digby had departed. "It's all right, Amelia; you won't be troubled by him again, I'll wager. Policeman, step inside and have some brandy; and mind, not a word about this little affair must be breathed to anybody."

"Depend upon me, sir," said the policeman. "Not a syllable escapes my lips."

And he looked very solemn and confidential as he spoke; but he told the whole story to me the next day, and no doubt to everybody he knew besides.





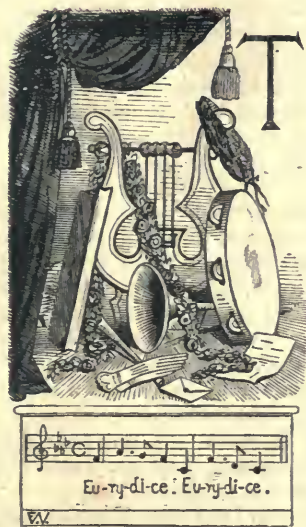


Drawn by

[F. Waddy.]

ORPHEUS.

By Julia Goddard.



THE Squire of Heatherseale had three daughters—" began Mrs. Pargeter.

But I interrupted her—

"I don't want to know about the Squire of Heatherseale," said I. "I wish to hear about Orpheus;— unless, indeed," I added, "as an idea

suggested itself to my mind—"unless Orpheus was the Squire of Heatherseale."

"No, he wasn't, sir."

"Then, if you please, Mrs. Pargeter, we will have Orpheus first, and the Squire of Heatherseale afterwards."

"It's the way I always begin the story, sir—and folks listen without saying a word till I've done; and you'd find it would all come right in the end, if you'd only have patience, sir."

"Perhaps so, Mrs. Pargeter; but I like things in order, and I wish to begin at what I consider the beginning, and to go on in a straightforward manner; and what I asked was—"Who was Orpheus?" so that I don't consider your remark about the Squire of Heatherseale as any answer to my question."

Mrs. Pargeter nodded her head deprecatingly.

"Well, well," said she; "some people must have their own way, I suppose, and I can just begin wherever you choose, sir; only I'm not sure but what it will spoil the story, and make me leave out some of the principal parts."

"No fear of that when you are telling it to *me*, Mrs. Pargeter," I replied. "I shall probably learn more facts than you tell to most persons."

Mrs. Pargeter smoothed down her apron, settled her cap strings, took out her knitting, and put on her spectacles. Without the two latter, I do not believe she could undertake any of the numerous narrations with which she is wont to entertain the guests at the Fox and Seven Stars.

As I looked at her, a queer conceit of one of the Fates spinning the thread of human destiny came into my mind; though with the poetic conception of any of the three weird sisters Mrs. Pargeter had nothing in common—being a plump, buxom widow, whose husband had died at an early period of their married life, leaving her sole proprietress of one of the most picturesque inns to be found in the southern counties.

It had no particular style of architecture, having been built on to and repaired at different epochs, in total disregard of any harmonies; one alteration acting as a sort of annihilator to any peculiar attribute that had gone before, making it almost impossible to affix a date to it, since the whole was jumbled together in so delicious a manner, that one in despair sat down, and took to believing that it must have been erected in that fairy "once upon a time" that gives the dating to all the romance and marvel that there is on the earth.

As for describing the Fox and Seven Stars, I do not intend attempting it—further than to say, if any one has by any possibility a sort of half-belief in fairydom, he may imagine a heap of building materials left one night, hard by an unfinished building of an indefinite epoch, which in the morning was found finished with such a variety of queer gables, pinnacles, bay and dormer windows, as would scarce have been mingled together by any mortal architect.

I may for a moment dwell upon the beauty of the three great lime trees that overshadowed the south side of the house;

and may observe that my sitting-room window, opening to the west, looks out upon a garden hedged in with trim-kept box hedges, excepting where, here and there, great shadowy elder bushes show their delicate white clusters, more esteemed by my hostess in their purple-berry time, and perhaps most fully appreciated when they have further turned into spiced, luscious wine, sipped by the gossips who are privileged to take their seats in the bar parlour.

I may ask you to imagine a plot of grass, kept smoothly shaven, and a wilderness of sweetness surrounding it, where rose bushes of old-fashioned virtues, scorned now as out of date, revel in all their fragrance; and where pinks, southernwood, bergamot, sweet-Williams, stocks, gillyflowers, sweet peas, marigolds, snapdragons, larkspur, and mignonette grow year after year in undiminished profusion. Add to this sight the hayfield, with the busy haymakers, on one side the trim hedge, and a view of the corn-stacks and the rolling uplands on the other, and you have some idea of how nature smiled back at me as I looked out of my window; though you cannot breathe or feel as I did the grateful breezes that came sweet to me over the clover fields and the new-mown hay, and which made me feel that life had much beauty in it, though I had grown so weary of it when I lay tossing on the bed of sickness, round which my friends gathered more than once to see me die. I was but an invalid yet, and had left the man-made town to come into the God-made country, to breathe a fresh breath of life; and I could have come to no better place, nor to a better home, for Mrs. Pargeter was as tender of me as if I had been her own son.

"Now, we will begin at the beginning, if you please, Mrs. Pargeter," said I, after waiting until the knitting needles had clicked round three rows—"Who was Orpheus?"

For I had been wandering in the churchyard close by—having a fondness for reading epitaphs, and for wondering what sort of lives the quiet inhabitants of the Garden of the Dead had passed through in years gone by; and perhaps having so lately been near being a citizen amongst them myself gave me a stronger interest than usual. Mrs. Pargeter was afraid I should become melancholy with being there so much; but I knew better: it gave me a joyful peace, and made me feel more in love with all the world, after

I had passed my hours of silent communing among the tombs.

To-day, I had paused for a long time before a gravestone which would have been singular enough anywhere, but more especially in a village churchyard. It was a stone of pure white marble, and on it was engraven the word "Orpheus," underneath which was a line of music in a minor key, whose notes, as I hummed them over, had a plaintive, despairing sound, more like the wail of an Æolian harp when the wind stirs its strings; and syllabled to match these eight notes, was written—

"EU-RY-DI-CE! EU-RY-DI-CE!"

"You've been sleeping in Orpheus' bed ever since you were at the Fox and Seven Stars," said Mrs. Pargeter, "and at this very moment you are sitting in the room where Orpheus lived. There's been little touched since he died. 'Twas before my time; but it's been kept just as it was for memory's sake, and to keep tune, as it were, with the tombstone in the churchyard."

"But," said I, again cutting short Mrs. Pargeter's lucubrations, "let me know, to begin with, who was Orpheus?"

"La! sir, how can I tell you? I don't know, and nobody else knows. It always was a mystery, and always will be."

I was in despair.

"And where did he come from?"

"That no one knows, excepting that he was a foreigner, and came from foreign parts."

"Ah, he was a foreigner," said I, musingly. I might have known it. No Englishman would have had such an inscription put on his tombstone. "And his name was Orpheus ——" I waited for the surname; but again Mrs. Pargeter quietly nonplussed me.

"Bless me, sir, his name wasn't Orpheus at all. I should have thought any Christian might have known that."

"I don't see how, Mrs. Pargeter, unless they were told."

"I thought, as you were a good scholar, you would have known," responded Mrs. Pargeter, a little reproachfully; "Orpheus being, they tell me, a heathen name, and Orpheus a heathen likewise—a sort of conjuror I've heard say, who performed magic with his music; and this one, for music's sake, took the name upon him, and in his madness would answer by no other name; and so he went by it for ever afterwards,

though before that he was known as Mr. Franz Von Rosen."

"Then he was a German and a musician?"

"He was a musician," returned Mrs. Pargeter; "he may have been the other, but I never heard it. After his death, the curate of the parish found a great packet of papers, sealed with a grand seal, with a coronet and a coat of arms, and on it was written, 'To be burned after my death.' And as the curate had promised faithfully to attend to his wishes, he burned them, as well as other papers that Orpheus had placed in his hands; so that no one was the wiser for what they contained."

"That was a pity," said I.

"Perhaps not," said she; "he's dead, and his family trouble—whatever that may have been—is buried with him; and those papers, if they had come to light, might have told many unpleasant secrets that had best be kept until the Day of Judgment. For much happens in this world, sir, that we poor mortals can't rightly pronounce upon; so 'tis better left—much better."

"Is the curate still alive?"

"He died last year. He used to come and talk to me a good deal about former days—it seemed a sort of comfort to him; and once or twice he touched the old piano standing in the corner there, sir, and the notes, as he touched them, sounded through the room like the wild cry of the bittern over the sedgy pools at Barnock, where I lived when I was a girl—a wild, haunting cry, such as one might think a spirit would send forth—so that I could not bear to hear it. But the curate seemed to like it; and he listened, as the sound echoed through the room, as though it were an answer to something he was thinking of."

"And how long had the curate lived in the village?" said I.

"Ever since he was ordained, sir. It was his first curacy, and it was his last—he never got any other preferment. He was as poor as Orpheus; and perhaps that was one great bond of sympathy between them. He was too poor to marry, though 'twas said he had been as passionately in love, once upon a time, as Orpheus was. But *he* got over it: the *other* didn't."

I drew my chair closer to Mrs. Pargeter, for she seemed to be getting into the story, which I had, perhaps, been unwise in diverting from its natural course.

"Did the curate ever describe Orpheus to you?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied; "but you must let me tell it as the curate told it, or I shall go wrong."

"Very well," said I, "let us have the curate's words."

"It was late one foggy night in November, Mrs. Pargeter," said he to me, "when I heard a tap at the outer door; and the old servant who lived with me having gone to bed, I opened it myself, and found myself face to face with a tired, worn-looking young man, with a face of peculiar beauty. His garments were drenched with rain, and he shivered with cold. He asked the way to the inn; and as I knew it was full, besides being a good way off, I asked him to come in, and I would make him comfortable for the night; for there was something in his rich, deep voice, in spite of the broken English he spoke, that had an irresistible charm in it. He hesitated at first; but I told him that I was curate of the place, and bound to look after the temporal and spiritual wants of those who came in my way; which appearing to satisfy his scruples, I brought him in, warmed him, fed him, and consoled him—for he seemed in need of consolation, though I could not reach the root of his trouble; and, sending him to rest upon my own bed, I slept in an arm-chair by my study fire."

"There was an air of something superior about my guest; and when he came down in the morning, refreshed, and dressed with extreme neatness and care, a sudden fancy came into my head that some great dignitary had travelled down incognito to offer me a prebend's stall which had just fallen vacant."

"But such an idea speedily died away. My guest was a musician, who had left his own country, and had come to a foreign land to work in quiet at his art, to win himself a name by his genius; and when he had made it, to return to his own country, and make those who now looked coldly upon him proud to welcome him."

"My land is a land of music," said he; "my countrymen have depths of the sublimest melody in their hearts—their hearts will spring forth to recognize me, to hail me, when my spirit has made itself felt; and until then I sojourn here."

"By 'here,' he did not exactly mean in our village," explained Mrs. Pargeter. "But,

la! sir, the first kind word one meets with among strangers has a wonderful effect; and he'd doubtless had many from our curate in the course of their talk—to say nothing of the deed that had gone before; and so he made up his mind to stay at Heatherseale, and there study his beloved music—which he did, sir.

"He seemed to have a certain supply of money—enough for his wants, though not much to spare; and he took up his abode at the Fox and Seven Stars, in the very two rooms you've been living in, sir. The Fox and Seven Stars was moderate in its charges in those days, even as it is now—"

Mrs. Pargeter paused.

"Certainly, Mrs. Pargeter, certainly; for comfort and moderation, there is not an inn in all England to compare with the Fox and Seven Stars; and when I write a book, I shall be sure to mention it."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Mrs. Pargeter, evidently much gratified. "And so you see, sir," she continued, "he could not do better than stay here; it saved his having the trouble of housekeeping, and he had nothing to divert his thoughts from his studies."

"Besides, there was a grand organ just put up at the church, and he got the liberty of playing on it whenever he pleased; and strangers used to come from far and near to hear Mr. Von Rosen play. And W—— was not so far off; and more than once he was asked to go over on some special occasion, and the people were wild about him, and he might have had any organ appointment in the kingdom, I've heard, but that nothing would induce him to leave Heatherseale."

"Why not?" I asked.

"That you shall hear," she replied.

EURYDICE.

"The Squire of Heatherseale had three daughters," said Mrs. Pargeter, rolling out the words, as if in triumph that she had reached them at last—"Laura, Phillis, and Sylvia. Laura was dark and glowing, reminding one of the deepest damask rose that ever grew in a garden, queenly and majestic; Sylvia was like a rosebud just opening, a mere child; and Phillis made one think of the wild honeysuckle that runs twining in and out over every support it can find, delighting one with its perfumed blossoms in garden and hedgerow, hiding itself

away among the tangling roses and purple nightshade, and making every one coming within influence of its fragrance think a thousand beautiful thoughts by virtue of its presence. Such was Phillis Davenant. None came near without experiencing a sort of fascination that it was not easy to shake off; and Mr. Von Rosen had felt its effects more strongly than any one who had yet come within its atmosphere.

"Phillis was something of a coquette. Mr. Von Rosen was very handsome, was perfect in manner, was a gentleman, was a genius, was charming in conversation, especially when animated, as he always was in Phillis's company. And Phillis found it very pleasant to meet with him, though at first she scarce thought of anything further; until it came to pass that Phillis, having a talent for music, persuaded Mr. Von Rosen to give her some lessons, and the bond of sympathy between them became stronger; till, in the end, Phillis woke up to a knowledge that had been ever present with Mr. Von Rosen, that the foreign musician loved her better even than his beloved music."

"The Squire of Heatherseale was in happy ignorance—such a danger had never occurred to him. He hated foreigners, and looked down upon musicians, and those who earned their living by their brains. The only respectable livelihood for a gentleman, in his estimation, was to be derived from the revenue of broad acres; and he presumed that his daughters held opinions in unison with his own. He had tolerated Mr. Von Rosen because he was gentlemanlike and unassuming, and his wife and the girls were fond of music. But as for any sympathy stronger than music, he had never dreamed of it."

"All at once Phillis woke up; and when she woke up, she was afraid of her next music lesson, for she hoped and feared what might come of it; and, being afraid of her father also, she felt that doubt was a pleasanter state than certainty. Not so Mr. Von Rosen. Some secret knowledge that he seemed to possess kept him in utter carelessness of the prejudices of English squires, even had he happened to understand them."

"But," said the curate to me," continued Mrs. Pargeter, "'I saw it all. I saw, if Mr. Von Rosen spoke, the dream would be at an end; and I explained to him, as delicately as I could, the difficulties of the situation: that he must wait until he had made himself a

name—until he had placed himself above the suspicion of being a mere adventurer—until his genius should awaken an echo in the hearts of Englishmen, such as he hoped to awaken in the hearts of his own countrymen, and they should crown him with the wreath of fame.'

"'That will never be,' said he. 'These English understand not our sublimity of musical conception.'

"There may be exceptions—a great many exceptions, Mrs. Pargeter," said I, forgetting that she was quoting the curate's words, and probably repeating them in many instances, very much like a parrot.

She looked up, not comprehending my protest against the foreign sentiment, and proceeded with her story.

"However," said the curate, "I persuaded him, for Phillis's sake as well as his own, to be circumspect; and I suppose he acted up to my counsels to a certain extent, for matters went on outwardly as usual, and Mr. Von Rosen worked away more diligently than ever, and told me that the work upon which he was engaged was nigh its completion—a work which, he said, would place him on that pinnacle which he had striven to attain. Shortly afterwards he informed me that his happiness was complete, that Phillis loved him, and had promised, when he should have attained his glory, as he called it, to become his wife.

"And the Squire?" I inquired, breathlessly.

"Knows nothing about it,' returned Mr. Von Rosen. 'It is to be a secret at present. My destiny is not yet fulfilled.'

"My mind," said the curate, "was filled with vague misgivings, and yet there seemed no need of them, for all went well. Mr. Von Rosen's name, through less ambitious compositions, was becoming known; and this greater effort was to achieve his future for him.

"So I began to think that possibly, in his case, genius might triumph over the world; and, in my confidence in him, my doubts quieted down. And so time sped along, and all went well. Until—"

ARISTEUS.

Again Mrs. Pargeter took up the curate's narrative.

"The serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field.'

"There are always serpents abroad, of one kind and another, visible and invisible, tempting or goading on to evil;—wily, cunning, crafty, or sometimes only fierce and headstrong. Into every Eden the intruder finds his way, and the little Eden that Franz Von Rosen, in the simplicity of his love and his integrity, had planted at Heatherseale was not to be free from one.

"There had been more company at Heatherseale than usual this year, and there was like to be more. Laura Davenant's charms had smitten the heart of an elder son in the neighbourhood; and as his broad acres were no way inferior to those of the Squire, he hailed the match with all the eagerness of a fond father anxious for the well-doing of his children.

"Now, the elder son had a younger brother, heir to a large property on the mother's side. This brother was a quiet, undemonstrative man, who did not care much for society. However, in the course of the festivities that were going on between the families, he made his appearance, and, without any let or hindrance in the matter, straightway fell in love with Phillis.

"Phillis had a difficult part to play. She feared to show any partiality towards her plighted lover, lest she should bring down upon him and upon herself the wrath of the family. And yet her neutral conduct was tantamount to an admission that she was free, bringing upon her the unmistakable attentions of Mr. Aylmer, which roused the jealousy of Franz Von Rosen.

"It was in vain that she was cold to the one, and reasoned with the other. Mr. Aylmer, not content with her refusal, besought the aid of her father to prosper his suit. The Squire urged; Phillis was firm; Mr. Aylmer was importunate; Franz Von Rosen watched jealously, too jealously; and the keen eye of his rival was upon him.

"For a moment he was dismayed. Such an idea had never entered his mind; but with all the quick-sightedness of disappointed love, he comprehended the case at once, and saw that there was a clandestine attachment."

"No good ever comes of these clandestine engagements," observed Mrs. Pargeter parenthetically. Then she went on—

"Mr. Aylmer was cautious. He withdrew, or pretended to withdraw; made his farewells to the Squire, and expressed his gratitude for

the consideration with which he had been treated by him, making the Squire more indignant than ever with his daughter. He also insinuated, without so much as the Squire's being able to determine from which side the suggestion arose, that there might be a more favoured suitor in the case. At any rate, however, it came to pass, the Squire, possessed with a sudden inspiration, went straight to his daughter, accused her of an attachment, and demanded to know who it was. Phillis blushed, wept, stammered, half denied, grew confused and frightened.

"The Squire raged and stormed; and finally the secret came out. Phillis was sent away from home, and Mr. Von Rosen dismissed with contumely—the Squire upbraiding him, and telling him that, come what might, he would rather see his daughter in her grave than let her be his wife.

"And Franz Von Rosen, in his turn, waxed wrath; and when the Squire called him a nameless foreigner and a base adventurer, he all at once grew white and rigid with terrible passion, and, delicate as he looked, became endued with sudden superhuman strength, beyond any that the stalwart Squire possessed. He seized him by the arms, and held them pinioned, as though the strong man were but a puny child in his grasp; and, in a hoarse voice, his white lips quivered forth—

"Old man, were you not the father of her I love, you should repent the lie you have uttered. No name! I have one beside which your self-vaunted one should sink into dust and obscurity."

"Then he flung the Squire from him, and returned to his lodgings.

"They say he spoke no word, but sat down at the piano, and played his passion out in the wildest, most wailing melody that ears ever heard from earthly instrument.

INFERNO.

"He could not tell whither they had sent his love. He tried in vain to discover her retreat. He laid all sorts of plans, whereby he might trace her. He wandered away for days, and then, returning home, worked harder than ever at his cantata.

"A sudden inspiration seemed to have seized him. He appeared to give up all thought of seeking for Phillis: he shut himself up, and was absorbed in his music. Day after day the passers-by lingered to hear the strange, sweet music that floated

over the roses in the trim-kept garden, and lost itself in the hum of the thousand bees among the lime flowers.

"And still Phillis was kept away; and there was nothing heard of her by any in the village. Some said she had gone abroad; some that the Squire had placed her in a Protestant convent; some that she was ill and dying, in some out-of-the-way place a hundred miles away. But none of the many rumours that were afloat produced the slightest impression on Franz von Rosen. If he heard them, he heeded them not. He was as one in a dream. Day after day, night after night, he pored over his blotted scores and his old piano. He did not go near the organ. He did not go out of doors; and none saw him but the curate, who came occasionally to commune with him.

"To him, with gleaming eyes and burning cheeks, he confided his belief that, through the power of his genius, he should work all things to his will, and win back Phillis.

"The curate shook his head, and tried to soothe him, and to urge him not to sacrifice himself to overwork; but it was in vain—a fever-phantasy had taken possession of him; and, putting the finishing chords to his masterpiece, he gathered up his papers and went away.

"He might be gone he knew not how long, he had said, and had put into the hands of the curate a sufficient sum to pay for keeping on his rooms for six months. 'At the end of which time,' said he, 'if you do not hear from me, believe that I am dead; and after six months more, destroy all the papers I now place in your hands.'

"Then he went away; and three months passed, and nothing was heard of him. The Squire, believing him to be but a worthless adventurer, who would return no more, brought Phillis back. But the honeysuckle that had drawn all hearts towards it by its freshness was pale and withered; and, instead of the light-hearted girl who was seen about the village, there crept through the Hall gardens a shadow so slight, that some of the country people believed it was but the wraith of Phillis Davenant.

"Another month went by, and then another, and still no word of Franz Von Rosen. Phillis drooped, and the village doctor said she must go to London to consult the physicians there.

"And so they took her.

"She must move about; her mind must be occupied; she must have amusement.' This was the prescription of the doctors.

* * * * *

"There was a wonderful piece, by a foreign composer, that was creating a great sensation. Every one was going to hear it—every one was talking of it. Phillis was fond of music. It would be the thing to interest her—she must go. And, utterly careless of whether she went or stayed away, Phillis suffered herself to be dressed, placed in a carriage, and driven to the concert.

"The room was crowded: there were, besides the fashionable audience, a crowd of *artistes* waiting, with eager faces, to hear the wonderful cantata.

"Orpheus:' that was its name; and when the stringed instruments in the orchestra were silent after their tuning, there was a dead hush, for the conductor had mounted to his place, and the overture was about to begin.

"Strange, weird music! Now a soft, low, tender movement, as of a light breeze playing over the golden valleys, full of peace and happiness; then the storm-sweep of a tempest on the wing, a crash, a wail, a sudden gust of hope; and then a strain so full of beauty that the audience could scarce refrain their tears. Then one triumphant peal of joy, and then a desolate intonation of despair, that grew ever more and more intense, until at last it died into a sort of chaos; and, when the hearers thought it was at its end, there sounded forth eight plaintive notes—so thrilling, so unearthly, that each one felt as though a human voice had spoken, as though a human heart had snapped in twain.

"The overture was the epitome, as it were, of the cantata, in which the singers exerted their utmost powers in order to do justice to the composition; whilst those who listened were carried away—the glorious sounds bringing the story before them as though it were painted in glowing colours. First they saw the woods, the mountains, the birds, the beasts, entranced by the musician's magic. They saw Eurydice, in all her joy, with her beloved Orpheus; they saw her die; they followed her to Hades; they hasted close upon the track of Orpheus; they wept; they prayed within their hearts that Pluto might relent. No matter that they knew the tale—for the moment they had forgotten

how it ended. Then, in their joy, they turned with Orpheus to look on the fair one's face; and, lo! she had vanished ere they recovered their breath. And still the wonderful notes, emulated now by the singer's voice, were dying through the hall—

"Eurydice! Eurydice!"

"At the first notes, Phillis had raised her head: she had followed breathlessly throughout the whole. There was something that struck a chord in her heart, something familiar in it: it seemed to have a message for her; and now and then she started, as some passage brought back old memories; and when the last notes wailed away, she gave a smothered sob.

"Not many seats in front of her, half hidden by a pillar, sat a fair-haired man, absorbed in the performance. His face was pale with excitement, and his eyes never moved from the orchestra. There was a sudden call for the composer; but no one responded. Then the cry rose again—

"Von Angerstein! Von Angerstein!"

"And one of the enthusiastic *artistes*, who had listened with rapt delight, touched the fair-haired man, and whispered to him to rise as the cry, "'Von Angerstein! Von Angerstein!' again resounded through the hall.

"He stood up—he turned towards the audience; and Phillis looked upon the face of Franz Von Rosen.

"She half rose from her seat, regardless of the crowd around her; then, with a piercing cry, fell back, fainting.

"It was the answering echo to 'Eurydice! Eurydice!'

"Von Rosen heard it; and in a moment he was beside her—kneeling, imploring that she would speak to him once more.

"They carried her away, fainting; and Von Rosen followed. The Squire of Heather-seale would have given all his wealth to have have had it otherwise—he would have listened now to the musician's prayer; but it was too late.

"The shock had been too much for her; and as the morning dawned, she died—her hand close clasped in that of Franz Von Rosen.

HEBRUS.

"Gone, gone! There is no light in the world, no music in the sweetest sounds, no scent in the flowers, no beauty in the stars; there is no joy in my heart—all peace and

happiness has gone! Phillis, Phillis, there is no life without thee!"

"Such was the burden of Franz Von Rosen's lament as he stood by the grave of Phillis Davenant.

"Occasionally, he roused up from this state of partial insanity; and, in his lucid moments, made the curate promise that when he died the stone above his grave should simply bear the name of Orpheus, with the last notes of his great work written underneath it."

"It was a strange device for a Christian burying ground; but what matter what marks us out to men?" said Mrs. Pargeter. "The Lord knows us by any name, and understands us better than human creatures can."

"And the curate had no scruples in carrying it out?" I asked.

"None, sir."

Then she went on:—

"There was evidently some mystery about Orpheus; for every year, at a certain date, a certain sum of money was paid to him, through a foreign agent, which was sufficient to meet his moderate expenses.

"A short time before he died, he roused to a longer period of reason than usual; and from the little he said upon the subject, the curate imagined that he was the son of some royal personage abroad, by a left-handed marriage, and that he disdained to take the name permitted to him, unless he could take his place upon an equality with those whom he considered as only his peers.

"I could have shown a prouder ancestry than the Squire of Heatherseale can boast of," said he. "But what matter now?—the dream is ended, the drama played out!"

"Then he gave his papers into the hands of the curate, to be burned after his death; and I've heard that one packet, besides the one the curate found afterwards, was sealed with a seal as big as a crown piece, with a grand coronet on it.

"That was the longest spell of reason he had ever had since the death of Phillis Davenant; and after that he sank gently away. Up to the last, he would steal down to the river, where he had often seen her, and there he would softly repeat, 'Eurydice, Eurydice!'

"So the last year of his life went on; and

when he grew weaker and weaker, and could no longer go out of doors, he would sit in that chair—the very chair you're sitting in, sir—and watch the butterflies among the flowers; for it was summer time.

"One evening, the curate came in just as the sun was setting, and the golden rays were blending with the purple haze that rose from the earth; and they streamed in at the window from whence the poor musician was gazing, for the last time, over the landscape.

"He tried to rise as the curate entered; but it was too great an effort for him, and he sank back exhausted.

Then he opened his eyes, and a wild gleam of joy lighted them up.

"I could not bring her back from Orpheus," said he; "but I shall find her in Paradise. There—there," he continued, pointing towards the golden west; "can you not see her? She beckons me. I come—I come—my own Eurydice!"

"There was a pause. The curate gazed upon the dying man, and knew that the end was not far off.

"Again, but in a fainter voice, that was clear as a silver bell, sounding sweetly in the distance, as though it had reached the haven, and those on earth but heard its echo, he cried again—

"Eurydice! Eurydice!"

"And, as the last note died away, the poor soul had entered into rest."

"Tis just the old story over again," said Mrs. Pargeter. "It comes and comes, and is always new and always old; and there are many more broken hearts in the world than the world wots of."

"Perhaps so," said I. "Poor Orpheus!"

She settled her spectacles, and looked at me fixedly.

"It is over now," said she. "It will be over with us all, a few years later or sooner—all the pain, all the sorrow, all the partings. Then will the everlasting come," she added, solemnly—"the undimmed day of for ever and for ever, shining over long-parted hearts, whose rapture the heart of living mortal man cannot imagine. Ah, sir, we take sorrowful farewells on this side the dark river, forgetting that faith whispers to us through the deepening shadows, 'In Heaven we meet again!'"

THE TRUE TALE OF A BLUE LION.

By Tom Hood.



THE borough of Puddledock is a thriving, though possibly not a beautiful, town on the borders of Beeveshire. We gather from the Blue Book issued by the Potteries Commission, that fifty-one and three-fifths per cent. of its adult male population, forty-four and three-quarters per cent. of its adult female inhabitants, and of its children of both sexes about forty-nine decimal nine, repeating, are directly or indirectly employed upon or connected with the pottering industry. If chance, duty, or inclination has ever taken you into a small roadside ale-house, you will in all probability have noticed that the common form of mug in use at such places is one which bears, on a bluish or greenish gray ground, an ornament somewhat resembling a fern leaf or a frond of seaweed. This pattern is produced by dropping a small portion of dark pigment on the glaze ere it is hardened, when the colouring matter assumes this peculiar appearance. It is the proud boast of Puddledock that this cheap but ingenious style of ornamentation was discovered—accidentally, it is true—by a local genius, whose name, however, has not been handed down to posterity.

At the period of which my story treats, the articles which Puddledock produced next in quality and importance to pottery, were lawyers. I do not know whether a potter is made of more litigious clay than the rest of mankind; but I may state that in Puddledock there was about one lawyer to every fifty potters.

It will not surprise this honourable house

—I mean my listeners, sir!—to learn that the legal gentlemen interested themselves greatly in the political concerns of Puddledock. Leaving to the potters the fashioning of the earthenware of the town, they took in hand the moulding of its political career. They monopolized the formation of election committees; they organized registration societies, and fought over the revision of the lists with a pertinacity which absorbed all the funds of those societies. They were thus, in short, constituted the political trustees for the borough; and they therefore, in that capacity, superintended the distribution of the patronage and subscriptions which were always expected of him who had the honour to be the elected of Puddledock.

Acting under these legal leaders of election tactics was a large army of recruits from the petty rascaldom of the borough—barbers, brewers, publicans, and cobblers. You may not have observed that it is from these callings chiefly that those witnesses are drawn who find it necessary, in cases of bribery commissions, to ask for indemnities against the penalties to which their evidence would lay them open.

In an evil hour was it that I consented to stand for Puddledock in the Tory interest, when the death of Fuzzlehead, the eminent corn merchant, created a vacancy. I had contested it once before, when Lord Botcherly, on the majority of his son, the Hon. Jarvis Jarvis, intimated to me that the sooner I retired from the representation of Biggleswade, where I had acted admirably as a warming-pan for his heir, the better he should be pleased. There was a writ just issued for Puddledock, and he pointed out that I might retire gracefully from Biggleswade, and throw myself into the contest at Puddledock; grounding my tactics on a professed interest in the great pottery question, which had long distracted the county—to wit, the question whether a protective duty should not be levied on *provinciale china*, to encourage the production of our native delf.

I took the hint, and his lordship generously drew a cheque towards the expenses of the Puddledock contest. I found it miserably inadequate. Furthermore, it was expended in vain; together with other moneys which I received from my father, who wished me to devote myself to his business and abandon politics, and therefore was not too liberal of pecuniary aid.

Puddledock was an avacillating constituency. At one election it sent two Tories; at the next, two Whigs; then a Whig and Tory; and so on, ringing the changes. For some years before my second candidature, it had always sent one Whig at least to Parliament, in the person of Major Dennys, the son of Sir Pollifex Dennys, a local magnate, much beloved for his kindness and generosity, and the liberal manner in which his park was thrown open to Puddledock holiday-folk. The Major was not an ardent politician, or a violent partizan; but he looked after the local interests most vigilantly, and so acquired a popularity nothing could combat—luckily for him, for he was in a chronic state of debt, which made his immunity from arrest as an M.P. a most desirable privilege.

He, I have said, was a Whig: the late lamented Foosehead belonged to the same party. But it chanced, at the time of his decease, that the Tories were in power. The Puddledock politicians, taking counsel on the issue of the new writ as to what course it would be best to pursue with regard to the election, came to the decision that it would be as well to have a Tory member, in order to possess two strings to their bow, and so have a pull whichever party happened to be in power.

In pursuance of their determination at the meeting I have mentioned, the Tory agents came to town and waited on me. I was a little surprised to see them, for they had treated me very cavalierly when I was last with them. Now they were all smiles and flattery. I soon learnt the cause of the alteration. My father had died in the interim, and I was now a wealthy man—in short, I was a bird worth plucking, full-fledged and plump enough for the spit. However, if it is injudicious to look a gift horse in the mouth, it is worse than injudicious to inquire too curiously into the motives of a declaration that waits upon you to ask you to become M.P. for its borough; so I closed with them, and in a week's time was down at Puddledock, upon my eyes

in the labours of canvassing; for no sooner had I reached the scene of action than I was informed by my committee that the contest would be a far harder one than they had anticipated.

The fact is that, if there be honour among thieves—which I doubt—there is certainly not too much good faith among electioneering attorneys. The Puddledock Whigs had been tempted and had succumbed. Young Lord Bagnall, son of the Earl of Fothergill, was anxious to obtain a seat. His father was Foreign Secretary in the Tory Government; but he, according to the family traditions, began as a Whig. The heirs of the Fothergill title always did! But he let the Puddledockers understand that the Earl had the feelings of a father, and that in matters of patronage, &c., their Whig member would be at least as powerful as any Tory the other side could produce.

My committee saw their opponents' game, and gnashed their teeth.

"We must sugar, Mr. Muddeford! Sugar right and left, if we are to win," said my chairman.

I did not understand his meaning, and told him so; whereon he explained that sugar was a local euphemism for bribery. I was not shocked, for I was no novice in electioneering tactics; but as of late there had been a growing disposition in bribery committees to be severe on detected offenders, I merely stipulated that the sugaring should be so conducted as to guard me against any suspicion of complicity.

A council of war was held by my committee, at which, I was privately informed, my presence was not absolutely necessary. At the conclusion, my chairman waited upon me, and informed me, with a grave face, that there was a severe epidemic raging in Puddledock. A cough and sore throat, of an aggravated character, would be found very prevalent, he assured me, among certain classes of voters on whom it would be my duty to call during my canvass. Fortunately, he went on to inform me, a member of my committee—Mr. Danks, the chemist, of Church-street—was in possession of a prescription for certain cough lozenges, which were an infallible remedy. My informant hinted that, as this lozenge was a patent medicine, I had better purchase it; and, taking Mr. Danks's stock, distribute boxes among the electors, who were suffering from the bronchial affection he had named.

The patent became mine in exchange for a cheque for seven hundred pounds. The boxes of lozenges were brought to me by Mr. Danks himself, with careful directions not to open one, as the virtue of the lozenges might be lost by exposure to the air. I obeyed his instructions; but I may mention that the boxes—about the size of an ordinary pill-box—were somewhat heavy, and gave out a metallic clink when sharply shaken.

I found the bronchial affection as general as my chairman had predicted; indeed, I had to have a further supply of lozenges from Mr. Danks, who, in consideration of the expense and trouble of making up the prescription at short notice, and against time, required a cheque for two hundred pounds in advance.

Our opponents, finding the interest I was taking in the bronchial comfort of the constituency, rushed to the other extreme; and at our next committee meeting I was told by the chairman that Lord Bagnall was distributing little packets of corn-plasters, "to put himself on a good footing with the electors," said a member of the committee. He was the comic lawyer of the place, who generally won his cases by making the bench laugh.

Nomination day came. The Mayor gave the show of hands in favour of my opponent; and I cannot but say that he was right. I was assured his lordship's corn-plasters had been so effectual that they had enabled many electors to walk to the hustings whom it was generally very difficult to move.

There was consternation in my camp that night; for Major Dennys had appeared on the hustings by his lordship's side. As a rule, the Major had the good taste to keep out of the way on such occasions; but it was rumoured that the Earl of Fothergill had intimated through his son that an appointment on the French Embassy was vacant, and that under certain circumstances the Major's claims, as one who had long resided abroad (for strong reasons), would very probably be admitted.

When our meeting broke up, my chairman lingered a moment or two after the departure of the other members.

"It is a lost game, sir, unless you're good for a large investment in sugar."

"Think of the cost of the lozenges," said I.

"Lost money," said he. "It's no use

talking in parables, Mr. Muddeford. The fact is, if you're not good for another seven or eight hundred pounds, it is all up with our game."

I paused and reflected. You must remember that the cheques for the lozenges were not the only ones I had had to draw, by a good many. They were the only ones spent in direct bribery, to be candid with you. But I had paid large sums away before for committee-rooms, and messengers, and all sorts of allowable objects of expenditure—for which, however, I was paying fancy prices—bribery, in short, under another guise. I counted the cost. It was large indeed, even for my large means. Still, I thought, nothing venture nothing have—it was a pity to risk spoiling the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar: and attempted comforting myself with such delusive proverbs.

"Look here, then," said my chairman, "I will send Tom Purkiss to you." And he departed.

Tom Purkiss was a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and general ne'er-do-weel. His ostensible calling was that of a farrier—a veterinary surgeon, with a self-conferred diploma; but he never attended to his business, and nobody ever thought of calling him in to attend a horse. Nevertheless, he was the man to whom everybody applied in any unusual difficulty, or on any questionable business. He would square matters that threatened to create a scandal, or put you in the way of getting a hare or a pheasant cheap, on the quiet, or even a day's poaching. If you wanted dirty work done, he would procure you a labourer skilled at the business. In short, he was a power in Puddledock.

Mr. Purkiss made his appearance soon after my chairman's departure. He gave a pull at his forelock, and a scrape with his foot, and at once took the chair recently vacated by the head of my committee.

"Look here, guv'nor," said he, "'t aint no use our beatin' about the bush. Wot you wants is a majority to-morrow, aint it?"

I nodded.

"What figure 'll ye go to?"

"Five hundred pounds."

"Couldn't get ye a dead heat e'en for that! Principles is principles, and the chaps I should have to see about it won't sell their principles for a couple o' poun'!"

I offered seven.

"Make it eight, and I'll say done. And,

mind ye, that's leavin' no margin for payin' for my time and labour. But I'm a true blue, I am; so I'll do it for the love of the thing."

I assured him, in the event of my being returned, I would give him fifty pounds.

"All right, guv'nor! Consider it mine! Good night!"

With that he nodded, and took his departure as abruptly as he had entered.

In a couple of hours' time I retired to rest. My bed-room overlooked the main street; and as I leaned out of the window, for a breath of fresh air to clear my lungs of the stuffy atmosphere of committee-rooms, I observed a policeman below my window, conversing with a man whose oscillations gave evidence of his being decidedly intoxicated.

"Ah, you're for Bag'nails—sho'm I!" hiccupped the man.

I started—the voice was the voice of Tom Purkiss.

"Tell ye wha'—Bag'nail's returned t'mor-rer. Bet yer a hun' pou's!"

The constable evidently declined the wager, on the ground of Purkiss's not possessing that amount; but he spoke so low, I could not hear what he said, though I could conjecture it from Purkiss's rejoinder.

"No' go' hun' pou's! Go' *eight* hun' pou's. No, no' here! No' such a foo's tha'. Polly's go' em! You know Polly—a' the Ship Agrou'—daugh'r of old Pipe', o' Ship Agrou'. Goin' marry Polly? Oh, yesh! She'sh go' money take care o'."

I shut down the window in disgust and despair.

Next day, by three o'clock—as I anticipated, after overhearing this conversation—Lord Bagnall was two hundred ahead.

"You didn't come to terms with Purkiss, then?" said my chairman, in a tone of surprise—not to say irritation.

My answer was a brief condemnation of Tom Purkiss, which, as not being couched in parliamentary language, I will not quote.

I left Puddledock by the next train! On reaching my club I found a telegram to say Bagnall was returned by an overwhelming majority.

About six months afterwards I had occasion to visit Puddledock, on business connected with the Pottery Committee. I had occasion to make a call in Market-street,

and, as I stood waiting to be admitted, I chanced to glance across the road at a flourishing public-house which had recently been done up. The sign was a very rampant Blue Lion, and beneath it was written the name of "T. Purkiss."

When my call was over, I could not resist the temptation to drop in upon Mr. Purkiss. He was behind the bar, with his wife—the Polly of whom he had spoken on that memorable night.

He recognized me, looked sheepish, then impudent, and finally burst into a broad grin.

"Come down for another election, sir?"

"No," said I, indignantly—"I've come to see if I cannot take any steps to punish a scoundrel who swindled me out of eight hundred pounds."

"Indeed, sir!" said he, with an assumed air of concern. "How might that ha' been? I s'pose you've got a acknowledgment?"

I shook my head, angrily.

"Ah, I'm afraid, sir, it was some election-eering job—in which case it aint no go, sir. They *do* say as there was a deal o' money flyin' about at that time."

The fellow's impudence took my breath away.

"Look here, sir!" he said—seeing my wrath was rising—"tell ye what: if ever you comes here again, you shall have a committee-room here free gratis for nothink. This is one o' the best houses in the town, I can tell ye, sir. Cost me all eight hundred pounds comin' in, when me and the missus was married. But I'm blest if you sha'n't have your head-quarters free, in consideration of—of old times."

"But I remember overhearing you say that you were of Lord Bagnall's politics."

"Well, I weren't nohow partickler in those days; but now I've got a house, and made a bit o' money, well, I think it's best to stick by the Tories—it's more respectabler!"

I could say no more to the fellow after that.

But my object in relating this is to explain why—although I sit on the opposite side of the House—I intend to vote in favour of the ministerial measure, and support the Ballot!



On the Anglo-Saxon mind, Christmas and cold weather are inseparably associated. We do not trouble ourselves much about the fact that the climate of the country in which the First Christmas Day occurred to gladden humanity for ever was a warm one; that ice and snow in the valleys of Palestine are exceptional rarities; and that "the shepherds on the lawn," who "or ere the point of dawn sat simply chatting in a rustic row," could scarcely have passed a night *al fresco* in normal English Christmas weather; but English "Podsnappery"—which may be curtly characterised as the quintessence of human conceit—does not deign to bear such circumstances as these in consideration.

Christmas, according to the tenets of the Podsnappian philosophy, was made for Podsnap, and not Podsnap for Christmas. We entertain a profound contempt for the benighted foreigners who observe the season as a religious festival only, and who do not hold that it should be made an excuse for indulgence in unlimited guttling and gorging; but, so far as Podsnap is concerned, he just condescends—although not always—to go to church on

the morning of Christmas Day, and then abandons himself, with unbridled zest, to keeping that which he calls the "festive season" in his own peculiar fashion: that is to say, he eats and drinks a great deal more than is good for him; he decorates his rooms with holly and mistletoe, and decks Christmas trees with toys and lighted tapers, sublimely forgetful that those practices pertain much more to Scandinavian Paganism than to Christianity; he plays forfeits and blindman's-buff with his children; and, if his benevolent tendencies be not disturbed by headache or indigestion on the morrow, he sends ten shillings'-worth of postage stamps to the poor-box of the nearest police court; "tips" the postman; remembers the "original dustman;" and, on Boxing Night, conducts his family to witness the performance of the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

All these enjoyments are vastly enhanced should the weather at Christmas happen to be bitterly cold. The prosperous Briton rubs his hands, and breathes the hard breath of satisfied egotism, when the snow lies thick on the ground and the house-tops; when little boys importune the housemaid for permission to scrape the doorstep; when the water-pipes have to be swathed in hay-bands to prevent their bursting; when the window panes are covered with a frosty rime, and icicles hang thick from the ferns and laurels on the ledge, and the application of a hammer is necessary to break the crust of ice in the water jug. "Real Christmas wea-

ther this!" cries Mr. Podsnap, thinking of the mulligatawny soup and the pint of "particular" sherry he intends to have for lunch. He little recks, good easy man, of the thousands of people to whom a cold Christmas means misery, destitution, and starvation. He had five tons of Wallsend in the day before yesterday. Why should he trouble himself about the forlorn creatures to whom a chaldron of coke is an unattainable luxury? The weather is "real Christmas weather" to him because he is a dweller in a comparatively cold climate.

Podsnap does not care to remember that England is a mere pin's point in the map of the world, and that there exist vast regions—inhabited, too, by Christian folks—where Christmas is a sultry and sweltering season, and where festivities are celebrated in the midst of roses and orange blossoms; where iced sangaree is imbibed in lieu of hot punch and elder wine; and where the celebrants of Christmas, instead of wrapping themselves up in warm great-coats and fleecy hosiery, go about in gauze and muslin, or white duck pantaloons, with Panama straw hats on their heads, over which they hold sun-umbrellas. Such is Christmas time in Australia; Christmas in Havana and the Spanish Main; Christmas in Jamaica and the West Indies; Christmas throughout South America; and especially Christmas in Mexico.

I never spent a Christmas Day in the last-named country; but I passed several weeks in the city of Mexico some years ago, during that which should have been the depth of winter, but which was, in reality, the height of a most delicious summer. It was February; but the valley of Mexico was one vast carpet of exquisitely beautiful flowers; and we had a plethora of tropical fruits every morning at breakfast time. The nights were cool, even to chilliness; but in the day it was so hot that the best thing you could do, when you had returned from your early morning ride in the Alameda, was to order a hammock to be slung between two pillars in the piazza; and while you were dexterously fanned by an Indian servant, tranquilly doze in your suspended couch, with intervals of *cigarito* smoking, sangaree sipping, and French novel skimming, until it was time to take your afternoon drive in the Paseo. The climate of Mexico—an occasional rain storm or whirlwind excepted—is a continental replica of that of the Isles of Greece. "Eternal summer" gilds it yet.

The French were in Mexico, carrying all before them, and carrying matters with a very high hand, at the time when I took the liberty of coming from the United States to the West Indies, landing from an English intercolonial mail steamer at Vera Cruz, and journeying through the Cumbres to Mexico city, with an escort of French Chasseurs d'Afrique and a small howitzer, to awe the Guerrilleros or highway robbers, who were at the period to which I refer, 1864, exceedingly troublesome. Whenever the French caught a Guerrillero, they hanged or shot him; and then, cutting off his right hand, nailed it to a post of the electric telegraph, *pour encourager les autres*; but as about one in every three Mexican half-breeds is the possessor of a horse, and as immediately he is mounted on that animal it occurs to his—the half-breed's—mind that he has virtually six legs, and can consequently utilize his locomotive resources by robbing the stage coach, the French found all their work cut out for them; and the supply of Guerrilleros to be hanged more than kept pace with the demand for executioners to hang them. However, the French went to work with a will; and as they occasionally alternated the hanging and shooting of the brigands they captured by tying them up and flogging them, the Guerrilleros did their best to give the invaders a wide berth; although they continued to swarm in the districts not occupied by the expeditionary force.

I halted for some days, on my way up to the Mexican metropolis, at Puebla, a city which, after a wearisome siege and a really desperate defence, had just been stormed by the French troops, under General Bazaine—now a marshal, and more specially remembered in connection with a city called Metz than with Mexico. This well-abused commander very nearly knocked Puebla to pieces before he captured it; but the principal *fonda* or hotel had escaped the effects of his bombardment; and it was while I was quartered in this not uncomfortable hostelry—the guests smoked at meal times, the cookery was pestiferous with garlic, and the sleeping apartments were thickly peopled with fleas, chinchas, mosquitoes, scorpions, and black ants; yet somehow I managed to spend many happy hours there—it was during my stay in the non-bombarded hotel that I struck up a *table d'hôte* acquaintance with a young French officer, attached to the

staff of General Bazaine, and whom I will call Captain Bois Doré. He was a prodigious dandy, and wore white kid gloves and patent leather boots during the hardest campaigning; but I was given to understand that he was as brave as a lion; and he certainly was an excellent companion, and a very good fellow. It was he who, over a course of cigars and *petits verres* of green Chartreuse after dinner, told the story of a Christmas—the one last past—which he had spent among the Mexican Guerrilleros; and this story I propose to narrate, as nearly as I can recollect, in Captain Bois Doré's own words.

"We were sitting down," he said, "before *cette ville embêtante*—this infernal bore of a place—this Puebla, and waiting for reinforcements of troops and heavy guns from home, in order to finish a task which had occupied us so many months, when my General ordered me to hold myself in readiness to start on a confidential mission. A large sum of money, in hard cash, was to be despatched to a Mexican officer of rank—but one who was well affected to the French, and in arms against the Juarez party—at Cordova, which, as you know, is about thirty miles from Vera Cruz. For some occult reasons, my General was anxious that the despatch of this money should be kept a secret, and that I should not be accompanied by any military force. So he said to me, 'A couple of trusty sergeants in plain clothes will serve your purpose. The sum of twenty thousand dollars in gold ounces' (doubloons, or gold coins about the size of crown pieces, and worth about three pounds ten, English, apiece) 'can be easily packed in a leathern portmanteau, which you will take with you in the interior of the *diligencia*' (or stage coach drawn by eight mules) 'which starts from Puebla to Vera Cruz to-morrow morning. You ought to get to Cordova' (this was the 23rd of December) 'on Christmas Day. You also, of course, will wear mufti; and, with your non-commissioned officers, you will be thoroughly well armed, in case of Guerrilleros.'

"I answered, '*Mon Général*, duty is the guiding-star of the French soldier. But, may I ask a favour? The *diligencia* starting to-morrow morning should arrive at a place called Sant' Augustin del Palmar in the middle of the day, which is Christmas Eve; and starts therefrom, on its route to Cordova, at four o'clock in the morning of Christmas Day. Now, I happen to be acquainted, at

Sant' Augustin del Palmar, with a certain cotton manufacturer, called Don Jacobo de Tierraplana y Azul, who proposes to hold on Christmas Eve, and with much grandeur, his customary *Nacimiento*, or Christmas revel. He has repeatedly pressed me, during the last few weeks, to be present at this solemnity; and, moreover, he has a daughter named Paquita, who has dark eyes, and dresses in white book-muslin. *Mon Général*, what shall I do? While the *diligencia* waits at Sant' Augustin del Palmar, have I your permission to spend a few hours with my friend, Don Jacobo de Tierraplana y Azul?"

"And with the Señorita Paquita," quoth the General, smiling. "Yes, Bois Doré, *mon ami*, you may go and see the *Nacimiento*, and the young lady into the bargain: only—don't lose the dollars, and take plenty of firearms with you.'

"Everything was arranged. The gold ounces were packed in a stout leathern portmanteau, which, without any difficulty, was carried down to the *diligencia* office by the two sub-officers who had been told off to assist me—Sergeant Hulin, of the —th regiment of infantry, and Corporal Saperlotte, of the Engineers. The interior of a Mexican *diligencia* holds eight persons, while eight more are accommodated on the outside.

"We started from Puebla at four o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third, and were to be due at Sant' Augustin by the middle of the next day. The one invariable topic of conversation in Mexican stage coaches has reference to the brigands, or Guerrilleros; and on this occasion we were by no means behindhand in narratives and anecdotes of highway robbery. One of our party told an appalling story of a coachful of travellers who—the vehicle being overturned and heaped up with burning cactus leaves—had been roasted alive by a party of thieves; while another made us laugh by a story of a gang of marauders who had so completely stripped the passengers in a *diligencia* going up from Jalapa to Mexico, that, when they entered the city, and the coach drew up at Yturbide's hotel, one young lady had nothing on but a copy of the *New York Herald*—which, following the recipe laid down by Sir John Falstaff in the case of the member of the Ragged Regiment who arrayed himself in the spoils gathered from the red-nosed innkeeper, was worn after the manner of a herald's tabard.

"However, we got to Sant' Augustin del Palmar at the appointed time on the twenty-fourth, and without any mischance. From a neighbouring village I had sent an express on to my friend, Don Jacobo de Tierraplana y Azul, to warn him of my intended visit; and he was good enough to send his major-domo on to meet me at the entrance of the petty town of Sant' Augustin. A very remarkable-looking man was this major-domo. He was an almost full-blooded Indian. The strain of European descent in him did not apparently represent one-tenth, as against nine parts of Aztec extraction; but he was tall: the majority of Mexican Indians are stunted almost to dwarfishness. His hair was blue-black, and so straight and tubular that it hung over his low forehead like fascicula of tobacco pipes dipped in ink, but with the bowls broken off. The hue of his complexion was precisely that—abating the lustre—of a copper stewpan. His eyes were wonderfully large and lustrous, but not very pleasant to look upon; and the strangeness of his entire appearance was enhanced by his being clad in a full suit of black clothes, of European fashion, with a white cravat, most symmetrically tied. He informed me that his name was Caiaphas—an odd name, surely, for a major-domo.

"I was received with open arms by the hospitable planter, and I really do not think that I ever spent such a delightful afternoon and evening in my life. The Señorita Paquita—she is not Madame Bois Doré yet, but I hope to call her by that name some of these days—was simply charming. I never saw her book-muslin dress so white, or her eyes so black. Moreover, she had with her a cohort of Mexican maidens as lovely as herself. There was Dolorés of the coral lips, and Inés of the crimped hair; there was Pepita, who danced the "Jota Aragonese," and sang the "Cubana," and played the castanets. Then there were Beatriz and Leonor; Eva and Eugracia; Enriqueta and Juana; Judit and Magdalena; Federiga and Prudencia; Raquel and Tadea; Peregrina and Felipita—a Mahomet's Paradise full of Mexican hours; and all of them were kind, and none jealous.

"My friend, to know woman thoroughly, and adore her, you must go to Mexico. That is the only country in which you fall in love with a pair of ladies' shoes, and worship the open-work on a silk-stockinged instep. Well, after we had danced and sung,

and clacked the castanets, and smoked—Paquita was an adept at twisting *papelitos*—when we had eaten sweetmeats enough to stock M. Siraudin's shop in the Rue de la Paix, and made love behind lace curtains, and committed every other kind of harmless nonsense, we went to dinner, and after that to vespers, and then we had a grand ball, when the Indian girls danced as they used to do in the days of Montezuma, and then we had our *Nacimiento*.

"It is an odd country, this Mexico. Do you know what a *Nacimiento* is? Well, it is a kind of spectacle resembling Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, on a small scale. It is a waxwork show—sometimes as large as life, sometimes only modelled to doll's size—of Christmas Day. You see everything: the stable at Bethlehem, the cattle in the byre, the Holy Manger, the Cradle, the Star in the East, the Shepherds; the three Magi, with their offerings of myrrh and frankincense, and gold and gems; and outside are images of Herod, of Jewry, and Salomé, with John the Baptist's head, and Judas counting his pieces of silver. Nothing is omitted. It is all, no doubt, very absurd; but, at the same time, it is very sublime—and it is good, perhaps, to feel like a little child at Christmas. I have read Voltaire; but I should not like to read him after seeing a Mexican *Nacimiento*.

"The worst of it was that the *diligencia* started at four o'clock in the morning of Christmas Day. Very gladly would I have lingered another four-and-twenty hours in the delightful society of Don Jacobo and his family; but the calls of duty were imperative, and I was fain—as the novelists say—to 'tear myself away.' The festivity of the *Nacimiento* concluded with a grand supper; after which I threw myself—all dressed as I was—on a bed, and slept soundly until I was awakened by that mysterious Caiaphas, who, with my faithful non-commissioned officers, carried the valise full of ounces to Don Jacobo's carriage, and ultimately to the stage coach. My fellow-travellers had passed the preceding afternoon and evening with tolerable jollity at the Fonda de las Diligencias, the principal—and solitary—hotel in Sant' Augustin. Before starting, we took a *desayuno*—literally, a 'break-fast' of chocolate and dry bread; and then the coachman cracked his interminable whip, and the *mayoral* began to throw stones at the ears of the mules when any of them

showed signs of laziness; and away we went, in the gray dawn, in the direction of Cordova.

"Do you know what is meant in Mexican topography by '*las barrancas*?' Well, you know what a railway cutting is, with a very steep embankment on either side. Tear up the rails from the track, and scatter any quantity of holes, ruts, and jagged stones about it; then plant the embankment—which should be sandy—with clumps of the *maguey* and the *nopal*, the cactus and the prickly pear, and you have your *barranca*. We had been travelling, I suppose, about three hours through these *barrancas*, broken only by intervening expanses of simple sandy desert, and I was in a kind of half-dozed—a delicious state of coma—and day-dreaming of the white-vestured, black-haired Paquita, and of a ditty she had sung the night before. It was the charming '*Vaquera de la Finijosa*,' indeed. You know the pretty, sparkling stanzas:—

'Moza tan hermosa
Non yi en la frontera,
Como una vaquera
De la Finijosa.'

"I could see Paquita, with her lithe fingers wandering over the strings of her guitar. I could hear her rich contralto voice warbling—

'In un verde prado
De rosas y flores,
Guardando ganado,
Con otros pastores;
La vi tan hermosa
Que a pena creera
Que fuese vaquera
De la Finijosa.'

"But what was that?

"The sharp, clear crack of a pistol shot. And then an appalling bump, and the heavy vehicle we were travelling in reeled like a ship struck by a great wave.

"In an instant, I saw the scared face of the *mayoral* of the coach looming pallid through the window. As a preliminary measure, I smashed the glass with the butt end of one of my revolvers, and asked the *mayoral* what was the matter.

"The *mala gente!* the *mala gente!*—the *Guerrilleros*, the brigands!' he murmured.

"Hound of a *lepero!*" I shouted, opening the door, jumping out, and seizing him by the throat. '*Hijo de perro!*'—'tis thou who, knowing I had *onzas de oro* with me, hast given information to the *mala gente*. I propose,' I added, calmly, 'to blow thy brains out.'

"And I cocked my revolver, and put it to the *mayoral's* head in a very businesslike manner.

"The poor devil fell upon his knees, and vowed by Our Lady of Guadalupe, and all the saints in the Mexican hagiology, that he had nothing to do with the ambushade into which, it appeared, we had fallen. Nay, he pointed to the blunderbuss he carried, and telling me that it was loaded with slugs, and that he had plenty more powder and shot in his pouch, he proposed that we should go forward, and fight the *mala gente* to the death, bidding me to blow his brains out, as I had promised, at the first sign of any prevarication or complicity with the brigands on his part. I could not but believe him; and it turned out that he was a very honest fellow, and perfectly innocent of any criminal cognizance of the *Guerrilleros'* designs.

"This is not always the case with *mayorals*; and at least two-thirds of the organized attacks on *diligencias* are 'put up' robberies, due to the mail coach guards or the postillions being in league with the robbers.

"There had been sixteen of us; and a rapid council of war being held, it was found that thirteen of our number were ready to fight, as a Yankee irreverently but truly put it, 'till the bottomless pit was full to the bung.' Fighting was, of course, not to be thought of in the case of two priests, who did nothing but yelp '*Muerte! muerte!*' and invoke Our Lady of Guadalupe. So we put the reverend *padres* into the interior of the carriage, and set a French commercial traveller to mount guard over them and the baggage; and then, forming ourselves into a compact little phalanx, and with the muzzles of our firearms radiating from a common centre, in a quadrant, we marched forward to see what was the matter.

"There was very much the matter indeed. Deducting the two priests, there should still have been fourteen combatants left; and, as I have said, we were but a dozen and one, including the *mayoral*. The fourteenth man was the coachman; and him, poor fellow, we found lying among the frightened mules, stark dead, with his skull smashed by a pistol bullet. We were at the very head of a *barranca*—the embankment on either side being nearly perpendicular, and at least twenty feet high. With a little more elevation, it would have approached the proportions of a *cañon* or gorge; but the outlet was closed by a strong barricade of felled trees, and on

the summit we could see, clear against the morning sky, the forms of between twenty and thirty brigands. They let fly a tremendous volley directly we came in sight; but they, happily, succeeded only in killing a couple of the mules, behind which we dodged; and I could tell, from the reverberation of the discharge, that they were only provided with old flint-lock muskets and common horse-pistols, and that, although numerically inferior to the *mala gente*, we were much better armed than they were. From that moment my confidence was restored.

"'Barricade for barricade,' I remarked. 'We had better make our citadel of the *diligencia*.'

"So, judiciously crawling on our hands and knees, and keeping under the lee of the mules, we returned to the carriage; from the rear of which, standing on the wheels, we returned the robbers a pretty smart response to their first salutation. Creeping up to the roof of the *diligencia*, and sheltered by a pile of luggage, I was enabled, by means of a small field-glass, to see right over the barricade, and sweep the entire field of operations.

"There were at least fifty brigands altogether—ragged, grimy, poverty-stricken rascals to look at; but their chief was a tall fellow, his face concealed by a crape mask, and mounted on a weedy-looking Mexican pony. He was rather handsomely dressed, and wore a *sombrero galonado*—one of those enormous "coach-wheel" hats such as the picadors wear at Spanish bull-fights, but which in Mexico are in universal use. It was a hat of white felt, richly bedight with gold and silver embroidery.

"I could see the scoundrel riding about, encouraging his fellow-rascals to the attack, and spurring his horse up towards the *baranca*, and reproaching his men as being '*gavachos y perros*!'—cowards and dogs—because they did not scale the steep bank and take us in the rear.

"'*Mon ami*,' I remarked, mentally, 'I have a Christmas-box for you which will serve for a New Year's gift as well;' and, so saying, I took good aim with my Sharpe's rifle, and fired.

"You may have seen a dexterous cavalier jump on to a horse, and off a horse; but did you ever see one jump *out* of his horse? That's what my friend in the coach-wheel hat did. That is to say, he leapt clean out

of his saddle, his feet cleverly clearing the great slipper-shaped Spanish stirrups. He bounded up at an angle of forty-five degrees, his arms extended above his head, and uttering the most hideous yell I ever heard in my life. He fell with a tremendous concussion on the earth; but he had not let go the reins, and his horse reared, swerved, and fell back upon him, completely crushing him. I have been in England, as you are aware, and am not unfamiliar with your vernacular. Do you know what was my observation when I saw this villain fall? Said I to myself, 'My friend, I'LL HAVE YOUR HAT!'

"And I had it, within half an hour; and I have it now in my quarters. There is at least a doubloon's worth of gold and silver thread in the embroidery. We were rescued, after this infernal game of firing had been going on for at least three-quarters of an hour, by the arrival of a strong band of the mounted tenantry of my friend, Don Jacobo de Tieraplana y Azul; who, having been informed by an Indian scout, shortly after our departure, that the Guerrilleros were in the neighbourhood, had started off in hot pursuit.

"The majority of the *mala gente* took to their heels so soon as they saw Don Jacobo's cavalry; but we managed to shoot half a dozen, and to catch as many more—whom, of course, we immediately hanged to the nearest tree. Don Jacobo insisted on accompanying us to Cordova with his valiant cavaliers, and on escorting me back to Puebla when I had finished my business with General ——"

"But the hat of the brigand chief?" I inquired.

"Ah! the hat—*el sombrero galonado*," Captain Bois Doré returned, somewhat musingly. "There was something queer about that. When we came to strip the dead rascal, and remove the mask from his face, we found that he was an Indian, and that Indian was Caiaphas, the major-domo of Don Jacobo. He must have changed his clothes with wonderful celerity to follow on our track so quickly; but it was afterwards discovered that he had been for years, *sub rosa*, a captain of Guerrilleros. Whom can we trust after this? If Don Jacobo had not come up with his troop to rescue us, I might have fancied that he himself was in the plot."

DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By Constance Cross.



GO to Detchingley for the Christmas! away from my happy London home—away in the distant North! I do not suppose I looked pleased at this proposal of my father's, which he announced to me at the breakfast table one November morning.

"I am afraid it will be rather dull for you, dear," remarked my mother,

softly; "but you will have Aunt Dorothy. You remember Aunt Dorothy, Edie?"

I remembered a lady, with a very sweet face, giving me a large, blue-eyed doll, a long, long time ago. I had the doll still, in a wonderful state of preservation; and the recollection of the giver was vivid and pleasant. I saw my mother was comforted by the smile that broke over my face as I replied to her. Aunt Dorothy was her favourite sister.

A day or two afterwards I had said good-bye to the dear old home circle, and was travelling rapidly northwards, through the falling leaves and the fading flowers of the dying year.

It was almost night when my long journey ended, and the Cumberland mountains stood like gigantic barriers between me and my distant home.

Aunt Dorothy came out into the great hall to meet me as I alighted from the carriage, and my heart turned towards her with a loyal love.

"You have another aunt, you know, Edie dear," she said. "Come, now, and see her."

Aunt Myra Westwood sat all alone by the great log fire in the drawing-room. The eye of youth is quick. I saw at once that Aunt Myra was not a pretty woman, nor

ought that is beautiful or lovely; but coldly, defiantly handsome.

She spoke of my journey and the weather, and asked after my mother and my uncle Charles; but my father's name was not mentioned.

Then Aunt Dorothy took me to my bedroom. When we were fairly shut in, I could not help saying, in my sudden way—

"Why did Aunt Myra send for me?"

Aunt Dorothy blushed, stammered, and finally replied—

"I haven't been quite well lately. I longed for some one young and bright about me; so we sent for you. I'm afraid it was selfish, Edie, for our life is very dull; but if you are not happy you shall go—"

"I don't want to go back—indeed, I don't," I replied. "I am quite sure I shall be happy here with you."

"A blessing ever follows self-denial," was Aunt Dorothy's quiet reply, as she gently kissed me, and left me to reflect upon her words.

I do not suppose I shall ever forget my first evening at Detchingley—the small dinner party of three ladies; the quaint, dark, wainscoted dining-room; the quainter and darker family portraits standing round us on the walls, like mutes at a funeral; the metallic voice of Aunt Myra, falling echoless on my ear, and the sweet, tremulous one of Aunt Dorothy, like notes of the dear home-music. I was very glad when we rose to go into the drawing-room. As we were crossing the hall, just by the foot of the stairs, I noticed both ladies glance quickly up them. I followed their glance. The moon was shining through the great window on the first landing, shining on the pictures that adorned the walls, and giving them a strange appearance in its weird light. One in particular riveted my attention: the full-length portrait of a lady, in a carved oaken frame—a yearning, wistful face, shadowed by rich, soft hair, and lighted by eyes that had a story in them. Truly, the work of a great artist I felt this picture to be; and so

I remarked to Aunt Dorothy, who had nervously clasped my wrist, and was leading me hurriedly into the drawing-room, under the stern, cold glance of her sister.

"Yes," she said, more in a tone of reverie than of reply to my observation; "the work of a very great artist—the very greatest of all."

"Is it a family portrait," I asked, "or only an ideal subject?"

I appealed to Aunt Myra, who had raised a cold, white hand to her eyes, as if to shut out the bright firelight.

"Ideal, you will find it, Edith, in every sense," replied the metallic voice, from the shadows—for it was a very shadowy old drawing-room at Detchingley.

I sat thoughtfully still a few moments; and then, unwilling to leave the subject, I remarked aloud—

"It is a very wonderful, beautiful painting. I should love Uncle Charles to see it."

The tangled netting at this moment fell from Aunt Dorothy's nervous fingers, and she sprang before me towards her sister; for the cold, white hand had fallen pulseless to that lady's side. Aunt Myra had fainted. When her maid had been summoned, and all had been done that was possible towards her recovery, Aunt Dorothy turned suddenly on me—suddenly, almost sharply—and said—

"You must be tired, Edith, with your long journey—come to bed now, child."

Promptly—not nervous any longer—she seized a candle from the table, and motioned me to follow her.

She closed the door when she had entered the chamber, put down the candle, clasped her hands convulsively together, and burst into tears.

"Edie, Edie!" she said, with an energy foreign to her character, "I wish you had never come. I was very foolish and wrong to wish it. Ah, child! I have hurt you; but you must not mind it. I am ill and nervous, and I don't think I quite know what I am saying to-night—you must forget it, my poor, dear child. Go to sleep and forget it. I didn't mean what I said—only this, Edie, I mean—this I do mean: don't say any more about that portrait—that picture—on the stairs, not to any one. Some day, Edith—but there, never mind. Good night, my sweet child. I am very glad you are here—yes; very, very glad."

She kissed me affectionately, and left the room.

Three or four days passed away very monotonously. I devoted myself to Aunt Dorothy, but I shrank intuitively from Aunt Myra. My nature was extremely sensitive; and I felt that she repelled me—only endured my presence because I gave pleasure to her sister. The idea first presented itself to me the morning after my arrival, as I was descending the grand staircase on my way to breakfast. I had a great and natural desire to see by daylight the picture that had impressed me so much the night before by its wonderful beauty—but it was gone. I was standing looking at the recess, when Aunt Myra passed me on her way downstairs. She stopped just for a moment to say "good morning," and I felt her firm, cold hand close over mine like a vice. Sunday had now arrived, bringing with it a heavy fall of rain, which lasted all the morning, and so prevented us from going to church; but in the afternoon it cleared off, and Aunt Myra and I were able to go, to my infinite relief.

My mother had made me little acquainted with her family history. I knew she was what is called "well-born;" but that she had descended from such an ancient line as the names recorded on those old church walls told me she had, was quite unknown to me.

I left Detchingley church that Sunday afternoon under the impression that I had been sojourning for a brief while in a vast charnel-house of the family of Westwood; for almost numberless, it appeared to me, were the tablets, scrolls, and "storied urns" whereon were traced the names of my mother's ancestors.

As I walked slowly along, a white marble cross, rising from among the green mounds, attracted my attention. I read upon it—

"TO THE MEMORY OF

KATHARINE WESTWOOD,

Who departed this life, December 24th, 18—.

AGED 20 YEARS."

A Westwood lying out in the open graveyard! Was there no room in the church for this young girl to sleep beneath the dust-covered banners and rusty armour?

My mind was dwelling on the discovery I had just made. It was only natural that I should turn to my companion and say—

"Who was Katharine Westwood?"

Short and prompt was the answer I received—

"Your uncle Charles's wife."

I literally stood still with astonishment.

"How very strange," I observed—"I never knew Uncle Charles had been married at all."

"That is a proof, Edith," replied Aunt Myra, "that your mother did not think you sufficiently judicious to be entrusted with the knowledge. It shows great wisdom on her part; she has judged of you as I do."

It was almost dark when we reached home. I looked into the drawing-room for Aunt Dorothy; but she was not there. My heart was very sore, and I wanted to tell her of my grievance. I must seek her elsewhere. I had almost reached the first landing on my way upstairs, when I stumbled and fell. Had it not been that I caught hold of the carved woodwork of the recess, I must have had a most serious fall. As it was, I felt stunned for a minute or two, and a mist came over my eyes; yet I have a distinct recollection that, as I grasped the hard wood, I felt something very soft at the same time—something soft, like velvet—and that it was jerked quickly from my hand, which accelerated my fall. I rose, after a few minutes' rest on the stairs, and pursued my way to my room. Aunt Dorothy was there, sitting by the fire, and waiting for me.

"Poor child!" she said, in her tender way, when I had told her of my accident—"how your head must ache. Lie down a little while and rest—I will come again presently."

"No, no!" I said, eagerly. "No, Aunt Dorothy, stop—don't go. I shall be quite right very soon. And now," I said, "why have I not heard before that Uncle Charles was married?"

"There are some natures, Edie," replied Aunt Dorothy, slowly, "that never can endure to hear their great sorrows talked about. Your uncle Charles has such a nature, Edith. You know he is not really your uncle, don't you, Edith?" she asked.

"Yes—mother told me he was her cousin," was my reply. "But he liked us children to call him uncle."

I told her how certain I was I had grasped something soft with the carved woodwork. No response—no remark. I looked up to see if she had been listening to me. The usually placid countenance was troubled—perplexed. She spoke at last, in a shrill, nervous tone—

"Edie, Edie, if you are always saying this

sort of things, you must go home—you must, indeed!"

"What sort of things?" I answered, quickly—almost proudly. "I speak of facts, and I always seem to touch upon a mystery."

I spoke bitterly; but the next moment I was sorry I had done so, for Aunt Dorothy hid her poor face in her hands.

"I will own to you at once, Edith, that you do touch on a mystery when you speak as you have done to-night. All I ask of you is, don't try to fathom it: such things are best left alone."

And Aunt Dorothy was gone before I had time to reply.

December was still in its first youth, when the mountains and hills wrapped their snow mantles round them, and proclaimed the advent of winter. I was quite by myself one bright, wintry morning, and was making my way home through the churchyard, when a respectable-looking old woman, standing by the grave with the marble cross, caught my attention. It was a kind, good face, motherly and soft, and it seemed to me that she looked lovingly down on the green turf, and was caressing with one hand the polished surface of the white marble.

"I knew her, my dear young lady!" she exclaimed; "nearly all her life I knew her. She was just a poor young thing, left without any parents when quite a baby; and she was sent to the Hall to be taken care of. Mr. Westwood—the father of the ladies there now, miss—was her guardian; and when she was about seventeen, Mr. Charles, who was a cousin of the family, and who, they all hoped, would marry Miss Westwood—Miss Myra, you know, miss—came down to stay at the hall, and fell in love with my Miss Katharine, and married her, and took her off to where his regiment was for two years. And then he was sent away to some foreign place, where there was fighting going on, so he could not take his wife with him; and she came down to live at the Hall again with the ladies. But she was ill and weakly like, poor dear—fretting after him, I suppose. So they took her off to France, somewhere; but she soon died, and then they brought her back here in her coffin; but she wasn't buried at once, miss. But here's Miss Westwood coming through the gate; so I'll wish you good morning, miss—as she isn't over kind to me."

"I trust you have had a pleasant morn-

ing's amusement, Edith," Aunt Myra said, with her coldest smile—"gratifying your vulgar curiosity regarding this grave. When I tell you that your informant is the most detestable old gossip in the village, I have no doubt you will set inestimable value on your lately acquired knowledge."

I calmly confronted her.

"Probably, I shall in any case, whether she is a gossip or not, Aunt Myra."

"You question my word, Edith?"

"I question your motive in trying to make me think ill of that poor woman."

The words were said, and regretted the next moment; for I had spoken without any forethought. Why should I question her motive? I did not do so, in fact; but attributed her cynical speech more to the natural unamiability of her disposition than to any other reason.

When we reached home, and I found Aunt Dorothy evidently unhappy, my dislike of Aunt Myra was forgotten; and in all penitence I presented myself before that unamiable lady, and apologized for the incivility of my speech in the churchyard.

I do not think I could ever forget Aunt Myra's smile as she replied—

"This is what is called fine feeling, I suppose, Edith; but I understand it to be hypocrisy."

I made no reply, but left the room, as it was now nearly time for me to dress for dinner. I groped my way down the stairs, for the lamps were not yet lighted; and, as I did so, I made a discovery—the recess between two of the portraits was *not* a recess, but a door, and the door was open, only just a little way, and behind it was a dim sort of light which glimmered on to the landing. My "vulgar curiosity," as Aunt Myra would doubtless have termed my very natural desire to know more on the subject, prompted me to push the door a little further open, and look in.

A small lamp, placed in a niche on the right hand side, showed me a long, narrow passage, to the end of which I could not see—the light not being sufficiently powerful; and this was all. Well, I had not gained much by my curiosity, except providing myself with another mystery; so I continued my way downstairs. But before I reached the hall, I heard the firm, unmistakable footstep of Aunt Myra coming from her room above. Slow and measured it seemed at first, then suddenly became

quicker; and, from my gloomy position on the lowest stair, I could see her hasten across the landing, looking quickly and furtively around her as she went, and disappear in the recess. I heard no door close, but the faint, dim light faded instantaneously; and in the silence and darkness I groped my way on to the drawing-room. I sat down by the fire, and gave myself up to reflection.

I was aroused by a servant entering to make up the fire and draw the curtains. So I went away to my room; and, finding it rather late, hastily dressed for the evening, and joined Aunt Myra at dinner, decidedly out of breath from having run down the last flight of stairs as though all the ghosts in the calendar of superstition had been let loose upon me; for in passing the recess—nay, I *had* passed it—I felt my dress grasped, and slightly pulled; and when I reached the hall, and turned to give one hasty glance behind me, there stood the picture I had seen the first night of my arrival, looking down on me, as it had done then, with those wonderful eyes lighting up all the face.

Aunt Myra regarded me with her most cynical smile as I took my seat opposite to her, and breathlessly recounted my adventure on passing the recess. She remarked, coldly—

"You must tell these idle tales in your nursery at home, Edith—they may gain credence there; but don't render yourself ridiculous by imposing such nonsense on rational people."

I smiled faintly in reply. At any other time, I might have been ruffled by her uncivil speech; but at that moment my mind was full of what I had just witnessed.

It was an hour afterwards when I repaired to my own room. On entering, my heart seemed to cease beating—for there by the fire sat the ghost, her face partly hidden from me by the long brown hair that fell over it. The closing of the door had startled her. She half rose from the chair; then appeared to be reassured in some way, and sat down again. Frightened as I was—terror-struck, I may say—as I stood in the shadows, and watched the firelight flicker over the pale, beautiful face, the thought stole into my mind, *was* it a ghost? I went a few steps nearer. I made up a mighty mind, and opened my mouth to speak. The bright, wonderful eyes were fixed on me as I did

so. But I heard no sound issue from my lips, though they tried to form the words—

"Who are you?"

The ghost smiled—looked into the fire—pushed away with both hands its long, shadowy hair—then rose from the chair, and came a step nearer to me as it uttered these terrible words—

"I am buried in Detchingley churchyard."

Well, I suppose I shuddered, and turned white, and felt as any other young girl under the same circumstances might have done; but I do not remember anything distinctly, except shivering very much over a fireless grate, and wondering how it was that I was found lying senseless on the hearth-rug.

Time stole on; a fortnight had passed away; it wanted just a week to Christmas, but the ghost had not yet reappeared. I had not been inactive all this time, for I had most perseveringly attacked daily the door in the recess, but it never once yielded to my efforts, and I was almost beginning to despair of accomplishing the work I had laid out for myself.

Aunt Dorothy, I was sorry to observe, did not seem to find the same pleasure in my society that she had done. She talked quickly and nervously, when we were alone together, on subjects of no interest—as though she were afraid that, if I started a conversation, it must necessarily have relation to the mystery. Once, indeed, she said suddenly—

"Don't speak about it to me, Edith, until you know all. What I *fear* is only surmise—I *know* nothing."

Then she went on to talk of matters totally irrelevant to the subject so full of deep interest to me. Aunt Myra, since the memorable evening of the ghost's appearance in the recess, never asked me to sit with her again. One intolerably dull day I proposed solacing myself with a little music, and was about to commence; but, hearing my amiable relative mutter something about being "bored," and "that horrid march," I thought it as well to spare her the infliction. I remember she informed me that night, before going to bed, that my uncle Charles was expected to arrive the following Thursday—Christmas Eve—and that it was proposed that I should return to town with him after his short visit of two or three days was concluded. There was no regret expressed on

either side; and then we parted, not to meet again until the morning of Christmas Eve, when the veil from the bitter past would be torn aside, and far down its dark, deep stream sad eyes would fall here and there on shattered hopes, and visions of what might have been—all stray fragments of the wreck of a great love. I had fallen into my first sleep that night, when I was suddenly awakened by a soft, warm hand being laid on mine.

"Yes, Aunt Dorothy," I said, starting up, and endeavouring to look extremely intelligent, at the same time being awkwardly sensible that I felt uncommonly stupid.

But the voice that replied to me was not Aunt Dorothy's.

"I was married once," it said, in a low murmur—"a long time ago now—when I was alive. And in the church, that day, they played as you did to-night. But it was on the organ, you know—the organ in the great church in the valley. But I am buried now—buried in Detchingley churchyard. Myra said it would be better for *him* if I died. He would be rich, and great, and grand; and people would love and honour him. It was I only that kept him back—because I was poor, and not clever."

So firmly, it seemed to me, had this terrible falsehood been impressed on her facile mind, that her mental powers, which could never have been very strong, had in the course of perhaps years become considerably impaired.

"You have been very wicked," I said, suddenly—"you, and Aunt Myra too."

"I think she loved him," ventured the poor creature. "I do think that in very love she wished him to become honoured and happy."

"Listen to me," I said, leaning forward, and taking hold of both her hands—feeling as I did so, so very much older than only eighteen years—"if there had been any *real* affection in her nature, she would have spared him the greatest pain a human being can suffer. We are always careful of wounding those we love—we who love strongly and deeply, I mean. In cases of stern necessity we are compelled to do so sometimes, or in unguarded moments when the bitterness of undeserved neglect has hidden our better nature even from ourselves; but we are not systematically cruel as Aunt Myra has been—it is only the fault of our frail humanity."

"I think I know what you mean," said my companion, softly. "But I must go away now," she remarked, abruptly, "while it is dark and late. Shall you always stay here?"

"No, certainly not—neither will you."

Her thoughts were evidently wandering. She murmured to herself—

"I died on Christmas Eve."

"And on Christmas Eve you will come to life again—only, speak of it to no one."

And so, repeating my words, "Come to life again," over and over again to herself, she left me.

I knew all now: there was no Katharine Westwood in the churchyard—no one at all in that grave!

* * * * *

Christmas Eve morning at Detchingley. It had been my intention to meet my uncle Charles at the station, to prepare him for the strange announcement; but, on reflection, it occurred to me that he would not allow me to accompany him to the grave; therefore, I resolved he should have no opportunity of refusing me, and so would meet him. Thus I came upon him just as he was entering the churchyard gate. I saw he was surprised, and not altogether pleased; but he greeted me affectionately, and as he walked by my side up the narrow-paved pathway, he remarked that I did not look well. We had just reached the marble cross, and the difficulty of my undertaking rose before me in all its magnitude: viewed from a distance, it had not appeared so formidable. I stood still, resolved to enter on the subject at once, and said—

"I am not very well, Uncle Charles. I have something on my mind that I ought to tell you about. I could not speak of it at the Hall, so have come here to do so."

He frowned, and looked annoyed, muttering something about—

"Would not another time do as well?"

"No, not as well," I made answer. "This is the only right time, and the only right place, Uncle Charles. You must listen to me"—for he was turning angrily away. "I would not intrude on your sorrow if I could not lighten it—"

"Lighten it, child!" he interrupted me by saying. "Do you know what the sorrow is that you speak of 'lightening'? Can you bring the dead back to life, or brighten the gloom of ten long years? Can you tell that

cold, dark grave to give me back my young wife—"

It was my turn to interrupt now.

"Yes, yes, I can, Uncle Charles. That is what I have to tell you."

Sternly he looked at me as he firmly grasped my arm, and drew me from the grave on to the pathway.

"This gloomy place has weakened your mind, Edith—it is only charity to think so."

"Oh, Uncle Charles, if you could but believe that what I say is real and true! There is no one in that grave—never has been. A terrible deceit has been practised upon you all these years, and since my visit here I have discovered it. Ask Aunt Dorothy—she will tell you what I have—"

There was a dead silence when I ceased speaking, that seemed to last a long time. Anxiously I waited for a response; but none came. He stood with his face averted at first; then turned suddenly on me, and said—

"Come, come—quick."

We had reached the Hall; we were in the drawing-room. Uncle Charles folded his arms on the mantelpiece, and leant his face upon them; then said, almost in a voice of command—

"Fetch your aunt Myra, Edith; tell her I am here."

"I can't, Uncle Charles—I can't indeed."

But he only repeated his words in a still sterner tone.

And then I went—but not to fetch Aunt Myra. I went straight to my own room—for the dusk of the early winter evening was closing in rapidly, and that was the accustomed time for the whilom ghost to meet me. She was there, standing by one of the windows, as I entered; and greeted me with these words—

"This is Christmas Eve. I died on Christmas Eve."

"That is gone by," I replied. "You are dead no longer. Come, now, with me."

I slid my hand into one of hers, and led her to the drawing-room; only saying, as I closed the door on her, to my uncle Charles—

"Remember—to-day you have come back to life."

Then I rapidly returned upstairs; but this time I made my way to Aunt Dorothy's room. I knocked; no reply. I entered the room: it was tenantless. She would be with Aunt Myra, I naturally thought; so turned

my footsteps that way, which grew slower and slower as I neared the dreaded apartment. I softly tapped, but softer still was the low voice that replied—though its tones were firm and concentrated—

"Come in, Edith. I am quite alone."

I went in. I closed the door behind me, and then I shivered. I don't know why I did so—the room was not cold; and Aunt Myra was lying on the bed, with her chin resting on her clasped hands, and her face turned to the fading light. Sculptured from a block of marble she might have been, for aught of life that was visible in the proud, majestic form.

"Come closer to me, Edie, child," said Aunt Dorothy, with a sort of wail in her voice; "for I am alone in the world—quite alone. I mean, Edie, there is no one now to whom my love is necessary."

I understood what she meant. I went up to her by the bedside, and took her in my arms, pressing the dear face, with its down-falling tears, close to mine.

"Oh, Aunt Dorothy, what have I done?"

"Right, child. It is a stern, cold word, standing, in its grand simplicity, away from every other; even they who struggle against its power are forced to acknowledge its wonderful beauty—how much more we, who are its champions! We, did I say?" she continued, in a bewildered tone, looking up at me—"I meant you, child. I have been no champion of Right."

And then we were quiet for some time, until Aunt Dorothy spoke again.

"It was as I feared, Edith. Gradually as the truth broke upon her, the shock was too much; but she died as she had lived—to herself. She made no sign, uttered no word; only lay down, and died. One yearning cry for pardon, one word of sorrow for the

sad and bitter past never passed her lips; and now her trial time is over, and she has entered on the never-ending life. Whether it was woman's jealousy—for if she ever loved a human being it was your Uncle Charles—or family pride, which has been the curse of her existence, that induced her to act the cruel part she has, I cannot say. She has passed beyond human judgment. We must leave the creature with its Creator, Edith; for to Him alone we either stand or fall."

"Oh, Aunt Dorothy, if she should find no pardon! and I have hurried her there!"

"Hush, hush, child! It is not for us to limit the mercy of Heaven."

And then we sat together a long time silent, with our arms clasped round each other, in the dark, solemn room.

* * * * *

I have been a woman ever since that Christmas Eve at Detchingley. It was the turning point in my life—it made me discover the true mission of woman upon earth: to bring comfort and peace into the aching, weary hearts of our fellow-creatures. Katharine Westwood, with the love light softening the mild, wonderful beauty of her eyes, told me this as we all sat together in the drawing-room, when the evening lamps were lighted; Uncle Charles, with a gladness in his voice I had never heard before, told me the same; and Aunt Dorothy, dear Aunt Dorothy, as she stood by my side in the great hall, listening to the Christmas bells ringing their joy-toned message over mountain and valley, Aunt Dorothy whispered—

"The angels—the angels—Edie, that spoke so long ago to troubled hearts, they are speaking to us, child, now—the same words. Let us listen—and learn!"



THE FARTHINGALE FAILURES.

By Charles F. Moss.



I.
IT is just possible—more than possible, there is so much ingratitude about. Indeed, when I come to think of it, it is quite probable the world may know

very little—when I come to think of it a little more, I shouldn't wonder if the world is wholly ignorant of the existence of such persons as Messrs. Isaac Moses and Alley Sloper.

After all, though, is it to be wondered at—much? How was Columbus treated? Was Sir Walter Raleigh properly behaved to? Was Chatterton at all neglected? Did Oliver Goldsmith make a good thing out of his "Vicar"? Is Mr. Train rightly appreciated? Where's Odger? And who's Griffiths?

Now, here am I, who strive hard to be truthful at a ridiculously small amount per col.—in spite of large type, frequent pars, and stars and short lines *à la française*, you can't make much of it, I assure you—now, here have I done all I can, with the assistance of the artist who illustrates this article, to put the real sterling merit of Messrs. M. and S. before the public. And yet, does the public believe in them? Not a bit of it.

I know how people may be misunderstood. I have been called by bad names myself, and come up smiling; but it cuts me

to the quick to think that Moses's sterling qualities should pass unnoticed, and that Sloper's really pretty character should be so misunderstood.

How often have these two children of nature been "in trouble!" How frequently remanded and reprimanded, or discharged with a caution! Yet there seems to be a doubt attached to their noblest actions.

Some of us are discharged with first-class certificates, and some of us are not. Some of us are let down softly. Some are born upon a bed of roses. Some are chronically hard-up. There was a sort of inherent hard-uppishness in the blood of Sloper's earliest ancestor, who came over with the noble Norman; and it seems to have stuck to the family ever since. It was this ancestral Sloper who was chiefly instrumental in persuading the early Britons to accept his little Bill (William I.); and the Slopers have been more or less in the bill trade ever since.

But this is enough of introduction, surely. Now for the Farthingale affair.

II.

Farthingale had saved money. He was not much to look at, but he knew what two and two made; and could, at a pinch, put it down on a slate, where it wore a certain cabalistic appearance, suggestive of an imperfectly worked out nativity, or the signs off the bottles in a chemist's shop, turned upside down.

Farthingale was rather fond of this slate. Why should I deceive you by trying to give a genteel air to this early period in his career? The slate hung up behind the door of a cupboard in a beershop of which Farthingale was the proprietor. The house was called, of all things in the world, The Shoemakers' Rest. I have no idea whether shoemakers ever came and rested there; but I have been told that his benches were of the hardest, and that the beer he sold had anything but a soothing influence upon those who drank it, but rather left them more athirst; so that one pint led to another,

until, oblivion setting in, the mystic numbers on the slate assumed gigantic proportions, which, often enough, very much surprised those whom they concerned when the Saturday of reckoning came.

Here, in a mean and paltry little way, in a low-browed, evil-smelling den, the Farthingale of this early epoch laid shilling upon shilling, until, slowly and surely, he had gathered together a goodly store—the thought of which gladdened the hearts of himself and Mrs. Farthingale exceedingly.

To you and I, who own palatial residences in Mayfair and Belgravia—I take it for granted you are my equal in that respect—it is difficult to imagine existence even possible down so vile a court, with such ugly surroundings, as that where The Shoemakers' Rest was situate. At the back, the houses had grown up so close and so thickly that some of the lower rooms in Farthingale's place were nearly pitch dark. The houses, too, upon the opposite side of the court craned forward, blocking out the sky; and the sun never reached the Rest in any part. Yet here these people had lived year after year; had crawled on somehow, in a way incomprehensible to the dwellers in light and airy places; and had no thought of the world without, and the restless life ebbing and flowing past the court end, in the great, noisy thoroughfare. There are lots of these human fungi though, I take it, one never hears of, who are yet comparatively happy—happier than we are, perhaps—we other great ones, out in the broad daylight, with the world's eyes resting on us admiringly.

What strange fatality—can you tell me?—brought Sloper round this corner from the leading thoroughfare; and why, of all places in the world, should he have sought out the dim obscurity of the Rest's bar to take that half-pint it is his habit to take when a thirst is upon him—which happens frequently? There was nothing inviting about the bar window—except, perhaps, it was to the flies, which congregated here in vast numbers, and crawled sluggishly up and down the panes; nothing tempting in the heavy atmosphere of the bar, or the low tap-room opening out of it; nothing of a welcoming character in the dirty, sodden faces you could get a glimpse of through the swinging door. Perhaps persons of Sloper's way of thinking, who take oblique and round-the-corner views of life, see things in a different way to those

who walk straight onwards, looking straight before them.

Folks who lose dogs do well, when they appeal to probable dog-finders, to print small handbills, and have those handbills posted near the ground, in rather out-of-the-way places, to catch the lurking eyes of those who pick up and come across unconsidered trifles.

It somehow may have seemed very natural for Alley Sloper to drop in at the Rest; and there, over a little pewter measure and a "three-out" glass, the affable old gentleman made himself mightily pleasant, and cultivated to advantage the friendship of the Farthingales. There was no pride about Sloper, and he could and would make himself at home in any company, and drink at anybody's expense.

Some of the "reg'lars" at the Rest seemed to notice this latter peculiarity, and to put a somewhat unkind interpretation on it, as unjust as it was unworthy; and Mrs. Farthingale, with the unreasonableness of her sex, hinted more than once that Mr. Sloper's room was more profitable than his company—for he had a way of occupying much space, and spinning out three-halfpenny worth of refreshment almost beyond the bounds of probability.

But, somehow, Farthingale himself found a sort of fascination in Alley's society, and listened with rapt attention while he conversed upon good specs he knew of, and heavy "lands" friends of his had made by taking his advice, and at the right time hitting the nail upon its head.

Metropolitan improvements were just beginning to be talked about at this time, and a wide thoroughfare was to be made which would come very close to the Rest, if it did not actually touch it. The movements of the world beyond the end of the court were not, as a rule, of sufficient importance to agitate the court's inhabitants; for they had other matters upon their hands, taking up all their time and attention. So that a European warfare, a devastating epidemic, a king's death, or an emperor's dethronement were things the court had not time to go into, so long as they did not happen actually to occur in the court itself. But the threatened invasion of this happy land by the hired minions of the Board of Works caused a little panic, which filled the bar of the Rest to overflowing, and was not unprofitable to its proprietor.

Among those who came there one day were two gentlemen who carried with them various curious instruments, the shapes of which were puzzling to the uninitiated; and with one of these gentlemen Mr. Sloper got into conversation, and chatted confidentially.

Next day, Mr. Sloper said he had met a friend who had been talking to him of an uncommonly good thing; but, worse luck, he could not touch it himself for want of capital. There was a house that could be got hold of at the end of the court, which was certain to be pulled down for the improvements. Did Farthingale know any one who was able to buy it? There was no risk, and the haul would be tremendous.

But Mrs. Farthingale was strongly adverse to the idea of Farthingale dabbling in such a speculation; and Farthingale himself rubbed his chin, and shook his head.

Strange to say, though, that very night the very gentleman Mr. Sloper had spoken



MR. ISAAC MOSES.

of meeting—a Jewish gentleman, with closely cropped hair, and a watch chain of surprising dimensions, whose name was Moses—dropped in accidentally, and bought a high-priced cigar and a brandy and soda. This was even a more affable gentleman than

Mr. Sloper—for whose judgment, by the way, he seemed to have a great respect, for he asked him several questions upon matters of business; and quite naturally the conversation turned upon the spec in question, at the other end of the court.

Farthingale listened.

"I never meant to go out of this shop of mine till I went feet first on the undertaker's shoulders," said he. "But if the place is to be pulled down, I might as well take another somewhere else. Perhaps, though, they'll give me enough for this one, without spec-ing in anything more."

Mr. Moses leant over the counter, and sank his voice to a confidential whisper—

"Don't let this go further. If you take my advice, you'll get rid of the house you've got now. It's not coming down."

Mr. and Mrs. Farthingale talked very seriously together that night when the shutters had been put up; and Mrs. Farthingale's last words that night were—

"Let us stop in the old place, John, and go on in the old way, and leave specs to them that can spec and lose without feeling it."

Then she turned round and dozed awhile; and then woke up, and pulled him by the sleeve—

"Take care of that Sloper and that Moses, will you, John, if I'm not by to tell you?"

These were her last words. In the morning, she always woke first. He awoke, and fancied it must be very early, as she had not begun to stir. Presently, he heard a clock strike, and nudged her, and called her by name.

She could not answer him, even if she heard him, for she had gone to another world!

III.

How can we genteel people be expected to enter into and properly appreciate the vulgar griefs and sorrows of such a commonplace person as this low publican, who, sitting disconsolate among his pots, cans, and empty beer jugs, thought that all henceforth was desolation and despair.

He did not close the house, but left the potboy to serve, while he wandered restlessly through the rooms, sometimes coming to stare blankly, like one walking in his sleep, at the faces of his customers—sometimes creeping out upon the stairs to listen,

with a fast-beating heart, to some fancied sound upon the floor above.

The place seemed so strange to him now she had gone. He could not live here any longer, that was sure; but where to go, and what to do? He had never counted on a loss like this. It seemed impossible. Even yet he could not believe it. She must be asleep, and would come down presently to help as usual at the bar.

It was curious that Mr. Sloper should have chanced to drop in when the house was empty, and Farthingale most despairing—curious and lucky too, for he suggested the only thing to be done.

"You must sell this place off, that's certain," he said; "and if what my friend, Mr. Moses, says is correct, if I were you I would put my money in the other house up the court."

Ah, if the spirit of the late Mrs. Farthingale could have come down just then into the bar, and repeated the caution uttered in her last words! But it could not, or did not; and the hapless widower was as a child in Sloper's hands.

Within a week, Mr. Moses had opened negotiations with the proprietor of the other house—who, oddly enough, when a purchase was spoken of, began to hesitate whether or not he cared to sell.

But in the end he sold, of course—driving rather a hard bargain, even supposing that a fancy price would be given for the property when demolished. He only sold it then because he had no money to speculate in the repairs and alterations which Mr. Moses said were necessary to establish a good claim to damages.

Mr. Moses kindly found a man who undertook those improvements for Farthingale; and they were commenced upon a scale of great magnificence.

"For," said he, "you and I know you're not going to drop a thou' in carrying them out in the same style; but who else is to be any the wiser? And there's the contract with the builder all properly drawn out, fair and square, when the time comes to talk of damages."

A doubt entered Farthingale's mind.

"As it is, won't your builder collar a tidy lump of the money I'm to get?"

An infinity of nods and winks from Mr. Moses.

"That's as right as the mail. Leave it to me, will you? He sha'n't ask you half a dollar over cost price."

Several nudges from Mr. Sloper, and a confidential whisper—

"Leave it to my friend, Mr. Moses, will you? He's a touchy sort of chap, you know. Don't rough him up the wrong way. Don't you see, it's very good of him to do what he has done?"

And so it was very good of Mr. Moses, only—

And so it was very good of Mr. Sloper, only—

Only evil-minded people have since said the whole business was a "got-up thing." They said that the proprietor of the other house up the court stood in with Mr. Moses. They said that the builder did ditto. They said that Sloper rowed in the same boat. They said that Farthingale was dreadfully "had."

Well, perhaps they were right, and perhaps not. One thing, however, is certain enough: the house up the court was *not* pulled down, and was resold at a frightful sacrifice by the unlucky speculator; while the builder's bill he had to pay was something alarming.

Another thing, too, is also beyond doubt: Farthingale's old house, after he sold it, *was* pulled down; and a friend of Mr. Moses's, who speculated in the same, did not come off very badly.

This is the end of the first act. Act two will, perhaps, have an even more dismal conclusion.

IV.

Mr. Sloper found his friend Farthingale in his new premises, seated upon a half-finished counter, dolefully contemplating a half-papered wall.

"Have you come here to gibe at me?" asked the melancholy publican.

"Good gracious me!—no, my good sir," replied Mr. Sloper. "This has been a bad job for all of us."

"How, all of us?"

"Excuse me, my good sir, but I thought if you had made a good thing of it, perhaps you mightn't have forgot me."

It was Mr. Sloper who proposed the immediate sale of the newly purchased property; and this was with difficulty effected.

"I must begin business again now, I suppose," said Farthingale, sadly.

Mr. Sloper threw himself into an attitude, extended his forefinger, and tickled his friend Farthingale persuasively in the ribs.

"If you do set up again, why not do the thing properly? You've put away a little bit of money, you say?"

"Yes, a little bit."

"Why not make it a big bit, then, next journey? Why not go in a buster—excuse the vulgarity—and open a gin palace, with all the latest improvements?"

"It will cost such a lot."

"Not if you go about it the right way. You leave that to me and Moses."

He did leave it to Sloper and Moses, and terrible were the results. With the balance of the money obtained by the sale of his second house, Farthingale was induced to embark in the new enterprise, in which he afterwards invested all the capital he had in the world.

A flaring, staring, gaudy gin palace burst suddenly into life, in the midst of a squalid neighbourhood. Radiant damsels, brilliantly attired, with towering chignons of the latest shape, dispensed the vilest spirits with the sweetest smiles. There were other attractions too. There were stuffed birds and fishes, and mechanical figures—a cobbler, a sawyer, and a man cutting corn, who jerked spasmodically to a tinkling tune. There was also the bust of a late celebrated murderer; and there was a young lady much over-dressed, who looked several degrees more masculine than the other barman, who was a smart young gentleman. And all these varied entertainments were reflected over and over again in the numerous mirrors let into the walls. It must be owned that the success attending the opening of this sumptuous establishment was not less than it deserved; and not only were the bars crowded all day long by those who had twopence to spend, but those who had not twopence available mustered strongly upon the pavement without, and peeped through the chinks of the door, till the policeman moved them on.

It seemed a kind of heaven, no doubt, after the squalid wretchedness of their own homes—this plate-glass paradise, with its tawny-haired goddesses and gorgeous gildings; and when the gas was turned off, and the company turned out at closing time, the grim realities of the back slums were all the grimmer by contrast.

There was, even to Farthingale, a strange fascination about the place, and he might have been found at any hour during the earlier days of his proprietorship, leaning

back within his bar, smiling vacantly, and evidently as happy as a king. A curious change, too, came over him about this time. He bought a new suit of clothes, and a watch and chain—the latter of great solidity, with numerous lockets and seals attached. As the money came pouring in, he chuckled at first delightedly. He took in one night, sometimes, as much as he had taken in a week at The Shoemakers' Rest. After a time, however, he appeared to grow more accustomed to his good luck. He counted over the takings less carefully of a night. He opened bottles of champagne somewhat recklessly in the bar parlour.

One day, Mr. Sloper could almost have taken his oath he saw Farthingale wink at one of the barnmaids.

"Why not build a music hall out in that back yard of yours?" said Moses, one day. "That will pull the money in, if you like."

Moses had grown to be poor Farthingale's idol. He was a dashing gentleman, with high spirits, who drank the highest-priced liquors, and chalked them up with a flourish.

Farthingale had opened a good deal of champagne that night. There chanced to be a friend of Moses's present, the builder who had begun the work at that house up the court, with whom, after a row about the bill, friendly relations had been established, and Farthingale gave him an order at once.



PRIMA DONNA AT THE LYRIC.

Who does not recollect the opening night of the Lyric, and how all that was

great, inimitable, fascinating, and world-renowned took part? And who can forget Farthingale's speech, written for him and forgotten by him, but nevertheless tumultuously applauded?

"If you only knew what I've had to put up with in the shape of low vulgarity from that brute," Mr. Moses has frequently remarked since he and Farthingale have parted company. "Sometimes, I give you my word of honour, he was something too dreadful."

Perhaps, however, it was out of consideration for the old man that Mr. Moses kept these sentiments to himself during the time that Farthingale's music hall was flourishing. Indeed, his conduct was always most affable; and I never knew an instance of his refusing to partake of refreshment at Farthingale's expense.

In fact, for some time, Moses and Farthingale were inseparable, and many were the pleasure trips for which the humble publican stood treat; and he sat strangely silent and subdued whilst Moses and his dashing friends quaffed the sparkling with a truly jovial prodigality.

On these occasions it was customary to drink the old man's health with musical honours, and an amount of cordiality which was, perhaps, a little exaggerated, and at which Farthingale seemed sometimes scarcely as pleased as he ought to have been.

Once, after a splendid repast, at which there had been more sparkling than usual, and Farthingale had paid the bill, and the other gentlemen had taken their places in their carriages to go back to town, Farthingale was missing. Mr. Moses, declaring that it was a confounded nuisance, went in search of him, and found the capitalist with his head upon a dessert plate, weeping.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Moses.

"Nothing, only I'd like to be left alone," he replied.

"What nonsense! What's the matter with you? Aren't you happy?"

"Not very," replied Farthingale.

"Have some brandy, then."

He had some, and returned to town.

About this time Mr. Moses, by the luckiest chance, alighted on a friend who had some pleasure grounds just out of town, that might be made something of by a judicious outlay of capital.

It was at the commencement of the ever-memorable wet summer of eighteen hundred and what-you-choose that Farthingale opened his *Repose*, and lost five thousand pounds.

V.

That is, he would have lost them, or more perhaps, but for some time past he had been working upon credit. Other people lost the five thousand—but it was Farthingale who went through the court.

By this time, the *Lyric* and the *gin palace* had been heavily mortgaged, and were disposed of, before the smash, at a frightful sacrifice. When Farthingale stepped down at last from the box where he had been so sorely badgered, without a friend in all the world—except Mr. Sloper, who shared his last shilling (Farthingale's last) at an adjoining "pub"—

"I wonder what I shall do now?" said the old man, with a kind of dreary smile. "I'm afraid I've made rather a mess of it."

"It was all your own fault," cried Mr. Moses, who chanced to drop in just at that moment. "If you'd only taken my advice—"

And he began to explain at length what Farthingale ought to have done and ought



MR. FARTHINGALE AFTER THE REPOSE.

not to have done, and how if so-and-so had happened the result would have been so-and-so, and so forth; but the old man's attention

seemed to wander, and he only smiled in the same dreary way, as he twisted a pipe-light between his finger and thumb.

"It isn't as bad as all that, is it?" asked Sloper. "You haven't quite dropped all, have you? You've something put away—on the quiet?"

"I have nothing in the world—not a shilling."

And he began to wipe his eyes, and snivel.

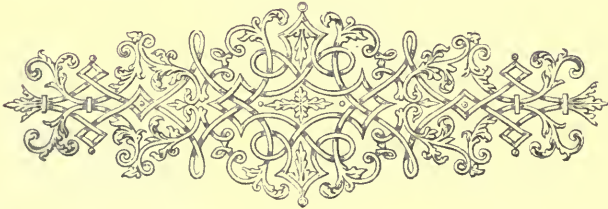
"Well, I must say," cried Mr. Moses,

justly indignant at the fraud that had been perpetrated upon him, "I've wasted a nice lot of time over you and your tomfoolery."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Farthingale, you really ought," said Mr. Sloper, as he emptied his glass. "I wish you good day, sir."

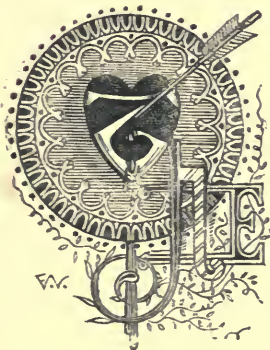
And they left him still twiddling the pipe-light between his finger and thumb—still with the same weary, woe-begone expression of countenance.

I have heard since that he is dead.



LUCIE DE COURVAL.

By Walter Maurice.



TIME of my story is the year 1770. King Louis, the Bien-Aimé, is still alive, with a year or two before him yet. The great Revolution, mother of the nineteenth century, is twenty years distant. There is a society in kid gloves which is pulling it on, and another with grimy hands which is pushing it on, and the grinding of its wheels is to be heard rumbling in the distance—a great car of Juggernaut. There was a nobility of great philosophy and very fine manners—a priesthood of infinite wit and no religion—that strove with a firm resolution to make everything run smoothly; and a general disposition on the part of everybody to take snuff, and prophesy the *bouleversement* of everything.

Two gentlemen, in the prime and spring-time of life, are dining together in Paris. Both are young—both are aristocrats—both are of advanced opinions. And though but newly married, both agree in finding a season in Paris—*en garçon*, after a long and extremely fatiguing honeymoon—an agreeable relaxation.

"Here one lives," said one of them; "here one breathes; here one can escape the noise of boors and cattle."

"And here, my friend," said the other, softly, "one can escape the complaints of a jealous wife. Charles, a mere *doigt* of Char treuse, and one for M. le Marquis."

Presently, Charles interrupted them in their talk by candles and two letters.

"From my place—and, curiously, not from my wife," said the first.

"From my place too; and, singularly

enough, not from my wife," continued the other.

"This grows interesting. Let us read our letters."

The faces of each assumed an expression of astonishment and interest.

"Congratulate me, my friend."

"Congratulate *me*," said the other. "I am a father of a son."

"And I of a daughter. Charles, Champagne and glasses. We must drink the healths of the poor little devils. I am sorry that my wife is not expected to recover; but, *enfin*, Gargantua himself drank first, and wept after. Let us drink."

And then, over the wine, they solemnly agreed to ally the two families by means of the children; and, if both lived, they promised each other that the two should marry.

Next day, M. de la Liraye heard that his wife was dead; and, at an extraordinary sacrifice of personal comfort as well as of pleasant engagements, went into the country in order to attend her obsequies. This done, he put the boy into the hands of a nurse, and came back to town.

Time went on. M. de Courval, the father of the girl, got himself killed in an attempt to defend the reputation of somebody else's wife. Alfred was taken from the hands of his nurse, and given to a priest who had cast away most of his creed, but yet singularly preserved some remains of his conscience, and who endeavoured to give his pupil some ideas beyond those of the polite world. He knew nothing of the betrothal—which, indeed, his father had well-nigh forgotten. And meantime, the wheels of the Juggernaut car were rumbling very audibly indeed.

When Alfred came, at the age of twenty, to join his father in Paris, he found him, whom he had not seen for ten or twelve years, a worn-out, shrunken old man, prematurely old—for he was not yet fifty—cold, cynical, selfish, and a confirmed libertine. There could be no sympathy between the young man—fresh from his travels, and fired

with the enthusiasm of the times—and his father. It was a sort of illusion to the latter to see in his son a youth so totally different to what his own had been. He could not understand it—this taste for art, this shrinking courtesy to women, this ideal respect for the sanctity of love, which he found in the boy: it was all so different to the old days; for the spirit of the time had no power over the hardened heart of the worn-out man of pleasure, and could only touch those who were yet young and generous. It was the spirit which made the opening scenes of the French Revolution the most glorious poem in the world's history, when men became drunk with the hopes of the future, and wildly-mad with the wine of their own enthusiasm. The young man bored and irritated his father; there was nothing between them—no common ground, no chord which might be struck in both their hearts. And M. de la Liraye, bethinking him how best to get rid of his son, resolved to take advantage of the old family compact, and send his son to Courval.

He wrote a courtly letter to Madame de Courval:—

"Nothing," he said, "is more necessary, in these times of infidelity, change, and democracy, than that the noblesse should set an example of loyalty to their word. Recognizing, as you will not fail to do, the hand of Heaven in the betrothal, now twenty years old, of your fair and estimable daughter with my son, you will doubtless agree with me that the pair ought to become acquainted with one another previous to that union which was as much the wish of your late respected consort as it is still of myself. Accordingly, madame, I venture to propose that my son, who has recently returned from his travels, should pay in person that homage to virtue and loveliness which has been so long delayed. I rest in the hope that he will be found in some degree worthy of the brilliant destiny in store for him, in becoming possessor of the hand of Mademoiselle de Courval."

Madame de Courval coldly wrote back to say that she would be ready to welcome M. Alfred de la Liraye whenever he should be able to honour her poor house with a visit. And then, calling her daughter, she told her for the first time, and with many tears, of the sacred promise made by her father. Alfred's father told his tale without any tears at all.

He explained to his son that a marriage had been agreed upon, years before; that he had no reason to doubt that Mademoiselle de Courval was lovely and accomplished; that there was no time to lose; and that the sooner he packed up his things, made his arrangements, and went down to Courval to begin his wooing for himself, the better.

Alfred stared, changed colour, and laughed. But he knew that no good was to be got by resistance.

"When am I to go, sir?"

"You had better start to-morrow; unless," his father added, with a sneer at his son's virtue, "unless you have any tender leave-takings to go through."

"None, sir, I assure you."

"I did not imagine you had. Well, Alfred, a heart so cold as your own will not, probably, beat very much faster if you find the beauty of Helen. On the other hand, it will not be frozen to stone if you encounter the face of Medusa."

"Something between the two, sir, perhaps."

"Probably. I will write to Madame de Courval, then, and tell her you are following the letter."

"If you please, sir—or, no—" a sudden thought striking him—"perhaps you would simply give me a letter of introduction."

"Just as you please."

Alfred started on his journey the next morning with a saddened heart. It seemed as if the beauty and brightness of life had suddenly gone. He was going, in the character of a lover, to pay court to and profess admiration for a lady he had never seen; he was to urge the almost immediate performance of a promise as old as himself, which neither of them had consented to; he was to make vows as distasteful to himself as, he believed, they would be to her.

At Orleans, they changed postillions as well as horses. He stayed there a night, and in the morning, before starting, sent for his valet.

"François," he asked, "what is my name?"

The man started.

"My name is the Chevalier de St. Aubin."

François stared; but being a valet, and therefore well versed in all the arts of intrigue, he imagined that, for the first time in his life, his young master was going to em-

ploy him in the higher walks of valetage, and quickly took the hint.

"Monsieur is the Chevalier de St. Aubin. Why does monsieur travel?"

"On account of the unquiet state of Paris, and to visit the old friend of his mother."

"Monsieur de St. Aubin is the son of Madame de Courval's old friend. *En effet*, monsieur, I remember M. de St. Aubin, whom we met at Florence. But he afterwards died of fever."

"Did he? That is awkward. When did he die?"

"A month ago, in Geneva. Madame de Courval cannot have heard it yet. An especial friend of mine—monsieur may have remarked him—Antoine by name, his valet, wrote to me full particulars of the melancholy event."

Towards the close of a lovely July evening, Alfred drove up to the gates of the Château de Courval. It stood in its own park—a square, solid building, with a *tourelle* at each corner—a house of the fourteenth century, untouched by any improvements of later years;—a somewhat gloomy old pile, complete in itself, with stately gardens and straight avenues; while all around it the park stretched—a sort of wild jungle filled with game, untouched, except by poachers, since the Count's untimely death. Madame de Courval was walking in the avenue when Alfred's carriage drove up. He stopped, and alighted, and introduced himself.

"Travelling as I am, madame, I felt I could not pass this house without stopping to call upon the friend of my mother, Madame de St. Aubin."

"You are indeed the son of Genevieve. Lucie, my daughter, assist me to welcome my oldest friend's only son. You are welcome, monsieur, in this house."

And taking his arm, Madame de Courval led the treacherous deceiver to the door of the château, and, in stately fashion, asked him to make it his home so long as he would.

"You will not be entirely alone shortly," she said. "I am expecting M. Alfred de la Liraye, son of the Count de la Liraye, who is *fiancé* to my daughter."

She sighed, and looked at Lucie, who was gathering flowers to decorate the *salon*.

"You know him, Chevalier?"

"Slightly only."

"Tell me—is he like his father?"

"He is taller."

"I mean in disposition?"

Alfred changed colour.

"I cannot say. I am not qualified to speak about his father."

"A bad, cold man. A selfish man. But, however, I must not weary you with family affairs. Tell us of your travels, and try to enliven two women who see nothing of this world."

Alfred looked at Lucie, his future wife. She was tall, and slenderly formed, with bright fair hair, and eyes of a cold gray with a tinge of blue—eyes that wanted only the light of love or enthusiasm to warm them into brightness. Her features were regular and delicately carved, and her manner reserved and cold.

"At least," thought Alfred, "I shall have a beautiful wife, if I marry a statue."

But Lucie was no statue. In the evening, when Alfred related his adventures by sea and land, when he spoke of the condition of the people, of the glorious hopes in Paris, of the grand good world that the new *régime* would usher in, he marked how her eyes lightened up and her bosom heaved. To her, the talk of their guest opened out a new world. She who had never been beyond the walls of the château, save to church, who had no friends of her own age, no books but old books, had only heard dim reports of the strange uneasiness which possessed the world. Now, it seemed as if she was suddenly taken from the darkness, and dropped into the light. Alfred, with the enthusiasm of his age, dwelt on the visions that possessed him. He saw, like Chateaubriand, the triumph of religion in the triumph of the people, and infected the fat old village *curé* with his ardour when he told how the Church, ever the friend of the people, was to be the centre and main-spring of the future, freed from the trammels of ambition and statcraft. There was no coldness in Lucie when, after the shortest evening she had ever spent, Madame de Courval smilingly pointed to the clock, and stopped a talk which she could have wished to go on for ever. Were all young men like M. de St. Aubin? And then, as she laid her head upon the pillow, she timidly thought of her *fiancé*, so long in coming.

Alfred remained a month. From time to time he spoke of going away; but Madame de Courval pressed him to stay. There was nothing she thought too good for him. She pleased herself in tracing his resemblance

to her old friend, Genevieve. She told him long stories of her girlhood: those stories which have no beginning and no end—a prattle like the murmur of many waters. She encouraged him in his ideas of political and religious reform. In the long summer evenings she took his arm as they strolled in the gardens; and Lucie wandered with them, listening to the voice which, though she hardly knew it, had awakened her to love. For a great change was come over the girl. All her reserve had dropped from her. She was bright and animated. She was full of little schemes for pleasure and amusement. She treated Alfred like a brother; and, little by little, was allowed by her mother not only to walk with him alone in the garden, but run in the forest, out of sight of the house. Then poor Madame de Courval had many twinges of conscience; but she consoled herself with the reflections that the betrothed would come all too soon, and her daughter's serious life would begin.

But one August evening, after dinner, when Madame de Courval was sitting at the open window, sound asleep, and Lucie was with Alfred in the garden, the end came. He was reading to her. Looking up from his book, he saw that her eyes were far away. He stopped suddenly.

"Pray go on," said Lucie, roused by the cessation of his voice.

"What was I reading last?" he asked, with a smile.

She was fairly caught, and had to acknowledge that she was thinking of something else.

"So was I," said Alfred. "I was thinking that I must soon go."

"You must go, M. de St. Aubin?" she asked, turning pale.

"I must go," he said. "I must go to-morrow, unless—unless—"

"Unless what, monsieur?"

"Unless, Lucie, you love me," he said, taking her hand—"unless you love me, as I love you."

Lucie answered not for a moment, but her hand was in his. The sweet autumn air fanned her cheek. The birds in the trees were bidding each other good night. The sun's last rays touched her head. Her eyes softened, and filled with tears.

"You must not," she said at last—"you must not speak thus to me. I am betrothed."

"But you do not love your betrothed?"

"I hate him. I have never seen him."

"And, Lucie, if you were not betrothed—if you were free—"

She rose from her seat, and with clear voice, for she saw no shame, she replied—

"If I were free—if I could—I would love you. Now, let me go."

Alfred caught her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart.

"My Lucie—it is possible—it is possible."

A light noise startled him. It was Madame de Courval herself, a witness to the scene. Trembling with emotion, he left Lucie standing shamefaced, confused, and took her mother's hand.

"Madame de Courval," he said, "hear me for one moment."

"How can I hear you?" she said. "What can I say to you? Oh, my son, whom I love so much, why could you not spare my daughter's heart?"

She sat in the garden seat, and wept bitter tears; while Lucie fell at her feet, and buried her face in her hands.

"Dear lady, hear me. I have been greatly to blame—how much I hardly yet know; but try and forgive me. Twenty-one years ago, two children were betrothed. They never saw each other. The time came when they should be married. The young man was sent into the country to claim his bride, not to woo her. It seemed to him degrading, insolent, and barbarous. But he went, because he had no choice; only on the way he changed his name, and under a false name he entered the house. And under a false name he saw and loved his bride. Lucie"—he knelt by her side, and threw his arm round her neck—"ask with me our mother's pardon; for we love each other, and I am your betrothed, Alfred de la Liraye."

What could Madame de Courval do but forgive him, and take her weeping daughter to her heart?

Then followed a few weeks of a calm, untroubled joy; during which the gates of Eden were thrown open, and the pair wandered, like Adam and Eve, in a garden of all delights. Then the young girl bared all her soul to her lover, and showed him the sweet and tender fancies which lay, like spring flowers, about her heart. Alone in the forest they wandered during the long summer hours, pouring into each other's ears the thoughts that had been locked up

in their hearts. Surely, of all delights in the world, the greatest is the delight of reading another nature—like your own, but different.

It was all too sweet to last. One day there came a peremptory letter from the old Marquis. Alfred was to come to him at once; things were so bad that he must go to England as soon as possible; he was ill, and Alfred must travel with him. Meanwhile, he was to persuade Madame de Courval to follow as quickly as possible; and leave a country which was fast going to the devil. Alfred read the letter aloud—a cold, selfish letter; and, as his eyes met Lucie's, their hearts sank within them with the presentiment of evil.

There was no help: he must go. He tore himself away the next morning, with the promise that they would follow to England as soon as possible. And then he took his father, petulant and irritable, across the Channel. There the old man was laid up with a violent fit of illness; and Alfred, tied to his chamber for months, could only watch the course of events, and hope that the storm would not reach the Château de Courval. But bad news came from Lucie. They were forbidden to leave the castle, and went out under *surveillance*. That might not mean much. Their lives were so utterly innocent and peaceable, that no possible harm, he thought, could come to them. But every village in France possessed its avenger, generally in the shape of some truculent ruffian, who made the misdeeds of bygone days an excuse for murder and pillage. One such there was in Courval—the village orator and the village blacksmith. He it was by whose agency the ladies of the castle were placed under *surveillance*, and forbidden to leave the place. And presently came to Alfred the ghastly news of the massacre of the prisoners; and a scrap from Lucie, telling him that they, too, had been arrested, and were to be taken to Blois. Half mad with terror, he left his father in charge of a nurse, and hurried across to France. His faithful valet went with him, and helped him with disguises in getting safely to Blois. But once there, what was he to do? Dressed in a blouse, with hands and face stained as if by hard work, he found a temporary hiding place in the house of his valet's uncle—a half blind, wholly deaf old man, who knew nothing of what was going on around him; and cared for nothing, only to get his meals

regularly. Alfred lay hid in concealment for three days; only going out at night to join the mob, who seemed to have nothing to do but to patrol the streets, shouting their frantic songs of liberty. Alas for his dream of a glorious revolution! This, then, was the end of it all—a maddened mob, the murder of innocent women and children, and the exaltation of the vilest demagogues! His heart was sick within him. And on the hill stood the old Castle of Blois, with its towers and courts, its long and proud history, still dominating the city—but turned into a prison, and filled with helpless prisoners, waiting their turn to be murdered. And Lucie was with them! And the terrible *noyades* had commenced at Nantes, where Carrière, the most brutal of the revolutionary leaders, was cramming the prisoners into leaky boats and sending them out to sink. And in the streets, the mob orators were already pointing to the castle, and calling on the people to imitate the glorious example set them at Nantes.

The valet, François, had not been idle. He had found an old friend in one of the gaolers of the castle, with whom he renewed acquaintance; and began to drink with him, and got him to talk of the prisoners. From him he learned that Lucie and her mother were with the batch who were expected to be tried in a few days. Hope, of course, there was none for any of them; or, if hope, the hope that their death would be less cruel than those at Nantes. From him, too, he learned that they wanted some gaolers. Would François take the place? François would not, and had other things to do; but would recommend an honest friend of his, who hated aristocrats, and would be delighted to assist in locking them up. Here was a chance—a slender one, it is true, but still a chance.

Alfred gladly accepted the perilous post; and, after swearing all sorts of revolutionary oaths, succeeded in gaining the confidence of the half-drunken gaoler, and got the appointment. It was not a moment too soon. Next day the trials began. One by one, Alfred and his fellow turnkey brought out the prisoners to be tried. Each was sentenced to death. And at six, when the Court rose, the names of Madame de Courval and her daughter had not yet been called. Pierre, the gaoler, going back with Alfred, fell to drinking with a lot of his friends. And then a desperate re-

solve seized Alfred. He went out of the gateway, and presently returned, bearing a paper with a great air of business and hurry. Pierre growled when he saw him.

"Never mind, comrade," said Alfred; "give me the keys—I can manage alone."

He opened the door of the saloon where the prisoners were gathered round their meagre supper—the last supper to many of them! Standing with his lantern and paper, he shouted, in his harshest voice—

"Citoyenne Lucie, dite, de Courval."

Lucie started up, and fell upon her mother's neck.

"Mother, mother—farewell at last! We shall meet in Heaven. And if you escape, tell Alfred—"

They gathered round the group, and in a moment Lucie came out alone—brave, calm, and unshrinking. Alfred held down his face, and muttering the words, "By order of the deputy," pushed her gently out, and locked the door.

As he went through the outer hall, where the men were drinking, Pierre came reeling across to see what he was doing.

"All right!" cried Alfred; "I will take her across. In ten minutes we shall be back, I suppose."

All seemed going well. Pierre went back to his place. The hall, half filled with men, was dim and imperfectly lighted. They reached the door safely, but over the gateway were two flaring oil lamps. Their light fell full upon Alfred's face. Lucie started, and then, forgetting all, she shrieked and fell upon his neck, crying—

"Alfred, Alfred—my love—save me—save me!"

He made a frantic effort to carry her into the darkness; but it was too late. At the words "Save me!" the drunken men rushed out in a body, roaring like wild beasts; François, who was with them, taking the opportunity to make for the nearest dark passage. He, at least, was never seen in Brest again.

The end came soon enough. In less time than it takes to write it, Alfred was seized, bound, and thrown on the ground, where Lucie lay senseless. They threw him beside her, and he kissed her cold cheek till she came back to consciousness. Then she turned her sweet eyes upon him, and smiled.

A burly, red-headed blacksmith, mounting a chair, proposed that in this case the deputy need not be troubled, since the Majesty

of the People, which had been insulted, was quite sufficient to administer law for itself. His proposal was carried by acclamation; and, the prison hall being the court, the speaker the judge, the surrounders the jury, Alfred and Lucie were placed upon their trial. They unbound his hands. He took Lucie's, and raised it to his lips.

"*Le pauvre jeune homme!*" cried some woman in the crowd.

"*Cr-r-ê! mille tonnerres!*" shouted the judge. "Who dares to speak? What cursed aristocrat dares talk of pity?"

There was a dead silence; and then, turning to the prisoner, he asked Alfred, in a milder voice, his name.

"Alfred, son of the Marquis de la Liraye."

"An aristocrat!" said the judge, with a smack of great satisfaction.

"An aristocrat I am by birth. It is quite useless, I suppose, to urge that I am a republican by opinion."

"Do not attempt to deceive the court," said the judge.

"I will not. This young lady is my betrothed. You put her in prison, being perfectly innocent and helpless. You would have murdered her. I have come from England—"

"The land of Pitt," growled the judge.

"From England, to save her, if I could. I have failed. You may now, if you please, murder us both."

"Citoyens," said the judge, endeavouring to look calmly judicial, "it is my opinion that the prisoner condemns himself—first, confessing that he is an aristocrat; and secondly, insulting the Majesty of the People by calling us murderers."

"You certainly are," observed Alfred, with a calm smile.

All this time he was holding Lucie by the hand. She looked straight up at him, and never moved.

"Death!" shouted the blacksmith.

There was a fierce howl from the bystanders; but many were silent, and some of the women wept furtively.

Lucie fell upon Alfred's neck.

"They will let me die first, Alfred," she whispered. "I cannot bear to see them kill you."

"Citoyens," cried the judge, "as the prisoner came to Blois with the object of taking the ex-aristocrat out of her prison, I should propose that they die together. His object will thus be gained."



[C. O. Murray.

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Drawn by]

A hurried consultation followed, and Pierre came slouching forward with a rope.

"Are we to be hanged, ex-comrade?" asked Alfred, with a laugh.

"Why, no," said Pierre. "A cruel trick you tried to play us. But I forgive you. Pierre forgives. The Majesty of the People demands drowning together."

He tied them breast to breast, face to face; and when they threw their arms round each other's necks, Pierre tied them fast where they lay.

"Oh! Alfred, Alfred!" moaned Lucie. "And it is for me you die!"

"My darling, it is for you I would wish to die. Kiss me to the last."

They bore them on a stretcher to the bridge—that grand old bridge, where the

Loire goes rushing and plunging beneath the arches. It was a dark night, and the river was swollen.

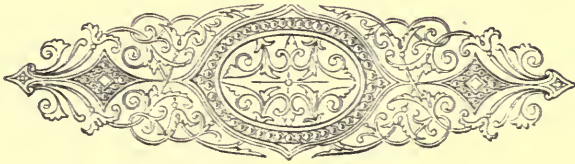
"Are you resigned, my darling?" asked Alfred.

"Ah! love, I am nearly happy!"

"In the name of the Majesty of the People!" shouted the judge.

A splash in the dark water, a shiver in the crowd, and all was over!

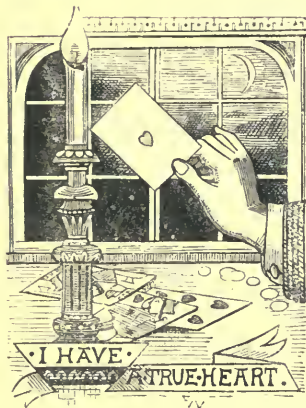
As for poor Madame de Courval, she never knew how her daughter had died. For, next day, tired with the delay of a trial, they took out all the prisoners, guillotined the women, and shot the men. François alone survived, and got to London to tell the tale.



MY FRIEND THE MAJOR.

By George Halse,

AUTHOR OF "SIR GUY DE GUY," ETC., ETC.



"TALKING of the Origin of Species, Jack," said I to an old college chum the other night, after we had been discussing salmon, science, and sherry-cobler, "did I ever relate to you the origin

of my acquaintance with the Major?"

"No."

"Would you like to hear it?"

"Well, yes—since I perceive you wish to tell it," replied Jack, to whom the proposal didn't seem to promise much interest, for the reason that, having been plucked in a matrimonial enterprise, he had suddenly become misanthropical, allowed his back hair to grow, and had sought consolation in four meals a-day and philosophy, declaring that he couldn't bend his mind to any subject that hadn't "depth" in it. He would seize with equal avidity upon anything that bore a Greek appellative as long as his arm, or was very hard of digestion.

"Now, my dear Jack," I continued, regardless of his yawn, "you know you are as great an authority in the problem of natural selection, and all that, as you used formerly to be in the laws of field sports, and the art of circumventing the dons."

"Yes, I hope I have acquired something solid since I left Queens'!" replied Jack, rousing himself.

"Well, now, a new field of investigation dawns upon my mind, which Darwin would rise at like a trout at a midge, if I only breathed one word in his ear. I make you a present of it. Try this pasty."

Jack brightened up. I had communi-

cated a stimulus to his powers of mind and digestion at the same moment.

"I'm all attention, Rattlebrain. Out with it. I'll try the pasty."

"What say you to a book on the 'Origin of Friendships?'"

"Of what?"

"Friendships—acquaintanceships."

"Bah! you're chaffing me in the old way. I don't wear pinafores now, Rattlebrain."

"I vow I'm serious, Jack. Isn't the origin of one's friendships—yours and mine, for instance—one of the most curious and interesting circumstances of social life? Is not a trivial and accidental meeting between A. and B. fraught with the most momentous issues, not only to A. and B., but to the community at large?"

Jack pulled at his pipe vehemently, after having finished the pasty. I could perceive, through the smoke, that my suggestion had penetrated him.

"And doesn't it at once present to your speculative mind an immensity, a sublimity, a profundity, a *depth*"—Jack gave a sympathetic start as I put in that word—"a dignity, a pathos"—that word is generally a clincher: it finished Jack—"which dwarfs Darwin's researches and speculations to the level of a school-girl's theme? Eh?"

"Rattlebrain, your hand! There's a good deal in what you say."

"Ah, Jack, I knew I was not casting seed upon barren soil. A bumper to the 'Origin of Friendships.' Give it a name."

"Archæphiletærianomology."

"Bravo! By Jove, that's a clipper! And what an inexhaustible subject it is. You'll make at least twelve vols. quarto of it. I'll contribute, with pleasure. There's that instance of Cogtackle, of Trinity. You remember Cogtackle?"

"One of the University eleven?"

"The same."

"Yes, I remember him. A tremendous hitter. My nose will bear testimony to that as long as I live."

"Well, you know the origin of his acquaintance with his wife?"

"No."

"Why, she was turned fifty when he met her at a county ball, and rolled her over into a tray of lemonade while he was waltzing with the mayor's daughter—to whom he was a good deal attached. She turned round upon him like a panther, with a glance that would have consumed ordinary flesh and blood. But you remember what nerve Cogtackle had? He paused in the dance, raised her from the ground with such genuine contrition, mopped her shoulders so gently—oh, so gently, in spite of her years—that she frankly forgave him, and assumed the fault to herself. Cogtackle saw a glimmer of the feminine grace and delicacy which had distinguished her earlier days; he discerned a revival of the well-nigh defunct tenderness of feeling which had belonged to her half a century ago, as a youthful maiden;—he discerned, moreover, the diamonds in her head-dress—and Cogtackle danced no more with the mayor's fair daughter. He obtained an introduction to the quinquagenarian; took her down to supper; actually screwed her up to a schottische afterwards; handed her into her carriage; left his card next day; got an invitation to Kettledrum; discerned still more possible graces, more actual jewels, and substantial setting. He wooed and won her in a week, and became the master of ten thousand a-year the day he wedded her. This, you see, Jack, was a remarkable instance of origin and selection. It was also remarkable for its rapid development; for the lady, in fact, hadn't much time to spare. Cogtackle placed a handsome mausoleum over her skin and bones two months after the happy event. I need hardly say he married the mayor's daughter in due course. There you have the facts in a nutshell, from origin to consummation. Have you made a note of it?"

"Yes;—but about your friend the Major?"

"I'm going to tell you that now. Would you or Darwin expect to discover the origin of a peculiar friendship on the top of a high hill?"

"Fudge."

"Fact. It was on the top of Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, that I made the acquaintance of my friend the Major; and this is the illustrative case which I wish you to perpetuate for all time in your proposed work on —"

"Archæphiletærianomology."

During a college vacation, I took a run to Edinburgh, having long desired to see the northern metropolis; and found much pleasure in visiting all its places of interest, classical, historical, and romantic. One day I mounted the famous hill which overlooks the city; and there, alone and undisturbed, I surrendered myself to the reveries which the panorama spread at my feet was calculated to provoke in a youthful, studious, and emotional mind.

"Jove, what a scene!" I ejaculated, as I strode from one point of the compass to another. "How gracefully the beautiful city nestles under the shelter of her crags and hills! How fittingly is she designated the modern Athens! Yonder, methinks, is its Acropolis—the Castle. Here the old town is severed from, yet linked with the new, by a stretch of fair gardens. To the right of me is the silvery Forth, meandering with surpassing grace through cultured land up to Stirling. I wonder if I can make out Stirling Castle!"

"Permit me, sir, to offer you my glass for the purpose," said a voice at my elbow, causing me to start considerably, for a moment before I was entirely alone. I turned, and encountered the kindly salute of a gentleman whose manner and expression at once secured my goodwill. He had an upright, military bearing, was well dressed, *bon ton*, and perfectly at his ease. His features were fair, his hair and beard light, and his age about five and thirty.

I returned the courteous salutation, and accepted the proffered field glass, falling at once into conversation with the gentleman. The affinity between certain minds was singularly exemplified in our case. We took to each other wonderfully; and when I happened to remark incidentally that I was a stranger to those parts, a student from college, alone and unattended, his interest in me increased fourfold. He was, he told me, a Major in a crack Highland regiment; he knew everybody of importance in the country; he had the *entrée* everywhere, and he should be delighted to place his services at my disposal.

It was in this pleasant way I made the acquaintance of my friend the Major.

His assistance was most opportune, and he spared no pains in pointing out to me the objects of interest within view.

"Mark that modest dwelling down there to the left. You will be intensely interested to learn that yon lowly cot was inhabited by the Davie Deans of Scott's immortal romance."

I shed a tear.

"Here," he said, perceiving my emotion, "you have a good view of Holyrood. I must take you over that most interesting abbey. That is the Grassmarket. Here is Princes-street;—mark Scott's monument. Farther on is the Royal Institution: there will be a meeting there next week, my friend Brougham in the chair. Do you know Brougham?"

"I'm not so fortunate as to be personally acquainted with his lordship."

"I must introduce you. This conspicuous hill is Calton; and round here are the undulating Pentlands; and more to the north is the richly wooded Corstorphine Hill; while right away in this direction is—hallo! what are these fellows about round this point?"

I turned to the spot indicated by the gentleman, and perceived three individuals earnestly watching the performances of a fourth, who was seated on a stone with a small board on his knees.

"What are these fellows doing?" repeated my friend.

"I can't for the life of me imagine."

"Let us go and see."

As we approached, I at once comprehended that the man was a thimbligger.

"Stay," I whispered to the Major, "let's keep away. They are no good."

"How."

"Thimbliggers."

"What's that?"

"Simply swindling."

"Faugh! let's go and see what it's like. Live and learn."

I yielded reluctantly to my friend's curiosity; but he had been so affable and useful to me, I couldn't object.

"Beware of temptation!" I whispered.

"Ha! ha!—I'm too old a soldier to be easily humbugged!"

The performer manipulated the thimbles in the usual way, making moves which were easily followed. Presently, one of the on-lookers ventured a shilling, and lost.

"Tut, mon, whar were your een? The pea's here, I ken," said another of the group, raising the thimble which concealed it. "Look thar!"

The unlucky rustic ventured another shilling, and again lost, to the astonishment of the Major, who divined correctly where the pea was concealed.

"What a noodle this fellow is," he whispered to me. "Any one with half an eye could follow the thimbligger's movements. Why, he's as awkward as he can be. Novel as the trick is to me, I can see every move. Look, the pea is here now."

I opined so too. We both proved right.

"I should like, above all things, to punish the knave," continued the Major.

"How?—by thrashing him?"

"No, no; by cleaning him out. 'Twould be a wholesome lesson to him."

"Nay," I remonstrated; "take my advice—don't."

"I just go to the extent of a crown."

The Major laid down a crown, which the operator covered with another, and commenced—

"Ane—twa—three—foor—five—sax. Now, sir, whar's the pea?"

I saw clearly enough that it was beneath the middle thimble, but my impetuous companion had been deceived, and selected the wrong one, losing his money. His surprise was equalled by his vexation.

"I'll be shot if I don't try again," he ejaculated; and in spite of my endeavours to drag him away, he laid down another crown. This, too, was lost in a moment, by his fatuous inattention. I marked a portentous flush sweeping over his features which indicated excitement.

"Double or quits!" he cried, laying down a sovereign, passionately.

"Gude," calmly responded the trickster. "Ane—twa—three—foor. Whar's the pea, noo, sir, for a pund?"

My heart beat violently at this crisis. I saw the move well, and indicated the middle thimble to my friend. But he turned quite angrily upon me.

"Sir, I have eyes, thank you, and saw the manœuvre better than you, for you are wrong. It is here!"

He raised the thimble to the right, and lost as before.

An oath escaped the Major as he sought for another coin—which, to his mortification, he didn't happen to have. I perceived his vexation, and really sympathised with his ill-fortune.

"I would readily lend you a sovereign," I said, "but I perceive you are not over-care-

ful. But I will do you a better service: I'll risk one myself, with the sole view of regaining your lost stake—then we'll go."

I then laid down a sovereign, and the group breathlessly awaited the result of my encounter with the subtle Scot.

"Ane—two—three. What's your wull, sir? What's the pea, for a pund?"

"Here," said I, calmly and confidently, "under the right hand thimble!"—whither I had seen it travel, without the shadow of a doubt.

It was gone!

"Yah!" cried the Major, "what could you be thinking about? It is here!" And so it was. "What a brace of asses we are, to be done by this blunderer!"

I felt that the epithet would be quite deserved if I allowed victory to remain with the vulgar conjuror.

"If I had a five pound note in my pocket," said I, with rising indignation, "I'd annihilate the knave!"

"Ah, he richly deserves it," replied the Major, between his teeth. "If you are without the needful," he continued, "could I lend you my watch, to enable you to smash him?"

The friendly suggestion was most opportune.

"Thanks—many thanks," I responded. "I have a watch of my own. Here, fellow," I said, addressing the manipulator, just as he lost half a sovereign with a man who arrived on the scene a moment before—"here, I'll try you once more, and will stake this watch for five pounds."

"Gude! for five pund—or for fafty—or a hunner!"

The charlatan covered the pea; exposed it, covered it again; gave it two or three removes, which my eye followed as if I had done it myself.

"Whar's the pea noo, sir, for five pund?"

It was a moment of extreme suspense. I hesitated, though I knew quite well the pea was beneath the middle thimble. I glanced at the Major: he indicated the same thimble. I looked at the other spectators: they one and all pointed to the same spot. Moreover, one of them, in his zeal in my cause, treacherously raised the identical thimble while the operator was turning round to speak to some one, and exposed the pea to my view.

"Now for your revenge!" whispered the Major, pressing my arm.

I felt I was about to do a base thing, in availing myself of the man's treachery; but I was too heated to pause.

"Noo, sir, whar's the pea for five pund?" demanded the trickster, without touching the thimbles again.

I laid my finger on the middle thimble, and glanced triumphantly at the onlookers, who gave a small cheer of encouragement.

"The pea is here!" I faltered, for I was much excited. I raised the thimble: the pea was gone!

A yell of wrath escaped my friend the Major, as he beheld the recreant operator coolly slide my watch into his pocket. I sprang at his throat.

"Nae, nae, sir," said one of the spectators, interposing, "dinna kill the mon! Ye ae made ane awfu' blunder, an' it seems maist incredible where your e'en war; but, ye know, ye riskit your siller and the watch, an' ye ae lost the baith; but ye maunna harm the mon!"

I turned to the Major. He shook his head sadly.

"I fear we must grin and bear it," he said. "Besides," he said, taking me aside, "I much fear we have fallen among thieves! Who knows but these fellows are all rogues together, and accomplices! They might do us an injury—murder us! Hadn't we better go while our skins are whole?"

The admonition was not unwelcome, for you know I am a man of peace; and we descended the hill at once, and presently parted.

"I hope," said the Major, "that we shall soon meet again, under more auspicious circumstances. Take an old soldier's advice, and keep out of the hands of sharpers—ha, ha!"

I forced a corresponding burst of hilarity.

"By the way," he continued, "I should like you to make the acquaintance of my friend the Marquis of Tweeddale. Do you happen to know him?"

"I have not that honour."

"He's coming to Edinburgh in a few days. You shall join our little party. What hotel are you staying at?"

"The Royal."

"I'll do myself the pleasure of calling on you. I may be of some use."

"A thousand thanks!"

And, with an earnest grasp of the hand, we parted.

I thought it right, in the interests of so-

ciety, to make known the loss of my watch at the police office, giving a description of the thimbligger and his three supposed coadjutors. The inspector had no hope of recovering my property. However, he made a note of it.

Two days after, I received the promised visit from my friend the Major.

"Excuse my not having called on you, as I fully intended doing; but I was so occupied with the Duke."

"With whom?"

"Roxburghe. I'll introduce you. You will like him so."

And he kindly sketched out a little programme, by which the desired meeting should be accomplished, and I should most certainly receive an invitation to Floors. I was too conscious of our relative positions to dream of realizing the Major's idea. It proved, however, his great friendship for me, and convinced me of the exalted society in which he moved. We smoked together, and he handed me his cigar case. I was at once struck with the choice quality of his cigars, and at the first whiff I ejaculated—

"Superb!"

"Ah!" he replied, "that proves you to be a connoisseur."

"Why, I never tasted anything finer! What is their name?"

"Princesa."

"My favourite brand; why, where do you obtain them?"

The Major made no reply. I repeated the question.

"I need not tell you, for they are not to be procured—in the ordinary way."

"Hem! You provoke my curiosity. Are they to be got in an extra-ordinary way?"

The Major smiled, and hummed a tune. I again pressed him.

"Well," he replied at length, "I do not see why I should keep a pleasant secret from you. I know it would be as safe with you as with me. They're smuggled!"

"Ah! capital; and by yourself?"

"Oh, no—I'm too cautious for that. I buy them of the smuggler, who was introduced to me by the Colonel of our regiment."

I was intensely interested.

"And all the fellows of our mess buy them wholesale—ha, ha!"

"Could I—I make so free as to solicit the same privilege?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't allow it,"

he replied, after an interval. "I know you are to be trusted, eh?"

I faltered my assurances.

"Come along with me," continued the Major; "you will only be just in time. Sandy Macnab has only a few left, and Lord Mar wants them?"

My friend the Major took me into the Old Town, and we threaded innumerable back streets of a most forbidding character, until we reached a peculiarly dingy house, and mounted the stairs to the fifth flat. The Major knocked at the door.

"Wha's thar?"

"Major Dugald M'Cormick, of Killiecrankie."

The door was at once unlocked and opened by a mariner, who tugged at his forelock as he recognized a customer in the Major.

"I've brought a personal friend who wants a parcel of the Princesas."

"I should ha' been verra glad," replied the smuggler; "but your fren's too late. I expect the Laird o' Mar frae ane moment to another."

"Awkward," whispered the Major to me, in vexation; "but wait! Suppose you personate Mar, eh? I see no other way of getting the Princesas for you. What a rich joke it would be? Ha! ha! You are not aware, Sandy, I perceive, that this gentleman is Lord Mar himself."

"I humbly beg his lairdship a thousand pardons for my stupefity!" replied the smuggler, making me a low bow; "but as I dinna ken your lairdship personally, aiblens you wunna blame me?"

"Oh, certainly not."

"They're a' ready packit in this box. Thirty poonds a'thegither, at fafteen sheelin!"

"Fifteen shillings only!" ejaculated the Major, in surprise; "but you charged me a pound, you rogue!"

"That's verra true, Major Dugald M'Cormick; but I dinna hae sic an opportunitie o' showing my respec' for a laird! Thirty poonds at fafteen sheelin, maks twa and twenty poonds an' ae haf."

I peered into the box, and the layers of this superb and incomparable cigar made my mouth water. I felt reluctant to take such a quantity; but when I reflected that he was only asking me half the real value, and that I could easily dispose of the surplus to my friends, I decided to take them. Luckily,

I had just received a remittance from my father, and at once laid the money on the table.

"I'll send a cab as I go down the street," whispered the Major, as he quitted the room. "You had better remain and keep guard over the cigars till it comes; for these smugglers are not to be trusted, you know. Once get the box to your hotel, without the knowledge of the revenue officers, and you're all right."

I was a little disquieted when I found myself deserted by my friend; but as I discerned no disposition on the part of Macnab to take any advantage, I was soon reassured. A cab arriving after an interval, I deposited my treasure in it, and ordered him to drive to the Royal. Arriving there, I was assisted in unloading by a man in a Glengarry, with a dark beard and green spectacles, who, I presumed, belonged to the hotel. He evidently knew the number of my room; for he seized the box, and carried it thither as a matter of course. He handled it, however, so clumsily, that the lid came off as he deposited it on the floor, and exposed the contents to view.

An exclamation of surprise escaped him, and he turned a scrutinizing glance towards me.

"Hoot awa!" he ejaculated. "Huts, tuts! what hae we here? Cigars! and maist extraordinary fine! Be sae gude, sir, as to let me see the permit."

"The permit! How dare you take this liberty, fellow? Begone!"

"I'm verra, verra sorry, sir; but I maun do my dooty—for you ken, I'm an offisher frae the Custom Hoose at Leith yonner!"

As the dread announcement fell on my ear, a vertigo seized me. I reeled, and sank into a chair.

"But, sir," continued the officer, in a milder tone, "if you hae the permit—which I houp you hae—all's weel."

I could only tear off my cravat, loosen my collar, and plunge my head into a basin of water, to mitigate the fever that made my brain like molten lava. The officer tapped me on the shoulder.

"It's the maist painfu' thing in the hoole wairld, sir, to hae to investigate sic matters; but it's my dooty to ca' my brother offishers, who are below, and gar them come up."

I burst into tears.

"Unless—"

"Unless, did you say?"

"Unless you and me can mak' a leetle arrangement thegither."

"How?" I asked, grasping the officer's hand—"how, oh how, could it be arranged?"

"Ye ken, sir, that dooty bids me arres' ye and tak' ye to the lock-up; and I need na till ye that there's evidence enouch to send ye to the galleys."

"The gallows!"

"Nae, nae, not at first—that will come a' in gude time, if ye hae patience. I mean the hulks; for your case is verra, verra des-perit."

I thought of my devoted mother, my gentle and loving sisters, my stern father. Oh, anguish! I burst into tears again. The officer was visibly moved, so I followed up my advantage:

"We all, at times, stretch our duties to the utmost extent,—nay, it is sometimes wise and humane to forget them altogether. The quality of mercy is not strained, you know. How may this matter be arranged between us?"

And I had the presence of mind to rattle the gold in my pocket.

"The soun' o' siller," said the officer, in a low tone, "is a maist persuawsive argument in this kintra—just as it is in ony ither."

Happily, I am gifted with extraordinary penetration. Few things escape me. I read the officer like a book, and gently placed my purse in his open hand. I was not mistaken: the hand closed tenaciously upon it. I was intensely relieved. After a few minutes' silent cogitation, the officer said—

"Sir, there is but ae safe coorse to follow noo. The cigars maun be removed frae the place."

"Of course. I shall only be too thankful to be rid of them. Could you manage to get them away for me?" I asked, deeply moved.

"I'll try. I'll gang and fetch a sma' truck, and tak' them awa."

And the officer, so saying, closed the box, and went for the truck.

When he had quitted me, I could not divest my mind of the notion that I had seen the man before; but, failing to confirm the idea, I dismissed it with the reflection that all Scotchmen are more or less alike, morally and physically, especially about the cheek bones.

I waited an hour—two hours, and he did

not return. At length, I heard a hurried step on the stairs; and, without knocking at my door, in burst the Major, greatly agitated.

"Dear sir," he exclaimed, seizing my hand, "I fear we have both been swindled again."

"Swindled again!" I echoed, in bewilderment—"how?"

"By the smuggler!"

"Explain, Major."

"It has just come to my knowledge, through my friend, Sir Robert Douglas, that Sandy Macnab is no smuggler at all, but an arrant knave, who has humbugged lots of the aristocracy with his pretended contraband tobacco. I want at once to inspect the box."

I kicked open the lid, removed the layer of cigars, and discovered beneath them nothing but sawdust and dried spinach.

"I thought so!" yelled the Major, trembling with indignation. "By Jove! if I catch that rascal, I'll run him through the body like a cockchafer!"

I then related the affair of the Custom House officer.

"A confederate!" ejaculated the Major, who penetrated the whole thing at once. "Oh, my dear sir, you seem to be fated to fall into the hands of every rascal in the country! Why, what will you think of Scotland and the Scotch?"

"There are rogues everywhere," I replied, sadly but philosophically, pressing his hand; "and I have at least one consolation—I have found a genuine friend."

The Major was a good deal moved. I therefore bade him dismiss the matter from his thoughts. Experience, I argued, must be bought and paid for. I could see he fully appreciated my bearing in regard to him.

"By the way," I continued, to change the conversation, "I am going to run through two or three of your lakes. Give me an itinerary."

My gallant friend entered with great ardour into my plan, and sketched out a tour which should embrace Glasgow, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, &c.

"That reminds me," said the Major, "I shall be in that neighbourhood with my friend Fife—do you know Lord Fife? I will do myself the pleasure of bringing you together. Who knows but that we may meet? You will reach the Trossachs on Thursday—the very day I am engaged to

meet Fife and Roxburghe. Singular. In the meantime, be very careful of the Glasgow people. Take my advice, don't try your luck at thimblerrigging again, and have no more dealings with smugglers!"

And, after a few minutes, the Major left me.

I thought it my duty to report this new disaster at the police station, where I met with little sympathy. The inspector, however, made a note of it, as before.

Next day I began my tour—saw Glasgow, did Loch Lomond in the steamboat, traversed Rob Roy's country, sailed the length of Loch Katrine, and passed through the Trossachs, indulging in the regulation superlatives of admiration at everything I saw, and which I will spare the reader, as he has probably read "Murray" and "Black," and knows by heart exactly all that I could, would, or ought to say. I had a strong and pleasing conviction that I should run against my friend the Major somewhere; and, sure enough, I came upon him, sitting on a boulder by the wayside, sketching. I need not describe the satisfaction with which I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"I only wanted this rencontre to make my pleasure complete," I said, gaily.

"So flattered to hear you say so!" replied the Major, folding up his sketch-book. I saw at a glance that he was only a novice at the art, and had too much delicacy to insist upon viewing his production. "Fife has just left me," said he. "I wish you had been here an hour earlier. I should have liked so much to have introduced you. Such a nice fellow! By the way, are you going on to Callander to sleep?"

"I don't care a bit. What do you advise?"

"Well, if you don't mind a quiet, old-fashioned inn—"

"I prefer an old-fashioned inn to any other," I said, interrupting him.

"Then put up at the little hostelry down the lane yonder, called the Brig o' Turk Inn. It is kept by Widow Farquharson, the fattest woman in Scotland. The accommodation is limited; and I almost fear you are too late, for I saw two or three tourists turn down towards the house as I came along. Shall we go and see?"

"Oh, by all means. The plan suits my taste exactly."

The portly, good-natured widow met us at the door, and bade us welcome.

"I fear," said I, "that I am too late—your house is full?"

"Nae, nae, sir," she replied, with genuine hospitality, "I ha' ane chamber onoccupied. Walk into the room yonner; there's on'y three men frae the North resting and tacking a drap o' whuskey. Walk in."

We entered a tidy parlour; and the gentlemen made room for us at the little table, continuing their conversation, in which we presently joined, with the frank unreserve becoming fellow-tourists. I will not stop to describe the men, or the matter of our discourse; but will content myself with placing on record an act of surpassing kindness on the part of the Major towards me.

One of the company, describing the contents of his knapsack, said that he always carried with him, as indispensables, four things—a piece of soap, a tooth-brush, a clean pair of socks, and a pack of cards. The mention of this last article as necessary to a tourist's outfit naturally provoked question; which the gentleman answered by declaring that it was an absolute necessity to him, to help him through the tedium of evenings in dull country places. Illustrating his argument, he produced the cards, and challenged his friends to a rubber. They good-naturedly let him have his will, inviting the Major or myself to take a hand.

Now, if I feel proud of anything in the world, it is my skill at whist. I cultivated it at college. I read Hoyle with my tutor, instead of divinity. Cavendish's principles were as familiar to me as *hic, hæc, hoc*. "Captain E." and "J. C." were as *pas, pasa, pan*, to my studious mind. In fact, I could have taken honours in it literally, if this department of erudition had been recognized by Alma Mater. With my natural modesty, however, I declined the friendly invitation, and the Major consented to cut in.

I saw at a glance that not one of the party knew more than the mere rudiments of the game. They played at first for toddy, and, as they warmed to the work, they got to five-shilling rubbers. From that they advanced to ten-shilling points; and money changed hands rapidly, while excitement increased in proportion. I was allowed to make comments on the play, and to point out the blunders committed. In disputed points, I acted as referee.

My friend the Major was far too heedless a player. He showed his cards, he revoked, he trumped his partner's tricks,

and, in fact, played the deuce from first to last. At length, he grew angry, rose from the table, and threw the cards in an adversary's face. At this affront, the Gaelic blood rose high; the company sprang to their feet. At that time there would certainly have been bloodshed, if I had not, with great tact, interposed—declared that my friend's temper was, I believed, due to a disease of the cerebellum, and that he was, in consequence, not responsible for his actions under excitement; and that, if that would allow me, I would take his place, in the interests of peace. My words were as oil on the troubled waters. The company re-seated themselves, and the insult offered by my friend the Major was soon forgotten.

I objected to play high, both from principle and impecuniosity; but the tourists from the North seemed flush of money, and as they insisted upon high stakes, and as I felt pretty sure of success, I yielded. The Major exulted in the prospect of the retribution that awaited my adversaries, and looked over my hand with the deepest interest.

And now, for the first time in my life, I learnt how utterly powerless is skill when fate declares against us. Fortune, which smiled on my first hand, and enabled me to score six, suddenly reversed her wheel, and from that moment every effort of mine ended in disaster. The most impracticable hands fell to my lot, and the egregious stupidity of my partner rendered my play utterly abortive. In less time than it takes to describe it, I found myself with empty pockets; and, without imitating the gross affront offered them by my friend, I rose from the table with becoming demeanour, bade the company adieu, and retired to my room.

The Major followed me. Sympathy, surprise, and indignation were pictured in his countenance.

"My dear sir," he said, taking my hand, "why, all the powers of mischief seem to be in league against you! Was ever man so unlucky?"

"It is, indeed, quite unparalleled."

"To a poorer man, this succession of losses would be simply ruin."

"I assure you, it inconveniences me very seriously," I replied, with all the composure I could command. "In fact, I'm cleaned out!"

"Nonsense!"

"Believe me, it is quite true."

"Bah! But you can, I suppose, raise whatever money you may need?"

"Oh, yes, I could draw upon my father; but I'm a stranger in the land, and I don't know a soul whom I could ask to honour my cheque."

Then it was that the generous nature of the Major displayed itself.

"My dearest sir, dismiss that thought instantly, I pray you. The purse of a Scotch gentleman is ever at the service of an honourable Southron!"

Saying this, he opened his pocket-book, and drew from it a roll of notes.

"Luckily," said he, "I am in a position to help you, for I have just sold a horse at Glasgow, and the dealer paid me this morning. I shall deem it an honour, no less than a pleasure, to cash your cheque upon your father. I think you said that he is the well-known India merchant, Mr. Mortimer Cackledown?"

"Yes—but really I feel most unwilling to take advantage of—"

"Not a word, sir, I beg. Shall we say a tenner?"

"Thank you, a five pound note will be ample to take me back to Edinburgh."

Thus was I released, by the Major's timely aid, from a very awkward dilemma; and I hoped at a future day to give him a substantial proof of my gratitude. Night closing in, he was compelled to leave me—promising to introduce me to his friend the Duke in the course of a day or two.

In the morning I explored the neighbourhood; and after making a substantial dinner off trout and cockaleekie, I proposed to continue my journey, and called for my bill.

"Twa' sheellin'," said the fat landlady, answering my summons.

I laid down the note which my friend had lent me, and the good hostess counted out the change; and I shortly afterwards took my departure.

I had not, however, got clear of the lane when I heard vociferous shouting behind me; and turning round, I beheld the fat landlady panting after me, like an infuriated elephant, gesticulating wildly with a broom. Behind her were the people of the inn, dogs joined the chase, and the hangers-on brought up the rear—all armed with rakes, basting ladles, poker, mops, props, and whatever weapon they could lay hand on.

"Staun' thar! ye misbegotten scoun'rel!" cried fat widow Farquharson, shaking her fist at me. "Staun'! I say—or I'll beat ye till your ain mither wunna know your head frae a haggis!"

I obeyed her injunction, and stood still. In an instant she was upon me, like an avalanche, and swept me to the earth—fixing me down by the hair of my head. The rear-guard arrived immediately, and all the weapons of offence were directed against me.

"Ye desperit vill'in!" ejaculated the landlady, as soon as she recovered her breath, "ye shall ha'e the whole waight o' my body on ye gin ye move!"

"Pray, pray, my good woman, what have I done?"

"What ha'e ye done, ye cunnin' young whalp? Why, look at this bit o' wuthless paper—this sham note—which ye gave me the noo!"

"Sham!"

"Aye, sham and bad as yoursel', ye dirty houn'. Tak' it back, and gie me my siller."

"Believe me, my good woman, I—"

"Tak' it back, I say, ye ugly Lunnon thief, and gie me my siller!"

And without more ado the landlady thrust her hand into my trousers pocket, and repossessed herself of the change she had given me.

"Noo, ye scoun'rel, pay me twa' sheellin' for bed an' board."

"Really, good Mrs.—"

"Twa' sheellin', I say! I'll teach you to come and fill your stammick, and rob your honest folk in this kintra!"

And the indignant hostess held her brawny fist at the end of my nose.

I was obliged to confess that I had lost every coin I possessed at cards; and, as she was inexorable, I offered to deposit my knapsack with her until I regained my hotel, and could redeem it.

"Yes—I'll ha'e your knapsack, and I'll ha'e your buits, too."

"My boots!"

"Yes; your buits, too. Ye maun gang awa' barefoot. Ye will recollect the day ye tried to rob the poor Widdy Farkison."

There was no appeal. The widow's edict had gone forth; and if she had decided that I should be sent adrift in the costume of Adam, I must have submitted. The pitiless rank and file eased me of my knapsack and boots in a moment.

"Noo, my bonny chiel, awa' wi' ye; and



Drawn by

“STAUN’ THAR! YE MISBEGOTTEN SCOUN’REL!”—PAGE 72.

[Jl. K. Breque (Phiz).]



nane o' your Lunnon tricks at the Brig o' Turk agen; for if ye iver come to the hoose agen, I'll nail ye by the lugs to my sign-post. Awa'!"

Rank and file bringing their weapons to the charge at the word of command, I displayed discretion rather than valour, and started on my painful pilgrimage to Callander. One of the aborigines, meeting me by the way, shouted out—

"Ye idiwt! why dinna ye tak' aff your breeks and brogues, and na walk aboot in that ondecient manner?"

Arriving at Callander, I submitted the denounced note to a respectable tradesman, who at once declared it to be base. Fortunately, I had a valuable set of studs, which I sold, and thus furnished myself with the means of rebooting myself and continuing my journey. My thoughts naturally turned to my friend the Major.

"If this note is base," I reflected, "how much worse must be the position of my friend, who has a lot of them, and may be seriously compromised at any moment! It is quite evident that the roguish horse-dealer has swindled him infamously; and thus the poor fellow has unconsciously led me into this mess!"

On my arrival at Edinburgh, I thought it only right to report this circumstance at the police office. I was told that the trick was as old as the hills. Nevertheless, the inspector made a note of it, as before.

A few days afterwards, the post brought me two letters—one from my father, the other in an unknown hand. I opened the latter first. It was from my friend the Major, dated "Floors," and ran thus:—

"I have been painfully anxious to run up to Edinburgh to see you, but the Duke and Duchess won't let me go till Wednesday; so I write without delay, to inform you of a most serious circumstance, in which, I fear, you may be involved. After I quitted you at the Brig o' Turk, I proceeded, as you know, to Dalkeith on a matter of business, when, to my horror and indignation, I discovered that the notes which the horse-dealer had passed upon me were all spurious. Worse than this, I had my pocket picked of my card case, containing, I regret to say, the cheque on your father which you gave me. I did not discover my loss till this morning, or should have notified it to you, in case the thief should make some

villainous use of it. Don't write to me here, as I shall leave on Wednesday, and call at your hotel."

"Precisely as I thought!" I ejaculated. "I was right in my surmises, as usual. Poor gentleman, I am deeply concerned for him. Why, Scotland must be the head-quarters of all the rascaldom of the world! Now let me see what my dear father says."

I opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR MAXIMILIAN—I little imagined, when I permitted you to travel for the first time without my guidance, that the indulgence would be so heartlessly and disastrously abused by you. I supplied you with ample funds for every reasonable necessity, and consented to your drawing upon me for a few pounds, in the event of your running short; but I never contemplated the possibility of your gross misuse of that privilege. This day, the following cheques of yours have been presented to me for payment—one for £5 for 'wine,' two of £8 10s. for 'hotel bill,' one for £6 18s. 9d. for 'tartans,' and one for £19 2s. for 'sundries.' For the honour of our family, and our unblemished name, I have paid all these unwarrantable demands of yours; and now write to warn you, that if you persevere in your headlong career of recklessness, I shall consider it my duty to divert from you the inheritance I had prepared, and bestow everything upon your virtuous and heart-broken sisters. Nothing but the *desperate* state of my health prevented me taking the train, and arresting your downward course; unhappily, my doctor informs me that the *slightest excitement must terminate fatally*.—I remain, &c., &c.

"P.S.—Since closing my letter, a sixth cheque reaches me, for £17 3s. 6d. for 'whiskey.' This agitates me so violently that I expect a fit. I have sent to my solicitor to revise my Will."

This terrible communication threw me into a paroxysm of frenzy and fear. I saw at a glance to what infamous use the scoundrel who picked my friend the Major's pocket of my cheque for five pounds had applied it. He had forged my signature only too well. The telegraph was not in existence in those days, and the mail train had just started. What could I do? Alas, nothing! I could only surrender myself to the most poignant grief and indignation, and wait for the morn-

ing train. In the meantime, I reported this new disaster at the police station; when the inspector comforted me by the assurance that he would make a note of it.

Being at fever point, I was tempted to court the refreshing air of night, and strolled as far as Musselburgh. There I entered the Musselburgh Arms, and, seeking solace in a cigar, took up a journal. While I was scanning it through, the door opened with unusual abruptness, and in rushed a man, with a dark beard and blue spectacles, panting for breath. In an instant I recognized the sham Custom House officer who had swindled me so cleverly. I was too petrified to rise from my chair, or even to speak; and I remained unobserved by the man—who, in an instant, tore off his wig, beard, and spectacles, and displayed to my astonished gaze a familiar face.

"Major!" I gasped, almost inaudibly.

He turned round suddenly at my voice, and, recognizing me, exhibited quite as much amazement as I did. Presently, however, he burst into irresistible laughter.

"My dear, dear sir—I am indeed surprised and delighted to find you here! Of all men in the world, you are *the* one I most desired to see!"

I was dumbfounded, and glanced at his disguise lying on the table.

"Ah, no wonder you are puzzled. Ha! ha! I'll explain to you in two words. The finest joke you ever heard of! I shall win a bet with Douglas of fifty pounds, if I succeed in my manœuvre!"

I was still asphyxiated.

"You remember I told you Sir Robert and a lot of the fellows in our regiment had been done by that rascally sham revenue officer who robbed you—the arrant thief! And as Douglas piqued himself upon his penetration over our dessert to-day, I made a bet with him that he'd be done again before he was many hours older. All the men of the mess are betting upon it. Fife has laid a hundred to one on me."

I was still transfixed—my eyes as immovable as those of Memnon.

"Well," continued the Major, "I got two or three subalterns of ours to dress me up with these things, to represent the sham officer whom you had described to us so minutely; and we arranged that Sir Robert Douglas should catch a sight of me from the billiard-room window. It succeeded admirably. The moment I came in view, he cried out—

"'By Jove, there goes that infernal thief who swindled me!'"

"So saying, he darted down the street after me, exactly as we intended he should; and he's now in full cry after me. Ha! ha! Isn't it a splendid joke? I don't think he saw me double in here. But the trick won't be complete if he catches me. Isn't it rich?"

I began to see the fun at last, and complimented him upon the originality of the conception.

"Now, if you would like to help us keep up the joke a few minutes, our success will be perfect, and I net fifty pounds, which you shall share."

"Oh, don't mention that, please. What can I do?"

"Hark! I hear their approaching steps. Look here—Sir Robert will be awfully sold if you put on this disguise. Quick, quick!"

Without more ado, the Major clapped the wig and beard on my head, changed coats, and fixed the blue spectacles on my nose, at which we both laughed immoderately. Thrusting me into a chair, he seized my journal, and had only time to flit into the corner and hide behind it, when half a dozen men burst into the room, and pounced upon me like a pack of hounds.

"Caught at last!" savagely ejaculated the leader, whom I supposed to be Sir Robert Douglas, but who looked much more like a constable in plain clothes. "Ye nimble houn'! ye've g'iven us a long chase; but ye'll no escape us noo! Sandy, on wi' the han'-cuffs!"

I was intensely amused at the ridiculous blunder, and glanced at my friend, who gave me a very significant wink, as much as to say, "Isn't it a glorious joke?"—at which I fairly laughed.

"Ah, my bonny chiel—ye'll laff wi' a vengeance when you find yourself wi' a free passage to Botany Bay! Haul him awa, Sandy."

The success of the trick was complete. I was dragged, there and then—to the intense amusement of my friend, whose joyous laugh reached my ear—down the street, to the gaol, where I was unceremoniously thrust into a cell, and heard the door securely bolted upon me.

Thus, the amusing device of my friend the Major and his comrades was a most perfect success.

I listened attentively for the merry laugh

of my friend, who would, no doubt, immediately enlighten Sir Robert, pocket the stakes, and release me from durance. I listened patiently: he seemed very, very long. An hour passed; two hours—not a sound! This is rather inconsiderate of the Major! I grew impatient—angry—indignant—alarmed. The Major is carrying his joke to a grave extremity. The night creeps on. I hear hour after hour struck by the church clock. The train to London will start early in the morning; and my father, oh, my father! stretched perhaps on the bed from which he will never rise—and my friend the Major fails to come! I dash about, I yell, I vociferate fiercely. I feel my brain succumb—in another hour I shall be mad! A sound, a footstep—thank God! it is the tardy step of my too-exacting friend! I'll admonish him—yes, sharply; but I'll forgive him!

The wicket in the door opens—

"If ye wunna be quiet, ye ootrageous whulp, de'il tak' me, I'll whap the deebolical breath oot o' your rascally carcase!" And the wicket closed with a slam.

I fell upon a bench, like a man shot, and swooned.

When I recovered some degree of consciousness, the morning was advanced; but when the gaoler visited me, I was in too great a state of mental coma to speak, or touch the food he brought me.

In due time I was hauled before the bailie, and formally charged with having robbed one Donald Maclane of two hundred and fifty pounds—having drugged him in a grog shop.

I was too much dazed to heed or dispute the evidence produced against me—my thoughts were all at home with my afflicted father. The prosecutor failed to recognize me, until the gaoler placed the disguise upon me, when he at once swore to my identity.

The superintendent at the chief office, Edinburgh, then produced a register of my misdeeds, which were fully recapitulated in my presence, with as little effect upon me as though the whole affair were a pleasant dream.

The charges were as follows:—

"1. The prisoner, whose name is Robert Gordon, better known as *Robber Gordon*, is known to assume various disguises and all sorts of aliases, is suspected of having recently robbed a young English gentleman,

named Maximilian Cackledown, on the top of Arthur's Seat, of money and a gold watch by the thimbliger trick.

"2. He is suspected of having robbed the same young gentleman of a sum of money by the smuggled cigar trick.

"3. He is suspected of having defrauded the same young gentleman of a further sum of money by personating a revenue officer, disguised in the wig and spectacles in which he now appears before the court.

"4. He is suspected of having robbed the said young gentleman at the Brig o' Turk inn, by collusion with others not yet in custody, at whist.

"5. He is suspected of having palmed off upon the same young gentleman a spurious Bank of Scotland note, in exchange for his cheque upon a London firm.

"6. He is further suspected of having forged the signature of the said young gentleman, and fabricating cheques in the said gentleman's name as follows—£5 for 'wine,' £8 10s., 'hotel bill,' £6 18s. 9d., 'tartans,' £19 2s., 'sundries,' and £17 3s. 6d., 'whiskey'—all of which cheques were paid on presentation."

The worthy magistrate gazed at me and shuddered, as this catalogue of my offences was formally recited. The obfuscation of my senses was too complete for me to heed him when he said—

"Prisoner, what have you to say to these charges?"

As I made no reply, the bailie could only come to one conclusion:

"I could scarcely have imagined such iniquity in one so young!" Then addressing the police—"Are you prepared to produce the young English gentleman in question?—who must be the most astonishing simpleton that ever crossed the Border!"

On the police replying that they had failed to find the young gentleman at his hotel, I was remanded for a week.

As the gaolers were about to remove me, a confused noise and altercation at the Court-house door attracted everybody's attention, including the bench. Presently a fellow, bound hand and foot, wearing a large red beard and moustache, was thrust into the presence of the bailie.

"Who is this, and what is the offence?" he asked.

The officer replied that he had been detected picking pockets in a crowd; and, on

being arrested, had resisted with such violence that it was found necessary to secure him with a cart rope. The police added that the man's beard was apparently false.

"Off with it, then!" answered the bailie.

The disguise was immediately removed. I turned my eyes to the individual. It was the Major!

"Major! Major!" I ejaculated wildly, clasping my hands, and endeavouring to spring from the dock!—"oh, my friend, you carry your jokes to a terrible extreme! Oh, why so tardy in releasing me? This farce of yours is a fearful tragedy to me! It has perhaps lost my father his life, and me my inheritance."

The Major took no notice whatever of my raving. A dead silence prevailed in the court.

"Speak, Major!" I screamed. "I have suffered this night the very pangs of hell, that you and your brother officers should have your joke; and if you do not at once cause me to be released from this ignominious position, I'll curse you as I stand here!"

Not a sound was to be heard but the beating of my own heart. The magistrate contemplated the scene in silence; and everybody awaited his utterance, all eyes being turned from the Major or myself to him. He remained absorbed in thought for some minutes. Presently he rose to his feet.

"This is a startling riddle," he said—"an extraordinary one; but if my theory be correct, we shall soon reach the solution. Gaoler, take the beard and spectacles from this youth, and place them on the head of the other prisoner."

The transmutation was at once effected; and, as I glanced at the Major, I recognized for the second time the *soi-disant* revenue officer.

"Where is Donald Maclane?" inquired the magistrate.

"Here, sir."

"Point out now the man who drugged you in the grog shop, and robbed you."

The Highlander, who had previously identified me, again looked at me, and at once exclaimed—

"That's nae him. Thar he is!" pointing to the Major. "I was deceitiv by the beard and jasey you put on the laddie yonner."

"Precisely so," replied the lynx-eyed

bailie. "Gaoler, place this lad in the witness box, and put Robber Gordon in the dock. I will take care that justice shall now be done to both."

The reader has already divined the facts. On Robber Gordon being searched, my watch, my cheque for five pounds—which had served him for the purposes of forgery—and a large sum of money, representing the whole of my losses, were found upon him. These the worthy bailie ordered to be restored to me.

Donald Maclane saved me the trouble of prosecuting my friend the Major, by binding himself over to appear against him at the sessions; where he was, in due course, sentenced to transportation for fifteen years.

I caught the fast train to London by half a minute; and rushed into my dear father's room just as he was affixing his signature to a codicil cutting me off with a shilling. The doctor's finger was on his pulse; and my mother and sisters were prostrate at the foot of the bed, awaiting the dread crisis. It came; but not as they apprehended—for the moment I fell on my father's neck and kissed him, he rallied. My explanations, and the recital of my adventures with my friend the Major, did more for him than a whole regiment of the faculty. In a week he was better than he had been for forty years.

"There is a moral in this story, eh, Jack?" said I to my college chum, as I concluded.

"Decidedly. Don't play at thimblrig. Don't buy smuggled cigars. Don't play cards with sharpers. Don't believe all you're told, and don't make a fool of yourself on every possible occasion. That is the moral."

"Shall you make use of it, Jack?" I inquired.

"Undoubtedly," replied he, ramming the last ounce of my bird's-eye into his capacious meerschaum; "it will be a valuable contribution to a profound and exhaustive work I contemplate writing."

"Bravo! Upon what subject, Jack?"

"Upon 'Extrasuperultranincompoopism,' and it shall serve as my fundamental example in my *magnum opus*, you know."

"Ah, yes; entitled—?"

"Archæphiletærianomology."

THE CHARMING DOLLY.

By Percy Fitzgerald.



MY father was Captain Landor, R.N., a gallant seaman, who, being very poor, was content, towards the end of his life, to accept some small appointment in the Coast Guard. Even this station was the worst and most lonely on the whole coast. There was I, his only child, brought up—in a wild, rough sort of fashion—without friends or companions, under shadow of a martello tower, but in the boundless companionship of the grand and turbulent sea, always breaking on the shore. In the winter nights we had storms and wrecks, and a lifeboat which was stationed four or five miles away had plenty to do. Under such conditions, and coming of such a stock, it was scarcely surprising that I grew up with an intense enjoyment of the sea, and all that concerned the sea. None could row or sail a boat like young Bob Landor, the Captain's son; no one went out in such rough weather—the weather I loved; and no one escaped so successfully from the hundred and one perils of the deep. Indeed, I was fond of likening that stormy ocean to some wild animal which, furious to all, had for me a certain savage tolerance and rude attachment. With growlings, and sometimes lashing itself into fury, it would receive me and my little boat; and finding that all its wildest extravagance could do us no harm, would submit with a sort of grudging good humour. This little boat was a little phenomenon in its way. An ingenious local shipwright had built her according to my rough "lines"—built her for strength and service, not for show. She was barely ten tons in size, but was of extraordinary strength and

capacity in the rough seas—could go anywhere and do anything, and bore the name of the *Charming Dolly*. Why she was so called can be told in a few sentences.

Near us lived a Herculean clergyman—strong, rough in his manner, as, indeed, was every one in this exposed district: a man with more the air of a hearty pilot than of an ecclesiastic. He had a sort of stern respect for the sea, looking on it as though it were his great flock; and, certainly, a far more innocent flock he must have found it than the rude sheep he tended. His name was Webster. He was a widower. Further, he had a daughter; and, further again, the daughter's name was DOLLY Webster—so, of course, the boat was named after her. She was indeed a charming Dolly—of a fine figure, with thick brown hair, a bright, flashing eye, and a face full of thought and intelligence. She, too, had caught from the great tumbling and roaring ocean, almost at the foot of their house, a kind of fearless earnestness that became her. She was the only beauty in the district. Need I say that with her I was in love—that the boat was dedicated to her—that she sailed in it through many a storm? She could work it better than I could. Often has she been seen in a stiff gale, that sent her fine hair streaming in the wind, with one hand on the tiller, the other holding the main sheet tightly, while the *Charming Dolly*—the other *Charming Dolly*—swayed over on the back of a slippery green wave, and "came round" with ever so little rebellion, but owning the mastery of its namesake. To see her thus, standing fearlessly in the gale, and proudly commanding—her fine quick eye measuring the coming wave, she herself thinking of every point of the navigation, managing the little boat as though it were a fine Arabian horse, would have delighted a painter. It was scarcely wonderful that I should have admired and loved her, as we grew up together. She seemed, indeed, to belong to us—to me—and to our life. We were all, in this wild district, removed from

the conventional restraints of polite society. We knew nothing of what is so lightly called "flirtation," of "being compromised," or of the necessity of "chaperones," and the like; and our rough parents, who had seen the world, grew from habit into a sort of acceptance of the present state of things. One of these days we were to be married. There was no express agreement; but it seemed about as certain as that we should grow up.

I always thought of the *Charming Dolly* that was already mine with a sort of affection that reflected my passion for the living charming Dolly. I could not think of it but as having life, intelligence, sagacity, piquancy, and a hundred other charming gifts. Perhaps I fancied that *her* touch had inspired the little boat. It was, however, of a perfect model: strong, yet elegant; "able" in any sea. In it I had made many wild expeditions; and once had successfully accomplished a voyage, three days long, round Storm Island, I myself constituting the whole crew—a feat which gave me and my boat an undying celebrity. There was an extraordinary fascination for me in these voyages—the long nights—the solitude which was no solitude. I would take a hardy little sea imp, to whom the boat was about as familiar as its shell to a tortoise, or its skin to a fish, and who knew the boat, and "what it could do," as well as the powers of his own little right hand. On our expeditions we never found the hours long. We encountered terrific storms and some perils; but we had great confidence in ourselves, which never failed us, and always came to our aid in difficulties.

The *Charming Dolly*, though so small, had wonderful accommodation: a tiny main cabin—where one could not, indeed, stand upright, but where, once in a sitting position, the head was free, and the space in the loftiest chamber of a palace was surely superfluous. There was a little cozy sleeping cabin—a courteous name, though it suggested a sort of enlarged rabbit-hutch—where the "bunk" contained space only for the human torso, and where the rest of the figure had to be inserted in a sort of coffin-like receptacle, which ran under the seat in the main cabin. This was ingenious, and yet not so uncomfortable as might be imagined, for it was in a yacht: ashore it would be contemptible. There was a little cooking stove; lockers and bins contrived in

every direction; and from the whole, the child's delight in a baby house might seem intelligible. Such was the *Charming Dolly*; which had, besides, an immense reputation for numerous nautical feats which I had performed in her.

In this situation were we—I, Dolly, and the *Charming Dolly*, the boat. And, indeed, the situation might have been extended for many more years, without any of the parties thinking it would ever change. But a change *was* to come, and that with all the suddenness of a *convulsion*. I had a cousin named Rochford, Charles Rochford, who had been put into the army, and who had shown great bravery in wars. After serving in India for many years, he returned home, and announced to my father that he would come and spend a month with us. The reader will easily anticipate. He came: a tall, handsome, gallant fellow, bronzed and flushed, with all the soldier's ready, off-hand manner. He saw our boat, and sailed in her. He saw Dolly. It can be guessed: it is a very old and very tragic story. I had seen and guessed from the very beginning. The very day of the arrival of his letter, it seemed to me to cast a dark shadow: the handwriting seemed like a sentence to death. She was at first scornful, then curious, then contemptuous as to his pretended love for sailing; *then she said she would give him lessons*. She went out with him one morning, and, returning home very thoughtful, went straight to her father, who came to tell us that Rochford had proposed to her. She told it to me herself, with that dull unconsciousness of giving pain which I have since discovered is a natural consequence of some violent affection. She expected me to congratulate—to be as happy as she was. I almost think I cursed. But I do not like to think of the thing. But he—Rochford—when he came in, with his jaunty, off-hand air, to tell my father, I could restrain myself no more, and, I believe, confounded them both.

"Don't think," I cried, excitedly, "that you have done with *me*—that you have destroyed my life and all its purpose, and are to pay no reckoning! You have done a wicked, wanton, vile thing, Rochford—a cruel, malignant thing; and you shall answer for it."

To my surprise, he answered, quite calmly, "You make the matter too tragical. I never intended anything wicked or malignant; nor did I think much about the matter.

I give you my honour I did not. So, be reasonable."

"Yes," I said, with a sneer—"you think you will have an advantage over me. It would be very convenient to dismiss it all in that light way. Yes—as you have taken from me what I chose to live for, I shall find another end. I must have life of some kind."

I remember almost the exact words I used. He listened, with a curiosity that was really natural, but seemed to me insolent; and looked round, as I thought, with indifference—but it was to Dolly, who had entered, and was listening.

"I suppose you mean revenge of some kind," he said, smiling. "Well, I can have indulgence. I own there is provocation; but by and by, you will come to think of the whole with calmness."

The strangest part of this scene was the utter callousness—misunderstanding—by both parties of my feelings. Both were so wrapped up in their own happiness—were so much all in all to one another—that, I suppose, they could have no compassion for *me*, the victim of their new-found joy. Her treatment was, indeed, the most heartless, though she did not mean it. I did not find myself blaming *her*; but I placed it all to *his* account.

"Why, you are not serious," she said, looking at me with a sort of smiling indifference. "You—my old playfellow—what claim have you on me? Have I ever given you any engagement, or even understanding, that you should use such shocking threats? For shame, Landor! You are no child. To think of using these vulgar threats because you have not succeeded where another has been more lucky! Where is your dignity? Come, let me think of you as I have always done—as a brave, gallant, manly fellow. Above all, forget those contemptible threats, which I blushed to hear you utter. There is another revenge before you, of a nobler sort. Show us—and show me—by your future career, by your success and worth, all that I may have lost. Come, I do not say forgive—for no one has intentionally injured you—but forget, and show yourself a man."

He put out his hand, in the same smiling way, and said also—

"Come, forgive."

But I put his hand sullenly away.

"I can neither forget nor forgive," I said. "I don't know how to do it. I should be

only a hypocrite if I pretended to promise what I do not know how to perform."

They thought I was half crazed; or, at least, wanted good sense. I never came back to the subject again. In a few weeks they were married, and had both gone away to where his regiment was quartered. Seeing me sullen, and even ferocious, neither made any attempt to conciliate. Her last words, however, to me were—

"You have shocked and surprised me. You might have done an act of grace, and have done it profitably; for you may never see us again. I am glad of it; for at this moment I believe your heart is full of malice and revenge against him. Thank you for warning us. Forewarned is forearmed."

She was right. I did look forward to revenge—not of the vulgar, murderous sort, but to something of a refined and more deadly character. Mental torture would be less immoral, and more welcome to me. This I would pray for, look for, and wait for. It would come one day.

As for the *Charming Dolly*, the only friend left to me in the world—for my father died soon after—I could not bring myself to destroy it, to have it broken up and burnt, as I had at first intended; neither could I, as I had also intended, change the name. I might as well think of changing *her* face and features. It would be still the *Charming Dolly*, do what I would. On the contrary, I found myself more and more drawn to this trusty vessel—more and more bound up with it. In fact, on the sea and far out at sea, alone in the storm, this was the only situation where I seemed to forget the past—where I found no distraction, and where the world seemed to offer me some interest and comfort. The great fresh waves, tumbling and boiling—the strong salt breeze—the dashing through the waters—these invariably awakened my languid interest in life, and seemed to supply the fascination which I might otherwise, under happier conditions, have found in the struggle of men about me, and in the battle for place and position. With this feeling, I became more and more engrossed with my boat. I made longer and yet longer voyages. I ran greater and greater risks. My name became known to the admirers of adventure; and I became so absorbed as to write accounts of my adventures in the magazines, which were, later, collected and largely read, as "The Log of

the *Charming Dolly*. By the Solitary Sailor?" Yachting men came to know, and even admire, the solitary sailor; and that adventurer himself—shall I confess it, and earn the reproach of being a soul weak of purpose, changeable, one who had wasted precious years in gloating over a future wicked purpose, which was, after all, to be weakly foregone?—began to find the sense of old wrong and injury gradually fading out. A healthier and more natural purpose in life took possession of me. I first began to grow ashamed of my old revengeful feelings; then found a salve in the conventional reflections—it was not worth it; it was only worthy of contempt; I could afford to despise it; the magnanimity would be all on my side, if I could bring myself to forget it.

Thus, several years went by. I never heard of them; and at last, to my own unspeakable contempt, began not to think of them at all. I believe she had gone to India with him. Meantime, friends told me that my gloomy, sullen face began to lighten—my brow to grow smooth. Life seemed to become more and more enjoyable every day; my little expeditions became more seductive; I became more and more daring, and could fairly boast of the *Charming Dolly* that, as with a favourite horse, "I could put her at anything." At last, late in the September of the year, after a very rough passage, in which the pet craft showed her contempt for wind and waves, I found myself safe at Campbeltown, a curious little port of call in Scotland, where I was to lie that night, and proceed towards the Isle of Man in the morning. It was a lovely evening, and I had taken a boy with me on this occasion, who was aboard. The air was very still and quiet; the waters were being pressed down, as by the pressure of some gigantic hand, to be smooth. I was standing on the little pier, watching the small collection of vessels which had come in for shelter, half uncertain as to what sort of weather would set in. I had also noticed a rather handsome schooner yacht, which was lying majestically—a patrician in fine linen and sumptuous dress—among the shabby colliers about it; and, on asking a sailor, found it was the *Mermaid*, 112 tons, R.Y.S.; the owner, Lord —.

"Lord —," I was thinking to myself, "has not a per centage of the satisfaction that I have in my little shallop." There is

an anxiety, a sense of responsibility always existing where you have others under your charge. Suddenly, I heard a step behind me, and at the same moment a voice that I knew well—

"What!" he exclaimed, "Landor! Of all men in the world—to find you here. Come, don't bear malice. It is years ago, recollect. Life is very short. Since those days, I have seen things differently; and own that you were treated hastily—and, perhaps, a little cruelly."

He was going on hurriedly, seeking to deprecate the angry feeling which he fancied was working within me, when I stopped him with a smile, and my hand outstretched.

"Not a word more, Rochford. It is forgotten, long since. I think of it all now very complacently, and sometimes laugh at my odd excitement. And Dolly, my old playmate, how is she?"

He looked at me with a little surprise, then launched out into a burst of questions, and accounts of himself and her. "Where was I going?" "How was the boat?" &c. We went up to the inn of the place, and had some supper, at which I noticed one habit which he had certainly acquired since our last meeting—namely, that of drinking deeply. I remarked it.

"I must do it," he said, laughing, "to keep up the system against the strain yonder." And he nodded towards the schooner yacht, which we could see from the open window. "That prig, Lord —, would mope a man to death in a week. As we touch the Isle of Man, I shall have done with him. He is one of those pompous fellows who ask you solely to make you admire their state and show—his plate, his cooks, the dress of his sailors, and even his lockers. I have often pined for such a true sailor as you were."

His manner was so hearty and open, I quite turned to him.

"If you really wish for genuine sailing," I said, "why not come and take a passage with me? The *Charming Dolly* still flourishes; and I am also bound for the Isle of Man."

"Where the original 'Dolly' is waiting for me, my dear boy," he said, eagerly. "I close with your offer. Let us go. I am sick of my lord and his lot, where, to tell you the truth, I have eaten and drunk more than has been good for me during the last three weeks. Hard—very hard nights we have

had, I can tell you. With you I shall have no temptation."

"No temptation or inducement for anything but sheer work—and even hardship. Nearly the entire crew is before you, and we start in the morning."

"Quite an adventure!" he said. "I accept at once; and shall send on board to let his priggish lordship know. He be hanged! It is paying him too great a compliment. Pass the Glenlivat, dear fellow."

I went to bed soon, as we were to be up betimes. Some reflections occurred to me before I went to sleep as to the recklessness which I had never noticed in him before; with yet another reflection—was this a retribution on "Dolly" for her treatment of me? To a man, his bearing would be called "jovial;" but with her, in this everyday life, it meant much more that could not be described so lightly. In the morning, they told me that Rochford had sat up by himself long after I had gone, and that he was still sleeping. But I found another disagreeable piece of news waiting me: the boy—my working crew—who had not shown any taste for the hard work of my little boat, had deserted, and shipped that morning on board a collier. This would probably end our expedition. I went to look for Rochford, to tell him, and found him breakfasting. When I told him, he jumped up with delight.

"The very thing," he cried—"an adventure! I have picked up enough on the schooner, and will be your 'hand.'"

"Yes," I said, gravely; "but you will see, under these circumstances, the responsibility becomes serious. I should like you to come with me, even were it to show you that I have utterly forgotten the past. But you must not be angry if I make one condition—"

"I know what you would say, and agree. You need not have a drop on board, if you like. I sha'n't complain. It will be a change for me."

"Plenty of beer, but no spirit. Then, let us go. There is a stiff breeze, and we shall reach the Isle of Man in no time."

It was, indeed, a lovely day, as we went on board our little boat. It was a strange feeling—as we stood out—to find myself looking at the face of the man whose hand—not so long ago—I should have thought it contamination to touch. It seemed unnatural; but surely I might congratulate myself on the abolition of so unchristian a feel-

ing. As we scudded on, bending down gracefully as if to kiss the waves, all day long we talked—talked even of Dolly.

"She would have done better with you, after all," he said. "In fact, that is no compliment, for she has done but poorly with me. I don't suit—am too rough—too fond of tastes that are, at least, undomestic. However, all that can't be helped now. She likes me, in spite of everything; so I suppose it comes to the same thing. It looks blowy, don't it?"

It was growing rather dark to windward, and I own there were signs of a change in the weather. We made all snug; and I began to see he really did know a good deal of seamanship.

"Well," he said, looking up at the mast, "we've done our duty, at any rate—and that's a grand thing to say when we're going down below hatches—that's the nautical phrase, eh, aint it? It's what I'm going to do now, for I feel headache, and the sea makes me dizzy, you know."

With that he nodded to me affectionately, and went down to the little cabin, leaving me to think what a strange character he had turned; and, after all—for the thought would recur—how unsuited to Dolly! I had not much time to devote to thinking; for there were now unmistakable signs of a storm, or squall. Far off, I could see it posting down on us—its track marked with a purplish blue, as though an awful scowl had come upon the face of the waters. I called down to Rochford; but he was in a heavy sleep. I could not leave the tiller a moment, to rouse him; though we had prepared in time, and the *Charming Dolly* was quite ready to encounter the enemy. It proved to be more than a squall—which was only the courier of an angry storm, which, as night wore on, began to increase. I soon saw that the *Dolly* would have to face an attack the strength of which would far exceed anything she had previously encountered. The waves began to swell and roar, and to roll and toss the little *Dolly* about; and with a fiendish malevolence, like an angry mob, seemed struggling to overwhelm some helpless victim. At times, great seas would burst in over the sides, sweep viciously across the deck, leaving me to all appearance standing on a plank floating on the sea. The spars seemed to crack; the sails, the stray "handkerchief" that towers up, strained and cracked, as if giant

demons of the wind were striving with blows of their huge shoulders to burst them through. In the midst of this hurly-burly, I saw I should require the whole crew—as at any moment a spar might be carried away; and, lashing the tiller to port, I leaped down into the cabin to rouse Rochford. He was lying on his face on the floor, where a lurch of the vessel had cast him. I never shall forget that moment. As I turned him over, I saw it at once—and there is a language, like a sudden cry, which proclaims DEATH, and is never to be mistaken.

I dared not stay—had already remained too long. I felt the little boat was out of her course; and the sea was violently “banging” the sides, as if to beat them in. So, with a sudden impulse, I lifted him from the floor, and hurrying up on the deck, seated him on the little cockpit, catching at the rudder just in time to bring the vessel round.

The horrors of the time that succeeded never will pass from my recollection. There I had to stand, distracted between these two awful offices—hurriedly striving to restore *him*, and struggling to save my own life and vessel. I might now devote myself to the latter duty; for, as a turn of the vessel threw his face back, it was plain that he was dead. His rigid hands, stiffened limbs, and staring eyes showed the stroke that had deprived him of life. I repeat, the horrors of that night will never be effaced from my recollection. How we got through it I cannot recall now. I grew reckless as to the fate of the boat, and thought only of the dead companion lying below.

But, as the dawn broke, and the violence of the gale began to abate, and safety was almost assured—no boat but the *Charming Dolly* could have passed through such a trial—another view of my situation flashed upon me. Would not reasonable suspicion attach to me, even from strangers. But to her—his wife—how was I to clear myself? She knew the past—my old grudge; how would any assurance of mine clear me?

Now, Douglas Head is nearing; and, with its ghastly freight, the *Charming Dolly*, much bruised and battered, bore into the port. Almost at once, a messenger came on board, and brought word that there was

a lady staying at the Castle Mona Hotel who would *come down the moment Mr. Rochford arrived*.

I wish I could pass over the rest of this history. I could have gone on board again, and let the boat carry me where it would. Then came police, coroner, and the other dreadful incidents. I was sitting in a room at the hotel, my face buried in my hands, while the *Charming Dolly* rocked at an anchor in the port, when the door opened, and *she* stood before me—greatly changed—eyes flashing—her arm extended as if denouncing.

“This was your revenge!” she said, after surveying me. “You have done what you threatened to do so many years ago.”

“Never!” I faltered. “I had forgiven and forgotten, and as *he* could rise from the dead to tell you. I cannot justify myself. I can prove nothing. I can only appeal to Heaven.”

“Which will work a miracle, and save you? But it is Heaven that has brought me here to denounce you. Only wait until the morning; and, at the inquest, I shall stand forward, and say all I know and remember; and proclaim you for what you are—a murderer!”

She left me. I own I quailed beneath her eye, and almost fancied myself to be what she had described me. I could not rest in that place—a horrible fascination drew me to the shore, from the shore to the *Charming Dolly*. But I was not allowed to go on board. A boat was coming back from the little craft, containing some persons who had been sent to search her. One of the officers, on landing, came up, holding a scrap of paper in his hand. It was written in faltering characters—

“I had one of those attacks last night. I feel that another is coming on me. Lest you, my dear Landon—from our old quarrel—should be thought to have—”

There was no more. The stroke came on him then, and stopped his writing. It cleared me with all the world, and even with her.

The *Charming Dolly* was sold; but I hear she is now considered an unlucky boat.

MY DEAD CLIENT.

A STORY TOLD BY THE GHOST OF A BARRISTER, WHO HAD THE GHOST OF A BUSINESS.

By Sir C. T. Young, Bart.



SITTING alone in my chambers, I have dismissed my clerk—there being no chance of clients calling at this late hour; and, indeed, I myself ought to be off westward, but I sit, dreamily gazing into the glowing embers—my mind wandering to other scenes, and to times long past.

There is a great wind out of doors; and it is howling and roaring in the chimney. It rushes in violent gusts across the Thames, which is now as rough as a little sea; and seems to spend its force upon the Temple, as if the spirits of broken-hearted suitors, victims to forged evidence, disappointed lawyers, unjust judges, were abroad upon the blast, endeavouring to wreak their vengeance upon the piles of buildings they so diligently haunted in their lives.

Why do I still sit here? I hardly know. From no love for my gloomy chambers, assuredly. The fact is, I have nothing particular to do this evening, and I have fallen into a reverie: old faces and old scenes are crowding upon my memory—bright eyes and golden hair—low whispers and soft hands! Ah! I know no such things nowadays; but it is sadly pleasant to remember them. Pleasanter, perhaps, to sit here thinking of them than to be fighting my way along the gusty streets towards the club, for my solitary dinner; with the prospect, afterwards, of a lonely evening in my lodgings. Time was, when I hoped my evenings were not to be

for ever lonely—when I looked upon one fair young face, and thought the eyes looked more than kindly at me. But that hope soon passed, and it has never come again; and I do not think it ever will.

A knock at the door—a soft, solitary knock. Who can that be? Was I mistaken? No! there it is again. I rise hurriedly, and go to the door—open it: outside is standing the figure of a woman. I can hardly see her, as the passage is but dimly lighted.

"Is this Mr. Grantley's place?"

"Yes. I am Mr. Grantley. What is it?"

"I wish to speak to you for a moment. I am afraid I have not come at the right time; but please let me speak to you for a moment."

There is a hurried earnestness in her manner; and I admit her, close the outer door, and place a chair for her by the fire. Now I can see her plainly: apparently a young woman, but her face is marked by sorrow and suffering. She is plainly dressed; but I take her to be a lady. For a few moments she sits silently gazing into the fire. Does she see there any of the scenes that I have been gazing at? I wonder, vacantly.

"Mr. Grantley, I will tell you shortly why I am here. Some years ago, you were intimately acquainted with George Marr?"

"I was indeed. Poor fellow!—if you could tell me where he is now, you would indeed be welcome."

"You also knew Denis Hilton?"

"Yes, I did."

"Are you as anxious to know where *he* is at this moment?"

"I cannot say I am. Friendship existed between us once. His conduct broke that friendship in such a manner, that it can never be renewed."

"I know it. He slandered you, Mr. Grantley."

"Pardon me. It can hardly be for the purpose of reminding me of unhappy circumstances, now long past, that you—a perfect stranger—came to me thus?"

"No, it is not. I have come here to en-

trust you with something. I have heard your name mentioned often; and I know that you are an upright and honest man, and I may trust you."

"Before you go any farther, I must remind you that you have not yet told me who you are."

"There is not the slightest need that you should know my name. I hate my name—it shall not pass my lips unnecessarily. The favour that I am about to ask of you is a very slight one at present; and I believe that you will not refuse me."

"You are about to confide something to me. Is it unreasonable that I should ask *why* you confide in me—if I may not ask who you are?"

"I confide in you because, from what I have heard of you—it is no use to ask when or where—" she breaks in, hurriedly, as she sees the question in my face—"from what I have heard of you, I believe that you will faithfully comply with my request."

She rises from her chair, and gathers her shawl about her, as if to go out into the stormy night again.

"What is it? What is this request you so strangely make to me?"

From her pocket she draws out what seems to be a letter, sealed.

"Take this packet. When you next see me in this room—but not before—open it, read the contents, and then act as your honest conscience bids you."

I take the packet, mechanically. She adds nothing more; and, in a moment or two, I am alone again in my chambers, peering into the embers as before.

I am more than ever disinclined to move. What can there be inside this mysterious packet? I must put it away carefully. Have I ever seen this woman before? No, I cannot recall her features. And then, what can she know of George Marr and Denis Hilton? We were all three at college together, and at one time were great friends. But that is a long while ago. Denis and I did not continue friends; for upon one occasion—the particulars of which there is no necessity for me to mention now—his conduct was such that high words passed between us, and our intimacy came to an end. But Denis had great influence over George Marr, and they continued to be as much together as before. The consequence was that Denis Hilton prejudiced George against me—or, at all events, succeeded in keeping him away

from me—though George and I had at one time been inseparable. It is three years ago now, nearly, since I last saw Marr; and I have heard that he has left England, having got into some pecuniary difficulties, the exact nature of which I never learned. Ah, George! why did you not come to me, as you would have done in old times? Why did you not confide your misfortunes to me, and see whether I could not help you out of them? Well, well; it's no use thinking about that now. What is Denis Hilton doing with himself, I wonder? I hear his name occasionally in connection with turf matters; but, from what I have heard at the club, I don't think his reputation stands very high. A sullen, evil-tempered man, who breaks out now and then into gay and boisterous spirits; but that is only when he has had plenty to drink. No one likes him—no one calls him friend.

I really must go now. Staring at the red-hot coals, and mentally surveying the past, may be very useful employments, but exhausted nature requires to be restored: I must go to dinner.

The months passed on. Summer came, and my gloomy chambers positively became somewhat cheerful; but in proportion as they grew cheerful, I grew restless; for I had had enough of reading and writing, and was longing for a holiday. The packet given me by my mysterious client still remained safely where I had deposited it, and I believe I had almost forgotten all about it; and, indeed, whenever I did think of it, I endeavoured to satisfy myself that it was quite possible the woman who had given it me was only some harmless lunatic, who had been acquainted, in her sane days, with Marr and Hilton.

I was going to pass three months upon the Continent with an old Oxford friend of mine; and the morning before our departure I was busy packing up, and my travelling companion was in my sitting-room, consulting "Murray" and the continental "Bradshaw." I was in the bed-room, which communicated with the sitting-room, and the door was open. Suddenly, my friend called out—

"I say, Grantley, do you ever study the second column of the *Times*?"

"Of course I do; but I have not had time to look at it this morning."

"Do you remember Marr, who was at Oxford with us?"

"Yes—to be sure," I reply, entering the room. "What about him?"

"I see he is advertised for. Listen.

"£100 REWARD.—The above reward will be given to any person or persons who can give such information as will lead to the discovery of George Marr, son of the late Colonel Thomas Marr, of Marr Court, in the county of Gloucester. The said George Marr was last seen in London, in November, three years ago, and has not been heard of since. It is supposed that he emigrated either to America or Australia. The same reward will be given on satisfactory proof of the death of the said George Marr. All communications to be addressed to Messrs. Bingley and Bell, solicitors, Gray's Inn."

"I know that firm," I said. "I should like to ask some questions about this. Marr was a great friend of mine, as you remember."

I managed to find time, in the course of that afternoon, to call in at Gray's Inn, and I saw Mr. Bell. From him I learned that George Marr's elder brother was dead; and as he left no issue, the estate devolved on George—failing him, to a cousin; and this cousin was naturally rather anxious to know whether George was alive or not. Private inquiries had been made fruitlessly in all directions; but it was hoped that some information might be obtained by means of the advertisement which had appeared that morning in the *Times*, and had been sent for insertion in American and colonial papers.

Well, we went abroad to spend our holidays; and so pleasantly did the time pass, that the long vacation seemed uncommonly short; but, as what we did and where we went have nothing to do with the main point of this story, I must come at once to the day of our return to England.

It was the last day of October. The autumn of that particular year broke up hurriedly, and winter seemed to be already upon us; and when we arrived at Calais, the weather was so stormy that some doubt was expressed as to the possibility of the mail boat crossing the Channel. However, we hurried on board—those of the passengers, that is, who had no time to spare, and were bound to be in London that evening; many stayed behind, intending to wait for calmer weather. I think we were nearly

four hours crossing—the wind and sea increasing in their fury; and when we were safely in harbour at Dover, the storm rose to a hurricane. Many persons had gathered together on the pier and quays, waiting to see the boat come in. As I was walking towards the railway station, I particularly noticed one figure in the crowd. It was a man closely muffled up, who, I observed, was continually glancing first over one shoulder and then over the other, as if to see if anybody was following him. His face was a peculiar one, and it seemed not unfamiliar to me. I heard him ask a Custom House officer what he thought about the weather, and would it prevent the night mail from crossing? The Custom House officer merely replied that the weather was about as bad as it could be, and that the boat would cross if the captain thought it could be done in safety. It was not till I was comfortably seated in a corner of the railway carriage, and half-way to town, that I remembered to whom that strange face belonged. It was Denis Hilton that I had seen at Dover, evidently intending to cross over that night if possible.

On that night the storm raged on. The papers, the next morning, were full of accounts of great damage that had been done by the violence of the wind; and its fury had not moderated when I walked down to my chambers.

I was busily engaged in the perusal of a case which had been sent for my opinion, when I fancied I heard the sound of a confused murmuring, and of many footsteps upon the staircase. A minute or two afterwards there was a lurching at my door. It was opened by my clerk. I heard a whispering outside, and then my clerk came hurriedly into my room, with a horrified expression on his face, and said—

"It is the Thames Police, sir—they have brought something for you to see."

"Let them bring it in," I answered, rather astonished.

Great Heaven! What's this? Four men bring in a stretcher, upon which is lying something covered up.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said one of the men. "We found this here in the river this morning."

He partially removes the covering.

My God! It is the same woman who called on me nearly ten months ago, and left a packet in my charge.

"Why have they brought her here?" I ask.

"On searching her, this bit of paper turned up."

The man handed me a crumpled piece of paper, on which I could read these words:—"If ever my body should be found drowned, let it be taken to the chambers of Mr. Grantley, in the Temple. He will know what to do."

"Policeman," I began, "I have only seen this unhappy creature once in my life; and I cannot imagine—"

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted the man; "but you are a lawyer, and you know as there must be an inquest. Wouldn't it be as well to reserve anything you have to say for that occasion?"

I saw at once what the man hinted. I might be implicated in her death. So I merely observed—

"All I say is, that I have not a notion who she is, nor who her friends are. You had better take the body to the usual place; and I shall be quite ready to attend the inquest, and give all the information in my power."

Silently the men bore away their ghastly burden, and I was left alone. Now, then, to open that packet I was to read the next time she who had given it to me should be in my room. She had come to me again; and I began to suspect that I understood the motives of my Dead Client. I took the packet from its place of safety, broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"If you keep the promise which I shall ask you to make when I place this paper in your hands, you will not read this letter till I am dead. If I do not die in the manner in which I firmly believe that I shall die, it is possible you may never read it at all; but I know what must happen, sooner or later, and I leave to you the task of first avenging me.

"You will say—'What has this woman to do with me? Why am I to avenge her?' My answer is—You were once George Marr's best-loved friend.

"Six years ago, I was a happy and light-hearted girl. All my future life seemed to smile upon me, and I had a happy home. But love came to me; and, insensibly at first, all my happiness faded away. It was at a small party in the country that I first met George Marr and Denis Hilton. Both of them paid me great attention; but I liked the former, and disliked the latter. Time

passed on, and George and I grew to love each other; but suddenly my father took a violent prejudice against him; declared that George had been making love to me against his—my father's—desires, and forbade him to enter the house again. So strict a watch was kept on me, that I had no chance of communicating with him; and for six months I saw and heard nothing of him. Then Mr. Hilton began to come frequently to our house; my father liked him, and was constantly throwing him into my company. He was kind and gentle in his behaviour; and sometimes he would talk about George, but it was in a reserved and cautious manner; but at last I learned from him that George was married. What could I do but scatter to the wind my shattered love? What could I do but accept Denis Hilton for my husband, a few months afterwards, when urged passionately by him and strongly by my father?

"I could not love him—there was something in his nature that prevented me from doing that; yet I strove to be a good and obedient wife to him; and, for a few weeks, I believe I was contented. But I soon discovered that he had a terrible propensity for drink; and though he had kept a careful guard over himself while he was courting me—and for a short time after our marriage—the old habits soon came back upon him, and night after night he would come home terribly intoxicated; and when in this state he would be madly jealous about me, and would fancy that there was some one concealed in a cupboard, or in one of the rooms, and would compel me to go through the house with him, and search every place. His dissolute courses were the cause of his losing an excellent appointment which he held; and consequently we became very poor indeed; and we had to remove from our pleasant quarters in Bayswater to a small house in Chelsea, close to the river. Denis's manners, too, became so violent when the effects of drink were upon him, that we never could get a servant to stay with us any length of time. One day, after he had been particularly outrageous the night before, our two servants left, saying they would not stop another hour. Denis went out in a great rage, and I was left alone.

"I was sitting solitary, that dark November evening—crying, I think—mourning for the lost happiness of earlier days, when there came a gentle knock at the door. I

ran to open it, and there I found George Marr.

"George Marr!" I exclaimed. "What are you come for?"

"To see you, Fanny," he replied. "I passed you accidentally the other day. You did not see me. I watched you in here. I had not time to try and see you then, as I was engaged. May I not come in?"

"You can come in, if it will afford you any pleasure," I answered. "I should scarcely think it could do that. What makes you wish to see me again?"

"What makes me? Oh, Fanny! I have never ceased to love you."

"We were now in the sitting-room."

"Hush, Mr. Marr. How dare you speak to me like this?"

"Why not, Fanny? Good Heaven!—you are not married?"

"I am—to Denis Hilton. What reason had you to suppose that I should keep true to you, when you were so soon false to me?"

"False to you! Never, for an instant."

"George, they told me that you were married. When I learned that you had so forgotten me, I abandoned all hope."

"Who told you this?"

"My husband—Denis Hilton."

"He told an infamous lie!"

"Perhaps he did, but it answered his purpose," said another voice, in mocking tones.

"I had left the street door open, and Denis himself had staggered in, just sober enough to understand what was going on."

"I told you, Master George," he continued, "that you weren't always going to have it all your own way with the girls."

"Denis went back into the passage, and closed the front door; came back into the little parlour, and closed that door too."

"And now you think you are going to make up to the old love, do you?"

"I say that you are a scoundrel, Denis. I care not so much for your having tricked me, as for your being her husband, and showing yourself before her the drunken brute you are."

"What! Say that again. Drunken brute, eh? How often have you been here before, you Marr, when I have been out, eh?"

"Never, before this evening. I have been abroad. I never even knew that you were married."

"You lie, and I will have your life for it!"

"Denis sprang furiously upon him, and there was a short scuffle. They both fell—Denis uppermost. They fell close beside the fireplace; and Denis, seizing the poker, struck George Marr thrice heavily upon the forehead."

"You'll not come again, I think," he muttered, savagely, after the last blow.

"What have you done, Denis?" I shrieked.

"He looked up at me, with a malignant smile upon his face."

"You and I have killed him," he replied, in a low tone.

"Killed him!—I! I have done nothing. You villain! I will call the police."

"No you won't," he said, rising. What had happened seemed to have quite sobered him. "Sooner than that you should do that, I would serve you the same. Don't be a fool, Fanny—the law will believe you to be as guilty as I am. See, here," and he took a pocket-book from George Marr's breast; "there are plenty of bank notes inside. We are known to be wretchedly poor. If this is discovered, we shall both be hung." He hissed this last word into my ear. "Come, we must hide it away."

"Hung! I believed him. I believed that I should be thought to be his accomplice in the murder; and I feared to die. Oh, what a coward I have been! I have done worse than die every day since then; and yet—the trial! the sentence! the scaffold."

"All that night, nearly, we worked stealthily—at least, he worked, while I lay on the ground close to him; and he removed, after great difficulty, three flagstones from the floor of the little cellar; dug out a grave beneath; and there, at this moment, lies George Marr!"

"I have little more to tell. I vowed that vengeance should one day overtake Denis; but I dared not trust myself to do the task, for fear of its failing through my weakness. But I had often, in happy days gone by, heard George speak of you, Mr. Grantley, as a brave and honourable man; and to you I commit the trust of retribution. I know that Denis fears that I shall not keep the secret. I know that he meditates my death. I know that he will one day kill me, and throw my body into the Thames; for he has often threatened it. While I live, my lips are sealed. When I am dead, let justice have its course."

"FANNY."

The number of the house, and the name of the street where the murder was committed, were accurately given; as was a definition of the spot where the remains of my poor friend would be found.

The advertisements for George Marr had been fitfully continued; and I saw that all I had to do now was to place this document in the hands of Messrs. Bingley and Bell. Without loss of time, I hurried off to Gray's Inn, not unaware that a buttoned-up individual was following my footsteps. The police, no doubt, were keeping an eye upon me, in consequence of the direction that the body should be brought to my chambers.

Mr. Bell read the document attentively.

"I see no reason to doubt the genuineness of this," he said. "We must instruct the police to watch the house at Chelsea, and search it as soon as we can get a warrant; and then we must lay hold of this infamous Denis Hilton."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed—"I had forgotten. I saw him at Dover last night. He was evidently intending to cross, but the rough weather prevented the mail packet from starting."

"Then we must stop him at once. The wind has scarcely abated its violence, and it is quite possible the boat may not have started yet."

We went up to the South-Eastern Railway station. There we learned, in a few minutes, by telegraph, that the boat had not yet been able to leave Dover. Mr. Bell, myself, and two police officers in plain clothes, went down by special train. Arrived at Dover, the two detectives set about their inquiries; and Mr. Bell and I walked upon the pier. The pier was not at that time nearly finished; but, on account of the roughness of the weather, the works were for the time

suspended. On in front of us, towards the end, I saw a muffled figure, which I thought I recognized.

"There he is," I whispered—"there stands Denis."

"And here come the detectives," said Mr. Bell.

They had evidently learned where they were likely to find the man they had described. It was arranged between us that I should go up to him first; and so I walked on ahead of the others. The murderer was leaning against a pile of massive stones—his back towards me. I passed him, turned back, and looked him full in the face.

"Denis Hilton," I said, "do you remember me?"

He bent his eyes upon me; and I never shall forget the expression in them. I saw in a moment that no law could harm the man—for he had become insane!

After gazing at me for a minute or two, he said—

"How do you do, Grantley? I am glad to see you. I have a strange thing to tell you. You see this whirling, raging, boiling sea? You would not think that a small craft could live in it for a moment, would you? And yet, all yesterday afternoon, all last night, and all this morning, my wife and George Marr have been in a boat tossing about the pier. The waves break round them, and over them; but they will not sink! If there was a third in the boat, I think they would!"

He said these words quite calmly, and looked me full in the face. Then, with a wild and awful cry, he sprang from my side, and leaped into the foaming water. Once only we saw his livid, upturned face; and then my Dead Client's business was completed!



MR. TABERNACLE'S DAUGHTER.

By GAIN FRISWELL.



I.
OLD Levy Samuel Davis, of Clothiers-alley, St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, Little Britain, was as "downey a cove"—to use a slang that seems

almost obsolete, but was fashionable when Dickens wrote "Oliver Twist"—as you could find in the three kingdoms. He rose early, and he went to bed late; and he lived in the times when money was to be made.

He did not confine himself to the sale of garments, old or new, although the nimble penny had an attraction for him; but now and then Levy S. Davis—old "*£ s. d.*," as they called him—ventured into buying rare and curious old silver: crucifixes and altar plate he was especially fond of: and, accompanied by a sweating and puffing Anglo-Saxon servant, carrying Heaven knows how many ounces of old plate in a canvas bag, Levy would venture far into the lands of the Philistines, and sell his wares to the West-end silversmiths.

"God bless me—what fine work!" cried Mr. Borax, the eminent jeweller. "Where did you get it from, Mr. Samuels?"

"That'z mi buziness, sir; but I know you'll buy it. God bless me!—you know a fine piece o' work when you sees it, sir. I always sez, sez I, 'If there *is* a man who has a fine nose for a piece of good work, Muster Borax is the man.' And, sir, Davis ish mi name."

The end of it was that old "*£ s. d.*" sold that for 25s. an ounce that he had given only 5s. for; while the crucifix, upon

which Mr. Davis gloated with peculiar pleasure, passed from Mr. Davis to Mr. Borax, and from Mr. Borax to some great nobleman's house; and Mr. Davis grew rich. Where did he get these works of art? It was in the old time, and ships from beyond seas—especially from Spain and the Low Countries—brought rare treasures, which would now fetch ten times the price they then fetched.

As Mr. Davis grew old, he who had assisted at the spoiling of many churches be-thought himself that he would enrich his own; so he scraped more and more, and took larger interest, and saved even candles' ends, till his neighbours wondered at his parsimony. Even his favourite son was mulcted of some part of his education; and Mr. Samuel Davis, junior, was taken from University College, London, and put into a lawyer's office. As this lawyer was under Mr. Davis's thumb—he had foolishly been joint security for a defaulting client—young "*s. d.*" had his articles presented him gratis, upon paying for the stamps only; and old "*£ s. d.*" chuckled with pride as he thought that his son would be "a gentleman by Act of Parliament."

"S'help me Benjamin!" interjected "*s. d.*," who in his hot youth had a wicked wit, "it's the on'y way we can be."

"O'd yer tongue—o'd yer tongue," cried the old man. "We can buy 'em up, buy 'em up."

But this was little consolation to him. His money increased marvellously—but his trouble as well. His priest came and read him the holy books and the penitential psalms, and his heart was smitten.

"Sammy," cried he one day.

"Wot's the row?" asked the young limb of the law, who was practising engrossing on some blue-lined draft paper, and irritating his father's soul by using it wastefully.

"Such a bhoy!" said Davis, senior, peevishly. "There aint no row—o'ny there will be. I'm goin' to die."

"Time enough for that, father," returned "*s. d.*," junior, without looking round.

"S' help me——"

"Bob," said the boy, piously.

"I'll leave it all to shtrangers, and build a tabernacle, if you aint good."

"No you won't," returned "*s. d.*," junior.

He was quite right. He did not. But he *did* build one end of a meeting house, or synagogue, and he worried all his brethren till he made them subscribe towards it, for which he took all the credit; and henceforward he was called "Old Tabernacle."

This act of faith gave him a lease of life; but, in due time, he slept with his fathers, leaving "*s. d.*," a gay young fellow, with a taste for opera, flowers, Covent-garden, fish dinners, and dry wines. He was an admitted attorney, but did not practise much; and had, indeed, little need for work. But he took a house in a side street running out of Piccadilly, and on the door he placed the name of—

Mr. Davis Tabernacle,

Solicitor.

He thought the name a good one. He hated the name and tribe of Levy, and abominated Samuels; but Davis, he presumed, was Welsh, and the surname he asserted he inherited from his father. *He was old Tabernacle*, and his son had been often in his lifetime called *young Tabernacle*.

Mr. Davis Tabernacle, it is needless to say, prospered. He was not suspected of belonging to the ancient people of whom he was so unworthy as to be ashamed; and although he had but one clerk, he was full of business. He moved in society of a peculiar sort: plenty of lords and ladies, honourables, and so on, did he know—after a manner; and he, as we have said, was accepted as a Christian attorney. There are two or three sorts of Jews: the mealy Jew, the red or sanguine Jew, and the blue-black Israelite, who always has a dark-blue mark round his shaven chin, and the ladies of whose tribe have a tendency to wear moustaches. Mr. Tabernacle was of the mealy kind: had very red lips, a white skin, flaxen hair, and silver eyebrows and eyelashes. In those days, everybody did not wear moustaches—which, had he worn, young Tabernacle would undoubtedly have dyed; and our solicitor's early education at that great university which was then profanely called "Stink-o'-malee" prevented him from

tripping into Anglo-Judaic archaisms in his speech. A Welshman he was, from the Welsh Tabernacles, to all people except—his wife, his daughter, and his own people.

What a thing is faith! The son of old "*s. d.*" was ashamed of his people; but he yet married from among them, and Mrs. Tabernacle, though by no means indifferent to the charms of society, was devoted to the religion of her people. So was her lamented father-in-law, as we have seen; who, although only five feet one inch in height, had, equally with a giant, a soul—and one, as he felt, to be saved. Hence, he spoiled the Egyptians with an incredible devotion; but his unworthy son—though he, too, spoiled the Egyptians—worked on the Jewish Sabbath, and frequently went to church—to fashionable churches where he might meet with his clients at their devotions. It is with grief that we explain that Mr. Tabernacle did *not* go there from religious purposes. He even affected to sleep during the sermon; but he was accompanied by his daughter Myra.

Myra was a beauty—and, better than a beauty, a really good girl. Mr. Tabernacle had married early, and was a well-preserved—handsome in his own eyes—well-dressed, and prosperous young gentleman (act of Parliament, Geo. — cap. —) when his daughter, with the vigorous adolescence of her race, was a full-grown woman of eighteen. The attorney was very fond of her—doatingly fond of her, indeed; and Myra, who was a fine brunette—a true mixture of mealy Mr. Tabernacle and his raven-haired, black-eyed wife—accompanied him everywhere, even to church, where she sat under the Reverend Dr. Smiler, the fashionable preacher of the day. Some women have a penchant towards theology. Myra's mother was a learned Jewess, and held theologic discourses with her rabbis; and had demolished Christianity so often, that Myra began to be excited about it, and read and re-read until she began to believe. This curious change—at once so awful and so painful to her, that she hardly knew what to do—she kept quietly to herself, saying nothing to her mother, and very little to her father.

"Are Christians good men, papa?" she said one day.

"Uncommonly good, my dear—for business!" he said. "I would rather deal with them than with our own people! Bah!" He snapped his fingers at them, for he had

lately been set at defiance by one of them. "I don't care how little I see of them!"

"Samuel!" said his wife, in a warning voice.

"Well, I'll tell the truth," said Mr. Tabernacle. "They are good. They've treated me well, anyhow; and I always tell Myra Cavendish the truth."

He had given his daughter that fine name because he loved her from the first. Love of offspring is very strong with men and women of his race; and somehow the baby had grown up with the second fine name always sticking to her. She was called "Miss Cavendish" by the servants more frequently than Miss Myra.

"And mamma, dear," said Myra, "they believe just what we do. There was Dr. Smiler expounding Malachi the other day, and he said just the same as you did."

"Some of their priests are learned," returned Mrs. Tabernacle, mollified. "It don't matter where you go, perhaps, as I have thoroughly grounded you; and as for Samuel, your father—"

"Tut, tut!—I go upon business, my dear. What does it matter what you believe? It matters what you do."

Myra turned away from the two, and sought her own room. At church, her growing convictions came upon her with redoubled force; and Dr. Smiler, who was by no means gifted with missionary or apostolic zeal, had yet, without his knowing it, managed to convert her. Of what good may we not be the unconscious instruments! Smiler, D.D., was a spooney, soft fellow, who preached touching sermons, very well suited to his audience; had little or no learning, but borrowed a good deal; and was a beautiful reader. He would almost weep at his own tones when he read; and, conscious of his strength as well as his weakness, he took care to pick out the Sundays of the finest lessons, gospels, &c., and would then read himself nearly the whole of the service, to help his curate—or rather, assistant, who was, of course, a good foil to him. It was whispered that he answered an applicant for the post of reader with "You're exactly the man I want; but you have a magnificent voice, and you read well; *therefore* you won't do for me."

Knowing his weakness as well as his strength, the doctor used to supplement and back up his soft sermons with learned discourses on the "minor prophets;" and, as

he drew from sources of which his congregation knew nothing, he seemed a prodigy of learning. Myra drank in every word; and, upon one Sunday, when the doctor read the "Sermon on the Mount"—that most beautiful of all written lessons—in a way that no one could excel, Myra felt her soul go as it were from her, and fell back in her pew, a convert to those tender, holy, and persuasive words.

Mr. Tabernacle sat peering through his white eyelashes at one of his customers, thinking upon cent. per cent. Dr. Smiler thought of the appropriate action, and was kindled into enthusiasm at the glory of the words as a mere lesson; and there, crouching in the corner of her pew, little Myra gave her soul from the faith of her fathers, and trembled with rapt adoration and holy awe.

What Dr. Smiler had so happily begun, the same preacher finished; for, having cribbed the ideas of some learned commentator on Isaiah, he made an excursus, leaving the minor prophets to take care of themselves; and so expounded Isaiah lii.—while Mr. Tabernacle was snoring—that the scales seemed to fall from the eyes of Myra, and she was for ever converted.

Oh, if Dr. Smiler—who was so well pleased with himself that morning—could have seen and understood the meaning of the low curtsey Myra gave him as he passed by, rustling in his silk gown, to bless and dismiss his congregation from the altar, how differently would his heart have swelled. Poor man, he was utterly unconscious of the work he had done—or rather, completed.

"How beautiful are the feet of those who bring good tidings," murmured humble Myra to herself, with a pang of pain, as she thought of her mother.

Dr. Smiler, as he stripped off his sacerdotal robes, seemed to think so too, as his eye fell upon his neat black silk stockings, shapely legs, and patent leather pumps.

II.

There was somebody in that fashionable chapel whom both father and daughter desired to see; for, in modern life, even our prayer-goings are not quite pure. This gentleman—for the person was male—was Mr. Percy Gower—or Gore, as people called him—one of an intellectual race, and heir to a barony.

Collaterally descended from the poet

Gower, the young fellow was of good breed on both sides for some generations; but had the misfortune, in a worldly point, of good families generally: he did not value money as the world values it. He had a vast love for what is beautiful, and a taste which was quite unexceptionable, but very general. He not only loved fine horses and well-built carriages, but knew and appreciated a good yacht, a fine picture, and a well-bound book. If he loved a good cigar, he also desired a sound and even curiously fine bottle of wine. The unfortunate young fellow—who, like the heroes of the noble historian of “Paul Clifford,” was a worshipper of the Beautiful—fell also at the feet of the True and the Good. If he built a shooting-box, it was a gem; if he purchased a gun, it was admirable in its make; all his volumes were bound by Rivière; his clothes were made by Hill; his cabinets were from Gillow; his diamonds from Storr and Mortimer; and his wines were not bought from Messrs. Gilby.

So, again, his pictures were by Landseer or Millais—and he bought very few of the other academicians; and his horses were picked from the very best studs. He wanted but little here below, but he wanted that little good. Unfortunately, he inherited this taste from a father who desired considerably more than he did, and had left Percy very little to pay for his wants.

The day on which Percy met with Mr. Tabernacle, he thought should be marked with a white stone. He had never seen such a good-natured solicitor. All solicitors, so far as he knew, were more or less money-lenders; and Mr. Tabernacle was the most reasonable and free of all.

Amongst Percy's expensive habits was one very selfish indulgence, which cost him a good deal. He was fond of the Beautiful and the True; and the most beautiful and the truest was, he found, a noble action. He had found some poor, broken-down author who had been trying all his life to preach to a deaf world, and who had not found the world at all ready to listen to him. In his despair, he tried to establish a newspaper written on æsthetic principles, so as to criticise matters with some regard to good-nature and truth. Percy met the poor man just as his love for the True had lodged *him* in a prison, paid his debts, and absolutely carried on the paper. It did not improve his estate; and Mr. Tabernacle very

wisely made him abandon the venture, though he still aided the author. Mr. Tabernacle liked the young man—for we all admire our opposites; and there was a free-handed liberality about Percy Gower that made Mr. Tabernacle tingle all over when he thought of it. He aided him as much as he could; but he took care to take his I O U for every advance, with proper interest; and, by judicious depreciation, he managed to buy up a great many of Mr. Percy's little bills.

Hence, he not unnaturally looked upon Percy as his property; and hence his frequent visits to the little chapel where Dr. Smiler preached to a most select audience, and where Myra had been converted.

“I wonder, I do,” said Mr. Tabernacle, “what he comes here so often for. He's quite a good young man, he is. When his uncle dies, now—” then Tabernacle was silent, and did a sum of mental arithmetic.

On the other hand, Percy was pondering what that charming young lady—who never had a prayer book, and was always indebted to a gray-headed gentleman in the next pew for the use of his—could do in little Tabernacle's pew. Young gentlemen who borrow money do not care much for the domestic relationships of their bankers; and there was a rumour amongst the set who knew him that Mr. Tabernacle was a gay bachelor, very familiar with the various theatres, and on very intimate terms with certain lady artistes whose portraits appear in the shop windows. Moreover, Mr. Percy had once met this charming young lady, who sat in the pew gazing with such rapt admiration on the Reverend Smiler, and had danced with her; nay, he had heard her name from his hostess—Miss Myra Cavendish.

“Old Tabby's a lucky fellow,” he thought. “Where the dooce does he get so lovely a companion—and so good a one?” he thought, as he buried his face in his hat, and prepared to take his seat. For even at chapel he worshipped the Beautiful and the True. He loved that which was lovely, and Myra's face was indeed full of sweetness and goodness.

“I'll ask him to-morrow,” said Percy, as the Reverend Smiler, in his persuasive tones, rose and began with—

“When the wicked man—”

And a very fine elocutional exercise Smiler made of it. He won the hearts of those who listened reverently, and both Percy and Myra were amongst them. When the doc-

tor read the Absolution, Myra felt that she was reconciled to the Great Spirit; and Percy forgot his debts, his follies, and seemed to be forgiven.

It was three or four days after this, that in Mr. Tabernacle's little back room, Mr. Percy was seated. This room was lined not only with deed boxes, but with jewel cases and plate chests, which liberal young men—in regard to his goodness—had asked him to take care of; and Mr. Tabernacle, in his shiny cane-bottom chair, listened, with the points of his fingers tapping against each other, to Mr. Percy Gower's little plea. He wanted to raise some more money, but he wanted this to pay some old scores—

"For," as he said, "he thought it time to begin to think—just to begin, you know—of marrying."

"Umph!" said Mr. Tabernacle, a dark cloud settling on his face. "Umph!"

Money-lenders do say "Umph!" when money is "tight;" and it is always tight.

"Umph!" he said again.

His daughter Myra had insisted upon coming to town with him, and upon spending a good deal of money for dresses for mamma and herself. She was in the front room, waiting; and the green baize door was not, though Tabernacle did not know it, quite shut.

Percy sat still. He had heard the dreadful monosyllable before—"Umph!"

"Sh'stay a bit," said Tabernacle, turning pale, and for once relapsing into a pronunciation not recognized by University College. "You said you thought about settling, Mr. Percy. Have you your eye on any one?"

The lover of the Beautiful and True said he had. He had, indeed, fixed his eye rather tightly—since young gentlemen of his condition are particularly eager, when they see the Beautiful, &c., to try to possess it.

"Well, ye-es," returned Percy, wondering what it had to do with Tabernacle.

"Umph!" said the lawyer, speaking harshly, and turning a very nasty colour. "You must think of another settlement, Mr. Percy Gower."

"What do you mean, sir?" said the gentleman, rising.

"What I say, sir. Don't disturb yourself. Sit down a moment."

Tabernacle spoke thick and quickly. He was evidently in a rage. Percy was quite calm. The lover of the Beautiful tapped

his elegant boot—made by the best maker, of the best leather—with some assurance; and, looking rather amused than angry, awaited his solicitor's convenience. For being a lover of the Beautiful, he seemed to have had arithmetic left out of his composition, and had some idea that he had only to tap another vein of his fortune, and he would again discover gold in abundance.

Tabernacle unlocked a tin box, richly japanned in curious and inartistic red dabs, and took out a number of papers.

"Look at that, sir," he said. The solicitor exhibited a bill for £100 from Mr. Banbock's, the eminent jeweller, who is always selling off in consequence of increasing his wonderful stock. "That is for a ring obtained some weeks ago."

"Here it is," said Percy, looking fondly at it. "A very fine stone."

"And a very fine price, Mr. Gower, sir," said Tabernacle, with a triumphant grin. "I bought that bill from Mr. Banbock—for a consideration. He did not like to wait for *your* money."

Mr. Percy half rose from his seat, and turned crimson.

"Who authorized you to tamper with my tradesmen?" he asked, haughtily.

"Why, I'm your best friend," sniggered Tabernacle. "Go there to-morrow, and they will trust you again. *But not after that.*"

"What do you mean?"

"That you are not worth a penny, Mr. Gower, sir—you are up to the hilts; and that, when your uncle dies, which may not be for long years yet—"

"I hope so," said Percy, piously.

"Well, that's about the cruelest thing to your creditors you ever said—and to yourself too. Think of the interest."

Percy was silent. He felt that what Tabernacle said was true, and yet that he dared not desire the death of his uncle—whose continued lease of life was, however, very unpleasant to him.

"Surely," he said, after a pause, "you cannot be in earnest, Mr. Tabernacle? I know you take a great deal of *interest* in my affairs."

"As to that," said the lawyer, feeling the word, though Percy had not intended it, "it's very little principal I get, Mr. Gower, sir. You were quite right when you said you were about to settle; but you must settle your debts first, or marry a fortune, or be a beggar. Who is she—tell me?"

The little money-lender was quite enraged.

Myra peeped through the crack of the door, and saw the indignant face of Percy staring in great rage, and heard him declaim against the insult.

"Insult or no insult, Mr. Gower, sir," said the money-lender, "you're in my debt. Every penny you have got, or will have for years, won't pay me. I could send you to prison to-morrow, Mr. Gower, sir. I could. I've bought up all your little bills—you have one or two out, you know—and all your debts."

"What right had you, sir?"

"The right that money has to employ itself how it likes. I had my purpose, sir. Who is the lady?"

"What the devil's that to you?"

"A good deal! Don't go. Sit still, Mr. Gower, sir, and listen. Is she rich?"

"I don't know that she has any property," said Percy, laughing at the solicitor's eagerness.

"Then she has none. If she had any, you would soon have heard. Is the day fixed?"

Tabernacle leant forward, with his sharp, pale countenance looking still sharper, his eyes blinking and glistening under his white eyelashes, and a world of power and insolence in his tone.

If young heirs knew that their creditors looked upon them as their personal property, very likely their pride would make them less profuse and profligate.

"Mr. Tabernacle, if I were not obliged to you by former kindness—which certainly I begin now to suspect—I should throw you out of window. As it is, I will humour you. I have not even proposed to the young lady. I—"

"All right, Mr. Gower, sir," cried Tabernacle, radiant in a moment—"all right, sir. Then there's no fear: the pet plan of my heart will not be defeated. Oh, Mr. Gower, sir, how you have flurried me!"

The little mealy man sat down, and fanned himself with a handkerchief. Percy, utterly bewildered, fell to his seat. Myra, listening to her father's harsh, insulting tones, and recognizing the young man, whom she had already half loved—for she, too, had a taste for the Beautiful—thrilled with indignation at her father's rudeness, and with shame when she knew his true occupation.

"Mr. Gower, sir," said Tabernacle—a great

drop of perspiration running down the side of his nose, and dropping on his blotting-pad—"Mr. Gower, I like you; more than that, I love you—by ——" he struck the pad with his ruler—"I do. You are so different from *us*! 'Scuse me, sir, but I put the pot on you—I did, by Moses!"

Nature resumed her sway. Mr. Davis Tabernacle swore by his patriarch, and was at ease.

"I don't mind telling you, sir"—this was in answer to Mr. Percy Gower's smile—"that I bought up all your debts for a purpose."

Percy started.

"It was a good purpose, Mr. Gower, sir!" said the little man, with a whine. "I wanted to set you free—I did, by Heaven!"

Percy, at this strange confession, acted on the impulse of the moment.

"Generous man!" he said, grasping his solicitor's hand.

"But it was for a purpose. I will be honest, sir. You owe upwards of thirty thousand pounds, more or less. I have bought all these to give you, to set you free upon your rightful lands—fine lands: I've seen them all. You will be like a little king, sir: but on one condition."

Percy started.

Could there be such real generosity! Could a West-end solicitor unite the fabulous characters of Mr. Ralph Nickleby and the Brothers Cheeryble! But the question was put but for a moment. The soft, insinuating, mean tone of Mr. Tabernacle made every nerve of Percy tingle, and caused Myra—who, in spite of herself, could not but listen—to be suffused with blushes.

Percy drew himself up, and asked, haughtily—

"Upon what condition?"

The answer came in an eager whisper.

"That you marry my daughter!"

Myra heard it, and sank upon her knees in shame.

Percy stared. He did not even know, nor had cared to inquire, if his solicitor had a daughter.

"You shall have all your bills, and twenty thou' into the bargain;—you shall, so help me Heaven! She's as good as gold—and gold you shall have with her. Your uncle can't last long, and then you and she will be a lord and lady, and I'll come and see you some time. 'Tisn't anything so rare. Lord Demimonde married the daughter of

old Sounds, the fishmonger, and got 'only twenty thou'. The Marquis of—"

"Stop, Mr. Tabernacle," said Percy. "I don't know your daughter, and I never shall do—for I love another. I cannot marry a woman I don't love, not even for a hundred thousand pounds; and if the young lady—whom I must mention with respect, since she is unknown—knows of this shameful bargain with a man chained with many debts, tell her that I would rather go to prison than accept her hand, or do her the injury of wedding her to a husband who cannot love her."

"Very well—very well; Mr. Gower, sir."

"As for yourself, I am—I suppose I ought to be—obliged by your offer; but I am not obliged by your threat. You can at once commence an action for the recovery of your claims. My family solicitor will see to that. I dare say I can endure poverty; but, according to your 'own showing, it will not be for long."

The white eyebrows and eyelashes of Mr. Tabernacle looked whiter than ever as his client spoke. When he had finished, he dashed his knife into his blotting pad, and cried out—

"Stay, Mr. Gower, if you please—just stay a moment. So you reject my daughter?"

"I—" returned Percy.

But before he could finish the sentence the door opened, and Myra stood between them.

"Spare yourself the trouble, Mr. Gower," she said, very calmly and very softly. "I reject *you*. I have heard all. I admire and honour your behaviour, and like you all the more because you are true, even to one to whom you are not pledged. Thank God that I have been offered to an honourable man!"

"Are you—are you—" cried Percy, utterly bewildered.

"Let me say all I have to say—for I am weak and wounded—and then let me go. I forbid"—she stamped her foot here, and her eyes flashed fire on her father—"I forbid my father to make you the victim of my refusal. I beg him to wound me even more than he has, but not *you*; and I give you to understand, sir, that I had no more knowledge of this shameful offer than I had that my father dealt in money—as Jews have done for centuries. Speak, father, and tell him this is true."

"It is true, Mr. Percy Gower, sir," said Tabernacle, disconsolately.

His little game seemed "up" for the present. Generally, he could make men pliable as wax by money. This one had failed him.

"And now, good-bye. Forget that you have seen my humiliation; forget my father's base proposition; and think at least that amongst our people there is one who would not stoop to a mean action. Let me take your hand. I like your true, frank loyalty, though—"

Her eyes fell as they met his, and filled with tears. He was her *beau idéal*—the one man she could have loved. She raised his hand to kiss it in her humility—when, suddenly, she found him at her feet.

"Miss Cavendish," he said—"dear Myra, forgive me. I did not know, really—I am half bewildered—"

He did not say more, as she raised him up, and with glad surprise looked at him with eyes so full of joy that he could not mistake their import.

He drew her to him, and kissed her lips, murmuring—

"Myra, darling, you love me, and I adore you!"

"Hallo!" cried the bewildered Tabernacle; "what's up now? I say, Mr. Percy Gower, sir!"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Tabernacle; but allow me to say that I accept your offer."

"Then it's all right, after all—and I didn't put the pot on for nothing!"

Mr. Tabernacle jumped up from his chair, and whirled dancing into the next room, through the green baize door.

Percy, seeing a bright brass bolt on his side, cleverly bolted him out.

"My darling," he said, running to Myra, "my heart is almost too full to speak. I love you so much—oh, so much more than I did before this morning! Will you take me now I am penniless?"

"Percy," she murmured, "I would marry you were you the poorest of the poor. But you will not be so always. You will raise me. Did you not know me?"

"Not a bit, my dear one. I thought your name was Cavendish."

"So it is—Myra Cavendish."

"And Tabernacle too!" said Percy, slyly looking at her with his wide blue eyes full of love.

"But I hope it won't be so long, dar—"

ling," whispered Myra, in a voice heard only by her lover. His imperious eyes had seemed to demand that confession.

Percy Gower put a great red seal, manufactured by four red lips, upon the contract, and felt that Myra was his wife indeed.

"I say, Mr. Percy Gower, sir," said Tabernacle, coming in through another door—"you might have kicked me out, you know, safely. Lord Arable is just dead; and, by jingo! you could have paid me off when you liked, and—"

"Hush, father!" said Myra.

"But you won't go from your bargain, I know. You're an honourable man, sir; and as soon as you like, you can have the money, and make that young woman Lady Arable."

"But," said Percy, looking down in his kindly, noble, haughty, *air-vainqueur* way, with which he extinguished the solicitor—"she will be Mr. Tabernacle's daughter still!"





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